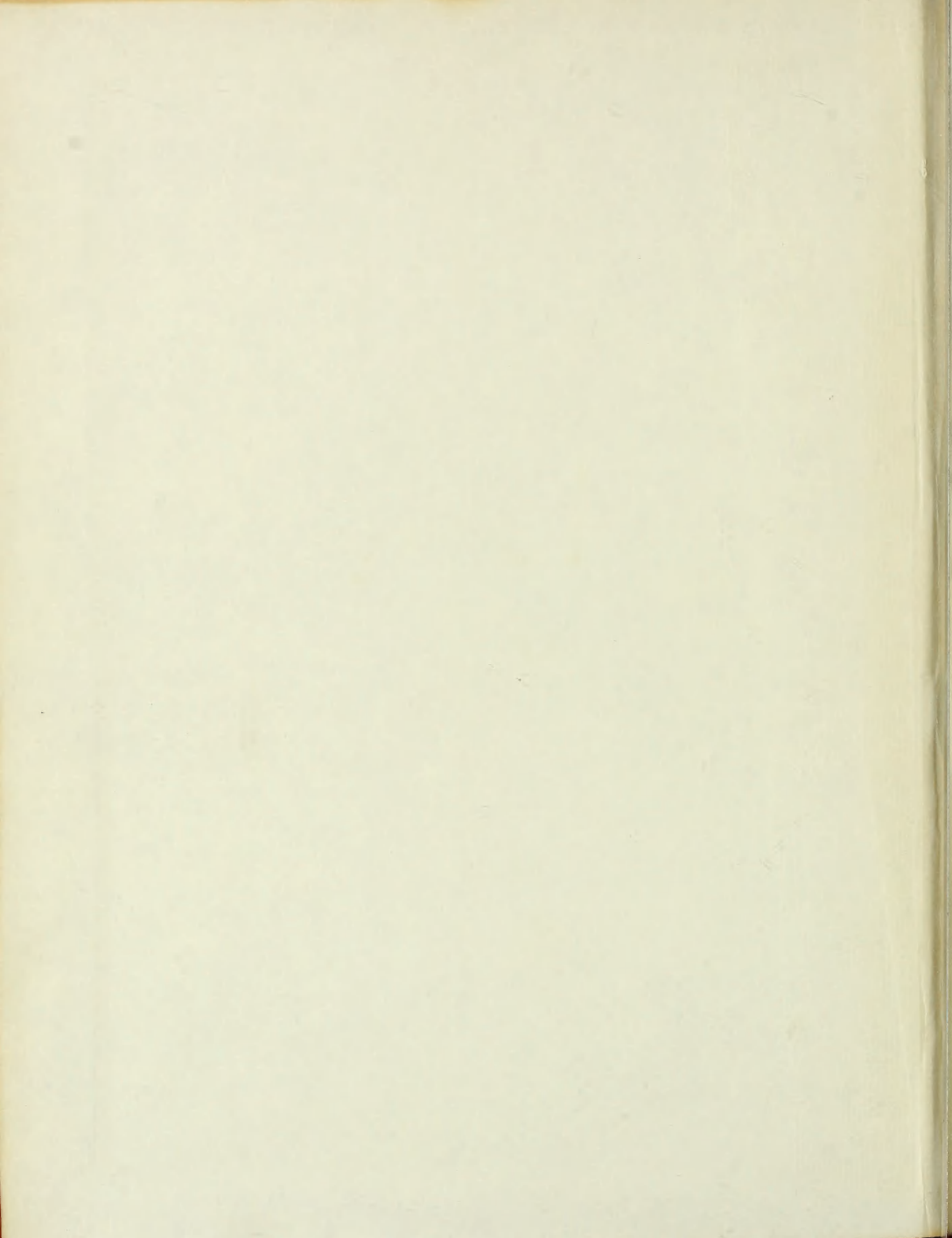




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THE ATLANTIC

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LETTERS

Marine veteran

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Apropos Sandy Goodman's "Back from Vietnam: The Invisible Veterans" [*The Nation*, June 3], I wish to correct an erroneous statement: "And so far enlistments haven't been extended, as they were during Korea."

In March, 1966, all enlisted Marine Corps personnel were given a four-month involuntary extension. Although I myself was to be released from active duty on March 1, 1966, I did not leave Vietnam until late June of that year.

Furthermore, our organization (Vietnam Veterans Against the War) respects the opinion of Mr. DuParma, that "Almost every veteran has an emotional bias in favor of the war," but we do not agree and, in fact, contend that the opposite is closer to the truth.

G. James Boggio

memorial

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: Is it stupidity, hypocrisy, or just plain contempt for the democratic voter?

Worship Robert Kennedy, work for him, adulate him, respect him, weep for him, cherish him forever—and then ignore his last testament by casting Kennedy votes for the Humphrey-Administration ticket which he so valiantly opposed?

Aaron Katz

band of dispossessed

Knoxville, Tenn.

DEAR SIR: I read "The New Mexican Land War" by Clark Knowlton [*The Nation*, June 17] with a map of New Mexico in front of me, and an exciting three weeks of Poor People's Campaign discussions and demonstrations with Reies Tijerina in my mind. Thanks for the clearest account of the Alianza Federal de Mercedes history and activities I have seen.

Let us hope there can be a banding together of people all over this land whose homes and land have been confiscated or covered with mud by strip mining or pushed aside by mechanization.

Myles Horton, Highlander Center

correction

Through an error in transmission from Paris, a sentence of Alexander Werth's "Students, Workers and the General" (*The Nation*, June 24) was garbled. The error appears at the foot of column one, page 818, where a television interview with de Gaulle was attributed to M. Mitterrand.

The Editors

Erikson and Farrell

Ithaca, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: Any one who has actually read Erik Erikson's work will not be misled by Chandler Brossard's glib caricature of it ["Making Life Tougher," *The Nation*, June 3]. Those who might be led to read it have been treated badly. Erikson specifically rebukes those who would try to analyze creative people with historical commitments in terms of an inappropriate and mythical idea of "inner repose"; and he has developed the identity-crisis concept as a way of preventing people from being prematurely categorized as "patients" who don't "adjust." Mr. Brossard confuses "invigorating sameness" with monotony, and resolving "identity-diffusion" with what he would probably call "self-

(Continued on page 20)

EDITORIALS

Candidates and Bosses

It finally became clear in Connecticut that a third-party movement is beginning to emerge. And Democratic National Chairman John Bailey is one of its architects. At the Connecticut convention on June 21 and 22, he refused to give McCarthy supporters proportional representation on the state's delegation to the national convention. He stuck rigidly to his position, despite a public appeal by Sen. Abe Ribicoff that was nothing less than passionate. It was apparent to everyone that Bailey was acting not as State Chairman (which he also is) but as National Chairman. The Humphrey forces have learned from one disastrous primary after another that they cannot win the nomination with the support of the people; they must rely upon the support of the national bosses. And this boss support—as Bailey demonstrated in Hartford and Humphrey himself demonstrated on the same day in Minnesota—is going to be applied ruthlessly.

Ribicoff, a decent man and a skilled politician, knows what this means. He made the extraordinary gesture of offering his own place on the national delegation to the Rev. Joseph Duffey, leader of the McCarthy forces. He also pleaded with these forces not to walk out, a plea that finally went unheeded. Duffey and Bailey negotiated up until the closing minutes of the convention, and the number ten became symbolic. The McCarthy forces demanded ten seats on the forty-four-man delegation, even though a vote on one question indicated that their proportional share should have been thirteen. Bailey raised his offer from five to nine and refused to add the one more, even though Ribicoff and Gov. John Dempsey wanted him to compromise, and even though he knew a walkout would follow if he did not.

There is no secret what the Humphrey-Bailey strategy is: ramrod Humphrey into the nomination and then count on the specter of Richard Nixon as President to restore, however reluctantly, party unity. But, as Ribicoff recognized in what must have been the most unhappy speech in his long and useful career, this may not work. Indeed, if the statements of the McCarthy people, both public and private, are any indication, it will not work. This was made clear at a rally on the lawn outside the Connecticut Statehouse, sponsored by Clarence Jones, a leader of the McCarthy supporters in New York State, where the Senator had won such an extraordinary victory just a few days before. Jones, a Negro, said he "was not going to mouth the customary words about support of the party." He said that McCarthy people would work inside and outside the party, and that if Humphrey were nominated he reserved the right to take action outside the party.

A few minutes later, inside the convention hall, Richard Goodwin, who spoke on behalf of McCarthy, said that the McCarthy forces were going to carry the fight to Chicago and beyond. And after the McCarthy supporters, more than a quarter of the convention delegates, had walked out, Paul O'Dwyer said that "we are not going to accept a Democratic organization that repudiates the

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people from one end of the country to the other." O'Dwyer was obviously a hero to the McCarthy people in Connecticut. Not only were they won by his wit and charm but his all-but-impossible victory in New York symbolized their hope that McCarthy too could win an all-but-impossible victory.

If this is to be done, the McCarthy supporters must convince the bosses that Humphrey can't win—that even Nixon is not a bugaboo sufficiently alarming to restore party unity. At this stage the McCarthy leaders are not in a position to threaten publicly and flatly a third party, but in private conversation there was endless speculation about such a possibility. It was not glib talk; these were loyal Democrats who want to remain Democrats but who feel rejected by their own party. Some talked of a third party in the hope that the mere threat will cause the convention to reject Humphrey. Among these were also some who hope that such talk will, at least, force Humphrey to take a strong stand against the war in Vietnam.

There are those, however, who feel so deeply alienated by the party machine that they seriously advocate a third party, even if it would—as they recognize—mean the election of Nixon. While they are horrified by such a prospect, they are so deeply convinced that fundamental change in the Democratic Party is necessary that they are willing to pay even that extreme price. Humphrey is betting that not too many feel as bitter as that, but he would be making a serious mistake to count on it too heavily. The depth of feeling against him is great.

In any case, a third party is a last resort, not to be taken until after Chicago. Until then the McCarthy people will work within the party. They will go to the courts wherever they can but the campaign will, from the start, be based on the people. The biggest petition campaign in American history will be undertaken. State by state, town by town, McCarthy volunteers, many of them college students on vacation, will collect signatures. They hope for millions, more than have ever been collected in this or any other nation. They want to say to Bailey and the bosses at Chicago: "These millions of people want McCarthy for President. Reject him and them at your own risk."

If they can get these signatures—and no doubt they will get a great many—Bailey and the bosses should take heed. If they don't, no one can say what will happen, but it will not be good. Nixon or Humphrey may be able to be elected, but neither will be able to govern. Is that what Humphrey and Bailey want?

RICHARD J. WALTON

Delegate to the Connecticut Democratic Convention

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 1

The Honorable 'Conspirators'

In Boston, Dr. Benjamin Spock, the Rev. William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Mitchell Goodman and Michael Ferber have been convicted in federal court of conspiracy to counsel young men to evade the draft. In Baltimore, the Rev. Philip Berrigan, the Rev. James L. Mengel, Thomas P. Lewis and David Eberhardt have been convicted of hindrance to the execution of the draft laws (they had poured blood on draft board records) and other federal offenses. The latter quartet received sentences ranging up to six years.

The charge of "conspiracy" in the Boston case is absurd on its face, except possibly in the narrow legal sense, under which conspiracy is a catchall for any action, whether actually criminal or merely inconvenient to the government, in which two or more participate together. The element of secrecy, always present in the popular idea of conspiracy, is not essential in the legal version. Some of the "conspirators" in the Boston case deposited at the Department of Justice scraps of draft cards which they averred had been torn up by the individuals to whom the cards had been issued. They did not all know one another until after they were indicted. They circulated a political tract, "Call to Resist," which was signed by 2,500 others, including Bishop Pike and Linus Pauling. Still, the government contended, and the jury agreed (except as to one defendant), that a criminal conspiracy had indeed taken place.

In the Boston and Baltimore cases the elements of similarity, on the government's side, transcend the differences. The government's objective was deterrence of any public action that would tend to promote resistance to the Selective Service laws and the Vietnamese War. Another similarity, as Prof. Herbert Jehle of George Washington University pointed out in a letter published in the June 21 *New York Times* in reference to the Boston trial, was that the court "sidetracked the issue of legality, morality or constitutionality of the war in Vietnam as irrelevant to the case [and thus] conveniently closed its ears to the real issues at stake: the terrible confusion in regard to violence which plagues this country and the world." This applies with equal force to the Baltimore proceeding.

Political trials, of course, are nothing new in this country. As recently as the fifties, in the era of Joe McCarthy, we had hundreds of them—a few dozen formal ones in the courts, the others before legislative tribunals in the guise of investigations. From one viewpoint, the current proceedings are distinct from those carried out in the hysterical phase of anti-communism. The accused in the celebrated earlier trials—Hiss, Remington, the Rosenbergs, Sobell and others—were charged with offenses which, if they did in fact commit them, put the defendants outside the pale of popular toleration. They were accused of trafficking with a foreign power which, if not technically an enemy (indeed, an ally when the trafficking was allegedly done) was, and is, viewed with fear and distrust by most Americans. Their word for such action is *treason*.

But no one calls the defendants in the current cases by opprobrious names. The talk now is about unwise methods of dissent, of the arrogance of moral conviction, of eroding authority, etc. The men themselves are held to be hon-

orable, even by the attorneys who prosecute them. The Baltimore prosecutor said to Father Berrigan's sister-in-law: "If there is a heaven, these men will go there. I have to do my job in the courtroom." He drew the sharpest possible distinction between government and morality—the issue that has been avoided in the trials to date and that will, unless the higher courts intervene, be avoided in the trials to come.

This avoidance goes to the heart of the matter. A government, being sovereign, is *ipso facto* immune from questions of morality. It can command its citizens to commit murder in what the rulers decide is the national interest, and by that command the deed ceases to be murder and becomes the most praiseworthy of actions. The nature of the war is immaterial, as are the motives and character of its opponents. The war may conform to St. Augustine's criteria of the just war, as World War II did on the Allied side, but the courts do not distinguish between the Vietnamese War and World War II. The war is the war, the law is the law. [See "The Case for Selective Pacifism" by Carl Cohen, p. 11.]

The analogy with the Joe McCarthy era lies in the fact that the motivating force of the cold war is now, as it has been all along, the popular fear of revolution. The Vietnamese War is only an extension of the cold war into the realm of violence. It is impossible to call the opponents of the war Communists, but they can be called revolutionists—from the bench in Baltimore—and in their resistance to governmental action, that is precisely what they are.

Might one say, then, that one measure of the irrationality and cruelty of a nation's foreign policy is the caliber of the citizens it must prosecute in order to continue that policy unchallenged? If so, is there still a category morally superior to Berrigan, Coffin, Spock, et al., that can be brought to the dock as our policy and its furtherance become still more indefensible? Or might one judge, from the moral stature of these men, that we have already reached some absolute of international folly?

The Bugs of War

A major (and increasing) part of the \$17 billion the federal government spends annually on research and development is, directly or indirectly, "mission-oriented"—directed toward specific military objectives. Some part of these billions is funneled into projects inspired by the demands of the Vietnamese War, which will go down in history as an attack on a small, primitive country by the world's foremost technological-military power. These projects include such bizarre devices as an artificial bloodhound claimed to be capable of detecting human beings by smell, so that guerrilla fighters in the jungle (or simply peasants) may be exterminated by air strikes.

A more plausible, and indeed demonstrably operative, invention is a family of devices that in the present state of the art permit night observation at ranges up to 1,200 meters (about 3/4 mile). These are electronic light amplifiers, emitting no radiation of their own and hence undetectable by the enemy but utilizing ambient light—skyglow, starlight or moonlight—to produce the image of a

target that would be invisible to the unaided eye. The resolution is said to be that of an average TV picture, and with greater brightness. Such electronic telescopes are ancillary to the vast array of radar equipment.

But all such contrivances are subject to error and misuse in combat, as was shown in the Tonkin Bay incident, where it now seems evident that the idiosyncrasies of radar and sonar enabled the Johnson-Humphrey Administration to initiate the bombing of North Vietnam and expand the war with a blank check from Congress. More recently, mistaken electronic observations apparently played a part in the incident in waters off the DMZ in which the U.S. cruiser *Boston*, the Australian cruiser *Hobart*, two USN Swift boats and a Coast Guard cutter were fired on—probably by our own aircraft—producing seven fatalities and the same number of wounded.

The Associated Press (June 21) quoted U.S. sources in Saigon to the effect that it was “highly probable” (in such cases this usually means practically certain) that U.S. aircraft and artillery “mistakenly” attacked allied ships under the impression that they were shooting at enemy helicopters, which had suddenly been reported over the DMZ. The first reports reaching the United States (from South Vietnamese sources) were that American jets and artillery had shot down twelve “Soviet-made” helicopters on June 16-17. An intensive search revealed no helicopter wreckage, while the damage to U.S. and allied surface craft was all too evident.

It was explained (as everyone with even World War II experience with radar knew) that surface craft could be mistaken for low-flying aircraft, while electronic telescopes—through which moving lights were said to have been observed—were unreliable for ranging. One source even speculated that the reports of flying lights might have had the same origin as the sightings of flying saucers in the United States. “The power of suggestion is enormous,” this informant commented.

Of course fatalities inflicted by friendly forces are an old story in war. Stonewall Jackson, the most brilliant general officer the Confederacy possessed, was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville by the fire of his own men. But as war becomes increasingly technologized, such mistakes are bound to occur more frequently, especially in a situation such as that in Vietnam where practically all the air power is on one side. While the reports of North Vietnamese helicopters may be true, on June 23 Gen. Creighton W. Abrams, commander of U.S. troops in South Vietnam, said there is “no formal, concrete, factual evidence” of their presence.

The incident may also betray a degree of apprehension among our military people that at some point our mastery of the air above South Vietnam might be challenged. As it is, whenever U.S. infantry encounters opposition, air strikes are called for and the enemy is slaughtered with practically no risk. This accounts for the 10-to-1 ratio of enemy losses to our own. From a chivalrous or merely decent standpoint (totally irrelevant, to be sure) this is a sickening ratio, just as the use of Vietnam as a proving ground for American weaponry is sickening. The loss of life by fire from friendly sources is deplorable, but no more so than everything else about this war.

The Good Americans

Antipersonnel weapons are developed in bits and pieces. One Army laboratory investigates new materials for fragmenting warheads; another conducts ballistic tests. One company designs a bomblet, another designs the bomblet dispenser fuse, while a third is conducting aerodynamic tests on the dispersion of bomblets. An engineer can concentrate on his immediate task without knowing how his work will be used. Nor does a worker at a ball bearing factory need to know that the 7/32-inch steel balls he is making will go into a fragmentation bomblet.

People in the “establishment” seem similarly unwilling to spread the word. *The New York Times* has a science correspondent and a military correspondent, both men of considerable experience. The dozens of antipersonnel weapons developed in the last few years might be considered an achievement from either a technological or a military point of view. Various details have been published elsewhere, and a newspaper like the *Times* has its own methods of getting information. On this subject, however, it maintains a discreet silence. Judging from the index, in 1966 the *Times* published only two articles on the development of military equipment for use in Vietnam, and antipersonnel weapons were not mentioned in either of them.

Honeywell, Inc., is probably the country's leading producer of antipersonnel weapons. Its sales of aerospace and defense products rose 42 per cent in 1967 to \$330 million, 31 per cent of the company's total sales. The Honeywell Annual Report for 1967 attributes this increase largely to “the planned diversification into new air-delivered weapons for the Air Force,” plus equipment for the Navy. The word “antipersonnel” does not appear in the report.

Honeywell does not say “our cluster bombs kill cheaply and efficiently”; rather, their statements are couched in the language of prosperity and careful planning:

Conventional weapon programs promising steady growth potential in future years include the Navy's Rockeye munition-dispenser system and several aerically delivered mine-dispenser systems, which went into volume production during the year.

A Honeywell stockholder will have very little idea what this is all about unless he knows that Rockeye and others of the “new air-delivered weapons” are antipersonnel.

The military services are also not eager to be explicit. A military witness was being somewhat pressed at a Congressional hearing in 1966:

MR. SIKES (D., Fla.): In the justification I note this: “The Rockeye II is a cluster bomb which contains antitank and antipersonnel bomblets.” Does that mean one or the other and not both in the same cluster?

ADMIRAL SHINN (Chief, Bureau of Naval Weapons): They are the same, sir. They spread and if you have a concentration of personnel, would be damaging to the personnel. . . .

MR. SIKES: Surely a bomblet effective against people is not necessarily effective against tanks.

COMMANDER HALEY: Basically this is a shaped-charge head. It is the same as we use on rockets and

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 22, August 5, August 19 and August 26.

many other items. The fringe benefit that you derive from this is the antipersonnel effect.

From a UPI dispatch to the San Francisco *Examiner*, January 2:

Fighting against being overrun, the 500 Americans lowered their artillery barrels and boomed round after round of "beehive" shells into the human waves of guerrillas. Each "beehive" shell exploded into hundreds of half-inch darts that shredded the Vietcong. . . .

Flechettes (small darts), according to a U.S. officer quoted by the AP, sometimes pin enemy soldiers to trees. What with shredding, pinning and other forms of "damage," the fringe benefits of antipersonnel weapons seem endless. But no one wants to talk about them.

Insanity as Usual

Recurrently, under the existing political setup, one gets the feeling that reason cannot prevail in any matter pertaining to armaments. In the June 23 *New York Times*, there appeared a letter by Jerome B. Wiesner—provost of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, science adviser to President Kennedy, and a spokesman for most members of the scientific and technological communities—in reference to the so-called "thin" defense system against future Chinese intercontinental missiles. As marshaled by Wiesner, the arguments against deployment of this misnamed "Sentinel" were devastating, but he might as well have been shouting down a rainbarrel.

On June 24, by a 52-to-34 vote, the Senate defeated a move to postpone deployment of Sentinel, initially submitted by the Administration as a small (\$5.5 billion) defense against a weak Chinese ICBM threat. Now the Administration is also swinging to all-out anti-ballistic-missile (ABM) systems in the \$40 billion to \$100 billion range, designed to ward off Soviet ICBMs.

Wiesner said he was baffled by the logic which held that U.S. offensive missile power is adequate to deter a Soviet missile attack but that we had to have a shield against the relatively weak nuclear attack which the Chinese might be in a position to mount in the seventies. He noted that three Presidential science advisers besides himself had opposed deployment of an anti-Soviet system for the reason that it would only accelerate the arms race. Sentinel, moreover, is already obsolete. Wiesner said, "By the time a defensive system is supposedly perfected, the offense has long since developed a means of overcoming it." The Senate ignored all this sound advice.

And it did so at a time when the world is looking to the United States for some sign that it is willing to take

concrete steps toward nuclear disarmament, instead of merely asking other nations to refrain from equipping themselves while the existing nuclear powers hold onto their monopoly. It makes a mockery of President Johnson's pledge to the UN to "search for an agreement that will not only avoid another costly and futile escalation of the arms race but will de-escalate it." What the President says is one thing; what he does is quite another.

The Administration's sponsorship of Sentinel (at a time when the federal budget is to be cut) and the Senate's action (so nicely synchronized with the demolition of Resurrection City) make it the more imperative to nominate and elect candidates, for both legislative and Executive office, who will not be blindly subservient to military persuasion.

California's 'Sick Campuses'

In a letter sent recently to trustees of the California State Colleges, Gov. Ronald Reagan deplored the "climate of violence" which has been created, so he claims, by the campuses. "A sick campus community in California in many ways is responsible for a sick community around those campuses," he said—offering another of his simplistic explanations for the chaos in California. It might be recalled that Governor Reagan promised during his campaign to stop the "chaos on the campuses," but his administration has presided over a deterioration of the educational scene. That is because just the opposite of what he said is true: a sick society creates turmoil on the campuses, especially when idealistic young people confront the hypocrisies of American society.

One of the biggest problems for the campuses of the California state college system is the fact that they are inadequately financed, almost to the point of desperation. They are sick because they are being starved to death—this in California, the richest state in the nation. Reagan has performed a "political miracle" in California: he has drastically cut services (especially those which aid the poor and defenseless) while raising taxes. One result of his economics has been that the state college system has declined to the point where it is, without doubt, second-rate.

The faculty turnover rate in the state colleges was more than 10 per cent last year—almost twice as much as it should have been, according to the Coordinating Council for Higher Education, which lists 6 per cent as acceptable. The percentage of professors holding Ph.D.s has dropped from 47 per cent in 1964-65 to 34 per cent in 1967-68. It is estimated that some 1,100 full-time and 700 part-time positions have yet to be filled for next year. At San Francisco State, where the History Department lost four senior members this year, it is estimated that at least 8,000 students will be turned away in the fall for lack of facilities, and that some 10 per cent of the faculty positions will not be filled by permanent staff. Into the gap will step the ubiquitous and always exploited graduate student.

But Reagan is the philosopher of the "creative society," and it may be expected that he will soon put an end to sickness on the campuses—even if he has to put an end to the campuses themselves.

THE CLEVERNESS OF DE GAULLE

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

It must be said that de Gaulle played his hand more cleverly than anyone else—certainly more cleverly than Mitterrand, head of the Socialist opposition, who at the height of the May crisis proposed himself for the Presidency; than Mendès-France, who offered himself as Premier; or than Giscard D'Estaing, who could see himself in either capacity and who had demanded the government's resignation before de Gaulle's dramatic return to Paris.

De Gaulle, the good psychologist, cashed in on the strike of 10 million and the violent student disorders, playing them up as a menace to the Republic. The general public, especially in the provinces, was genuinely afraid of civil war and economic chaos. De Gaulle declared France threatened by "totalitarian communism," which doesn't necessarily mean the French Communist Party. It avowedly did not consider the situation revolutionary and was content to press for economic concessions to the strikers. The real revolutionaries were the various minor student groups and a small section of the workers; and no one yet knows the extent to which the 1848-type barricades and street violence were the work of government *agents provocateurs*, eager to create the nation-wide panic

which served de Gaulle so well. Time will also show whether de Gaulle's appeal to the army in Germany and the price he paid Massu and the other generals—the release from jail of Salan and the other OAS leaders—wasn't in part intended to attract into the Gaullist ranks extreme Right elements, including the Algerian repatriates.

It seems psychologically improbable that de Gaulle is ganging up with men like Massu, who loathe him for abandoning Algeria, or with Salan whom he wanted condemned to death in 1962 when the court, much to de Gaulle's anger, imposed only a life sentence. Fear of chaos alone explains the overall success of the Gaullists at the polls, the reduction of the Communist vote from 22 per cent to 20 per cent, and the poor showing of Mitterrand, Mollet, Mendès-France and the other left wingers. Mendès-France, in particular, hurt himself by fraternizing with "the revolutionary students," who rebelled not only against the established bourgeois order but also against the regular Communist Party.

The election results suggest a return to "law and order." But what kind? The Spanish press is triumphant, saying that Franco, Salazar and de Gaulle now form a splendid West European front against communism. This suggests for France some kind of Fascist state, with Civic Action para-military formations of the sort de Gaulle mentioned in May. I am perhaps optimistic, but de Gaulle must know that what French opinion can be made to accept is not his abortive quasi-Fascist "French People's Rally" of 1947-53 but the liberal autocracy with an obedient parliament of the last ten years. It is probable that the technological managerial class shares this opinion. Moreover, they know that the French Communist Party, despite the Gaullist election slogans, is no threat and that of all the anti-government forces during the May crisis the Communist C.G.T. Labor Federation was the most moderate.

At the moment, it seems more likely that de Gaulle will support the big business managerial classes rather than the fundamentally anti-Gaullist elements represented by the French Army, the Algerians, et al., though he may keep Roger Frey's Civic Action Committees in reserve against another nation-wide flare-up. The real danger would be that de Gaulle was not pretending to be scared on May 29 but genuinely was so. In that case he might go ahead with his "participation," which recalls the labor-capital association of unholy R.P.F. memory.

In any case, formidable economic difficulties lie ahead. In regard to foreign policy, everything suggests that de Gaulle will continue along his earlier lines, though he may find it awkward to maintain a *rapprochement* with the East after his denunciations of the Communists. Nevertheless, relations between de Gaulle and the Russian Embassy here continue on the most cordial basis. Both seem to be doing everything possible to help in the American-Vietnamese talks, about which the Soviet Ambassador, whom I saw last week, seemed remarkably optimistic. The difficulties, he said, now come mainly from China.



THE BLOOD OF GUATEMALA

GEORGIE ANNE GEYER

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Just a year ago, a bellboy of the Hotel Panamericano in Guatemala City handed me an envelope, postmarked the day before in the capital and giving no return address. I opened it and found a letter signed by the new rightist terrorist group called La Mano Blanca, The White Hand. Across the single sheet of plain white paper was printed the outline of a hand. The message was quite clear: interspersed with vulgarities it warned that I would be killed if I attempted to go to the mountains with the Marxist guerrillas.

For a while, the letter troubled me. But, after I showed it to a few associates at the embassy and to people in Guatemalan political circles, I almost forgot about it. The White Hand, they assured me, was only a group of slightly mad letter writers. One friend was convinced that The White Hand is one man who sits at a typewriter all day, writing dirty letters to people he doesn't like.

Now, a year later, it is obvious how tragically wrong we all were. Today, organizations like The White Hand, indirectly supported by American military aid, have set Guatemala on a course of savage destruction. Intent on wiping out the Communist guerrillas, they have been indiscriminately killing Communists, leftists, democrats and innocent bystanders.

When they kidnaped Archbishop Mario Casariego on March 16, their daring reached its peak. They seized the ailing clergyman, and his car, as he returned from Mexico and held him captive for several days, hoping that the very effrontery of the act would bring crowds into the streets and eventually topple the shaky government of President Julio César Mendez Montenegro.

Instead, a nation-wide search began. President Mendez urged loyal Catholics not to demonstrate and implored the country to remain calm. Three days later, the archbishop and his chauffeur walked into the cathedral in the town of Quetzaltenango and the clergyman asked, "Please call for help, we've been released."

For a few days there was no explanation as to the identity of the kidnapers. Then the national police issued a public bulletin attributing the act to The White Hand and acknowledged that the band had expected it could force the government to step down because it would be unable to maintain public order. Raul Laurenziano, the hoodlum military chief of the Hand, was named in the bulletin, and, to the surprise of many Guatemalans, so was Roberto Alejos. Alejos immediately went into hiding. This involvement clearly shows the form of events taking place in Guatemala. Alejos is a wealthy coffee and sugar grower, president of several landowners' associations, and a man with a dramatic past in Guatemalan-American relations. It was the pro-American Alejos who offered his hacienda

to the CIA to be used to train men for the Bay of Pigs invasion. Today, he is charged with being one of the most brutal counter-terrorists in all of Latin American history.

But "the archbishop affair," while it shook the shaky country even more than most of the bizarre events that occur there, was only one in a long series. The estimates of people killed within the past year in this troubled little country of 4.5 million persons range between 1,000 and 2,000. The carnage shows no signs of abating. The Communist guerrillas, formed in 1963 as the Rebel Armed Forces (FAR), react to rightist savagery with an equal measure of their own terror.

It was typical of the FAR that, early in January, they assassinated Col. John D. Webber, Jr., and Lieut. Comdr. Ernest A. Munro of the American military mission. [See "Guatemala: Why They Shoot Americans" by Norman Diamond, *The Nation*, February 5.] The guerrillas have always taken the position that the United States was guilty, because of its continued intervention in Guatemalan affairs, for the country's unhappy situation. To kill Americans was simply to pinpoint the blame.

The murders, moreover, were carried out in revenge for the rightist murder of Rogelia Cruz, Miss Guatemala of 1959, who sympathized with and probably worked for the guerrillas. She had been raped, beaten, stabbed and shot.

But the *cause célèbre* that shook many observers of the Guatemalan scene most—and the case that perhaps highlights the deep disintegration taking place there—was the expulsion of four Maryknoll clergy from the country in January. Father Thomas Melville, his brother, Father Arthur Melville, Father Blase Bonpane and Sister Marian Peter had opened contacts with the guerrillas, their order admitted. The Guatemalan Government told Maryknoll that either the offending clergy must leave the country or the order would be barred.

What actually happened was that the Maryknoll representatives met with some of the guerrillas. They then decided to form a "Christian guerrilla front" composed of Catholic revolutionaries. They planned to work in the Huehuetenango area, as an arm of the Marxist movement. As far as American and Latin American priests know, this was a "first" of its kind in Latin history.

When these activities were uncovered, an emotion-charged thirty-two-hour meeting followed and the clergy left the country. Three of them went to Mexico City. Sixteen students they had trained for the front followed them—students who smuggled themselves across the border and can never go home again.

The desperation and growing conviction of these four that Guatemalan life cannot be changed by peaceful means, their reasoning and their actions are gaining increasing acceptance among liberal priests in Latin America. "No one wants violence," Father Bonpane said



Vadillo, La Prensa (Mexico)

when he left Guatemala, "but when you have American power thrown behind the 2 per cent of the people who own 80 per cent of the land, and supporting a right-wing army that shoots reformers on the spot as 'Communists,' violence is already institutionalized."

And so the battle is joined: two obdurate, implacable extremes, locked in a death struggle, while the middle group flails its arms helplessly. Guatemala's tragedy is that it is frozen in a totally unresolved and unresolvable conflict, with both sides determined, unregenerate, unyielding, and sufficiently matched so as to maintain an endlessly drawn-out conflict.

Since Mendez took power two years ago, the first hopeful sign for the middle group came after the archbishop's kidnapping. For the first time, the President was able to garner enough power to get rid of the top men in the armed forces—men who were openly identified with the Hand. He dismissed three offenders at 9 A.M. on March 28 and at 1 P.M. called a press conference, announcing that all were to be given diplomatic posts—the classic Latin way of kicking undesirables, not upstairs but abroad. He removed the Minister of Defense, Col. Rafael Ariaga Bosque, who had just returned from red-carpet military treatment in the United States; Col. Carlos Arana, who had repeatedly threatened a rightist coup against the government, and Col. Manuel Francisco Sosa Avila, the commander of the National Police. The new defense minister, Col. Rolando Chinchilla Aguilar, formerly chief of the Guatemalan West Point and minister of education, went on the radio, urging both sides to make peace and lay down their arms. (On June 20, the government announced that the state of siege which had prevailed in the country since January 1 had been lifted and constitutional rights restored. Henry Ginniger, reporting in *The New York Times*, attributed the new "state of optimism" to the decline of rightist terrorism following the diplomatic exile of the colonels.)

But while this step by President Mendez is doubtless the most promising since his election, it is unlikely to secure

either peace or tranquility in the near future. Despite the archbishop affair and the military shake-up, there is no evidence that the Hand has been broken. The guerrillas have been largely driven out of their mountain retreat in the Sierra de las Minas, but they have now recouped in the city—one of the first instances in Latin American history that a guerrilla movement has centered its activities in an urban area.

When I went to the mountains with the guerrillas in November, 1966, it was quite different. Then they were following the very essence of the peasant war philosophy of Mao and Castro—the peasant army, formed in the mountains, sweeping down on the evil cities.

The FAR had been formed in 1963 when a handsome young ex-lieutenant in the Guatemalan military, Luis Turcios, deserted the Trotskyite movement of another ex-officer, Marco Antonio Yon Sosa. The movement included students (the largest element by far), peasants and workers. Its spirit was that of the New Left among the Latin American Communists. Like Castro, it deified action and scoffed at the old Moscow-line Communists, who eschew violence. For a while its members maintained a working relationship with the Guatemalan Labor Party, the local Communist Party, but, in February, they broke completely with the party.

The FAR was always a clever group of youngsters, adept at terror. Their specialty was kidnapping big landowners for \$75,000 a head, killing marked people and robbing banks. I asked César Montes, the commander after Turcios was killed in an automobile accident, whether they got money from Cuba. Visibly annoyed by the question, he replied: "You've heard about our kidnappings and our bank robberies. You know we're self-supporting."

Just before I went to the mountains to see Montes and his band, the government, for the first time, dispatched 3,000 troops against them and the real war was on. The guerrillas accepted the fight as a challenge and took great pride in sneaking me in and out, under the nose of the military.

We left Guatemala City at 10 P.M., drove through a state of siege, with soldiers on every corner, and stopped the car at a dark portion of the road. From there we walked into the mountains in darkness. They hid me for twenty-four hours in a shack on one of the big haciendas—the "underground railroad" into the mountains.

The guerrillas prayed constantly for overt American involvement. One afternoon, sitting on the side of a mountain, the ground mottled with spots of sun that sifted through the trees, I talked to a German-educated guerrilla named Miguel, now dead. I enjoyed talking with him and he confided: "We hope the Green Berets will come. We want them to come. Then those who say now, we won't take part, will join us against the foreign invaders."

The small and slim César Montes, who was sick that day and spent most of it sprawled on the ground, lifted his head and said in his wry way, "Then they can say they are fighting against the North Guatemalans."

There were perhaps 200 guerrillas in the mountains and about 4,000 in the whole movement, including members located in urban groups. They were at that time uniting

with Yon Sosa, the Trotskyite (they were having an "exchange of guerrillas" to get started, they told me). Today, they not only work closely with him but Yon Sosa was this winter named the new chief of the movement.

Driven back to the cities by the government's counter-insurgency program, the guerrillas were doing well and held the offensive until The White Hand and other rightist groups were formed and terrorism and counter-terrorism began on a major scale.

How the rightist groups operate is no secret in Guatemala. They are directed and supported by a clique of big landowners who each contributed \$1,000 when the organization was founded in 1966. Those who did not give willingly were kidnapped by the Hand, usually for a \$75,000 ransom. Since this is the same fee that the guerrillas charge, it almost constitutes price fixing.

These groups, ironically, rose directly out of the National Liberation movement, which was inaugurated in 1954 with U.S. backing, to overthrow the pro-Communist, Jacobo Arbenz. The ultra-rightist Castillo Armas was to be placed in power. His backers were fanatically Catholic, in the old traditional sense. They saw Communists everywhere and thought they were fighting for a traditionally structured and hierarchical society.

Indirectly, through the participation of Guatemalan officers and soldiers in these rightist groups, the United States is still supporting them. About 50 per cent of Guatemalan officers are trained in the United States. However, little of the American military ideas and rationale rubs off on them.

"The guerrillas have a Marxist philosophy," one American military attaché in Guatemala commented, "and all we have to counter that is a few pamphlets on democracy. The recruits come back anti-Communist, but nothing else is accomplished."

About \$2 million of Guatemala's \$14 million annual military budget comes from American military aid. In addition, AID money goes to training the Guatemalan police. ("We give them arms for security," one American official commented, "and if they use them to put down a riot, well there's nothing we can do about it.")

But American influence on the Guatemalan military goes far beyond financial support. During the 1966 elections, fearing that street riots would erupt and give the guerrillas a chance to take power, the American military advisers were feeding intelligence to the Guatemalan army, which had no intelligence section. Since then, American military and Green Beret trainers have helped train the troops in anti-guerrilla tactics. The most ominous creation was a group of several hundred vigilantes—armed peasants who were sent out into the mountains to kill guerrillas and "anyone expected of sympathizing."

"A lot of White Hand people were deputized," says one high American official, "and they took care of their personal vendettas."

Whether Americans were directly involved in training the vigilantes is open to question, but certainly the support and funds given the military seep down to them. A possible connection worries some of the highest of Washington's Latin America policy makers.

"I don't know what role the American military played in the formation of the vigilantes," Sol Linowitz, American ambassador to the Organization of American States, told me recently, "but I intend to find out. Vigilantes are always a dangerous business."

It would not be the first time that the United States has intervened in Guatemala. The 1954 coup against Arbenz was Washington's creation and was followed by three years of a total military dictatorship. By 1963 a moderate, General Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, had been elected President. However, it looked as though Ydigoras might be succeeded that year by a man who had leftist tendencies though he was not a Communist. Again the United States moved. With Washington's help, Ydigoras was overthrown and again a three-year rightist military dictatorship was installed. [See Warren Sloat's review of *The Guatemala Traveler*, p. 26 this issue.]

Clearly, it was during this three-year period, when there was no movement forward at all in the country, that the guerrilla movement developed and so did the level of desperation. For while in most Latin countries social progress is at a standstill, in Guatemala, the march is resolutely backward. In 1950, 70 per cent of the people lived on a subsistence level. By 1963 the percentage had moved to 73. From 1950 to 1964, while the GNP increased, the per capita income of the rural population (70 per cent of the people) dropped from \$87 to \$83.

The mood in the country by the time elections were held in March, 1966, was so foreboding that society ladies used the constant explosions as signals for putting more money in the bridge-game pot. One large landowner who used to give his peasants statues of the Peruvian saint, Saint Martin de Porres, the "example of humility," recently stopped. Local priests were agitating for labor unions and the owner had become disillusioned with the church and its symbolism which had served his purpose so well for so long.

The popular dissatisfaction with military rule emerged dramatically in the 1966 elections. Although seeming in full control of the electoral machinery and of the massive (65 per cent) Indian vote, the military lost the election to the only civilian candidate, the dapper former law professor Mendez Montenegro. For weeks after the election, the electoral board refused to release figures. Correspondents' questions were met with ingenious explanations—the votes were coming in by mule packs and the mules hadn't arrived.

When Mendez did take power, his hands were tied. He was forced into a written pact with the armed forces by which he agreed not to touch the military or go too far with reforms, and they in turn agreed to let him stay in power. Both Mendez and the American embassy consistently took the position that staying in power for the four years, even if he did nothing, would be enough of an accomplishment.

But for the increasingly restive youth of the country, it was not enough. As one of the guerrillas told me at the time, "Even if Mendez stays in power, if he can't do anything, it is just another example to us that democracy can't work."

So far, nothing *has* worked. Mendez's mild agrarian reform, which aimed at turning over seven government-owned estates to the peasants that worked them, managed in the end to turn over only two estates. In a country where tax receipts are among the very lowest in the world, the government was forced by the opposition to rescind even a small tax on goods and services that would have financed development. Nonetheless, the wealthy coffee growers insist that the government continue to underwrite their crops.

If Mendez can control the military and if he can even now begin to initiate some reforms, there still may be hope for this ravaged country. But American officials are not optimistic.

"His record of achievement is discouraging," one top American official working in Guatemala says. "His reform program is constantly attacked as communistic and he is so involved in counterinsurgency, there is no time for any-

thing else. Besides, our new foreign aid legislation requires self-help. In Guatemala, there has been a noted lack of administrative zeal over this."

Perhaps the most depressing factor about the entire Guatemalan saga is the growing desperation of so many of the youth. They are beginning to echo the words of the rebels in Santo Domingo and the students in South Vietnam who, when faced by a situation they felt never could be resolved, turned toward sacrificial death as their only offering to history.

As Father Bonpane said of the "Christian guerrillas" he was helping to train: "One lad told me eighty of his friends were shot last year. He also told me, 'Well, Jesus told us the seed had to fall into the ground and die or it would remain by itself, alone.'

"I think, Father, that we are the seed of the new order, and I think that the first and most difficult thing we have to do is lose our fear of death."

A MAN MAY CHOOSE

The Case for Selective Pacifism

CARL COHEN

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Conscience is the term loosely employed by each man to identify the set of moral principles he personally holds fundamental; our conscience bothers us, we say, when we are aware of a discrepancy between how we act and what we profess. Sometimes the conscience of an individual and the accepted standards of his society come into conflict. When a man believes that, in order to act in good conscience, he must do what is condemned by the great majority of his fellow citizens and by the laws of his state, he faces an agonizing dilemma. He recognizes a general obligation to obey the law, but he is deeply convinced (rightly or wrongly) that he has a more compelling moral obligation to refrain from doing what the law commands. If the law is clear and offers no alternatives, and his principles are clear and admit of no exceptions, he must (unless he leaves the community altogether) either act lawfully and not conscientiously, or conscientiously and not lawfully.

To avoid forcing such dilemmas upon good and law-abiding, but eccentric, citizens many modern governments introduce conscientious objection clauses into some legislation, most notably into laws which conscript citizens for military service. It is a mark of sophistication and self-restraint that governments provide such lawful alternatives. Conscientious objection clauses are tacit admissions that war, as an instrument of national policy, is at least morally questionable. They are explicit recognitions that in matters of life and death strong moral convictions may oblige good men to defy their own governments, and they are concrete manifestations of respect for individuals and

for the honest and deeply felt moral positions they may hold.

Conscientious objection to military conscription in the United States today is governed by the Military Selective Service Act of 1967. Section 6 (j) of that act reads:

Nothing contained in this title shall be construed to require any person to be subject to combatant training and service in the armed forces of the United States who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form. As used in this subsection, the term "religious training and belief" does not include essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views, or a merely personal moral code. . . .

I put aside for the present the requirement here imposed that conscientious objection be "by reason of religious training and belief." It is an unjust requirement, favoring those who profess religious beliefs over those who do not, and the Supreme Court has partly recognized this by expanding (in *U.S. v. Seeger* 380 US 163) the concept of religious belief as widely as possible.

The more immediate concern of many Americans today is the requirement that those who would invoke the protection of this subsection must be "conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form." This means, in practice, that only thoroughgoing pacifists may qualify. One who would gladly fight for his country under some circumstances, but who will not do so when he honestly believes the war in progress is unjust, is disqualified. Our law does not recognize what is frequently the case: deeply conscientious objection to a particular war.

No one can deny that moral principles with differing contents, differing degrees of generality, and differing claims of absoluteness may be held and practiced by dif-

ferent persons with equal conscientiousness. A man may believe that he must never, under any circumstances, do a certain thing; or he may believe that he must not do such a thing except under certain rare and compelling circumstances. In either case he may be wholly conscientious. And it is *conscientious* objection which, in theory, the law aims to respect.

The requirement, therefore, that to qualify as a conscientious objector one must be opposed to war in *any* form is gravely unjust. It discriminates among citizens, regarding their qualification for an established legal protection, on the basis of the *content* of their moral principles. But conscientiousness cannot depend upon the content or the sweep of the principle that one is upholding.

The question of whether or not citizens have a natural right to conscientious objection does not arise here; conscientious action is protected by statute. As a matter of justice, this protection of the law should be extended to all who are conscientiously opposed to military service, and not reserved for some only, because of their special beliefs. The law should be amended so as to recognize conscientious objection to a particular war or kind of war.

The refusal to recognize conscientious objection to particular wars is unwise as well as unjust. The world being as confusing as it is, and human affairs as complex as they are, principles of the form "*Always* do . . ." or "*Never* do . . ." are almost sure to lead to error through oversimplification; while principles of a more limited scope, though also uncertain, have a far better chance of approximating the truth. We do well, therefore, to credit the conscientious man with limited principles, rather than to discredit him because his principles are limited.

Such limitation, after all, is the normal product of rational reflection and analysis. We do not find fault with the criminal law because it punishes many forms of violence but excuses violence resorted to in self-defense. We do not say: "If the law were really moral it would punish *all* violence or none at all." We dismiss sweeping generalizations of that sort as naive, crude, inadequate to deal with the complexity of human activity. Similarly, in matters of national conduct, we do not say to another country—e.g., Great Britain—that to be moral, or to be conscientious, it must fight whenever offended, or forgo all resort to war. We honor the British for their battles against the Kaiser and the Third Reich, but condemn their imperialistic wars under King George III, their naval war of 1812, and their recent military adventures in Suez. So others may look at us, and so we may look at ourselves.

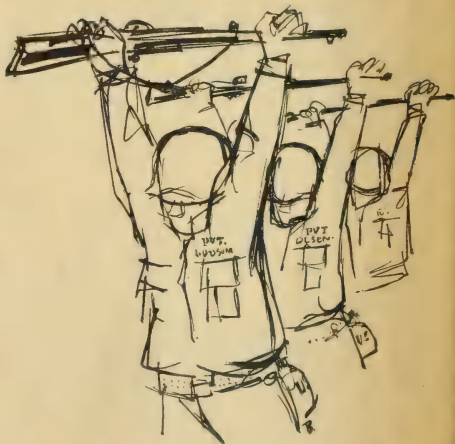
The same reasonableness and willingness to make essential discriminations must be employed in appraising the character and conduct of individuals. It is absurd to demand of individuals that the principles they employ be of *universal* scope, when the laws, nations and individuals we most respect are always making careful distinctions in the application of moral principles.

Note that those who refuse to allow conscientious objection to a particular war, but permit it to *all* war, admit the competence of the individual to judge the morality of a *means* (war, killing, etc.) but not his competence to judge the morality of an *end* (dictatorship, democracy,

national power, etc.). To put this more exactly, while they may think the conscientious objector gravely mistaken in his judgments, they are prepared to honor the conscientiousness of those judgments when expressed about means, but not when expressed about ends. Therefore, when reflecting about the conduct of his country, the citizen is obliged (on their view) to apply his principles without regard to the objectives sought. He is not permitted effectively to ask, "Is this means justified by this end?" He is permitted to say "I *never* kill," and (if he says that truly) he will be excused. But let him once admit that under certain circumstances he will kill, it must then be presumed that he is not able to judge where or when it is appropriate for him to do so in matters of national concern.

Even if the reasons given for this presumption were good, it would be important to recognize the unhappy consequences of proceeding as we do. By compelling the citizen to accept or reject certain means (i.e., war) in the sphere of his own nation's conduct, *without exception*, we punish, in effect, his effort to draw morally essential discriminations. We refuse any citizen the opportunity to weigh ends and means together, as one must if he is to make refined and sensitive moral judgments, whether of his own acts or of another's. This refusal invites, sometimes forces, that very disparity of ends and means which is so disastrous in social affairs, and which we so vehemently and rightly condemn in the conduct of other nations.

I do not claim here that all conscientious objection, or all conscientious objection to a particular war, is objectively right or justifiable; I am not sure how that objective rightness (or wrongness) is to be determined. But I do insist that conscientious objection to a particular war may be *as* right and *as* justifiable as the conscientious objection we now permit. Moreover, since conscientious objection of the more specific sort involves the reflective consideration of means and ends, it is more likely, rather than less likely, to be the outcome of an intelligent and reliable moral judgment. And in any event, the opportunity to



weigh ends as well as means certainly does not keep the objector from being fully and profoundly conscientious.

Why has conscientious objection to a specific war been refused a hearing? I cannot be certain what the actual considerations motivating that refusal have been, but the reasons commonly given for it do not stand up on careful examination.

(1) *To permit conscientious objection to a particular war would be to commit national suicide. War is a matter of life or death for the nation; if individual citizens were permitted to object on grounds of personal convictions, the danger to all would be too great to tolerate.*

This objection derives superficial plausibility from the truth that war is sometimes a matter of national life or death; when at war a nation is in great danger. But the claim that permitting conscientious objection to a given war will significantly increase that danger cannot be substantiated and is almost certainly false. When a nation goes to war, for whatever cause, the vast majority of its citizens rally to its flag. The number who have refused to fight on grounds of conscience has historically been very small; even if the category of conscientious objectors were widened as I propose, there is every reason to believe that the number who would openly hold their nation to be morally wrong would constitute no significant threat to national safety. Even the present war in Vietnam—for which there is more moral repugnance and articulate objection than for any previous war in American history—would bring forth only a small minority who, when called to serve, would refuse on grounds of conscience. This objection grossly underestimates the passion of our citizens (and that of the citizens of most countries) for their national welfare, and their general readiness to respond, particularly in times of crisis, to the requests of their elected leaders.

From a strictly military point of view, moreover, the elimination from the armed services of those who believe that a particular war is wrong would be a measure increasing safety, not risk. If fighting in that war offends against their deepest moral principles, such objectors would make poor soldiers. The number of persons involved is not likely to shake national security one way or the other, but if degree of military risk is the chief consideration, that risk is likely to be lowest if the prosecution of such a war in no way depends upon would-be conscientious objectors.

(2) *To permit conscientious objection to a particular war (even if doing so does not increase risk) is wholly unreasonable because it gives too much authority to the individual. In a law-governed community individual citizens cannot be allowed to decide for themselves whether fighting in a given war is or is not in accord with their moral principles.*

This objection is profoundly mistaken, but it is commonly voiced, and even more commonly given tacit or indirect support. Why is it so widely believed that it is somehow wrong or improper to recognize in each citizen the right to decide for himself whether his nation's cause (or conduct) is just? In part it is an irrational consequence of blind love for fatherland, and unreasoned deference to

those in authority. But where this objection is given some rational support, it usually takes the form of one or more of three principles, often unclearly formulated, each of which is itself mistaken, though possessing a germ of truth.

(a) *Once the majority (or its instrument) has spoken, the nation acts; the individual citizen may not refuse to go along with these decisions and acts.*

There is some truth here. The citizen does have an obligation to abide by the decisions of the body politic, especially in a democracy where he had at least a right to participate in making those decisions. But it is not necessarily the case that this obligation to go along with the lawful decisions of his community overrides all other obligations he may have. He may have a yet more compelling obligation to refuse to abide by the decision of the majority if, after careful reflection, he concludes that it calls for conduct which to him is morally intolerable.

(b) *The conflict of moral obligation with national loyalty does not arise in this country. Conscientious objection to a particular war is unnecessary in a country which is never wrong, and never acts immorally.*

This supposition, that Americans (or the citizens of one's own nation, whichever it may be) are made of nobler, finer stuff than the rest of humanity, and that somehow our national acts exhibit a purity and integrity that cannot reasonably be questioned, is terribly naive; because it blinds us to the serious mistakes we do make on occasion and hinders our efforts to correct them, it is also extremely dangerous.

(c) *Our nation may, on rare occasion, act wrongly, perhaps immorally. But it is never within the competence of an individual citizen to determine that error, or to guide his conduct on the basis of such a finding, in opposition to his lawful government.*

If not individuals, who then may detect our moral wrongs—the gods alone? Individual citizens not only may but must pass judgment upon the acts of their government. There is too much likelihood that they will be strongly biased in favor of their own, that they will give every benefit of doubt or interpretation to their leaders, and where a wrong is evident, that they will judge too leniently. But judge they must. Of course no man is competent to decide such questions for another, or for all, and here lies the apparent plausibility of this third principle. When the community must act, and must judge its own acts, no single citizen may presume to act or judge for it. But if, in spite of all the considerations of loyalty and private interest which must dispose him to side with his government, the individual citizen is constrained to conclude that it is behaving with gross immorality, it is surely his duty to act in accord with that judgment, recognizing that he speaks only for himself, and that he may be in error.

The danger, in short, lies not in giving too much authority to the individual but in giving him too little. In matters of deep moral principle nobody can relieve the individual of his responsibility to exercise his moral judgment; all that the state can do is make it harder or easier for him to act in accord with that judgment. Present provisions for

conscientious objectors are commendable insofar as they do ease that task for some; it remains to recognize in law the truly conscientious objection of others.

(3) *To permit conscientious objection to a particular war (even if it were clearly just to do so) is simply not practical. To give each citizen the privilege of opting out when the situation becomes dangerous or critical is to invite chaos.*

The plausibility of this objection depends wholly upon the supposition that being a conscientious objector to a particular war is merely a matter of "opting out." This is not so. Whoever claims to be a conscientious objector must make specific application for that status, must undergo intense, thorough examination by the classifying agency. He must show convincingly, through his own testimony and that of his teachers or associates, that the moral scruples he professes are in fact part of his conscientiously held position. The status of conscientious objector is very far indeed from being a matter of simple option; it will be allowed only after a serious claim has been carefully documented and its truth solidly established.

Making such determinations, by Selective Service boards or equivalent agencies, will involve the expenditure of some time and energy. There may be some additional administrative complexities, and some small additional expense. But the trouble and expense are insignificant when contrasted with the moral good this policy would accomplish. Even were that resulting expense and inconvenience great (which is very unlikely) considerations of justice would oblige us to undertake the effort to identify conscientious objectors without discriminating as to the sweep or content of their moral views.

(4) *If conscientious objection to a particular war were permissible, the difficulty of determining the legitimacy of any particular application for that status would be so great as to encourage fakery. In consequence, many would simply lie their way out of military service.*

These predictions are very probably false, and they are based upon an assumption that is certainly false. The assumption is that, because moral matters are at issue, it is practically impossible to determine the legitimacy of a claim of conscientious objection. In reality, however, although the claims made are about moral views of which the truth is difficult to determine, the claims themselves are plainly factual, and can be thoroughly scrutinized and carefully tested. What has to be decided by the classifying agency is not the correctness of the moral convictions of the applicant but the objective truth or falsity of his claim that those are his convictions, and that the case at hand is a legitimate and necessary application of them. Even the objective facts about the war (insofar as these can be determined) are not the basic issue but rather the objector's conscientiously determined understanding of those facts.

On such matters it is practically impossible to lie so consistently and convincingly as to deceive an experienced board of examiners. Under present regulations, the danger of fakery is practically nil; were conscientiousness to be understood in the larger and more just way that I propose, the number of conscientious objectors might increase

somewhat, but the danger of fakery need not increase at all. The social pressure inevitably applied against every conscientious objector would effectively keep the devious and the cowardly from even seeking that avenue of escape from military service.

Finally, even if it were true that with an enlarged conception of conscientious objection a few were to escape military service by deception who otherwise would not be able to do so, that is a price that can be paid by a society whose first concern is the humanity and justice of its laws. In the criminal courts we apply rules of evidence and procedure which may result in some who are guilty being acquitted, and we do so recognizing this consequence because such rules are essential for the protection of the innocent. To achieve that protection it is necessary that we develop considerable self-restraint in the trial of all persons accused of crime, and it is altogether right and a tribute to our society that we do this. In the context of military conscription, although the issue is not guilt or punishment, the same circumspection is called for. If we are obliged to raise an army by conscripting young citizens, we ought to apply rules and procedures which (although conceivably usable by very artful liars for selfish advantage) are designed to insure the protection and equal treatment of all those whose objections are genuinely conscientious.

The objections to the practicality and desirability of legislation permitting conscientious objection to a particular war are all very weak, and the reasons for its enactment are compelling. There is yet another consideration, however, beyond those already discussed, which weighs heavily in support of this proposed policy. Formally adopted, it would serve as a safety device, not simply for individuals but for the nation as a whole. War is so grave a matter, so thoroughly awful, that every nation needs, and ought to cultivate, the conscientious reflection of its individual citizens upon national conduct having such frightful consequences. Legislation which makes it possible for citizens, in their private capacities, to refuse participation in what honestly appears to them to be recklessness or irresponsibility on the part of their government could become a very wholesome restraint upon the impetuosity of some political leaders. Where there is the possibility that such conscientious objection may be widespread, it may even help to prevent grave international crimes by honorably motivated but narrow-minded or irrational leaders.

That is the really crushing answer to those who say: "If we permit conscientious objection to a particular war, so many may refuse to fight as to endanger the nation." The danger is nil if the nation's cause is just; its citizens will not fail it in time of crisis. But if large masses of citizens cannot conscientiously pursue the nation's course, at least through killing or force of arms, that may be the best of reasons for not engaging in that war, even at the cost of some temporary national loss of face.

Leo Tolstoy wrote, in *The Kingdom of God Is Within You* (1893):

In early Christian times a soldier, Theodore, told the authorities that being a Christian he could not bear arms,

and when he was executed for this the responsible authorities quite sincerely regarded him as a madman and far from trying to conceal such an occurrence, exposed him to public scorn at the execution. But now when cases of refusals of military service occur more and more frequently, these cases are no longer regarded by the authorities as madness, but as a very dangerous awakening from madness, and the governments, far from holding such cases up to public scorn, carefully conceal them, knowing that the salvation of men from humiliation, enslavement and ignorance, will come about not by revolutions, trade-unions, peace-congresses, and books, but in the simplest way—by each man who is called upon to

share in the infliction of violence on his fellow men and on himself, asking in perplexity: "But why should I do this?"

A national policy of permitting conscientious objection to military conscription in a given war would be not only eminently just and entirely practical but exceedingly wise. A nation allowing itself to be restrained by such considerations, tempered in its acts by the conscientious concerns of its individual citizens, acquires thereby a deeper and more long-lasting power than any military force can provide.

Black Panthers: The Cornered Cats

MICHAEL HARRIS

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San Francisco

Huey P. Newton, 26, the militant black nationalist who founded the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, is charged with the murder of an Oakland policeman, and what amazes most of the white community is the persistent demand that Newton be freed from jail immediately and without trial. Newton's supporters do not concede that he is guilty as charged of slaying John Frey, a white policeman, in a pre-dawn gun battle last October 28. But for many, the question of guilt or innocence is irrelevant.

Stokely Carmichael said last February at a rally attended by 5,000 in the Oakland Auditorium Arena: "Brother Huey may or may not have wiped out that honkie, but at least it shows a progression. At least we're not getting (executed) for what we say. We're getting (executed) for what we do. When they (executed) Brother Malcolm, we did nothing. If they (execute) Brother Huey we got to retaliate! We got to retaliate!"

The lines had been drawn between the Black Panthers and the Oakland police long before Patrolman Frey saw a suspicious vehicle and radioed the Oakland police dispatcher: "I have a Panther car." For many months Police Chief Charles R. Gain of Oakland had been describing all Panthers as "criminals" and the Panthers had invariably referred to the police as "the pigs." The Panthers are young, they are armed and they are ready, as they have demonstrated, to claim the freedom and manhood they say has been taken from them. Their name, the leaders explain, is intended to be taken symbolically: "The Black Panther doesn't go looking for trouble. But if you corner him and he has to fight, he'll claw you apart."

Though the general public has known of the movement for more than a year, no one yet has offered an accurate estimate of its size. It seems, like so many revolutionary groups, to be rather small. Even the most sheltered residents of Oakland, Berkeley and San Francisco encounter people, white and black, wearing buttons that read, "Free Huey Newton Now," but few of the wearers are Panthers.

Charles Howe of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, who recently completed a thoughtful study of the Panthers, summarized the organization's goals:

In essence, they are asking for:

Total self-determination; full employment; removal of all white businesses from the ghetto; decent housing; education which teaches black history and "the true nature of this decadent American society. . . ."

Military exemption for all blacks; an end to "police brutality and murder [and] freedom for all black men held in federal, state, county and city prisons and jails"; trial of all blacks by a jury of their peers—that is, poor and black ghetto residents; "We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice and peace."

The Panthers maintain they and the black community have little or none of these things and they want them *right now*. No lengthy dialogues; no additional statutes on the books; no committees of review; but *right now*. And if they don't get these things right now, they maintain, the white power structure, by fudging on these requests, will provoke rioting and bloodshed which will, they believe, lead to bloody repression which, in turn, could lead to the liquidation of all black Americans.

This is a frightening program, frightening to the blacks who don't want to be liquidated and frightening to the police who are flabbergasted by the notion that all black men should be exempt from jail. The Panthers claim that they must arm themselves to keep from being gunned down, and the police, white and black, approach them with understandable caution. So it came as no great surprise that the encounter last fall between Newton and the police ended with a man dead in the street.

The minutes of the Alameda County Grand Jury, which meets in the county courthouse in Oakland, report that after Frey made his radio call the police dispatcher sent orders to Patrolman Herbert Heanes to go to the scene as "back-up officer." The jury was told that Newton presented Frey with a borrowed driver's license when he was asked to identify himself, but that Heanes recognized the Panther leader. Newton was ordered out of his car, and then the shooting erupted. Frey was fatally wounded, and Heanes was injured seriously.

There are conflicting reports about what happened in those moments, and Newton's supporters say there

was never any proof that he had a gun in his hand. Heanes, the surviving officer, testified that he did not see Newton holding a gun at any time. But according to the grand jury's report, the wounded Newton hailed a black motorist, pulled a gun on him, forced the man to drive to a hospital and bragged, "I just shot two dudes."

A jury of twelve Alameda County men and women will be charged, probably this summer, with the duty of listening to the conflicting stories and deciding where the truth lies. The murder trial has been postponed several times, but there is a reasonable chance that the process of picking jurors, hearing testimony and reaching a verdict will begin on July 8. However, while all of that may settle the fate of Huey Newton, the political arguments will roll on. Charles R. Garry, lawyer for the Panthers, is attempting to make legal history by challenging the right of a grand jury composed almost entirely of upper-middle-class whites to vote indictments on poor blacks.

A lawyer faced with the duty of saving his client's life and, if possible, restoring his liberty must work within

the legal forms. On the other hand, the Black Panthers regard the legal forms themselves as part of the enemy apparatus, as straps holding the black community in a state of colonialism. The Panthers look upon the entry of any policeman, white or black, into the ghetto as an act of invasion, and maintain that officers who make such forays do so at their peril. The ghetto dweller has the right to repel the white establishment's policemen, so the argument goes, in the same way that any citizen has the right to fight off a foreign invader. In Newton's words, the police are to be classed as "an army of occupation."

It is a startling concept, and the Huey Newton case is only one of a series of episodes in which the Black Panthers have nonplused the public. The first came on February 21, 1967, when twenty Panthers, armed with pistols and shotguns (carried openly, as required by law) met the widow of Malcolm X at San Francisco International Airport and escorted her through the crowded terminal. No one was hurt, but many were frightened, and some of the most fervent defenders of the constitutional right to bear arms underwent instant conversion to the side of gun control.

Nor did the members of the California state legislature admire the graphic symbolism of the appearance in the Assembly chambers, during a debate on gun control on May 2, 1967, of twenty-six Black Panthers armed with rifles, shotguns and pistols. Legislators scuttled under desks or attempted to flee, and calm was not restored until capitol security officers had seized the weapons and removed the ammunition. The guns were then restored to the Panthers, who trooped out of the building. There was no gunfire, and there was also no doubt as to what the legislature would do about the proposal of the Oakland police to restrict the carrying of loaded weapons within city limits. A new bill was passed, and promptly signed by Governor Reagan.

It was not Newton but Bobby Seale, 31, who led the state capitol invasion. Seale is the Panthers' second in command, in charge of day-to-day party activities while the leader is in jail, and he told Charles Howe that he had not slept at home since the night of January 25 when police walked into his apartment and arrested him and his wife on charges of possessing a sawed-off shotgun. Seale is almost always on the move, showing up at rallies and then disappearing for the night to places where he hopes the police cannot find him.

Bobby Seale is protected by bodyguards and is still alive, but Bobby James Hutton, 17, the party's secretary, is not. He was shot and killed on the night of April 7 by Oakland police, following a running gun battle. Eldridge Cleaver, author of the recently published *Soul on Ice* [see review by Julian Mayfield, *The Nation*, May 13], and the party's minister of information, was wounded. Cleaver and seven other Panthers were indicted for attempted murder and assault with a deadly weapon.

Again, there are two versions of the story. Oakland police say that several Panthers have confessed that the officers were lured into an ambush. Police say that the bloodshed began when two patrolmen were shot in the back with shotguns when they stopped to investigate a



man crouched behind a parked car. According to the authorities other blacks started firing, and when some ran into a nearby house a ninety-minute gun battle commenced. Officers fired tear gas into the house and set the building on fire, forcing Hutton and Cleaver to leave with their hands over their heads. Police say they held their fire until Hutton broke for freedom.

The Black Panther Defense Fund has issued an account of the events, accusing the police of plotting the battle and of deliberately shooting Hutton when he stepped into a police searchlight. Cleaver, more cautious than Hutton, reportedly emerged naked from the house in order to deprive police of the pretext that he was carrying concealed weapons. He was not injured seriously, nor was either of the two policemen.

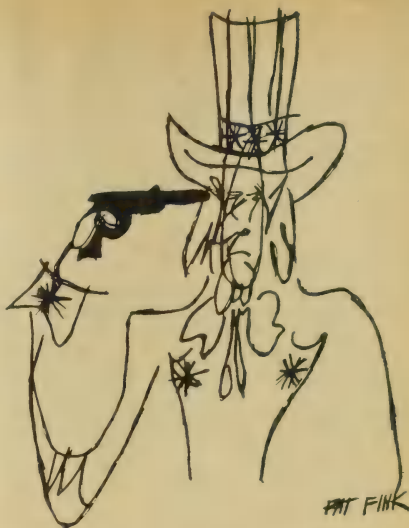
It will take some time to sort out the facts about Hutton's death, since it is easy to find witnesses who will relate either version of the story. But there is no doubt that the April 6 gun battle brought a profound change to the Black Panthers. Since then the party has been short of leaders and short of money.

Howe interviewed an agent who penetrated the Black Panthers for a law-enforcement organization. The man concluded, not surprisingly, that the party's ability to screen out potential spies was "not the best." He characterized the men's marksmanship as poor, the quality and quantity of their weapons as inadequate and the financial burdens of replacing lost weapons, raising bail fees and paying legal costs as backbreaking. On April 6 alone, police said they seized three shotguns, five rifles, three automatic rifles and two automatic pistols.

"The night of the shoot-out the Panthers behaved rather badly," the agent said. "They broke and ran and left guns and ammunition scattered over half of West Oakland. This doesn't mean they are cowardly. It does mean that they've had no training and, like most people everywhere, they really don't care much to get killed—or even shoot at police."

None of this should lead anyone, the agent continued, to hope that the Black Panthers will simply vanish. "If conditions get rougher in the ghetto—any ghetto—they're going to get more recruits. Then a hard-core element may escalate the gun business again. If the federal government, on the other hand, makes a serious effort to pump lots of money into the ghetto, you can likely kiss the Panthers, good-bye. You simply can't agitate happy people."

Newton and Seale might, according to the old tradition, have joined the "happy people" themselves. They met as students at Merritt College, a two-year institution in Oakland, from which many graduates proceed to more advanced study at the University of California or a state college. Newton saw, from the example of an older brother who acquired the education he needed to become a welfare department supervisor, that study could bring some rewards. But Newton, who said he became bored with the "cultural nationalism" of black clubs organized by the Negro minority on the campus, was arrested for theft and burglary. In 1964 he was sentenced to a year in county jail for assault with a deadly weapon. Quite proudly, he was a troublemaker in jail, leading riots and food strikes.



When he was released from jail, he and Seale founded their Black Panther Party, taking the name and symbol from the Lowndes County Freedom Organization in Alabama.

Politically, the Black Panthers have allied themselves with the Peace and Freedom Party and have, it appears, achieved a veto power over the larger organization. The Peace and Freedom Party has offered a startling variety of candidates for office. Among them are Mario Savio, who started the "free speech" revolt at Berkeley and who is now running for the state Senate, and Cleaver's wife, Kathleen, competing for the assembly seat of Willie L. Brown, Jr., a talented Negro liberal who has won two terms in a San Francisco district that is believed to be only 26 per cent black. Radicals don't like liberals. Perhaps the most conventional Peace and Freedom Party candidate is its nominee for the U.S. Senate, old-line radical Paul Jacobs who writes books, appears on television, and is invited to parties at the best homes.

For all the excitement, the Black Panthers seem to be a dead-end movement, growing out of the frustrations of life in Oakland, an industrial community on the east shore of San Francisco Bay where few neighborhoods, white or black, are designed to inspire man's soul. It is a town on which the conservative establishment has long maintained a hold, and its slums have produced a force of young men willing to take arms because they are bereft of hope.

The Panthers offer the recruits no "promised land." There is no talk of a return to Africa nor even of a plan to carve out major parts of the United States as a black dominion. "Talk of such things at this time is irrelevant and romantic," Huey Newton said. "We don't want to or-

ganize all the blacks. We want to be a vanguard. When the time comes and we are organized, black people will petition the United Nations to hold a plebiscite to see what it is we want and where it is we want to go."

Thus, the most that can be held out is the prospect of still more futile gestures, in the style of the gun-brandishing episodes at the airport and in the capitol—dramatic scenes that produce brief moments of excitement and con-

siderable publicity, but which also assure the Panthers that their movement will some day be crushed. The Panthers, who will not accept whites into their ranks, have won some white cheering on the side lines and a little white financial support. But there is, as Murray Kempton wrote after a visit to Oakland, "something quite disgusting about white kids moved by the high romance of Negro kids getting themselves killed."

JOHNSON'S PLOY

FLIGHT OF THE LAME DUCK

DONALD L. ROBINSON

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Though Mr. Johnson's decision to withdraw from the Presidency has placed the nation in a perilous position, the dangers of the move have not been properly appreciated in this year of clamorous events.

The central significance of the event derives from the fact that the most powerful nation in the world is now governed, particularly in its foreign affairs, by a man who has placed himself beyond the reach of political accountability. In domestic affairs, the President's power is still considerably hemmed in by a political system that rolls on with a structure and momentum of its own. Congress freely defies a man whose power to affect the fortunes of committee chairmen, or even first-termers, has long since been spent. The bureaucracy pursues its stubborn course, dealing with its clients in the old ways. Domestically, the effect of Mr. Johnson's withdrawal is to deprive the political system of leadership at a time when it needs it most. But we need not fear that a lame-duck President can successfully embark on new adventures for which there is no clear public support.

In foreign affairs, the situation is ominously different; the President's decision appears to have given him a virtually free hand. And when we say foreign affairs in 1968, we mean Vietnam.

Mr. Johnson's decision was hailed at first as an act of courage. An extremely ambitious man had sacrificed his own intense hunger for power to the greater goal of reuniting his divided country. The act was so uncharacteristic that some refused to believe that he was sincere. The President had long been known for cunning; perhaps what he intended was to call the wolves off his back, press hard for some kind of temporary détente in Vietnam, then take the convention in August—and the election in November—by storm.

Bill D. Moyers, who could be supposed to know, spiked this speculation with the assertion that Mr. Johnson really was concerned about the divisions in the country and knew that any eleventh-hour re-entry into the political arena would provoke a shattering reaction. The President's concern about his country was too great for

any such strategy of personal gain. He would lose all that he had won by his withdrawal, and more.

But there was more to it than this. Perhaps Mr. Johnson had sacrificed himself, but for what? He himself said that he had acted to restore domestic tranquillity, but Howard K. Smith, commenting on A.B.C. TV, was closer to the truth when he argued that the President had maneuvered, not for peace at home but for power abroad.

Mr. Johnson knew that Senator McCarthy's showing in New Hampshire, as well as numerous other signs, signaled that his chances for renomination and re-election were far from certain. He would have absolutely no chance of winning unless he campaigned fiercely, and his standing with the public was such as to make campaigning awkward. Even then, his re-election would be in such jeopardy that his policies, particularly his policy in Vietnam, would stand suspended until the verdict was in—suspended, that is, as far as their viability was concerned. Their costs would continue to mount, thereby increasing the difficulty of selling them to the American people. So Mr. Johnson did what he had to do to save his policies. He removed himself from the contest.

Indeed, the President acknowledged that he had acted to place himself beyond the reach of public "pressure." "I made my announcement," he told a group of administrative assistants to Democratic Congressmen, so that "no one in the world—no one who sought our treasure or tried to stall freedom—could have any doubt that any person in this country—candidate or noncandidate—could effectively pressure this President and his actions for at least the next nine months." He hoped, he said, that his decision would remove him "from the nose cone of a volcano," so that he could "act independently and with complete liberty, with only one criteria [*sic*], the great good for the greatest number."

The notion is staggering, when you stop to think about it. Why, in a democracy, should a political leader be permitted to "act independently and with complete liberty"? Perhaps, in a moment of great crisis, a leader deeply trusted by his people might be granted such prerogative. But Mr. Johnson as much as acknowledged that he had been forced to abdicate by the pressure of public mistrust and suspicion.

Plainly, the President's move was a monumental gamble for nine months' time to redeem his policies in Vietnam. To pull it off, he needed two things: a dramatic change in the public mood and attitude toward him, and the cooperation of the other candidates for President. Initially, at least, he got both. The effect of the renunciation on his rating in the Gallup polls was striking. In mid-March, before the announcement of withdrawal, only 36 per cent of the Gallup sample approved of the way Mr. Johnson was "handling his job," while 52 per cent disapproved. Two weeks after the announcement, nearly half (49 per cent) approved, while the disapprovers had fallen off to 40 per cent. A whopping 64 per cent said they approved of "President Johnson's decision to stop [sic] the bombing of North Vietnam." (The way that question is phrased is as significant as the answers it produced.) One suspects, too, that the intensity of public concern over Johnson's performance had fallen off sharply—and if so, that would be even more significant than the reversal in the ratio of approvers to disapprovers.

Gallup's interviewers recorded that the "man in the street" reflected Mr. Johnson's own feeling about his decision. "I think it's a wonderful thing he did for the country. He prevented bitter controversy," said a retired schoolteacher from New Jersey. "He is rising above political considerations," remarked a student from North Carolina. Only 4 per cent attributed the President's withdrawal to a political motive.

Soon it was apparent that the main opponents of his policies would likewise follow his lead, diverting their attention and energies from Vietnam to the circus of the Presidential campaign, and to the innumerable other circuses offered by springtime in Paris and at Columbia and elsewhere. Kennedy told a news conference, "I think Vietnam eventually is going to disappear," and he urged that attention be given to the longer-range problem of economic development in Latin America and Africa.* Nixon declared a moratorium on discussions about Vietnam, to allow time for the President's diplomacy to be tried. Rockefeller rebuked Nixon for the suggestion of a moratorium, but his own speech on Vietnam was so banal as to go almost unnoticed. Even McCarthy seemed to prefer other themes in his quest for delegates. And when the candidates discussed Vietnam, the focus of the discussion was on changes that would come to pass next January and beyond, not on the urgent necessity to change courses *now*. Vietnam became the nightmare everyone wanted to postpone, if not forget altogether.

Gradually, however, it is becoming apparent that it is the political campaign itself that has assumed a dream-like quality. Reports from Vietnam recently confronted a startled public with the unwanted news that more men had died in the middle two weeks of May than in any previous fourteen-day period of the war. What had ear-

*Since this was written, the "circus" of the Presidential campaign has produced the ghastly accident of Senator Kennedy's assassination. Kennedy's death may focus renewed attention on the relationship between the violence in Vietnam and the malaise at home. But the concern of this article—that the conduct of foreign policy by a lame-duck President is not politically accountable—is not affected by the assassination.



Macpherson, Toronto Star

"How Are the Peace—Bombs Away—Talks Going, Averell?"

lier been referred to as a "pause" in the bombing turned out to be nothing of the kind. Measured in terms of the number of missions flown, or tons of bombs dropped, or planes and pilots lost, the pace of the air war was virtually undiminished. It had merely been confined to a strategically more critical area, the North Vietnamese panhandle. In almost every way, the "level of violence" in Vietnam was increasing, not subsiding.

These facts help to put the President's decision, and the public's reaction to it, into revealing perspective. By withdrawing from the campaign, the President sought to place himself beyond the reach of politics, a process for which he seems to have such contempt these days. The public appears, initially at least, to have acquiesced in this desire. The result is that our military and diplomatic operations over Vietnam are being pursued by a man who is acting "independently and with complete liberty," using his own judgment, which the American people have grown so profoundly to mistrust. And all of this in a political system which prides itself on the accountability of its elected leaders, especially the President.

Mr. Johnson believes, with a passion that is more nearly religious than political, that his policies in Vietnam are right. He is willing to sacrifice a great deal that is dear to him, including his own political career, to the realization of those policies. He has bargained for a nine-month period in which to secure those policies, and to create an atmosphere conducive to the election of his chosen successor. The irony is that a man who was thought to be crudely and totally political has reached for a transpolitical way to secure his policies.

For a time at the beginning of the current year, it appeared that the American people were beginning to view the nation's involvement in Vietnam as "ironic," in the

sense in which Reinhold Niebuhr used that term fifteen years ago. That is, we had become engaged in Vietnam out of desire to permit an alternative to communism to develop there, but we were beginning to see that our good intentions were overextended, that we lacked the strength and understanding to accomplish our good purposes. Once irony is recognized, it cannot be endured, and so we were beginning to search for men who could lead us out of our mistaken course.

President Johnson has sought to restore our sense of the tragic with respect to Vietnam. To him, it seems that our good purposes are perfectly capable of achievement, if only we are willing to pay the price. But a leader who tries to transform his nation's ironies into tragedies by the exercise of his own monumental will can only drive his people to catastrophe.

Max Ascoli has argued that the President withdrew in order to recover his consensus, but that in doing so, he gave up his power. In the light of the analysis here, that seems a curious conclusion. Clearly the President has gained freedom for maneuver during the months remaining to his term. Yet in a deeper sense, Ascoli is right. To accomplish his purposes in Vietnam will surely take more than nine months. Unless he plans to bomb North Vietnam back to the stone age, or to hold up a shield while his Vice President, or Mr. Nixon, moves into the White House, there to pursue the same policies for four more years, it is difficult to see what he expects to gain this year.

Surely he cannot defeat the Communists by several more weeks of the war of attrition he has been waging for four years. Nor can he convince Hanoi's negotiators in Paris to agree, this summer, to a division of their country before they have been wiped out on the battlefield. The only way to gain the stated American objectives in Vietnam is to wage a long, gray war, and the only way to do that—assuming for the moment that such a war would win its objective, and that the cost would be acceptable—would be to have the strong support of the American people. And the only way, finally, to get that kind of support is at the polls, after a grueling and forthright campaign that convinced the people that their "blood, toil, tears and sweat" were being shed in a worthy cause.

From this point of view, the President's withdrawal is properly seen, not as an act of political courage but as one of out-and-out cowardice. He urges Congress to "bite the bullet" on taxes, but he himself refuses to face the American people for a referendum on the main policies of his own Administration. The situation created by Johnson exposes a grave flaw in our constitutional "machinery."

The American Constitution is an arrangement for establishing government accountable to the people it governs. The mechanisms by which the people express their consent are imperfect and irregular, as all students of American Government know. Still, the national government exercises few powers that are not "checked," at least by the clientele of the government's policy.

The one major exception is foreign affairs. Here, the objects of the policy have no votes, and no regular or reliable access to the newspapers read by voters. Further-

more, foreign policy is conducted almost exclusively by the Executive branch, and its exercise is effectively judged by the people only on those occasions when the policies go so badly awry that an international crisis erupts, or the country is threatened by war. Even in those cases, the referendum of the public is retroactive, and the verdict on any particular issue tends to be lost in a welter of other concerns.

The fact that the exercise of public authority in the United States breaks down almost completely in the area of foreign affairs is an extremely serious matter, as the current situation makes obvious. It is serious for those who support our stand against communism in Asia and want broad public support for that stand, as well as for those who feel differently.

LETTERS (Continued from page 2)

ing out to the power structure." People influenced by Erikson (like myself) are accused of "making life a lot tougher," presumably because they do not see that all opposition by youth to adults is beyond criticism. Certainly Brossard is not making things tougher; he is making them ridiculously easy. With such uncritical friends young people don't need enemies.

Brossard charges Erikson with being only "rhetorically" engaged with young people. In fact, he has spent much of his life in therapeutic work with them. What are Brossard's credentials for speaking with such righteous assurance about the inner feelings of young people? For that matter a rhetorician who can write without a wince of "operational co-optimism" has dubious credentials for complaining of Erikson's style on the irrelevant ground that it is "bad poetry."

Cushing Strout, Dept. of English
Cornell University

Williamstown, Mass.

DEAR SIR: Human nature being what it is. *The Nation's* invaluable contributions to enlightenment over many years seldom elicit letters of praise. All readers have long taken this for granted. But when *The Nation* errs, protest is in order lest the error be repeated.

In the issue of June 3, two "reviewers" have insulted two of the major thinkers and writers of our days: James T. Farrell ("James T. Farrell: An Impossible Comeback" by Peter Clecak) and Erik H. Erikson. The former is one of America's great novelists of the century. The latter is one of the outstanding psychologists and psychiatrists of our time. I know all of their works and have used them frequently in my own teaching, thinking, and writing over many years. Both "reviews" are travesties. Apologies are due to both writers and to all readers.

Frederick L. Schuman
Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government
Williams College

word to the wise

Concord, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Those in Congress who are vigorous in porting or opposing controversial, explosive issues could be the next target for the assassin's bullets . . . If Congress would pass the required gun control legislation, the lives they could save may be their own.

Meldon C. Belknap

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Onlooker and the Insider

THE SEPARATED PEOPLE: A Look At Contemporary South Africa. By E. J. Kahn, Jr. W. W. Norton & Co. 276 pp. \$5.95.

THE LONG VIEW. By Alan Paton. Edited by Edward Callan. Frederick A. Praeger. 295 pp. \$6.95.

NADINE GORDIMER

Miss Gordimer is a South African novelist. Her most recent book is *The Late Bourgeois World* (Viking).

It is the proud boast of most serious investigators of the South African scene—politicians, legal experts, distinguished journalists, visiting us from abroad—that they come “with an open mind.” I often wonder why. They all stand for the principles of Western democracy. They have no doubts about that, at home in their own countries; it is their article of faith in the pursuit of the greatest good for the greatest number. And they do not come in ignorance of the policies of this country and its system of government. They know that South Africa is a democracy for 3.5 million white people who elect their white government in a free ballot, and that this government also governs 15 million black and colored people who have no vote. Why, then, the “open mind”? If you believe in democracy, you can be in no two minds about the situation in South Africa, even before you have ever set foot here. To be honest, at best you can say, “I have come to see whether I have to revise my convictions and accept that, under certain conditions and in certain historical situations, there is an alternative to democracy as the means by which the greatest good for the greatest number may be achieved.”

E. J. Kahn, Jr. evidently did not subscribe to the cant of the “open mind” when he came to South Africa recently. He had done some homework; he knew South Africa was not a democracy; using Western democratic principles as the norm of civilized society, he came to record, as precisely and dispassionately as he could, what sort of society he found. His approach is that of the onlooker who sees most of the game; and here we come up against another assumption whose worth needs examining, in the context of the South African situation, not—this time—because it is cant but because one must ask, “How much of the game can the onlooker see?” The

difference between Mr. Kahn's book and Alan Paton's personal testimony of the South African situation seen from within becomes a third statement on that situation: life in South Africa is ordered in such a way, by now, that it is quite impossible for even the most perceptive and inquiring onlooker to claim a full and first-hand account of that life. It can be spoken for only from within that situation; no one from outside is let near enough, any more, for him to be able to claim that he has learned what the people think. It is evident that to bear witness, now, one has to do so from the hazardous center of South African society itself; visitors such as Mr. Kahn are kept out by a *cordon sanitaire* of laws and legislated silences, and kept convinced of the validity of their investigations by having the official blind eye permissively turned just that much when they are gratefully surprised to be able to make contact with such fringe opposition as is left of the great, outlawed liberation movements.

It is a white fringe, of course. Helen Suzman, Progressive Party M.P. and sole vigorous voice of opposition in Parliament; Laurence Gandar, courageous editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, awaiting trial on a charge of allegedly publishing false information in an exposé of prison conditions; Alan Paton himself, lone leader of the Liberal Party, decimated by bannings of its leaders; a handful of forthright churchmen, academics, intellectuals, all of us white and walking the tightrope of calculated risk. Through contact with such people the diligent inquirer will see, as Kahn did, the rubber-stamp justice meted out in the Bantu Commissioners' Courts where offenders against the bewildering Pass Laws become statutory criminals overnight; visit the Black Sash organization's offices where a small band of unintimidated white women give what advice and help they can to Africans entangled in the Pass Laws, Influx Control regulations and Group Areas Act that disrupt their lives; talk to those very, very few Africans with whom whites still have contact as equals, and who, by this definition and the fact that they are still at large and willing to talk, have never played a formative part as activists or thinkers in the African struggle for human rights. But there is no way for the visitor to reach the makers of African or

Indian or Colored opinion, to hear the voices that have the mandate to speak for the 15 million on the dark side of the color bar.

It is understandable, then, for Kahn to dismiss the Africans as a people with never “more reason to be angry” and yet so “placid.” He did not, could not, meet Nelson Mandela, Walter Sisulu and Govan Mbeki, leaders of the African National Congress, Robert Sobukwe, leader of the Pan-African Congress, and the other political prisoners on Robben Island (more than 800 in 1967). The only conversation with an African he records having had “at length” is a talk with a Soweto housewife (Soweto is a complex of African segregated townships that serves as a dormitory for Johannesburg's black labor force). It was impossible for him, as for any other visitor, to canvass informed or politically aware opinion among Africans.

There is less excuse, however, for his failure to relate the ruthless legislation and secret police surveillance (he describes it and mentions in passing that African leaders are in jail) that has crushed the African and Indian opposition movements, and that outlaws even so much as a private discussion group, let alone any political gathering of any nature, to that “peace of the grave” he found prevailing in place of African resistance to apartheid. What he found here was not the peace of the grave but the silence of a people under the enormous weight of the Suppression of Communism Act, which has stripped them of their leadership down to the last humble organizer of the smallest group and which provides stiff sentences for anyone even advocating social change of any nature. Young Africans, Indians and Coloreds who were teen-agers when non-white political organizations were banned have perforce grown up without any political education whatever—except the conditioning to acceptance of apartheid disseminated in their history textbooks and other media controlled by whites. It is difficult to see how new leadership can come from them. This situation is very much part of contemporary South Africa.

Kahn quotes the opinions canvassed from Indian merchants (“keep your nose clean”) as the current attitude of this minority group on the dark side of the color bar, and sums up their reaction to

the Group Areas Act (which declares areas white and removes the Indians—business, household, lock, stock and barrel—from premises they have owned and occupied in some cases since the days of the Kruger Republic) with the laconic “they are not very happy about it.” It is extraordinary that he should present this picture of what the Indian people have been reduced to without mention of the Indians’ legal battle against Group Areas, going on in our courts every day, but even more extraordinary, from the essential point of view of perspective, that he should do so without a single mention of the role the Indian people have played in the struggle against apartheid since the early part of this century. It was under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi himself, then practicing law in South Africa, that South African Indians initiated the passive resistance movement that became the basis of the African Congress movements. In the great Defiance of Unjust Laws campaign of the 1950s, the South African Indian Congress provided leadership along with the African National Congress, and hundreds of Indians went to prison. Indian leaders have been prominent among the accused in political trials from 1959 to 1966. A number of them are political prisoners now; is their enforced silence not to be reckoned with, by visitors, as part of Indian opinion?

As for radical white opposition, Kahn dismisses Abraham Fischer in one sentence, referring to him as “one South African Communist,” and remarks that the \$25,000 Lenin Prize awarded Fischer last year “will probably do him little good since he is over sixty and serving a life sentence (for political offences) in Pretoria jail.” However opposed to communism he might be, no man of liberal opinions (which is the point of departure for Kahn’s inquiry) *living within the South African situation* could dispose of Abraham Fischer like that. In the context of our separated people, Fischer is not just “one South African Communist” or even just one South African man. Unlike Anton Rupert, the Nationalist cigarette millionaire to whom Kahn gives fascinated space, Abraham Fischer has not been satisfied to get rich and advance the chauvinism of the Afrikaner people to which both Rupert and he belong but, whatever his political ideology, has sacrificed his own personal privilege and freedom as a white man in the attempt to free Africans from the color bar.

Mandela, Sisulu, Mbeki, Sobukwe, Fischer—they are in prison but they are still with us. The weight of their presence is hardly to be ignored by anyone who reports on the situation in South Africa today. One realizes that Kahn did

not set out to write a history of South Africa, but some background information from the immediate past is necessary to penetrate the *appearance* of the contemporary scene.

This is the best and most intelligent book about South Africa to be written by an observer for a very long time, yet just how successfully a man as generally fair-minded and astute as Kahn can be kept gliding over the surface is shown again and again. For example, he falls for the old fallacy of comparing the standard of living of black people in South Africa with that of Africans in the rest of Africa, whereas the real comparison is with the living standard of the white South Africans. South Africa is the richest country in Africa; the true measure of the South African black man’s share is how little he gets of his own country’s wealth, not how well off he is in comparison with the people of immeasurably poorer countries who happen to share his skin color. Kahn discusses “Bantu ability” (“We have been inclined to underestimate Bantu ability simply because we have been accustomed to him doing unskilled work,” the director of the Bantu Wage and Productivity Association recently said”), and explains the system of Job Reservation (whites only for skilled jobs), but does not mention the fact that, in modern labor relations, would be seen to inhibit the black man’s development in industry; under the Industrial Conciliation Act, black men are deprived of the right to strike, or bargain with their employers. Only two years ago—just about the time Kahn was in South Africa—an official of the white Mineworkers’ Union was sworn into office on the oath that he would resist with all his strength “the onslaught of Kaffir, Moor and Indian on the white working community.”

But the real reason for the blur between cause and effect in Kahn’s view of the separated people is that like all on-lookers who come to South Africa now, he was viewing the situation from the confines of the enclave of 3.5 million whites. All he really learned was what *we*—the whites, Nationalist, United Party, Progressive Party, Liberal with both small and large “L”—think about *them*, the 15 million on the other side of the color bar. The black people of South Africa remain, silent and in shadow, on the periphery of this book.

Alan Paton’s book is the record of the thought and action of a man of decent liberal opinions in a situation where those opinions have either to be abandoned or put to the test of translation into a daily way of life running counter to that of the society in which he lives. In the first essay he describes a coming to the end of color prejudice:

“I was no longer a white person but a member of the human race”; and that conviction, once arrived at, is for the liberal in South Africa at the same time the beginning of his active role; his goal; and, maybe, the only achievement he can count on at the end of his life.

Alan Paton is a Liberal with a large “L”—he has been chairman or president of the Liberal Party almost since its inception in 1953 until a new piece of legislation, outlawing racially mixed membership in political parties, put an end to the Liberal Party only a few weeks ago. But the account of the fate of liberalism in South Africa that emerges from his essays and public addresses from 1958 to 1967 is the fate of all liberals here, whether or not they were actually members of the Liberal Party. It is at the same time a candid, sober, absolutely honest and exhaustively informed account of the total South African situation, written with the sense of proportion that paradoxically, as I have remarked, can come only from one who lives on embattled ground at the center of it. Alan Paton is not a black man, but as one who lives definitively as a member of the human race, he has seen the black man’s disabilities as his own. There is no *them*, in his viewpoint, only an *us*.

What people who shared this viewpoint wanted for South Africa was a nonracial democracy. There were never very many of them among white South Africans. Among black South Africans a long and hard-earned distrust of white motives, and an equally well-established distrust of white trusteeship for African aspirations, meant that black men felt they ought to free *themselves*, as black people, from a white supremacist rule, before working with whites for a non-racial democracy. Whites were not accepted as members of the African National Congress; and the Liberal Party, although it stood for one man, one vote, and had no color bar, never attracted more than a token African membership. It was formed at a time—significantly—when the nonwhite peoples of the country were seeing the necessity for a united front. The Defiance Campaigns of the early fifties were a successful combination of the African and Indian Congresses (which had cooperated since 1946) with a token white participation. The Liberal Party made a bid for the wider necessity—a party of people of all colors in opposition to apartheid, which would cooperate with nonwhite organizations. This was still practicable, in the fifties; it looked, for a short time, as if it might be possible to form a united opposition composed of *all* races. In 1957 it was still possible to hold a Multi-racial Conference, attended by 500 delegates of all races, in Johannesburg. The conference could and did call for a re-

"Aarrggh!"



Above is the verbatim testimonial of a typically confused subscriber who can't tell our journalism from our satire; as a matter of principle there are never any labels in **The Realist** because we prefer readers

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examination of South Africa's policies on social equality and voting rights.

Against this background, Paton wrote of concrete circumstances arising from the apartheid legislation that was piling up during the years before Sharpeville—what happened to actual villages such as Charlestown, where the Africans were evicted under the Group Areas Act, what an increase of basic tax meant to a black man whose income was less than \$504 a year, how the Group Areas Act affected 60,000 Indians in Durban—and the evolution of liberal thought in relation to the white supremacist position at home and the attainment of black independence in the greater part of the continent. This thought was based on the premise of a nonviolent, all-race struggle against apartheid.

After 1960, after Sharpeville, two things happened—clearly reflected in depth by the essays in this section of the book. Whereas in the first section Alan Paton was evolving the ethics of a pressure group, in this second section he is dealing with the liberal's moment of truth in South Africa: the moment when it became clear that from then on he could "fully expect violence to be a feature of the struggle." The exponents of peaceful change found themselves imprisoned, in the months of the State of Emergency, along with black revolutionaries. On the one hand, the state and its all-purpose instrument, the Suppression of Communism Act, saw no distinction between violent and nonviolent opposition to the regime, but outlawed both indiscriminately. On the other hand, Africans had already, with the break-away of the Pan-African Congress from the African National Congress, begun to turn to militant black nationalism. Seeing the state's answer to nonviolence in their people shot in the back at Sharpeville, their organizations banned, they resorted finally to sabotage (*Umkonto weSizwe*—"Spear of the nation") and terrorism (*Pogo*—"Go it alone").

Paton said to the congress of his party, held during the State of Emergency in 1960: "We must not yield ourselves to that pessimistic theory which maintains that the history of the impending future will be that of one violent force against another and that all peaceful people will be crushed between them." But what emerges, in spite of himself, under the bright light of his honest mind in these essays and those of the final section of his book, is certainly the crushing of that "nonviolent third force" that he saw as the only role for just and humane people. What emerges is the jettisoning of the liberal by South Africa; by the whites who want no conscience over the means they are prepared to employ to extend their over-

lordship as long as possible, and by the blacks who see him, ineffectual as an influence on the intransigence of his own racial group, increasingly as—in the words of the African political thinker, Nsopho Majeke—"the conciliator between the oppressor and the oppressed."

Liberalism has failed in South Africa. Just as there has to be a revolutionary situation before a revolution can succeed, so there has to be a certain flexibility in social relations as a precondition for the liberal to fulfill his role as liberator of both the oppressor and the oppressed. He failed to win the whites away from fear, whether he appealed to them on the realistic level of an Alan Paton—"You will never know if the man outside is a friend or an enemy until you open the door. But if you do not open the door, you can be sure what he will be"—or on the wishful level of the Progressive Party's enlightened self-interest in offering the black man a foot in the door—carefully limited franchise. And a white group that could not persuade the whites in power to open the door even that much became yet another indication to the black man outside that if he is to get in, it will be on his own efforts, of whatever nature the resistance of the door calls forth.

So between white nationalism and the black nationalism it created and now holds desperately at bay, with guns and ever more restrictive laws and, above all, at the cost of brutalizing the humanity of the whites, the liberal has been made expendable. Some are embittered, because what has been revealed is the soft spot that perhaps always was there, in the general liberal position in South Africa. A brave white man, who has suffered in his person from government persecution, because of his active opposition to apartheid, said the other day: "What has disillusioned me is not what has happened to me but the fact that multiracialism is failing everywhere." What did he mean by "multiracialism"? Did South African liberalism go no further than envisaging Africans having a share in the government of the country? Did it not face the fact that the liberal standpoint accepted, by definition, a black majority government in which the white and other minorities, as such, might or might not have a share, since there would be no representation of them as separate entities but merely as part of a polyglot population with an identity of interests? Did they envisage a "parity" of power on the lines of the Rhodesia Constitutional Commission's recommendations for that country—"parity" meaning as many white as black members of parliament, with every white man's vote worth twenty black men's votes, no matter what level of civilization the black man might reach?

Alan Paton has never had that soft spot. Liberalism is frequently sneered at from Left and Right as dewy-eyed, but the fact is that a real liberal has fewer illusions than any other political animal (perhaps that is why he has fewer successes, too; popular support is fed on illusions). Paton says in retrospect, of his essays:

I wrote, *inter alia*, of the time that must elapse and the work that must be done before the new nations of the world, and especially those of Africa, could achieve stability. I recognised that the ending of colonialism would be followed by a period of instability. It now seems to me that this period will be longer and more unstable than I thought. This has another consequence. It means that white South Africa will be given a period longer than I thought to abate the hostility of the outside world. If the conservatives inside the ruling Nationalist Party do not succeed in their struggle to gain control, the Government will go ahead with its plans to permit racially mixed teams to go to the Olympics [the Olympic Association has since stated that they will not be permitted to attend], and to accept Maori rugby players in the visiting New Zealand teams, and to relax apartheid restrictions for any black diplomats sent to South Africa. But simultaneously there will be made an intense effort to hasten the pace of separate development within the country, and to prove to the world that it can actually work, and can bring advantages to non-white South Africans. In other words, the disarray of the African nations and the impotence of United Nations have given the Government time, and the whole aim of Government policy will be to make that time as long as possible. That this time would be so far extended was something I did not foresee. I am still of the opinion that neither separate development nor apartheid can endure, but they are going to endure longer than I thought. In order to use this time without hindrance the Government has given itself totalitarian powers over those who might oppose or delay the implementation of their plans.

Whatever has happened in the Congo or Nigeria or, indeed, in Memphis, cannot alter his belief, along with that of other liberals worthy of the name, that "injustices are intrinsic in any programme of separate development, for the simple reason that separate development is something done by someone with power to someone without power."

How does a white man whose liberal position has failed to meet the historical pressures of his time answer, in the South African situation today, the question, "Is it worth trying to last?" Alan Paton writes: "People answer this question in different ways. Some leave the country.

Some stick to their course, even if they expect certain consequences. And even this last group is diverse, for some would face any consequences and some would not.

"What is my own answer to this question? I must give my own answer, because I would not dare to answer it for anyone else. I think it is worth trying to last. It is worth something to me, even if it apparently achieves little.

"If someone were to ask me, 'What would you and your wife do if you had young children?' I would answer, 'We would have two choices: to stay here and to give our children a father and mother who put some things even above

their own children's safety and happiness, or to leave and to give them a father and mother who put their children's safety and happiness above all else.' Which would I choose? They are both good courses, are they not? I hope I would choose the first."

Here is the only justification for the liberal presence in South Africa at present. That in the midst of the defeat of all he has hoped and worked for, the liberal sees himself still as "no longer a white person but a member of the human race."

Even that, living where we do, is an achievement, not only for himself but for the human race.

Haunted by Himself

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL: 1914-1944. *Atlantic-Little, Brown*. 418 pp. \$8.95.

MAX BYRD

Mr. Byrd is a former editor of the *Harvard Crimson* who has written for journals in the United States and Britain.

Bertrand Russell whirled through a life of almost unbelievable achievement, a kind of circus of glamour and variety. In vain one looks through his pages for some one he has not known, some place he has not been, and one marvels at so frenetic a philosopher. And yet in such storms of energy a certain still center of ego is clear. Russell was, quite literally, haunted by himself.

Many times in his text and in the letters at the end of each chapter he returns to the theme of his own ghostliness. He tells how he has

loved a ghost, and in loving a ghost my inmost self has itself become spectral. I have therefore buried it deeper and deeper beneath layers of cheerfulness, affection, and joy of life. But my most profound feelings have remained always solitary and have found in human things no companionship. The sea, the stars, the night wind in waste places, mean more to me than even the human beings I love best, and I am conscious that human affection is to me at bottom an attempt to escape from the vain search for God.

In a footnote he adds, "This and what follows is no longer true (1967)." But few readers will assent. A ghostly chill clings faithfully to him. Those who recall his account of the end of his first marriage in Volume I will not be surprised to find a new chapter beginning abruptly: "When I left Dora, she continued the school until after the beginning of the Second War." Or to learn of the death

of his older brother only through a stray sentence in the letters.

Yet the sheer fascination of the narrative claims our attention far more insistently than the puzzle of his detachment. The longest and best of the chapters, nearly one-third of the book, takes him through the years of the First World War—his opposition to the war, his term in prison, and the subsequent loss of his Cambridge Fellowship, his affair with Lady Constance Maleson ("We talked half the night, and in the middle of talk became lovers"), and his books, especially *Principles of Social Reconstruction*. As before, he writes sharply and frankly about his galaxy of friends. D. H. Lawrence, whom Russell came to despise, is brushed away as a Fascist. Ramsay MacDonald he finds notable for his dull Scotch jokes. And T. S. Eliot appears as the recipient of both Russell's charity and his advice. "After seeing troop trains departing from Waterloo," he recounts, "I used to have strange visions of London as a place of unreality." And goes on in a footnote: "I spoke of this to T. S. Eliot, who put it into *The Waste Land*."

Some of these sketches were published earlier in *Portraits from Memory* (1956). Others, like his marvelous picture of Wittgenstein at tea (as told to him by Whitehead), are new and just as good:

... he appeared scarcely aware of the presence of Mrs. Whitehead, but marched up and down the room for some time in silence, and at last said explosively: "A proposition has two poles. It is *apb*." Whitehead, in telling me, said: "I naturally asked what are *a* and *b*, but I found that I had said quite the wrong thing." "*a* and *b* are indefinable." Wittgenstein answered in a voice of thunder.

After the war ended, Russell traveled to Russia and, with Dora Black, to China

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for a year. With his marriage to her and the advent of parenthood, he turned away from the academic life, and to support his family began to write what he calls "pothoilers," like *A History of Western Philosophy* and *The A.B.C. of Relativity*. Together they also began an experimental school, a project that collapsed into disillusionment and near bankruptcy (though a delightful exchange of letters between Russell and A. S. Neill of Summerhill comes out of it).

He was in Los Angeles teaching and lecturing when the Second World War broke out, and circumstances kept him in America until 1944, when this installment ends. In these years Russell returns to the despairing note he first sounded in 1914. "Throughout my life," he had written earlier, "I have longed to feel that oneness with large bodies of human beings that is experienced by the members of enthusiastic crowds." Reluctantly he supported the war against Nazism, still conscious of his own solitude, his distance from the great crowds. Again and again he lashes the universal madness of his times, the wars and politicians, while once more an almost mystical sense of personal isolation both trou-

bles and sustains him. Paradoxically, "the truth is spectral, insane, ghastly: the more men see of it, the less mental health they retain." But as he says, "for my part I would rather be mad with truth than sane with lies."

Such integrity, which it would be pointless to call conceit, has borne Bertrand Russell through a rare life. But in some regards it has also brought him up halt. To read V. S. Pritchett's recent memoirs, for example, next to Russell's *Autobiography* is to feel how clipped Russell's human vision is. At the center of his book stands his own personality in all its splendid moods. But at the warm center of Pritchett's book is a man's experience of life, felt and passed on. For Russell, "I must, I must, before I die find some way to say the essential thing that is in me, that I have never said yet—a thing that is not love or hate or pity or scorn, but the very breath of life, fierce and coming from far away, bringing into human life the vastness and the fearful passionless force of non-human things." To Constantine Mollen he writes: "I know that I have struggled all my life to say something that I shall never learn how to say." Despite his eloquence, one is moved to agree.

code was established and the formation of unions allowed; social security was begun; Arevalo, an educator, threw himself into a flurry of school building and literacy programs. While paying the obligatory respects to these innovations, Rodman comes up with three points with which to quibble: Arevalo grew critical of the good old U.S.A., allowed Arbenz to become President, and acquiesced in the murder of armed forces chief, Francisco Arana.

In making his case, Rodman ignores the temper of U.S.-Guatemala relations through the period—exemplified by U.S. Ambassador Richard Patterson's chronic plotting to overthrow Arevalo—since to deal with it runs the risk that Arevalo's growing anti-Americanism might make sense. To examine the alternatives to Arbenz, likewise, might be unnerving. To link the killing of Arana to a cluster of plots against the regime might damage the argument.

Rodman accepts the tradition that links the Arbenz regime, through a careful selection of facts, to communism. There were no Communists in Arbenz's cabinet, as even the most rabid anti-Communist writers have admitted, nor was there anything remotely resembling communism in his program. Though political freedoms continued and though the government concentrated on a restrained but effective agrarian reform program to expropriate idle land on large estates, Rodman calls it a "Dictatorship of the Left."

Meanwhile, according to Rodman's scenario, United Fruit officials traveled in sackcloth and ashes. "United Fruit's 'image' could not be lived down by penitence and good works," he writes, "not even by giving its employees unprecedented social benefits" (which the "now all-powerful unions" apparently had not thought to demand) nor "by giving up its stock ownership in the International Railways of Central America to bury the charge that it was a stockholder and preferred customer at the same time."

Rodman has a habit of reducing plain facts to "charges." That the railway was in effect a subsidiary of the fruit company is pivotal to an understanding of one of Guatemala's central problems: interlocking foreign control of basic transportation and communication.

Though the author spares no pains in detailing the company's selfless devotion to the people of Guatemala, Guatemalans enigmatically continue to hurl rocks through the United Fruit Co. windows. Can we attribute this to ingratitude? Not totally. Though Rodman refuses to allow that the Guatemalans may have a legitimate grievance, he explains it by "psychological" factors—the fruit company executives live in larger homes, etc.

In the neatest trick of the book, Rod-

United Fruit Country

THE GUATEMALA TRAVELER: A Concise History and Guide. By Selden Rodman. Meredith Press. 127 pp. \$5.95.

WARREN SLOAT

Mr. Sloat, a newspaper man who has published in *Liberation*, *Ramparts*, the *Saturday Review* and other publications, is gathering material for a book on Guatemala.

Next year Guatemala will celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of its deliverance from what Secretary of State John Foster Dulles liked to call "the yoke of communism." If there is any celebration it will be arranged where most of Guatemala's affairs are arranged, in the United States.

When the Central Intelligence Agency, the United Fruit Co., and Guatemalan rightists teamed up to overthrow the progressive regime of President Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán in 1954, it was hailed in the United States as the first cold-war victory. Lobbyists talked it up for injecting the little Central American nation with economic miracle juice. What more appropriate showcase for the cornucopia of good relations with the United States than the country that "came back from communism!"

Yet despite considerable aid, including string pulling at the World Bank, Guatemala "has known little but stagnant dictatorship and corruption since 1954," as Dan Kurzman wrote in *The Washington Post* in 1966. Two Maryknoll priests, expelled for aiding leftist guerrillas, have called it the next Vietnam. It has become trapped in what the Guatemalan revolution, which ended with Arbenz's overthrow, sought to eliminate: political repression, illiteracy and landlessness, economic imperialism.

One would never know it, however, from reading the latest work of Selden Rodman, former nemesis of nonrepresentational art and now an author of nonrepresentational history. His factual errors (such as making a colonel of Jorge Toriello, a civilian leader of the 1944 revolution) are evidences of his haste in turning out his series on Latin America. But more important is his blend of liberal cant about the need for reform and his attack on any authentic reform in a book suffused with the anti-Communist mentality.

From the election of Juan José Arevalo in 1945 until 1951, Guatemala underwent a little New Deal. A new constitution guaranteed civil liberties unprecedented in most of Latin America; a labor

man omits any mention of the single most important act of the Arbenz administration—the expropriation of 413,573 acres of idle fruit company land. This move, coming shortly after threatened oil expropriation in Iran, was the core issue that brought about a U.S.-Guatemala confrontation.

The issue can be developed in various directions. A pro-Guatemala view might trace the multifarious connections between the fruit company and U.S. policy makers—beginning with two former Wall Street lawyers for United Fruit, John Foster Dulles and his brother, Allen, then CIA chief. A pro-fruit company view might stress the compensation offered for the land or the debilitating soil disease that made large reserves necessary. Until now, the rankest apologist for the company never considered ignoring the issue. Its omission renders the entire course of events incomprehensible, but perhaps that is Rodman's intention.

Back to "the hysterical Arbenz," who by 1954 was "mouthing . . . stock international deceptions" of his Commie pals, "including such farfetched ones as the charge that the United States was using bacteriological warfare in Korea." Want to hear three other "deceptions"? Arbenz said (1) that the anti-Communist furor was a mask to destroy the gains of the past decade; (2) that the CIA was plotting to overthrow Guatemala; (3) that the United States was primarily concerned with the expropriation of fruit company land and, by extension, American involvement in Latin America generally. Since these bear directly on the issues, Rodman omits them. Instead, he singles out an irrelevant issue that Arbenz never personally raised, though some of his Communist advisers did.

Backed by Trujillo (as Robert Crassweller reports in his biography of the Dominican dictator) and the CIA, opposed by a half-hearted army and an unarmed populace, the counterrevolution invaded Guatemala and took power. Its leader, Col. Carlos Castillo Armas, promptly named as head of the secret police Col. Jose Linares, a noted testicle specialist who had filled the same job under the last dictatorship. Two thousand people were arrested, many of them killed. With the labor movement crushed, the foreign companies avenged themselves on troublemakers. The expropriated land was returned. Civil liberties were abolished and 73 per cent of the population disenfranchised. With the secret ballot abolished, Castillo had himself elected President in a one-candidate plebiscite by voice vote before armed soldiers. The CIA's boy won, as Eisenhower states in his memoirs, "by a thundering majority." With the "dictatorship of the Left" thus brought down, Rodman says, Castillo

THE BIRDS ON THE MORNING OF GOING

*If I can say yes I
must say it to this
and now
trying to remember what the present
can bless with
which I know*

*from all other ages how little has come to me
that is breath
and nothing that is you*

*now I can see
I have been carrying this
fear
a blue thing
the length of my life asking in this
its place
bringing it here*

*in the singing
of these brightening birds*

they are neither dead nor unborn

*a life opens it opens it is
breaking
does it find occasions for
every grief of its childhood
before it will have
done*

oh my love here even the night turns back

W. S. MEREDITH

"gave Guatemala a second chance to achieve social revolution without totalitarian interference: a chance to become a democracy."

In the succeeding years, the United States has labored to sustain right-wing dictatorships in Guatemala. One was Gen. Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, who let the CIA use his country as a training base for the invasion of Cuba and was protected by the CIA in 1962 when demonstrations threatened to topple the government, but he failed to work out.

The catalyst for his overthrow was the terrifying announcement in 1963 that Arevalo, a genuine alternative to the present regime, had slipped into the country to campaign for the Presidency. Arevalo, Rodman admits, is the most popular President Guatemala has had—though in his monomania he attempts to turn even that into an attack on Arbenz. The CIA lost its patience. With the help of Ambassador John O. Bell and the military, it engineered a coup. Since Rodman omits the role of U.S. intervention from this episode, we assume that Bell, who is listed in the book's acknowledgments for his help, neglected to mention it.

The military junta of Col. Enrique

Peralta Azurdias that followed wore on for three years, one solid year under a declared state of siege with all political freedom suspended. When Peralta consented in 1966 to allow elections, as a parting shot he sent twenty-eight leftists to the wall. Rodman calls the dictatorship "heir to the same problems that beset Ydigoras and Castillo Armas" (e.g., the *obreros* and *campesinos* want their revolution back) and it "faced them with as much honesty as the latter and more dignity than the former." Though one killing blew the whole thing for Arevalo as far as Rodman is concerned, his patience with repression and terrorism for the succeeding thirteen years appears inexhaustible.

According to official government figures of 1966, this nation of 4.5 million people has 68,000 landless families and 75,000 families living on minuscule plots. The peasants are prisoners of 80c-a-day migratory farm work. Despite the annual announcement of forthcoming agrarian reform, the big estates remain untouched.

Rodman has reservations about the "mercurial" leaders of the timidly reformist Revolutionary Party that won the 1966 elections. He mentions the revolu-

tionaries operating as guerrillas, but ignores the new anti-Communist groups that have been terrorizing the populace. "Estimates of the number of persons actually killed [by rightists], some after torture, have gone as high as 1,000," Henry Giniger reported in *The New York Times* on July 15, 1967. The right wing is killing an average of one per day, including officials of the party in power.

The Big Black Bag

THE BAG. By Sol Yurick. Trident Press. 476 pp. \$6.95.

MARTIN TUCKER

Mr. Tucker is an associate professor of English at Long Island University and the author of *Africa in Modern Literature* (Frederick Ungar Co.).

The Negro has largely been an outlaw in past American fiction. The novel about him has centered its action around the tracking down of this sympathetic criminal; but hunted down and executed he has been, no matter what glory might attach itself to his abortive death. Richard Wright in the 1940s produced the best example in *Native Son* of the Negro criminal and society's injustice to him. After that, Wright fled to Paris in his spirit as well as his physical being; it was an attempt to prevent the American prison of his skin from stretching taut over the free associations in his mind. To some extent he failed, since Wright did not know how to deal with the Negro in America except as an outcast—an enraged one, but still a member denied by his society. James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison followed in the footsteps of this tradition, but they also indicated the change that was to come: their heroes are allied, however tentatively, with a growing movement of intellectual awareness. Baldwin compounded the idea of the outcast by identifying his heroes as homosexuals and involving them in interracial love affairs; Ellison enriched the complexity by showing that a white man's ignorance of the moral law is indeed an excuse for his indecent behavior.

Now a work of fiction has appeared that augurs the shape of the new novel about the Negro. Sol Yurick is a white, Jewish, possibly lapsed bourgeois writer, whose talent and beauty of compassion are magnificent. In *The Bag*, his third novel, he writes about many people all caught up in the blackness of New York City and its sick welfare system. Only some of his characters are Negro, but the ambience of the Negro scene colors every page and is indivisibly tied to

Rodman's pretense at being pro-reform adds a note of hypocrisy to the book. Otherwise it is in the same bag as most books about Guatemala, which the fates have consigned to CIA-kept academics and publicists for political opportunists. The lack of substantive information, the distortions, as well as the insistence on making "communism" the central issue, goes on.

Yurick's conception of New York. No longer is the violence abortive or repressed: it is *there*, and it seems the only way out, a cleansing away by blood bath. In this use of the riot scene, Yurick's novel seems like so many African novels of the past decade. The moderates, the ones willing to see both sides of a neighborhood, are crushed, while the extremes—corrupted and expedient—survive to fight their coming battles.

Yurick's ability to capture the Negro mood is only one of his achievements, for the novel treats many problems and characters from the New Left scene, all of them tied to frustration in one or more of its guises. Some of the characters appear exaggerated, at times merely symbolic exploitations. Faust, the landlord, who survived the Nazi horrors, is presented as a complicated creature driven by base and high motives, but he never comes wholly alive. Nor does his daughter, a Lesbian who almost loses her girl friend to her father, though she does add a gratuitous touch of corruption in the high places of Central Park West.

Yurick is also unfair to the literary patronage milieu. He condemns the system by making every one of his editors, agents, even the hero's wife who is a literary person (a poet who sacrificed her career for her husband's), horrible people. They are all aggressive, cold, avaricious, inhumane—almost caricatures.

In his major characters, however, Yurick is successful, particularly with his hero-writer, Miller, who is dismayed by the acceptance of his third novel. Expecting a rejection, he learns that his editor thinks it superb; Miller now is convinced that he has sold out. He takes back the novel, quits his part-time teaching job, and moves into the Welfare Department to find his wholeness again—to rewrite his novel as it should be. How he never quite makes it is the tale of the book. What he accomplishes is a confrontation with the Negro side of himself—that compulsion to know what it is a Negro must feel. Miller becomes the lover of one of his Negro clients, and finally—in one brilliant scene—talks and

acts (as he sees it) like a Negro to his cold, bitchy white wife. It is a horrifying and fascinating parody.

Shortly after this descent—or black illumination—occurs the riot in which Yurick brings his characters together and tries to resolve the many problems he has ambitiously shouldered. He does not succeed in the riot resolution, but his book is an achievement. The writing is an amalgam of styles over which Yurick rarely loses control—lyric, dramatic, rapacious, and numbing by turns. His novel lives in magnificent individual scenes—it angers, frightens, entertains (much of it is high satire of the New Left, from an old beat poet to young revolutionaries), and finally it simply gives, as Yurick says, "till it hurts good."

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Spain is a church-ridden country and Luis Bunuel a bitter adversary of that institution. Given those circumstances, *Nazarin* is a slashing film, and if it was ever shown in Spain in the ten years since it was made, the impression must have been sensational.

But with us the circumstances are different and so must be the impression. The film preaches very directly: if a man of our time were to attempt truly to walk in Christ's footsteps, he too would be crucified—and most probably by those calling themselves Christians. The indictment is scarcely new; indeed, it has long been a stock item in the furniture of social cynicism. So an audience not electrified by overt thrusts against the dignitaries of an official church is apt to pay more attention to the second moral that Bunuel has embedded in his picture: when a man has his heart set on martyrdom it is hard to deprive him of his goal.

The difficulty is that, dramatically, these two messages tend to be mutually reductive, with the result that the viewer is relieved of commitment and finds himself associating most vividly with the scenery. In short, Bunuel is so implacably estranged from every aspect of his problem that the film turns out to be primarily a beautiful travelogue (Mexico, 1900).

For though the young priest of the title may indeed have been a thorn in the sides of the powers temporal and religious, states considerably more humane than that of Porfirio Diaz, and churches appreciably less authoritative than the Roman Catholic, frown upon the hiding of murderers. And though it is no doubt wicked to suspect a priest of lechery, young clerics have some responsibility

not to encourage the notion by consorting with young women whose religious fervor seems to spring in large part from sexual hysteria. When Bunuel's priest goes into the exile of pilgrimage in company with a prostitute who has killed one of her professional sisters in a knife battle and with a girl who has sublimated her lust for a brutal horse trader into dubious adoration of her confessor's spirituality, the ensuing debacle is not entirely the fault of a myopic, rigid and evil-minded society.

Bunuel was angry and, as can happen in that state, called down plagues on every house in sight (also a literal plague, whose victims the simple saint and his two awkward disciples minister to quite ineffectively). Of course, since it was Bunuel who made it, the film is a work of cold-eyed elegance, the actors going about their work with laconic eloquence punctuated by violence. But when everyone in a film is coarse, insensitive, foolish or half crazy, and when the director has a good word to say for no one except a robber of alms boxes with an itch for redemption (and even in that case, I suspect contempt), the action is apt to meander in a gloomy way, and the only possible hero, given an effective locale, is the cameraman. In the case of *Nazarin*, Gabriel Figueroa is that hero.

Peulia is about how people—damn it all!—don't communicate with one another. That is a modish theme and Richard Lester has directed it in a jangle of Pop attitudes that is not absolutely up to date only because the social gestures of our day don't last long enough to get a film from the studio to the theatre (a pair of hippies smiling through the smoke of pot no longer stamp *avant-garde* on a film and topless waitresses were last fall's sensation).

Was George C. Scott, the famous surgeon, willing to take up with Julie Christie, recently escaped from her sadistic young husband, the scion of Joseph Cotten, who here impersonates the entire Birch Society? We never know, for the principals are so intent on not tipping their mitts to each other that they quite fail to tip them to the audience. In the event, she goes off on a yacht with her menacing beauty boy spouse (Richard Chamberlain) into what looks to be the start of a very promising horror story.

That is the real trouble with *Peulia*—it is full of promising starts, but too much absorbed in psychedelic flash and deracinated editing to get on with any of them. There is much to be said for odd characters, and this picture offers more than the average; and there is something to be said for keeping the audience alert by doling out essential information in arbitrary fragments. But all this skittish behavior with people and their histories makes one wonder

how the story line would shape up if you could get a good look at it. With *Peulia*, I am reasonably confident that there is more soap in the pop than Mr. Lester would care to admit (the real question for Scott is what would Dr. Kildare do). The acting is athletic and lachrymose, the props are kooky, the music is bright, the domestic sets are suitable for the reading of *Playboy*, there is an adequate amount of surgical duress. Given such attractions it is perhaps churlish to pine for the antique virtues of a beginning, a middle and an end.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Mr. Novick's Beyond Broadway: The Quest for Permanent Theatres, based on a series of articles which appeared originally in The Nation, has just been published by Hill & Wang.

In *The Bacchae*, Euripides is telling once again a familiar story: a man, in the pride of his manhood, defies a god, and is struck down for it. The moral, at first glance, is a familiar moral: God is not mocked. But the god in this play is no dignified Olympian, not Zeus or Apollo but Dionysus, that newcomer to the pantheon, the god of intoxication, of irrationality, of ecstasy, of blowing your mind. Today, when Western man is engaged in a tremendous effort to come to terms in a new and (he hopes) healthier way with the tempting and terrible impulses that well up from inside him—the impulses for which "Dionysus" can be taken as a metaphor—*The Bacchae* is the most urgently contemporary of all Greek tragedies. It shows in superb and violent images just how tempting, and just how terrible, the Dionysiac impulse is; and it suggests, as Freud suggested, that Dionysus is most dangerous to those who try to deny and suppress him altogether.

But because it deals with ecstasy and frenzy, *The Bacchae* is perhaps the least suited of all Greek tragedies to the stodgy, stately, pompous sort of performing—a style inherited not from Aeschylus but from Max Reinhardt—which usually passes for Greek classical tradition in our theatres. A radically different approach is needed, and one such approach has been found. At the Performing Garage on Wooster Street in New York, a group of young actors under the direction of Richard Schechner are presenting something they call *Dionysus in 69*, which they advertise as being "somewhat like Euripides' *The Bacchae*." Mr. Schechner is the editor of *The Drama Review*, which

devotes considerable attention to the work of Artaud, Grotowski, Kott and the proponents of happenings, environments and improvisation. All these influences, along with some others, mingle in *Dionysus in 69*, but Mr. Schechner and his colleagues are not merely playing around with this year's modish theatrical techniques. They are for the most part remarkably faithful to their incomplete, even distorted, but still cogent conception of what *The Bacchae* is all about. And they have made a disturbing and fascinating piece of theatre.

There are no seats at their Performing Garage; spectators sit where they choose, either on high platforms built here and there, or on the floor. The actors range all around the room, over and under the platforms, but they return at moments of crisis to the center of the floor, which the audience, without being asked, has left vacant.

Into this central space, after a few preliminaries, comes an unlikely looking figure: a tall, skinny, mild-mannered

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young man, with shaggy hair, a scraggly mustache and yellow-tinted, wire-framed glasses. "Good evening," he says. "I see you've found your seats. My name is William Finley." We check the program, and sure enough, there is a William Finley among the performers. Mr. Finley goes on to tell us, quite calmly, how he realized at an early age that he, William Finley, was the god Dionysus; he is here, it seems, to proclaim his divinity and establish his rites and rituals. He clashes a set of finger bells and dances off, like some hippie Pied Piper. The performers join the dance, girls in black briefs and loose little red tunics, boys in jockstraps only. A happy revel ensues, to the music of bells, flute and drum; a number of spectators join in. Then suddenly the dancing stops. Pentheus, ruler of Thebes, is standing atop the highest platform, shouting through a bullhorn, denouncing Dionysus and his rites, ordering everybody to get dressed and behave.

The performers, however, are not to be daunted so easily; they disperse among the audience, and defy Pentheus with mirth. They keep breaking out into song: words from a chorus of *The Bacchae* ("Laughter to the flute, Laughter to the flute") to the tune of *Three Blind Mice*.

PERSONALS

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Pentheus, enraged, dashes and climbs from platform to platform, trying to silence them.

Finally he turns to confront Dionysus himself, who is now sitting in the middle of the room, quietly nodding his head to the music; the scene that follows is, in outline, very close to Euripides. Dionysus' lines, however, are adapted into contemporary idiom. When Pentheus asks Dionysus about his mysteries, the latter replies, in William Arrowsmith's translation, "I am forbidden to say. But they are worth knowing." In Mr. Schechner's version the reply becomes, "Mysteries are very hard to describe—but they're out of sight." Pentheus, on the other hand, is even more stilted and formal than in the original: he says things like "You shall regret this pernicious sophistry!"—to which Dionysus, with amused irony, replies, "You're beautiful." Dionysus, the master of the revels, the inspirer of frenzy, keeps control of the situation by remaining mischievously, paradoxically calm: Pentheus, the apostle of rectitude and order, is strained, wrought up, practically vibrating with tension. It becomes clear that Pentheus' need to conquer Dionysus and extirpate his revels is a profoundly neurotic compulsion; Pentheus is afraid of his own passions, and must fight desperately to suppress them. Dionysus is a threat to his tenuous control, not only over his city but over his agonized self. Furiously, he orders Dionysus to be imprisoned in the stables. "Okay," says the god. "I'll go down to the stud stalls. But I won't suffer!" Here as elsewhere, the contrast between Dionysus' unassuming appearance, manner and idiom on the one hand, and his tremendous pretensions on the other, make *Dionysus* in 69 the funniest Greek tragedy I ever saw; but Mr. Finley never becomes a buffoon, and the play is never mocked.

It is not long before Dionysus returns from the stables to exact his revenge. Pentheus is repelled by sensuality, but fascinated too; indeed the intensity of his revulsion is caused by the intensity of his fascination. In the Euripidean text, Pentheus wishes to see the Bacchae, the women possessed by Dionysus, at their rites, and Dionysus persuades him to dress up as a woman. Here this becomes metaphorical: Pentheus is to become a woman for Dionysus by submitting to him sexually (off-stage—the performance doesn't go all the way). The other performers now divide into two groups, with both sexes represented in each group. Each group surrounds a man chosen out of the audience, and begins touching him, caressing him, pressing against him, slowly, calmly, astonishingly. The play proceeds on three levels: Pentheus is challenged, the actor playing Pentheus is challenged in a Pirandellian subplot,

and the spectators are challenged too. (Pentheus has earlier caressed, and then rejected, a female spectator.) From one point of view, of course, Mr. Schechner and his friends have some hell of a nerve; who do they think they are? This is outrageous. But that is the point—Dionysus is above all outrageous—and this strategy serves to bring it strongly home. We are forced to recognize our inhibitions, clutched about us like fig leaves, and perhaps to inquire what these inhibitions conceal.

Then it is time for Dionysus to show his other face. He and Pentheus emerge, laughing intimately together. Suddenly Dionysus dabbles his fingers in a fountain affixed to the wall, and marks the neck of Pentheus with blood. Soon all the performers are streaked with blood. Most of them end up in a pile of bloody bodies, looking far more like the heap of disjointed limbs the Euripidean text calls for than anything a prop master could construct: two actresses, each playing Pentheus' mother Agave, brandish bloody hands proudly in the faces of the spectators, each proclaiming (in the words of Euripides, as far as I could tell) her success at hunting, not realizing that her quarry is her son.

Triumphant in the midst of horror, Dionysus says to the audience, "Pentheus, like you, blasphemed William Finley"—and announces his intention of running for President: Dionysus in 69. It is an effective ending, but, I think, a cop-out; it tends to discount the horror, to dissipate the sense of the *atrociousness* of Dionysus that is an important element in the impact of *The Bacchae*. It is the only point at which this production flinches from the turbulent power of the play.

Of necessity, much is lost in such an adaptation as this: the specifics of Euripides' thought, and of his poetry. But of the latter, at least, how much comes through the double screen of translation and performance? I would much rather hear a fragment of a chorus whispered urgently in my ear, as happens in *Dionysus* in 69, than hear the whole thing laboriously intoned, accompanied with the usual arm motions and footwork. This production, moreover, is not enthusiastically sloppy, as experimental theatre so often is; it is vigorous and firmly disciplined. William Finley as Dionysus and William Shepherd as Pentheus are beautifully cast for contrast, and both of them perform with remarkable precision and strength. Above all *Dionysus* in 69 is important as a strikingly powerful contribution to the great work of exploring (here I quote from Robert Brustein's exegesis of Artaud) "the hidden links that exist between every successful work of art and the deep sensual life of every spectator."

Crossword Puzzle No. 1256

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 See 10 across
6 This at battle? (A group of cells, possibly of bone.) (4)
10 and 1 across "Marche Lorraine"? It's most important, of course! (5, 2, 10)
11 One might be to get up, but not frightened so. (7)
12 You could expect to find a Salk the type sought by alchemists to create a solution. (8)
13 Lad in trouble with a girl? (5)
15 More easily frightened away, like a horse may be? (5)
17 Commercial rating? (Marking a formal pronouncement.) (9)
19 Spread out when passed around, or just spread out? (9)
21 See 23 across.
23 and 21 across The dashing sort, typified by bittersweet. (10)
24 Put your name on a bad deal, as indicated. (8)
27 What prompts a person to put it back in shifts? (7)
28 Mill output was political this. (7)
29 Bird talk? (4)
30 Not fancy-sounding woods, Handel's "Largo" being about one. (5, 5)

DOWN:

- 1 Transported when packaged in sound fashion. (4)

- 2 A bad poet? Hell, yes! (7)
3 The whole shebang? No, no good away from it in the old country. (5)
4 Relating to one of the things you first learn. (9)
5 Handled by some sailors with dexterity. (5)
7 Oilman's Turkish counterpart. (7)
8 Made limp. (10)
9 They're wound up by envoys. (8)
14 Is nothing forceful when characterized by equal intensity? (10)
16 Pertinent to your mother-in-law, perhaps. (8)
18 Become exhausted over the place for putting color? (4-5)
20 Gas up with it, at climbing near Aquila. (7)
22 A single shade of colorless liquid. (7)
24 Used for making ropes and sails? (5)
25 Where hay might be put up? (5)
26 A single confirmatory sign, or several of them? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1255

ACROSS: 1 Lo and behold; 9 Flat; 10 Weeds; 12 Tapered; 15 Demurred; 16 Damask; 18 Beef up; 21 Mark down; 24 Stemmed; 26 Imparts; 28 Whitt; 29 Syria; 31 Four-posters. DOWN: 2 On the cuff; 3 and 30 Now hear this; 4 Brew; 5 Husband; 6 Lodes; 7, 11, 19 and 13 Please Don't Eat the Daisies; 8 Angers; 14 Adams; 17 Mad Hatter; 20 Presser; 22 Rampant; 23 Within; 25 Motto; 27 Argot.

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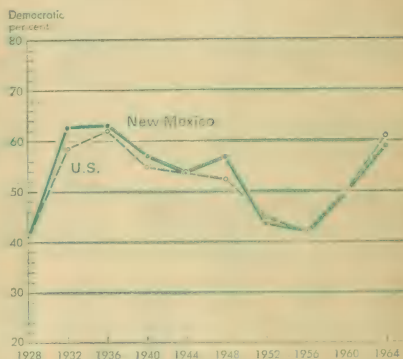
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LETTERS

Buffalo music center

The following comments on a music column by Benjamin Boretz [The Nation, June 17] were collected and forwarded by Mrs. Renée Levine of the Center of the Creative and Performing Arts, State University of New York at Buffalo.

Editor

DEAR SIR: Our university has put the Center of the Creative and Performing Arts on a permanent basis because of its contribution to new music, its record of capacity audiences, and its consistently high performance standards.

Center of the Creative and Performing Arts
State University of New York at Buffalo

... I find it difficult to put much stock in Mr. Boretz's concern over the new music situation in Buffalo. The mere fact that he did not take time to ascertain whether or not the Buffalo Center will or will not in fact continue (which it most certainly will), shows that there is a good chance that he doesn't know what's happening with other groups outside New York City either ... I am beginning to wonder if perhaps New York City isn't too small a town for new music.

Jan Williams
Center Percussionist

Composers and performers have come to Buffalo over the past four years from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Urbana, Boston, Ithaca, Louisville, Kansas City, Boulder, Washington, D.C., Milan, London, Copenhagen, Berlin, Paris, Rome and Tokyo. Next season (our fifth), new members from Canada, the Netherlands, California and New York will participate in the Center.

Renée Levine
Center Coordinator

... The importance of generous and widespread encouragement to gifted young performers and composers inclined toward the contemporary field, the desirability of acquainting a large and unfortunately largely ignorant public, etc., has escaped Mr. Boretz, who appears to have taken sanctuary in a kind of chauvinism unfit for one in his position. Mr. Boretz is obviously carrying a torch, and his column with all its erudition duly noted smacks of sour grapes.

Charles Haupt
Center Violinist

I recommend that Mr. Boretz spend some time here in Buffalo and witness the amount and quality of preparation involved in the Center's programs.

Edward Burnham
Center Percussionist

In my opinion, the Buffalo Center is the only contemporary group sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation that has done what it set out to do. The others thrive on traditional conventionality.

Paul Fromm, President
Fromm Music Foundation

Our Center is guilty of only one thing—a catholic representation of all schools of forward-looking new music. My advice: It is not necessary to attack one group in order to build up another. Our cause needs everyone.

Lukas Foss
Co-director

Mr. Boretz replies

New York City

That my publication of an apparently authentic but, as it now appears, incorrect report of the termination of the Buffalo project has caused such obvious embarrassment to the musicians there is a matter for serious regret. My information, however, seemed quite unimpeachable: one of my sources was in fact a senior faculty member of the

(Continued on page 52)

EDITORIALS

Revolutionary Age

In one of the more perceptive commencement addresses of the year, Franklin D. Murphy, retiring as chancellor of the University of California at Los Angeles, stressed some of the consequences of the fact that we live in an age of change, a truly revolutionary age. The by-products, as he said, are incredibly complicated and the pace is incredibly swift. Five years ago we could speak of the "generation gap"—the inability of parents to communicate effectively with college-age children. Now, Dr. Murphy finds, there is almost as great a gap between the freshman student on the one hand and the senior student on the other.

The change most difficult to grasp and assimilate—and also the most important—is a change in public consciousness. Suddenly millions of people have begun to think and feel differently. While it seems as if it had happened overnight, this is an illusion. An overwhelming disgust with the old politics has been developing within the American electorate for a long time and is now surfacing.

Don Muchmore, one of the most accurate of the pollsters, remarks on one manifestation in this issue (p. 40). He notes that the polls show a remarkable "negativism," a massive withdrawal of support from the Johnson-Humphrey Administration. They also show a remarkable increase in political information, coupled with a growing dissatisfaction with politics as usual. The professional politicians, supposed to be sensitive to widespread changes in public mood, are among the last to grasp the change and what it implies. They have finally been forced to concede—grudgingly—that a man named McCarthy is a serious candidate for the Presidency. At the same time, with perverse stupidity, they keep trying to crack the whip on delegates, as though this were 1940.

It is not 1940. It is not even 1960. A new wind is blowing. One does not need a scientific survey to sense that the old electoral mores are dying; spot observations are evidence enough. Hubert Humphrey flies into the Cleveland airport and his security detail has been advised to prepare for a crowd of 3,000 to 5,000. The actual turnout, by a generous estimate, is 500—and that, as Warren Weaver, Jr. writes in *The New York Times*, includes a band, cheerleaders and hostile pickets. The following afternoon, Mayor Carl B. Stokes and the local Democratic organization promised Humphrey 2,000 to 3,000 people for a coffee-and-cookies reception in a hotel ballroom. Once again 500 of the faithful showed up, and an embarrassing number of them drifted out while Mr. Humphrey was speaking. (Presumably they had partaken of the coffee and cookies and had nothing else to stay for.)

Richard Nixon is just as bad—some would say worse. But on a realistic basis what is there to choose between these two? Both have functioned in the Vice Presidency, hardly an office requiring a giant to fill it. Both have been around far too long; both are has-beens. Does anyone seriously believe either could lead the nation in a revolutionary age? All they can do is plunge the country into an electoral college stalemate of the most dangerous kind.

A revolutionary age does not necessarily require a revolution, but it does require revolutionary politics. The latter is not uncommon in American history; it is, in fact, a recurring phenomenon. Harvey Wheeler lists four American political revolutions—Jefferson's, Jackson's, Lincoln's, and Franklin D. Roosevelt's. In the *Yale Review* John Rodgers discerns seven, adding the revolt of the American colonies, the William Jennings Bryan campaign of 1896, and the one now gestating.

As Rodgers sees it, one of the major causes of the current revolution is that "we have forgotten to provide young men and women with the opportunity to feel that they too can accomplish something of major value in the society, instead of just preparing themselves to become minor cogs in a great machine, in which, if they are very good and very diligent, they may ultimately be allowed to turn a somewhat larger wheel, but the direction of which neither they nor anyone else . . . can hope to change." Only the very timid and the very repressed among our young people (and the very regressive) can be expected to submit to such a prospect.

Can Humphrey or Nixon, or anyone of their lackluster type, hope to ride out the coming tempest? Does anybody think they can? If they think so themselves, they must be as blind as the hack politicians who support them, hoping in turn to be supported. But the coattails of two such nonentities will not support minor candidates hungry for office, nor will the anti-Communist posturing of both, which has been their stock in trade, enchant the voters this November.

The new mood on the part of millions of heretofore apathetic voters requires, as Walter Lippmann notes, a broader choice in time of crisis. The choice which the machine politicians think to offer them is too dismal to be tolerated. And if that is all these blind party hacks can offer, a sizable number of voters will turn to a third party or a fourth—coupled with an upsurge of movements, action politics and demonstrations—which if it cannot prevail in 1968 will pave the way for rational, radical change in 1972 (provided the fat has not gone into the fire by then).

What Black Power?

From an NAACP convention which exhibited signs of stress, strain and disunity, Roy Wilkins went to address the CORE convention to plead for unity. At the latter convention Whitney Young made a remarkable speech in which he expressed misgivings, bordering on despair, about the response of white Americans. The CORE delegates loved it and shouted, "The brother has come home!" The next day a number of CORE chapters walked out in disagreement with the policies of the national office. All this follows in the wake of the sad, sad breakup of Resurrection City, and stories of the deepening divisions in the nonviolent movement.

These events call for a retrospective view of Black Power. *The Nation* has never had any quarrel with the basic concept: all minorities have had to augment their power in some such fashion. But there are aspects of the

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THE NATION

Volume 207

No. 2

post-1966 development of the Black Power idea that, in our judgment, throw light on the divisiveness so clearly apparent. The noisier the talk about Black Power, the less unity there has been and the less effectively have blacks been able to marshal such power as they possessed. The points we would make in relation to this overall situation are these:

(1) Whenever a minority of a minority begins to use inflammatory revolutionary rhetoric, it is a sign either that *agents provocateurs* have moved in or, worse, that sincere fanatics within the movement are functioning as spies, stool pigeons and infiltrators. Currently there is every reason to believe that this has happened with many Black Nationalist groups. Revolutions are not made by talk alone. In the classical sense revolutions are very complex phenomena, involving theory, preparation, a weighing of values, considerations of strategy and tactics and (in this respect Marxist doctrine is sound) a situation in which the ruling class is no longer able to rule. The flamboyant speechmaking of some Black Nationalists has not only alienated elements that might conceivably have augmented Black Power; it has contributed to the disunity that exists among black Americans. A Negro leader who does not indulge in this kind of oratory is likely to find his leadership challenged by one who does. The effect is to create a competition in demagoguery.

(2) Gunnar Myrdal was not the first to point out that the American dilemma is created by the circumstance that the Negroes are a minority. The colonial or liberation analogy does not apply—certainly not tactically—because the blacks are not about to oust their white colonial oppressors. While black revolutionary activists can cause considerable disorder, they cannot subdue the white majority. Moreover, there is a large—and growing—Negro middle class, not bewitched by Black Nationalist proposals and promises, and highly unlikely to follow such leadership now or in the future.

(3) It is quite true that some of the *forms* of cooperation, coalition politics and the like, are outmoded. But in the absence of a practical *program*, of a theory of action, the rhetoric of Black Power leads increasingly to concepts that are equally outmoded and illusory. One of these is the repeatedly discredited notion of a sovereign Black Power republic, which became the Communist Party line of the thirties after Stalin's famous pamphlet on the minorities question. It was never accepted by the bulk of American Negroes for two sound reasons: it was impossible of achievement and even if it had been possible many would not have cared to live under it. The Communist Party finally abandoned this chimera, although there was some attempt to revive it on the left-wing cocktail circuit in the postwar period. It is most depressing, then, to hear a dissident CORE leader seriously propose the formation of a black republic embracing all the south-eastern states, including Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky. The talk about an autonomous black republic is as irrational as the notion of "black capitalism" in the Negro ghettos, and stress on control of ghetto institutions phrased so as to imply an apartheid "solution."

(4) Fortunately there are indications that in the wake of the post-1966 detour there could be a return to sanity.

The new head of SNCC, Phil Hutchings, 26 years old, sounds as if he might have the qualities the times call for. He is reported to be quiet, thoughtful, the kind of man who does his homework. In his first post-election speech, he talked about Socialist revolution rather than black revolution. He is quoted as saying, "We want to put something in [the Negro's] head before putting a gun in his hand, as Chairman Mao said. . . . We must get angry and smart at the same time. The man wants riots. . . . He has armed his police force and he would welcome the chance to kill black people. We've got to move on all levels and on all fronts—angry but smart." Obviously Mr. Hutchings is not pussyfooting, but he seems to know the score.

The Innocents

Periodically a high West German official tries to explain why he joined the Nazi party and how guiltless he was in the Nazi extermination of 6 million Jews. In the latest such episode, the Chancellor himself offered his apologia.

The occasion was the trial of Fritz Gebhard von Hahn, accused of complicity in the murder of more than 30,000 Bulgarian and Greek Jews in 1942-43, when he was a member of the Jewish department of the German Foreign Ministry. Hahn's lawyers called the Chancellor as a witness to establish that Hahn could not have known the Jews were being murdered. Herr Kiesinger was glad to oblige, since the East German press agency had been accusing him of participation as "an active and convinced" Nazi, and the trial afforded him a forum for his own defense.

During the war years, the Nazi Foreign Ministry had a radio-monitoring department that recorded foreign broadcasts, including those which dealt with what was happening to the Jews in Germany and in countries which were on the German side or had been invaded by the Germans. Kiesinger was deputy chief of that division.

"Naturally," he testified, "I heard reports about the fate of Jews from many sources during the war. In the beginning I found these reports incredible, but I gradually began to realize that something was not right about what was happening to the Jews" (*New York Times*, July 5). Until this revelation dawned on him, he assumed the Jews were being sent to work "in munitions or places like that." On the basis of Kiesinger's testimony, the defense argued that Hahn could not have known the Jews he was transporting to Treblinka and other camps were going to their deaths.

Either the good Germans who were only doing their duty during the war years are lying now, or else they were astonishingly stupid then. Hitler and Goebbels had made it perfectly plain that they were planning the "final solution" of the "Jewish question" and were only awaiting the war to put the plan into execution. As long as they were not actually stationed at an extermination camp, the Germans involved in the disposal of the Jews have pleaded as one man that no suspicion entered their heads (until Germany was losing the war and they knew an explanation might be required) that mass murder was afoot.

In their association with the Nazi party they were all

equally innocent. Kiesinger explained that he had joined in 1933, "but not out of conviction or opportunism." If it was not conviction, what else could it have been but opportunism? Every German politician not an unquestionable anti-Nazi has represented himself as a good man led astray. It has become the most tiresome act in the world, and the Chancellor is no better in the role than the small-time Nazis who have played it before him.

The Sluggish Logistical Tail

Sen. William Proxmire called the attention of the Congress to the most recent issue of the *Congressional Quarterly Weekly Report* which, he said, "makes clear beyond doubt that the fiscal 1969 defense budget can be cut by at least \$10.8 billion without impairing in the slightest way our level of national defense. Indeed combat effectiveness is being held down by extraneous equipment and a sluggish logistical tail." [See also article by Charles Rabb, p. 46 this issue.]

This figure is not something conjured out of thin air. The writers were from their data to high-ranking logistics officers in the Pentagon, some of whom are not without conscience. These sources suggested the following breakdown of cuts which would actually improve combat capability (amounts given are in millions of dollars):

Anti-ballistic-missile system (ABM)	1,100
Bomber defense system (SAGE)	1,000
Surface-to-air missiles	850
Manpower (all four services)	4,200
Tactical aircraft programs (Army, Navy, Air Force)	1,800
Anti-submarine carrier forces	400
Attack carrier forces	360
Amphibious forces and fast deployment logistic ships (FDLs)	500
Manned orbiting laboratory	600
Total	10,810

The cuts are based on elimination of what the *CO* sources described as "fat"; overlapping weapons systems, or those of doubtful combat effectiveness, surplus manpower, etc. SAGE, for instance, continues to be deployed against "weak and outmoded" Soviet bomber forces and is for the most part itself outmoded—if it ever was operative at all. Separate helicopter fleets are maintained by the Army and the Air Force.

As for manpower, the Army alone has a total strength of 1,550,000, with 360,000 in combat units, 1,080,000 in support roles beyond those in direct support of combat units, and 110,000 classified as "transients," men en route between assignments. *CO*'s sources argued that the "transient" category should be eliminated; as one well-placed civilian put it, "let them take it out of their hide as a corporation would." That reduction, plus a 10 per cent reduction in support forces, would yield a reduction of 218,000 troops, with estimated savings of almost \$2.2 billion. Equivalent cuts in the Navy would save \$900 million, in the Air Force \$675 million, in the Marine Corps \$400 million.

A Pentagon source cited the current stationing of three carriers in the waters off North Vietnam as an illustration

of "irrationality" in carrier deployment. Two carriers must be kept in support for every one on line—a total of nine attack carriers tied up in the war. "We could phase out six of those carriers," the source said, "by pulling only two out of Vietnam, leaving one there for the purpose of keeping Naval Air current in combat experience. Then, at far less cost, we could achieve the same aircraft strength by redeploying land-based aircraft from areas throughout the Pacific."

But will these savings be effected? Judging from past experience, only a fraction of the cuts will be made. Most of the fat will remain. Defense Secretary Clark M. Clifford told a June 20 press conference that the Administration would probably impose cuts of \$2 to \$3 billion, as part of the \$6 billion reduction in the 1969 budget imposed by Congress. One Pentagon source in favor of the \$10.8 billion cut found it surprising that Clifford would accept any reductions at all, in view of "pressures from the military and defense industries to keep the budget intact."

Pressures from the old-line politicians are in the same direction. Richard M. Nixon, for instance, denounces the Administration for encouraging Americans to believe they could "go on enjoying guns and butter," but he regards any defense budget cuts at all as "irresponsible and dangerous."

The irresponsibility and the danger lie in the existence of a fantastically overgrown military establishment, able to resist any attempts to cut it down to a reasonable size, despite the recognition by officers that the logistics are indefensible. In the meantime the cities are starved and the social disorganization of the entire country grows apace.

Soviet-American Sobriety

The first direct linking of New York and Moscow by commercial flights represents the latest of many bridges constructed between the two countries in recent weeks. Probably by prearranged signals, the adoption of the non-proliferation treaty by the UN General Assembly opened the gates to a series of moves designed to explore further the areas of mutual U.S.-Soviet interest and to promote agreements likely to stabilize the overall world situation for some time.

The most spectacular aspects of the current Russian mood for a détente are the quick answer of Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko to President Johnson's proposals to reopen bilateral negotiations on offensive and defensive missiles (aborted over a year ago for lack of a Soviet response) and the prompt and businesslike release of the American transport plane bound for Vietnam, which wandered over the Kurile Islands. Likewise, the appeals for a better relationship with Moscow made by President Johnson cannot be ascribed merely to a desire on his part to leave his mark on history as a man dedicated to peace despite the Vietnamese War. Neither can one pass over the quick acknowledgment by Washington of the faulty course of the DC-8 troop transport, or the purely formal nature of the protests made by the U.S. Govern-

ment over the new East German regulations limiting freedom of access to West Berlin.

There are many other signs. Working relationships between the American and Soviet delegations at the United Nations have been—from the account of the participants themselves—cordial and fruitful. The Soviet memorandum of July 1 opened new avenues on the subject of disarmament, not so much in terms of new proposals as in the seriousness of the tone used and the concrete nature of the points made. After the treaty banning nuclear weapons from outer space, the Soviet Union has joined the United States in the search for ways of preventing military use of another new environment, the sea bed. U.S.-Soviet collaboration in atomic research seems likely in the near future, as American physicists prepare to work at the world's most powerful atom smasher, near Moscow.

Perhaps more important for the present, both the United States and the Soviet Union have started anew to push for a solution to the Middle East problem. While the new American representative to the UN, Ambassador George Ball, has left on a trip to Israel and to three Arab capitals, the Soviet memorandum of July 1 promises negotiations with the West to limit the arms race in the Middle East—a pledge which is conditional, however, upon the withdrawal of Israeli forces from Arab-occupied territories, as President Nasser demanded during his recent visit to Moscow. This is a case where the two superpowers, no matter how eager to reach a settlement, may not be able to bend their client states to their wishes, but they seem determined to try, step by step, in all earnestness.

UN observers attribute this remarkable trend to a number of factors. The first is, of course, the initiation of peace talks on Vietnam, with the cautiously confident hope that they will lead to a settlement. Present American politics and public opinion must reassure Moscow that not even a change in the administration next January could reverse the trend, and that no matter who occupies the White House he is not likely to involve the country soon in another adventure of this type.

Moscow, always fearful of escalation in Vietnam, cannot be more intransigent than the representatives of Hanoi, who are themselves defying Peking in holding talks with U.S. ambassadors-at-large. The North Vietnamese, incidentally, also met in Paris with UN Secretary General U Thant, to whom the People's Republic of China had insultingly returned, unopened, a friendly message a few days before.

Peking's increasingly menacing posture toward the Soviet Union, its systematic isolation from all international intercourse, and its reported recent achievements in the field of intercontinental ballistic missiles all certainly play a large part in Moscow's present moves toward a détente with the United States. On the American side, the danger to the dollar, increased by fantastically large military spending, prompts a reassessment of the orientation of the economy, especially with the themes of poverty and racial unrest beginning to rival Vietnam in the Presidential campaign.

Regardless of the different values in the United States and Russia, there is a need felt in both countries to consolidate the established order, as opposed to "adventur-

ism." In terms of the present philosophy of the Kremlin, adventurism may well be applied to the lonely attempt of Che Guevara and his band to implant armed revolutionary struggle in Bolivia and other parts of Latin America. It can also be a label for student uprisings against the Establishment, in France as well as in countries of Eastern Europe. In contrast to irresponsible dogmatism, a "responsible" policy requires "responsible" actions, based on the solid foundations of power and peace. For the United States, responsible conduct means the yielding of slogans and ideological crusades before the realities of a runaway economy and civil strife.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

Those Idle Millions

In *The Nation* of October 23, 1967, Steve Pelletiere of the *San Francisco Chronicle* reported on a campaign that the Registrar of Charitable Trusts of the state of California was then conducting to force the local division of the American Cancer Society to stop hoarding funds it had received as gifts or bequests and start spending more of these funds for the purpose intended—namely, research or aid to cancer victims. In the wake of this article the national board of directors meeting in New York passed a resolution, binding on all affiliates, which limited their yearly reserves to an amount not exceeding 10 per cent of their latest annual crusade income.

Not only has the San Francisco division now distributed a \$1.5 million Program Supplementation Fund, referred to in Mr. Pelletiere's article, but it has assured state authorities that the so-called Dernham Funds—a \$2 million bequest of some years back—will be fully committed by 1976.

The success of this effort by a vigilant state agency, under the able direction of Frederic C. Auforth, suggests that if similar action could be initiated at the federal level it might stimulate the flow of charitable funds to the projects for which they were intended. As the California authorities point out, the issue has never been one of malfeasance but of overcoming the innate tendency of fund-raising organizations to nurture "reserves" which just might be useful, on some rainy day, to pay salaries, pensions and other administrative expenses.

Flying Young Man

Toronto

"This election has been a disgraceful surrender to a puffed-up radical after a campaign consisting entirely of adulation and idolatry. The nation has given itself up to a man it does not know and should not trust." "This election shows that Canada is imbued with a new sense of purpose and direction; it shows that the spirit of Expo has taken hold and has flowered into a new vision; it shows that Canada is prepared to gamble, to change, to look to the future instead of the past."

The truth is . . . the truth is that both of these composite quotations are true, for political truth is, after all, relative to the position of the observer. And in Pierre Elliott Trudeau, 48, Canada's Liberal Party leader and

Prime Minister, Canadians can see many truths, almost as many as there are observers.

For the old guard, and the old-style politicians in particular, the election was indeed a disaster. For them the Trudeau style is anathema. It holds nothing for them; it is too new. His sex appeal—it has been the subject of fascinated and learned debate in Canadian political journals—is alarming; his mastery of the media (his manipulation of his television "image" is complete) is to be distrusted; his pragmatism and eschewal of old-line labels and dogma are distasteful. Why, look at the man: a bachelor, an unconventional dresser, a kisser not of babies but of blondes, a wearer of sandals and a driver of fast cars. Why, he's actually been to China!

To the Conservatives (and conservatives) these things are suspect. They disdainfully called him Plaza Pierre, from his campaign tactic of impromptu meetings in shopping plazas. Whispering campaigns denounced by the hierarchy circulated, hinting at his own lack of morals and his "pinkish" political complexion.

These were some of the reasons why the Conservatives didn't like Pierre Trudeau before the election, but after the vote was counted they had more compelling reasons: Because he showed them that they were wrong, were out of date. He left the Conservative Party (led by Robert Stanfield, a nice, solid, respectable man from Nova Scotia) in ruins. He reduced it from a potent national force to a disgruntled agrarian rump. He swept all its most articulate spokesmen from Canadian cities. He even made inroads into the old Tory strongholds on the Prairies. He gathered in enough votes to form Canada's first majority government (155 seats in a 264-seat House) for ten years.

The Trudeau administration will have no problems with the Conservatives. His majority is large enough to enable him to govern effectively without too much hindrance. His real problems will come from his own followers—from the emotion he has generated among the alienated and disaffected. His personal magnetism has swept up the youth of the country and has delivered them into the political mainstream. His problem will be to keep them there.

During the campaign Trudeau made few specific proposals, delivered few of the specific promises to individuals and pressure groups that have hobbled many a politician before him. He came to power unencumbered by political debts. But these are the old-style debts, the old-style pledges. To his followers he has delivered another pledge, a far greater pledge, that of a new style, a new spirit, a new and exciting sense of purpose and of destiny. He has caught up a new generation of young Canadians in an outburst of enthusiasm far greater than anything Canadian political life has known. It will be difficult to deliver what they want.

Whatever the outcome of the election, there was bound to be some disillusion. If Trudeau had lost, it is possible—and likely—that the youth of the country would have turned their backs on the political process and their leader as thoroughly as the youth of the United States seem to have turned their backs on President Johnson. Now the young have their hero, with no clear idea of what they want him to do. The parliamentary system, even more than the Presidential system, does not encourage heroics.

Trudeau is aware of this, and to some extent welcomes it. It was reported that he was becoming uneasy about the hysteria of some of his young admirers. Uneasy and a little scornful: the man does not suffer fools easily. But he cannot afford to thwart the revolution of expectation entirely, either for his own sake or for that of the government. Involvement in the political process has been one of the main themes of his campaign and now he has to make it work. Watching to see how and if he achieves this goal will provide much of the political interest here in the coming months.

When Parliament resumes in September, Trudeau will have to deliver specific answers to special problems. Somehow he will have to juggle the specifics of inflation, unemployment, a national housing crisis, and an unwilling, cumbersome, traditionalist bureaucracy against his own remarkable personal prestige and come up with answers that promise to continue the sense of renewal he has started. If he succeeds—as he may—none will quibble; if he doesn't, his critics (and his followers) will cut him down at the polls next time as they have cut down other leaders in the past who opened a road they were unable to travel.

MARQ DE VILLIERS

Advice to Hacks and Radicals

On both local and national levels, political machines tend to run the most respectably conservative and issue-shy candidates that they estimate their constituents will tolerate. To them the "lesser evil" epithet rings like "safe and sound"; to them the victory of a candidacy based exclusively on political principle would bring a reassignment of power within the party—a possibility too anxiety-producing for career politicians to consider.

A New York State Democratic Committeeman was elected June 18 whose campaign might serve as lesson and example to both party hack and radical: To hack: it can be advantageous, electorally speaking, to stick your neck out and suicidal not to. To radical: you can succeed in electoral politics without compromising on the issues. Michael Colen, a member of Students for a Democratic Society at Columbia University, and occupant of Fayerweather Hall during the Columbia rebellion, won 60 per cent of the vote in the Manhattan Democratic primary against a candidate of the Riverside Democrats. Although a Reform club, it has enjoyed hegemony over Morningside Heights as safe as that of any old-line machine in Brooklyn.

Mr. Colen, who is working for a doctorate in political theory at Columbia, studied the "educational campaign" of *Ramparts* editor, Robert Scheer, who in 1966 ran for Congress in California and got 49 per cent of the vote. Fifteen months ago, Colen founded the Morningside Independents, which ran him for District Leader on the then radical platform of disendorsement of Johnson and immediate withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam; he received 30 per cent of the vote against the Riverside candidate. MI canvassers were instructed to include "immediate withdrawal of U.S. forces from Vietnam" in their opening statement to voters, and to limit discussion to issues and ideology.

POLLS AND THE RIGHT TO 'NO'

DON H. MUCHMORE

Mr. Muchmore is chairman of the board of The State Poll (syndicated by the Los Angeles Times). Opinion Research of California, Opinion Surveyors and Market Surveys. As a confidential political pollster he has worked with hundreds of candidates, ranging from Republican to Democrat, and Liberal to Conservative. He also has been a professor of political science and the vice chancellor of the California State Colleges.

Anyone who had received a nickel for every statement by political observers that nothing is predictable in election year 1968 would by now be a very rich man, even given the state of the current inflationary economy. It has become a cliché that where this year's politics are concerned, all bets are off, anything goes. The very concept of political predictability has come to be regarded with a jaundiced eye.

Such an attitude is understandable enough. An election year which has seen abrupt withdrawals, re-entries and reassessments by major political figures, third party candidacies, the refusal of an incumbent President to stand for re-election, and the assassination of a second Kennedy, is certainly a year in which predictions about the future are perilous indeed.

The results of many Congressional primary contests—the Lausche, Morse and Kuchel elections come particularly to mind—have served to confound the prognosticators further. A major television network with a long record of correct election night projections failed badly for the first time in the Kennedy-McCarthy contest in the California primary.

As a result, the notion has arisen that in political 1968 all is indeed chaos, that there is a total resistance on the part of the political processes to conform to any rule at all; or rather, the rule seems to be that there is no rule. But, as poets and politicians often remark, things are not always what they seem. So it shouldn't be surprising that in the midst of what seems to be total anarchy, a reliance on predictability on the part of political professionals should be one of the salient, if unsung, features of the current political scene.

What I refer to is the developing importance of the political poll to the political process. The pollster's public role is well known. In the present campaign Governor Rockefeller has made particular use of the polls to try to gain momentum for his candidacy. What is less generally known is the role opinion samplers play as private polling services for political clients.

Using increasingly sophisticated methods, a profusion of polling and sampling concerns has arisen, with the usual motive of providing candidates and professionals in the political field with information about the attitudes of the electorate. The demands placed on such pollsters by the needs of professional politics have necessitated a much greater sophistication about the kinds of information pollsters can provide for their clients. Accuracy is generally

higher than formerly, especially among analysts working for candidates rather than for the news media. (An error of prediction may be embarrassing to a newspaper; it can be fatal to a candidate.)

Today's pollsters are concerned with more than immediate statistical information (so-called "position" statistics, ranking candidates on the basis of raw popularity and potential electability). What is demanded by office seekers, and what must be provided by pollsters, are sophisticated and subtle analyses of the whole spectrum of voter response. In addition to the determination of the candidate's image among his electorate (almost the least important factor to be determined), the pollster must provide a thoroughgoing analysis of the issues likely to be involved in the campaign.

The identification and development of issues becomes a key aspect of the opinion analyst's assignment. The analyst must combine expertise in the development of issue-oriented information with extensive knowledge of practical politics and campaign strategy. In addition, each pollster has his own emphasis which supplements and illuminates the purely quantitative.

As polls and opinion samples have gained in importance, the inevitable charges of manipulation of the public have been made. The notion that a politician, by determining through confidential polling exactly what his public wants to hear, can then cynically dispense those statements to gain maximum support—thus proceeding from one "rigged" victory to another—has gained currency in certain quarters. But politicians willing to tell the public only what it wants to hear have always been with us and probably always will be. To dispense with a useful tool, simply because ill use is made of it by some, seems shortsighted.

To a political leader of strong commitments to the democratic process, the confidential poll can be a useful tool. Polls give him extensive knowledge of the public frames of reference in which his ideas will be received. It is an obvious help to a politician to know in what terms to communicate his ideas, not only for his own benefit but also for the benefit of his listeners. Obviously, successful politics—successful democratic politics at any rate—involves a rapport between representatives and the electorate.

But how can anyone communicate with such a vast electorate as now exists? Sheer numbers present a communication barrier. Public opinion surveys can thus help inform a representative of the beliefs and attitudes of his constituents.

A properly constructed, issue-oriented public opinion survey will reveal the beliefs and attitudes of the population under scrutiny, its deep-seated convictions and hostilities. Such gut responses are critical to political planning because they reveal basic attitudes, subject to change only over considerable periods of time.

Sampling experience has shown that such bedrock response has a natural tendency to be negative. People

generally become more involved in protests *against* rather than in support *for* particular issues or policies. Such negativism was shown, for example, in the "carpetbagger" issue that played a prominent role in the 1964 California Democratic primary. In the contest for the Senate, Pierre Salinger took heavy punishment on this count. Californians evidently being resistant to the idea of electing an "outlander." It wasn't until a confidential poll made clear what was occurring that Salinger was able to blunt the edge of this issue by repeated reference to his early years in the state.

Most gut issues are generally negative in character. Polling experience merely shows that endemic negativism is a natural feature of any political landscape. What seems to be out of the ordinary in the current political landscape is the presence of a radical *epidemic* negativism, virulent and extensive. For some time the electorate has vacillated in a mood of uneasiness, out of which this epidemic negativism has emerged.

Such negativism is expressed clearly in an examination of current political involvement. Although knowledge among the national electorate has increased substantially, personal involvement is on the decline. For instance, one survey indicates that three times as many people can identify their Congressmen today as could twenty years ago, but survey results in the same area show a decrease of 33 per cent in active involvement. In addition, the responses to polls and surveys have shown another significant change in character in the past two years. Whereas responses previously contained an element of problem-solving suggestions in areas of national life with which the persons polled were dissatisfied, current responses in these areas are almost totally negative. The American people seem less disposed to suggest alternative programs, but more disposed to verbalize their lack of satisfaction. The total effect suggests general and negatively oriented confusion.

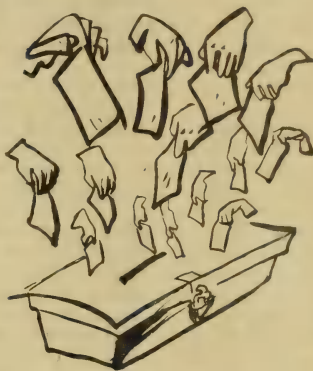
A number of observers have noted this negativism. Kingman Brewster, Jr., president of Yale University, made some cogent remarks in connection with the assassination of Senator Kennedy when he referred to a "pall of negativism" sweeping the nation. "It is so much simpler to mobilize a legion under a negative slogan than to organize agreement on one out of an infinite number of affirmative possibilities."

Wherever such a widespread phenomenon as this negativism occurs, it is likely that at least part of the motivation for it lies particularly close at hand. In the present case, public opinion surveys show that American negativism is in part a result of the recent performance of the national government—in part a "spontaneous withdrawal

of the mandate to govern" from the present Administration.

The Lausche, Morse and Kuchel experiences further indicate the public's no-confidence mood. Here were three veteran, highly regarded legislators, each favored to keep his seat in the Senate. But two of them were defeated, while the third, Morse, barely survived. The three are of disparate backgrounds, with disparate political views, running against different kinds of opponents; their chief point in common was their incumbency. And the public is displaying little confidence in incumbents, whatever their political stripe.

Although this negativism has already produced some "positive" results—the "resignation" of the President and the national Administration, the primary defeat of some incumbent legislators—its net effect has been generally



disruptive. This is particularly true of the relationship between our adult middle class and its youth. The actions of college students, of young people parading in the streets, reflect repeated expressions of negativism at the middle-class American dinner table. Withdrawal from active politics by the adult community produces the appearance (if not the reality) of inadequacy in the normal political process.

The obvious result is the frustration of young people brought up to believe in a world susceptible to change. This leads inevitably to immediate, less constructive forms of political action. Hence sit-ins, draft card burnings, riots. It seems likely that such unorthodox political action will continue until there is a return of the general electorate to the normal political processes. In that connection the increased self-knowledge and understanding made available through the public opinion poll can be of service to the electorate.

There are some likely dangers connected with such knowledge. As an earlier observer pointed out, "An increase of knowledge increases sorrow." But without an increase of knowledge, together with the commitment that might follow from it, sorrow is not merely likely to result. It is certain to.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated August 5, August 19 and August 26.

THE DRAFT CARD BURNERS

PETER W. MARTIN

Mr. Martin is associate professor of law at the University of Minnesota. From 1964 to 1967 he was an officer in the Air Force, assigned to the Office of the General Counsel to the Secretary of the Air Force.

Toward the end of June, a remarkable demonstration took place in Washington, across the street from the Supreme Court building. Twelve women, standing in a circle and holding hands, burned a dozen draft cards furnished them for that purpose by male anti-war protesters. Burning one's own draft card is no longer a phenomenon. This variation on the familiar ceremony is explained by the participants' desire to condemn not only the war and the draft but to protest as well (and perhaps circumvent) a recent Supreme Court decision, *United States v. O'Brien*. In that case, the Court upheld against constitutional challenge the puerile dare to dissenters issued by Congress in 1965: "Burn a draft card and you face up to five years in jail and a fine of \$10,000."

The Columbia University uprising catalyzed a flood of commentary on the permissible limits of civil disobedience. Although much of it has come from lawyers (including such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas, Solicitor General Erwin Griswold, and ABA President Earl Morris), judgments about the propriety of civil disobedience—conduct that is by definition illegal—necessarily derive from moral rather than legal principles. Before an act of protest raises moral issues, however, it must be clear that it is in truth civil disobedience and not the perfectly lawful exercise of the right of free speech guaranteed by the First Amendment. The definition of this boundary of civil disobedience is a legal problem and was the task addressed by the Supreme Court in the *O'Brien* case.

The boundary is not so easy to discern as many statements of the issue would suggest. The typical, too-simple approach is epitomized by this comment of a judge, made while sentencing a convicted draft card burner:

You have the right of dissent. You have the right to disagree with those in authority. . . . But you have no right to violate the law simply because you disagree with it. If you have that right, then so does every other citizen. Instead of a free society, we have anarchy.

The dichotomy here drawn between dissent and violating the law is deceptively sharp. Concealed is the fundamental conflict which exists between the individual's right to all effective means of expression and society's interest in prohibiting harmful conduct, a conflict that demands some mutual accommodation.

The complexity of the issue not only marks it as an important constitutional question but also has relevance to moral judgments on borderline protest activity. As the moral logic of an individual's decision to disobey an unjust law is most often described, it requires weighing the fundamental value which the disputed law offends against the

citizen's moral (not merely legal) obligation to adhere to laws established by democratic procedures. To the extent that the First Amendment casts doubt upon the illegality of the contemplated conduct, this moral dilemma is eased.

A citizen enjoys no automatic immunity when he disobeys a law because he considers it unjust. He does have a right, though, to ignore a law that is invalid because contrary, either generally or specifically as applied to him, to some superior law. Since there is no single definitive source of law under our form of government, such instances of invalidity are not unusual. With protest demonstrations the potential for conflict is particularly high because of the First Amendment's protection of speech. The guarantee of the right of free speech extends not only to traditional forms of expression, written and oral but also, to some extent, to conduct which symbolically expresses a point of view. It is this range of First Amendment protection that makes it no easy matter to distinguish civil disobedience from constitutionally shielded dissent.

On March 31, 1966, David O'Brien, then 19 years old, burned his Selective Service registration certificate, standing on the steps of the South Boston Courthouse before a sizable crowd that included members of the press. He was subsequently convicted of violating the criminal provisions of the Universal Military Training and Service Act of 1948, amended by Congress in 1965 to provide a \$10,000 fine or five-year prison term for anyone who "knowingly destroys" or "knowingly mutilates" his registration certificate or classification notice (the "draft cards" of common parlance). O'Brien appealed, arguing that the First Amendment barred Congress from punishing his conduct. After mixed success in the U.S. Court of Appeals, his case reached the Supreme Court. Rarely has the Court had a better opportunity to clarify the relationship between free speech and civil disobedience.

The purpose of O'Brien's act was to communicate. He told the jury that he burned his draft card publicly "so that other people would re-evaluate their positions with Selective Service, with the armed forces, and re-evaluate their place in the culture of today, to hopefully consider my position." On the other hand, the statute in question merely prohibited conduct which arguably interfered with the administration of the Selective Service System, a matter of legitimate concern to Congress.

The Supreme Court's decision, written by departing Chief Justice Earl Warren, began by reiterating the Court's consistent unwillingness to recognize conduct as falling within the concept of "free speech" merely because its performance reveals a clear intention to convey an idea. As other courts speaking to this same issue have pointed out, using an example to which nerves are now only too sensitive, the political assassin surely cannot be permitted to argue that his act—expressive of deeply felt political views—is therefore immune from punishment.

But an equally intolerable extreme would be the view

that nonverbal conduct, no matter how communicative, can be regulated or prohibited without regard for the First Amendment. The social importance of nonverbal protest has led one commentator to call it, quite aptly, the "poor man's printing press." And in any event, the Supreme Court is committed by precedent to a broader interpretation of "speech." Picketing and the display of a flag, for example, have been held to be protected forms of communication. Consequently, in the O'Brien case, the Court would have found it difficult to affirm the statute simply by labeling draft card burning "conduct" not "speech." Chief Justice Warren assumed for the purpose of the decision that under the circumstances O'Brien's act had enough of the elements of speech to compel consideration of the First Amendment.

The assumption that First Amendment interests were at stake by no means assured constitutional protection:

This Court has held that when "speech" and "non-speech" elements are combined in the same course of conduct, a sufficiently important governmental interest



in regulating the nonspeech element can justify incidental limitations on First Amendment freedoms.

A balance between the two interests, individual and governmental, must be struck. The balancing formula outlined in the O'Brien decision is comprised of three steps. Conduct which combines "speech" and "nonspeech" elements can be restricted or prohibited by Congress if: (1) the governmental interest supporting the regulation is "important or substantial"; (2) this same governmental interest is "unrelated to the suppression of free expression"; and (3) the restriction on expression is "incidental" and "no greater than is essential to the furtherance of that interest." It is difficult to fault this as an abstract statement of the balance which must be struck if the umbrella of the First Amendment is to be extended (as it must be) beyond pure verbal communication. Where the O'Brien opinion falls down is in its perfunctory application of this formula. In each step, the Court ignored factors which common sense insists are relevant.

The first two steps are closely intertwined: is there a governmental interest, unrelated to the suppression of expression which lies behind the statute forbidding the destruction of draft cards, an interest which is substantial, compelling or cogent? As the Court reaffirmed, Congress

has authority to make all laws necessary and proper to the raising and supporting of armies, including laws providing for the registration and induction of individuals for training and service. From this base, the Court jumped to the following conclusion:

The issuance of certificates indicating the registration and eligibility classification of individuals is a legitimate and substantial administrative aid in the functioning of this system. And legislation to insure the continuing availability of issued certificates serves a legitimate and substantial purpose in the system's administration.

More precisely, what is this substantial purpose? O'Brien's attorney had belittled the importance of the requirement, on which the Court here relies, that a registrant keep his draft cards (both registration certificate and classification notice) in his possession at all times. The Court found the purpose, or rather purposes, in some of the suggestions made by the government attorneys arguing the case. The requirement permits, it was urged, a suspected delinquent to prove compliance with the law in a manner convenient both to him and the Selective Service System: it operates as a safeguard against mix-ups in the registrant's file; in the event of national emergency, the cards permit a rapid, on-the-spot call-up no matter how far the registrant is from his local board; they facilitate communication between registrant and the Selective Service, cutting down on unnecessary reference to files, furnishing the registrant continual access to his Selective Service number and local board's address—and so on.

The Court's pliant acceptance of these speculative justifications for the law would perhaps be appropriate in the case of a regulation under attack solely for an alleged lack of reasonable legislative purpose; but it is much too superficial for a major confrontation between the First Amendment and Congressional power. There are few prohibitions for which a set of theoretically plausible purposes, unrelated to expression, cannot be spun. On past occasions, the Supreme Court has been more ready to see through such fabricated "governmental interests" when First Amendment freedoms were in jeopardy.

Like so many features of the Selective Service System, the regulation that a registrant keep his draft cards continually in his possession is a thoughtless carry-over of a policy which originated several wars ago. Under the Selective Service Act of 1917, regulations required the possession of either the registration certificate or final classification card. Registrants had the duty to show the card to Selective Service or police officials when called upon to do so.

During March of 1918, nine months after the initial registration of 10 million men, the Justice Department organized the first "slacker raids" in Pittsburgh. "Slackers," those unpatriotic enough not to register, were rooted out. They were identified by their inability to produce a draft card. The greatest and last "slacker raid" took place in New York City, the first week in September, 1918. *The Nation* reported (September 14, 1918):

Men were torn from their wives' sides in the theatres, yanked out of street cars, pulled off milk-wagons and

trucks of all kinds, which vehicles were left to stand where they were abandoned. Men from up-State and New Jersey—and there were thousands of them—who had no warning of the raid and had left their cards at home—were first taken to police stations and then to an armory, where everything was utter confusion and where many spent the entire night upon their feet. Numbers were held by the police who showed their registration cards, but were without their classification cards, which have never been issued by the draft boards of many up-State towns.

An estimated 75,000 were "arrested" in New York and near-by towns, fewer than 3 per cent of them turning out to be men who had not registered. Spurred by public outrage, President Wilson ordered an inquiry, and Congress condemned the raids.

Throughout World War II, the Justice Department was extremely careful to prevent a recurrence. Even during the concentrated delinquency campaign in early 1943, U.S. Attorneys were instructed that

Mass raids, large-scale arrests, and indiscriminate challenging of men of selective service age are not warranted in view of the relatively small number of reported delinquencies and because of embarrassment and inconvenience to law-abiding citizens which such practices would entail.

But the possession requirement was not dropped.

Then, as now, willful nonpossession of a draft card, being the violation of a regulation, was a crime. But during the war, of 15,758 convictions for draft law violations, only 255 were for failure to possess draft cards. The 1946 annual report of the director for the Federal Bureau of Prisons describes those guilty of these technical violations as "mostly socially inadequate individuals of low intelligence who were simply careless about their obligations under the act. Many of these came to the attention of the authorities through arrests for vagrancy or on other minor charges, and, because they did not possess draft cards, were given Selective Service Act violation sentences."

In short, from the suspension of "slacker raids" in World War I until the burning and returning of draft cards became a common form of protest against the war in Vietnam, the duty to keep them on one's person amounted to an atrophied regulation, and found its only vitality as a snare for a few unfortunates. Under such circumstances, a strong presumption is cast against the claims of those who find underlying it a "compelling" governmental interest.

Current treatment of the regulation by the government suggests that the major effect of the requirement is to provide a means of punishing those who violate the regulation as a form of dissent. If there were any significant concern with the sorts of problems enumerated by the Court, one would expect that violations by nondissenters would be taken more seriously. Yet neither the regulation nor supporting criminal provisions are systematically applied against the large numbers of American men who fail to carry their draft cards. In the first draft card burning case, U.S. District Judge Harold Tyler, Jr., conceded: "... almost certainly thousands of men in recent decades, in-

cluding the writer, have unwittingly failed to carry their cards at all times without ever having been called to show or produce them." The government's true view of the regulation (until dissent clouds the picture) is that it is a mere technicality. If the registrant who has violated such a technical provision of the regulations is willing to cure his "delinquency" the Justice Department, as a general rule, does not prosecute. No doubt a principal reason for the lack of across-the-board enforcement is the severity of the penalty. The fact that there is no reluctance to apply the sanction when nonpossession is part of protest activity reveals the actual interest served by the provision, which is very clearly the punishment of protest and the suppression of dissent.

O'Brien's argument on this score relied on two other points, the circumstances under which the bill was enacted and statements made by the bill's supporters, which betrayed a desire to limit dissent. He cited Congressman Bray's diatribe on "Beatniks and so-called 'campus-cults'" who had "been publicly burning their draft cards to demonstrate their contempt for the United States and our resistance to Communist take overs," and the "filthy, sleazy beatnik gang led by a Yale University professor" which "just yesterday" demonstrated in Washington for the Vietcong.

The Supreme Court rejected this evidence of motive with a statement of its traditional, and justifiable, reluctance to strike down legislation on the basis of what some of the legislators may have said before voting. The Court's detached search for a governmental interest seems just as unacceptable, however. To consider the circumstances of enactment as evidence of the governmental interest embodied in a statute is not subject to this same objection. And unless examined, symbolic protest activity is in jeopardy. A legislative body that chooses statutory language with care to avoid a prohibition which "on its face" is aimed at expression and to lay the foundation for a colorable claim of "substantial governmental interest" can vitiate First Amendment rights unless subject to deeper judicial scrutiny.

It is hard to imagine a case in which the events surrounding enactment could speak more clearly of the actual interest served by the legislation. Draft card burning emerged as a form of protest in the summer of 1965. When U.S. troops entered openly into the Vietnamese fighting in June and the force level rose, the draft and military recruitment became natural foci of anti-war sentiment. On July 29, 1965, about 400 people protesting the war picketed an army recruiting center in New York City. During the rally, several young men burned their draft cards. A week later, Rep. Mendel Rivers introduced a bill to make destruction of draft cards a crime.

There seems little doubt that the draft law already furnished a means of punishing this form of protest. After burning his draft card, the protester had no way of complying with the regulation's command that he keep his card in his possession at all times. For willful violation of that regulation he faced criminal penalties. Nevertheless, Congress recognized a serious threat to the war effort and moved with unprecedented dispatch to pass the Rivers bill.

Before a month had passed, it had been enacted into law.

The fact that certain conduct has gained widespread use as a symbol of protest before restrictive legislative action occurs cannot, of course, be permitted to tie the hands of Congress where there is truly "compelling" governmental interest in controlling the conduct. But it should lead a court to demand greater evidence of a substantial interest unrelated to the suppression of expression than could be offered for this statute.

The ultimate disappointment of the O'Brien decision is its failure to give any serious discussion to the final stage in the balancing formula initially set forth by the Court, i.e., whether "the incidental restriction on alleged First Amendment freedom is no greater than is essential to the furtherance" of the governmental interest underlying the regulation.

No doubt the Supreme Court considered this "an indirect and minimal abridgment of speech," to adopt a phrase used by the U.S. Court of Appeals (second circuit) in another draft card burning case. Yet for a number of reasons this mode of communication has great value, particularly to the American male under 21, so that its prohibition is no minor limitation on expression, notwithstanding the continuing unrestricted right "to criticize national policy as vigorously as [one desires] by the written or spoken word." O'Brien was denied direct participation in the democratic processes of change. He was too young to vote. The issue he addressed is one of the most momentous this nation has ever faced. Of course, he had the right to write and speak; but access to large-scale communication media in America comes at a high price. The failure of Congress to confront the issues of Vietnam made the need for a forceful appeal to the public all the more urgent.

Nor should it be forgotten that O'Brien, like most protesters against the war, sought to raise not just points of national policy (and morality) but also to challenge U.S. conduct on legal grounds. The courts, in which the Southern Negro found redress, have consistently closed their doors to arguments that the war is illegal in terms of our own constitutional processes and applicable international law. They have characterized these as "political questions" which are therefore nonjusticiable. Judge Ford refused to admit evidence or argument on the legality of the Vietnamese War in the Spock-Coffin conspiracy trial for precisely these reasons. Because of this doctrine of abstention, unrepresented young men are being required to serve in a war that they consider not only immoral but illegal, and are denied the opportunity to have their legal questions dealt with on the merits.

In this context, to characterize the restriction on expression which flows from the prohibition of draft card burning as "incidental" is unrealistic. Congressional reaction to a handful of burnings attests to the power of the symbol. The public burning of a draft card expresses with unique force the individual's stand on the Vietnamese War and the draft.

The misfortune of the O'Brien opinion is not to be found in its effect on David O'Brien. Nor does the misfortune

lie in the decision's effect on future draft card burners. To the protester who makes the difficult decision to engage in dissent by returning his draft card or burning it, the moral issue is now only somewhat sharpened by the certainty that such conduct is not protected by the First Amendment and thus must be undertaken as a true act of civil disobedience. Instead, the misfortune, felt by the entire public, is that the country is now denied uninhibited expression of important views on a crucial issue in a singularly dramatic form. Added to this specific loss is the long-term danger that Congress and state legislatures will take the O'Brien decision as an invitation to eliminate other unpopular techniques of protest.

This last worry is not farfetched. On June 25, Congress, likely encouraged by the O'Brien case, passed a bill pro-



hibiting the burning or other deliberate mutilation of the flag. Fortunately, the Supreme Court has an immediate opportunity to halt this ripple effect; it has already agreed to review a New York Court of Appeals decision which upheld New York's flag burning statute against the challenge that it violated freedom of speech.

Completeness requires the final, probably futile, observation that Congress could undo the foolishness of the present draft card law. Should it ever get around to acting on Sen. Edward Kennedy's thoroughly commendable proposed revision of the Selective Service Act this is one more item that deserves attention. Senator Kennedy's bill makes no change in the criminal section of the Act. It should. The Act ought to be amended to distinguish the serious offenses of attempted evasion and deceptive use of draft cards from minor technical violations like non-possession or destruction. The latter hardly warrant punishment, at most a small fine. Better still, the anachronistic possession requirement ought to be eliminated.

MILITARY 'SOFTWARE'

CHARLES RABB

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While campus militants mount protests against university research to aid the Vietnamese War, the Pentagon's non-military research program continues to thrive in virtual anonymity. Project Camelot—that abortive Pentagon study of revolution in Latin America—was only a quick glimpse beneath the surface. In fact, so little is known about defense research in the social and behavioral sciences and foreign policy fields that recent disclosures about the extent of the program came as a surprise to Senators who have been voting money for it for years.

Operating under the protective umbrella of national security, the Pentagon can usually get what it wants from Congress. Thus, it is able to finance a wide-ranging "software" research program—projects, that is, apart from its basic and weapons research—which frequently has little relevance to defense needs and might more usefully be carried out by other agencies of government.

Much of this research—underwritten at premium prices—appears to be tied more closely to a researcher's interest than to a military need. Some of it is of dubious quality or merely self-serving.

That is the pattern that emerges from a recent study of the Pentagon's nonmilitary research program by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The indictment falls most heavily on the Defense Department, but does not exempt the Congress, which uncritically votes Defense funds, or the many social, political and behavioral scientists who are willing beneficiaries of the Pentagon's largess.

The record of lavish Pentagon spending for non-military research was compiled by the committee under the direction of its chairman, J. William Fulbright. It is part of what may be the most determined effort since post-World War II days to challenge some of the basic policy underlying multibillion-dollar defense programs.

The challenge is a symptom of frustration over the war in Vietnam and the Senate's inability to gain an important voice in shaping the spiraling Defense budget. The showdown will come some time this month when a bill to provide the actual money for the \$21.3 billion military procurement authorization for fiscal 1969 reaches the Senate.

Of these targets, the non-weapons research program is probably the most vulnerable. The skirmishing over research spending started with Fulbright and other war critics trying to pick holes in the Defense budget, but has now enlisted a growing number of Senators who are disturbed by the size and sweep of Pentagon research.

Sen. Karl Mundt (R., S.Dak.), seldom found in the company of doves, says he is "disenchanted with the way they have roamed all over the countryside with research money. It's pretty hard to justify in terms of national defense or any other activity." Mundt views the research budget as a member of the Foreign Relations and Appro-

priations Committees. It will be up to Appropriations to trim off some of the fat before the military bill reaches the Senate floor. Sen. John Stennis (D., Miss.), manager of the procurement authorization bill, indicated in floor debate his ignorance of the scope of the Pentagon's non-military research, and acknowledged that it had not been studied in detail by the Armed Services Committee before it approved the Pentagon's procurement figures.

According to varying Defense Department figures, either \$34 million or \$41 million is being handed out this year for nonmilitary studies in the social and behavioral sciences. Next year the Pentagon would like to increase the amount to \$50 million. Senator Fulbright estimates current Pentagon spending for foreign policy studies at \$27 million. This compares with a puny \$125,000 State Department research budget. A spokesman says State is requesting the same amount for the new fiscal year and adds: "We'll be lucky to get that much."

The prospect of Pentagon generosity for such projects as "Experimental Study of Development of Consensus" (\$20,000), "Great World Issues of 1980" (\$49,782), "Porter-International Self-Help Study" (\$252,949) and "Social Bases of Stable Political Systems" (\$232,300) draws researchers like a magnet. By the Foreign Relations Committee's last count, more than 250 colleges and universities are involved in Department of Defense nonmilitary projects, despite Vietnam-inspired doubts as to whether the academic community should be so dependent on Pentagon benevolence.

And under Project Themis—a sort of research share-the-wealth program—forty-two institutions in thirty-one states were provided with long-term Pentagon financing in fiscal 1967, the first year of a program to develop fifty new research "centers of excellence" in areas not now getting substantial support. A total of 173 schools submitted 483 proposals in the hope of qualifying for "the minimum critical funding" of \$200,000 annually.

It is difficult to imagine what use the Pentagon can make of many of the "software" studies it finances. Take, for example, "Quantitative Political Science." This project, the Pentagon says, "attempts to relate information about attributes of nations, such as size, population, gross national product, educational level, number of radios and number of farmers to other characteristics of nations such as occurrence of riots and revolutions and participation in external wars." Its chief sources are newspapers, the *New York Times* Index and the *International Yearbook*. For this, \$595,000 is being paid to research teams at Hawaii, Southern California and Yale Universities.

Or consider "Comparative Research on Behavioral Change," now under way at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. According to Frederick W. Frey, the M.I.T. political science professor directing the project, it is a study of how individuals in different cultures respond to major social changes. Planned as a five-year \$4 million project, it will include studies of three developing and two European societies, as well as the United States. It may be

socially useful, but is somewhat remote from the responsibilities of the Defense Department.

Called before the Foreign Relations Committee to explain the Pentagon's need for many of these "software" studies, Dr. John S. Foster, Jr., director of Defense Research and Engineering, reasoned as follows:

Opportunities and capabilities for progress emerge from an understanding of how to deter war and build a peaceful world. Part of this understanding comes, in turn, from social and behavioral sciences research and foreign area assessments related to any contingency and area in which a substantial American commitment might occur. Research to support national security cannot be defined meaningfully in any other way.

This could be interpreted as meaning that, because U.S. troops might go anywhere, the Pentagon could justify almost any study. Or, as a Defense social sciences panel put it in a report to the Pentagon last year, "the Department of Defense must now wage not only warfare but peacefare as well."

Irving Louis Horowitz, author of *The Rise and Fall of Project Camelot*, called the panel's report "a statement that can easily be read as the ominous conversion of social science into a service industry of the Pentagon." Horowitz, a professor of sociology at Washington University, St. Louis, continued: "Most of the scholars who prepared this report have one striking similarity—they have powerful and simultaneous academic and government linkages. They move casually and easily from university to federal affiliation—and back again to the university."

Misgivings about the Pentagon's research role can also be found in the ranks of the military. Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover believes the military's emphasis on social science research detracts from its efficiency. There is, he feels, a too great tendency among military and other government people to "abrogate their technical responsibilities under the theory that their job is to manage, not to

do technical work." Except at the top levels, he finds, there is very little service demand for nonmilitary research.

A substantial portion of the Pentagon research pie is divided among the "think tanks," which offer policy, planning and technical advice, mostly to government clients. Sixteen of what are classified as Federal Contract Research Centers receive at least 85 per cent of their funds from the Pentagon. These establishments, among the biggest of which are RAND and the Institute for Defense Analysis, will take in \$294 million for "software" and "hardware" research this year and expect to be given \$304 million next year. Seven of the sixteen have either a president or a vice president who came from the Pentagon payroll. Ivan A. Getting, former head of Air Force planning and development, earns \$90,000 a year as president of Aerospace of Santa Monica, Calif., which is doing a business of \$74 million a year, all but \$1.8 million coming from the Pentagon.

IDA, a neighbor of the Pentagon in Arlington, Va., takes in \$10.6 million from its fiscal 1968 Defense contracts. It earns less than \$600,000 from other government and private clients. IDA's president, at \$49,200 a year, is Gen. Maxwell Taylor, former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and ex-Ambassador to South Vietnam, as well as a principal adviser on Vietnam to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.

It was an IDA study that led to a tug of war between the Pentagon and Fulbright. The Foreign Relations chairman sought to make the Pentagon turn loose an IDA study of the national military command and control center operation during the Tonkin Gulf crisis. The study includes a general description of the Tonkin events—a subject of close scrutiny by the committee. The Pentagon doubted it would interest Fulbright since, it explained, the study was not an analysis of the whole situation and the author was thus not given information on official decisions. However, as an analysis of command and control



operating procedures, the Pentagon added, "it proved quite useful and fully justified its cost of approximately \$26,000."

Since last October Fulbright has also been trying to get the Pentagon to release a declassified version of "Pax Americana" (\$89,500), later renamed "Strategic Alignments and Military Objectives." The Douglas Aircraft Company has been privately circulating its own unclassified version under the title "Projected World Patterns—1985." Fulbright, who has seen a classified version, says the study "recommends that large numbers of American troops be stationed abroad for the next decade."

If it were only a case of Pentagon dollars bankrolling questionable research, that would be serious enough. Actually, Defense contracts now current have the potential to become further Camelots, repeating the embarrassment caused the United States three years ago when it became publicly known that the Pentagon was underwriting an "internal-war" study in Chile and three other Latin American countries, much to the surprise and anger of the U.S. Ambassador in Chile.

Gerald D. Berreman, a University of California anthropology professor, withdrew from the Himalayan Border Countries project when he learned that it was being underwritten by the Pentagon (\$282,840). In a letter to Fulbright, Berreman quoted an unnamed Indian "committed to furthering social science research in India" as saying that Pentagon sponsorship was "like sitting on dynamite."

While the sums involved may seem relatively insignificant in an \$80 billion defense budget, the loosely supervised funding of research is an indication of how Congress votes Defense dollars. Apart from lacking the information necessary to resist effectively the pleas of the Pentagon's

corps of specialized personnel, Congressmen show an obvious political reluctance to be on fighting terms with the Defense Department. As former Sen. Paul Douglas once remarked:

We are always afraid that if we vote for a reduction in a given expenditure, not only will our friends in the Defense Department criticize us but our opponents in our states and in our Congressional district back home will say: "When you voted to cut back the appropriation, you voted to weaken the preparedness program of the United States."

Thus, even Fulbright, who faces a troublesome challenge in the Arkansas Democratic primary, will fight to cut research and then wind up voting for the total procurement package. Senate Democratic leader Mike Mansfield (Mont.) cast one of three dissenting votes against the procurement authorization when it passed the Senate in April by a lopsided vote. It was his way of protesting "the wasted billions which I believe are embodied in this measure."

There is no doubt that much of the responsibility for the Pentagon's growing social research program falls on the Congress, which is prodigal when voting research money for Defense and skinflint when supplying funds for other research. A bill to create a National Social Science Foundation, with federal support of \$20 million a year, is still languishing in the Senate Government Operations Committee more than a year after Sen. Fred Harris (D., Okla.) and twenty other Senators introduced it.

The Senate could begin to correct this curious double-standard bookkeeping before the month is out. Thanks to Senator Fulbright and a few of the legislators who share his views, the Senators now have enough facts. It remains to be seen how much courage they have.

TITO DIGS THE STUDENTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Belgrade

Now that the tumult and the shouting have subsided—for the time being at least—it is possible to take a closer look at the week-long student protests which erupted here on June 2.

The Belgrade demonstrations were triggered by a relatively insignificant incident. An out-of-doors combination jazz concert and variety show had been scheduled for the evening of June 2, a Sunday. It had been planned primarily for the entertainment of "brigade workers," a young people's volunteer work corps, then engaged on a construction project near one of the student centers. At the last moment, because of bad weather, the concert was held indoors and, since seating facilities were limited, university students were not admitted. Very much annoyed, a crowd of students gathered outside and began to throw rocks at the concert hall; soon brigade workers and stu-

dents were mixing it up in a lively fashion and the police were summoned. The next day the students staged a huge demonstration in the center of the city which was marked by considerable police brutality and a large number of arrests. But student-faculty action committees promptly took charge and the protests then assumed the form of more or less continuous talkathons in the several schools or "faculties," as they are called, of the university. At these sessions, the immediate issue—police brutality—was soon forgotten and the discussion ranged far and wide. The sessions were quite orderly; there were no further disturbances, but classes did not meet that week.

Then on June 9 Tito addressed the nation on television—the first time he has used television for an address of this sort. A real tour de force, the address was entirely conciliatory. Tito readily acknowledged the existence of legitimate grievances, promised that they would receive prompt attention, and conceded that the regime had for too long neglected student and university affairs. Appar-

ently he had decided to use the demonstrations, which by then had received strong support from other university centers, from intellectuals and various groups—even the brigade workers sent a message of solidarity!—as a means of resuming his attack on conservative elements in the party. This campaign had been stalemated since July, 1966, when Alexander Rankovic, a former close ally and rumored successor, had been ousted. Prior to Tito's address, the Belgrade and Serbian authorities, including the police and the news media, had been hostile to the demonstrations. But after he had spoken, these elements promptly got into line. Although a handful of political dissidents had tried to exploit the demonstrations for their own ends, the students had made it clear, from the beginning, that they were not attacking the regime but were merely prodding it to make good on the reforms it had promised. Their demands had strong backing not merely from the faculty, including professors who have been critical of the regime from an orthodox Marxist point of view, but from many elements who were pleased to hear such demands voiced. Tito's address was hailed by the students as vindication of the protests; classes were resumed and final examinations proceeded on schedule. But while Tito's speech was politically astute—his reflexes are still quick and sure despite his 77 years—the basic issues have not been resolved and a second round of protests may well take place in the fall when the new term commences.

The formal demands of the students that emerged from the week-long sessions, and the response to these demands by the Central Committee, state the issues but do not get at the underlying causes. One of the editors of *NIN* suggested to me that these causes were primarily sociological in character, which is true—up to a point.

In the upsurge of national pride and aspiration in the postwar period, the Yugoslavs determined to have a university and college system second to none. Today the country ranks well toward the top of the list of nations in terms of the number of students enrolled considered as a percentage of total population. This remarkable expansion was not carefully planned. Little thought was given to the type of skills needed at this stage of the nation's development. For example, in terms of national needs, too many architects were graduated and not enough engineers and agronomists. To make matters worse, the expansion was superimposed on an archaic university structure jealously guarded by the usual academic vested interests. Age-old disciplines were emphasized; faculty salaries were low; classes were too large. Organizationally Belgrade University is a hodgepodge. Various schools or "faculties" are scattered about the city, each faculty being more or less autonomous. A discipline such as mathematics is represented not in a Department of Mathematics but by assignment of professors to the various schools or faculties. With approximately 40,000 students, many of them nonresidents, inefficient organization was a cause of mounting friction and dissatisfaction. The university has what is called a Student Town in which many of the poorest out-of-town students live. Officially it is supposed to accommodate about 8,000 students but 12,000 would be a more realistic estimate of the number actually living there.

Students and nonstudents arrive in Belgrade, cannot find accommodations, and simply move in with students they know who have been admitted to Student Town. Such conditions make for a high level of general confusion and dissatisfaction. Then too, students have been given only a peripheral role in university organization and administration. In brief, an explosive situation had been building up for quite some time. The regime admits that it had neglected students and university affairs largely because of the pressure of what seemed to be more urgent matters. More particularly, the regime concedes that it had lost touch politically with student opinion. But at several meetings this past spring, speakers had stressed the need for university reform and more attention to student problems. In fact the Central Committee had been studying these matters before the protests occurred, and one of Tito's criticisms was that the party had not sufficiently publicized the fact that such studies were being made.

At this level, therefore, the primary causes of the protests were sociological: a greatly enlarged student population, archaic university structures, and a failure to re-examine the aims and purposes of university education in the context of present-day Yugoslav conditions. But these causes have economic and political aspects. For one thing, the regime has not been able to provide adequate occupational and career opportunities for university graduates. Many (an estimated 70,000) of those who have received professional training have emigrated, not merely because better opportunities existed abroad but because, in many categories, there was little hope of immediate employment in Yugoslavia.

The general lack of occupational and career opportunities has an added sociological-political dimension which is itself a basic cause of student unrest. There is no room at the top or, as the students put it, there is a "block at the top." The undereducated bureaucrat who had a fine record as a partisan is not eager to retire in order to make way for a much better trained university graduate and, besides, he has friends and connections. A particular "self-management council" may be well aware that the aging partisan veteran should be replaced, but how is this to be done unless some other place can be found for him? Students feel that they are better prepared than many of those who now hold what are regarded as good positions; on the basis of merit, in terms of social efficiency, they feel that many of these "political" appointees, who have grown fat and complacent, should be removed, retired or reassigned. They do not object to high salaries; they object to the deadwood which is too often found in the upper reaches of the bureaucracies.

This general state of affairs is aggravated by other factors—for example, the generation gap. The older generation likes to indulge in memories of heroic wartime adventures. Today's students have little remembrance of the struggles of the partisan period; they are more concerned with the present and the future than with the glorious past. To many of them the struggle with Stalin is about as real as the depression is to most American university students. Here, too, a special irritant may be noted. Yugoslav educators did not revise the line of political instruction after 1948 so that many of today's students have been instructed

in orthodox Marxist principles, not the revisionist variety. Many of them are more Marxist than the party Marxists; they take the promises of the revolution quite literally and see no reason why these promises should not be fulfilled here and now.

But it is much easier to define the causes of student unrest than to find solutions, for the regime is caught in a basic contradiction. Like the other East European countries, Yugoslavia must expand its trade if the economy is to expand. Since the early 1960s a major objective has been to make Yugoslav prices competitive on world markets. This means increased productivity, lower costs, greater operating efficiency and, eventually, convertibility. In a sense, today's unemployment and underemployment are consequences of these policy objectives. It is difficult to estimate how much unemployment exists since officials concede that the volume is greater than government statistics indicate. Of a population, say, of 20 million, Yugoslavia had a total of 3,560,000 gainfully employed in May, 1967, and estimates of 260,000 unemployed; but the unemployed figures rose to 338,000 in March, 1968, and to 350,000 in May, 1968 (these are official figures). But only those persons are counted as unemployed who had a job but are presently without one. The estimates do not include university graduates who have never held a job. Nor do they include the more than 350,000 Yugoslavs who are now working abroad—in West Germany, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Sweden (notably in the Volvo plant), and other countries. For the time being the regime looks with favor on such employment as a stop-gap "safety valve"; many of these workers are learning important industrial skills and they transmit, as a group, large sums to relatives in Yugoslavia (the families remain at home). But since they are not immigrants but merely temporary residents of the countries where they are employed, it is assumed that they will return at some future date and that, when they do, jobs will have to be found for them. Nor do the official estimates of unemployment take into consideration the number of peasants who would like to take jobs in the cities if jobs were available. In prewar Yugoslavia the rural-urban ratio was 90 to 10; today it is approximately 50-50. The regime does not encourage rural-to-urban migration but, under a free labor policy, it cannot prevent it.

The Belgrade economists and social planners contend that it would be relatively easy to deal with unemployment if the regime could afford to change or modify present policy objectives. They argue that a closed Socialist society—that is, a society with strong centralized planning and controls—can simply create jobs by directing various state agencies and enterprises to add more workers. But in Yugoslavia the regime stresses decentralization and self-management. The self-management councils are eager to make a good record; they seek to increase productivity and minimize costs. Since this is exactly what the regime has directed them to do, it cannot ask them to add unneeded workers. Then, too, the self-management councils want to protect the interests of their members; adding new employees might increase competition within the council or disturb vested interests or reduce earnings.

There is, of course, a great need for public works but—so the planners say—the kinds of projects most needed involve the expenditure of relatively large sums for materials and equipment, much of which would have to be purchased abroad. And the benefits to be derived from these projects might be long deferred. Most officials agree that the best prospects for increased employment, consistent with present policy objectives, would be to pension older, less skilled workers and replace them with younger, better trained personnel; expand employment in the tertiary categories, services, trade, etc.; assist more workers to seek stop-gap employment abroad; and, finally, encourage foreign investment under laws recently adopted with this aim in mind. In the end, one is told, adherence to present economic policies will make it possible to expand employment opportunities to meet present needs. For the time being, however, the regime is caught in a short-term contradiction: it cannot deal adequately with existing unemployment and underemployment and at the same time pursue present policy objectives. No doubt the regime intends to cope with student demands for adequate job and career opportunities but will it be able to realize these goals soon enough to reduce existing tensions?

The student demand for the elimination of inequities—favoritism and the like—is, in a way, related to the issue of unemployment. When an educated elite is denied adequate career opportunities, it will naturally magnify existing inequalities. In many of the week-long meetings, students would cite examples of how this person or that had made enormous sums through illicit means. Stories were told of men who had somehow managed to acquire "a hundred trucks," etc. A recurrent charge was that the relaxation of travel restrictions—passports can be obtained from any travel agency—had made it possible to import goods which were then sold on the local market for exorbitant profits.

No doubt there is a measure of truth in these charges. But there is also little doubt that many of them are exaggerated. In certain sessions, faculty members were able to demonstrate that stories of great profits could not be reconciled with the facts recited. Favoritism and corruption exist. The lack of strong centralized controls creates opportunities for all kinds of conniving and finagling. But, say the planners, a systematic effort to eliminate such abuses would require reimposition of strong centralized controls and an end to the relative "openness" which exists today. And it would not be easy to reimpose tight controls; once started the trend toward an open society is difficult to reverse. In Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia the danger is not so much that relaxation of controls will create openings for "bourgeois" tendencies to surface as it is that a failure to make the reforms work may give the orthodox hard-line Marxists a chance to return to power.

On balance it is perhaps a good thing that the student protests occurred when they did, shortly before the examination period, for it gives the regime an opportunity to speed up implementation of promised reforms before the new term begins. But it will not be easy to abate student unrest for it requires, as Tito has said, "a faster and more resolute settlement of a large number of burning

questions," few of which are directly related to university administration. In addition, one gets the feeling that the regime does not fully appreciate the magnitude of the task of university reform and reorganization that confronts it. Because the causes are so deep-seated, the last word has not been heard on student unrest in Yugoslavia; a second round is clearly foreseeable.

In an interview, D. Belovski, Assistant Secretary of Foreign Affairs, stressed the point that Yugoslavs want outsiders to take conditions as they find them, the failures as well as the successes, the unsolved problems as well as the quite solid achievements. And this seems to be the prevailing attitude. Little effort is made to minimize existing problems or to offer alibis for mistakes or shortcomings. This realism is a good omen. So, too, is the fact that through the student protests some of the country's more urgent problems have received a thorough airing and the discussion of them has by no means abated.

Despite a readily acknowledged agenda of unsolved problems, the regime has many significant achievements to its credit. It is a force for stability in the Middle East. It pursues an astute and even-handed foreign policy. It has achieved a substantial measure of national unity under

extremely difficult circumstances. A genuine "openness" does exist. The week-long discussions are proof of that. By East European standards, the stores are well stocked with consumer goods in most categories and the supply seems to be increasing. I found it difficult to take the self-management councils at full face value; concept and practice seem somewhat divergent. But the new arrangements seem to be working reasonably well. Considering its bloody and complex history, its ethnic diversity, and the fact that it is still a poor country, one is impressed with the measure of economic well-being and political stability that Yugoslavia has achieved in the postwar period. A good measure of the latter is to be found in the fact that the regime did not feel it necessary to move against the student protests but accepted them as justified. The protests were unexpected but the regime did not crack down. It permitted the discussions to run their course. It may have been out of touch with student sentiment but it was not isolated. It knew it had popular support in the universities as the response of the students to Tito's address clearly demonstrates. Other regimes, in countries with long-established democratic traditions, have shown far less maturity and confidence in dealing with student protests.

HARRY GOLDEN

○ N June 15, George Wallace, ex-Governor of Alabama, read the platform on which he wants to run for President to a cheering crowd of 7,500 in the Coliseum at Charlotte. He came to North Carolina to lend impetus to an organization dedicated to obtaining the signatures he needs on petitions for his inclusion on the November ballot. "The federal government," shouted Wallace, "is usurping the rights of the individual citizens." He described the newly passed Open Housing Act as one which puts people in jail if they sell or rent their houses to people they like. Mr. Wallace asked rhetorically what the law had to do with discrimination, which was personal preference.

Mr. Wallace is talking to people who are not used to wearing neckties or reading the texts of federal laws. For that matter they said not to reading newspapers either. To prove that he's not a racist he said in reverent tones that his deceased wife, Lurleen, polled more Negro votes in the gubernatorial race than both of her opponents put together. He neglected to mention that Lurleen, a woman, couldn't "holler nigger" as loudly as the two men could holler. Neither did Wallace bother to inform his enthusiastic audience that Alabama is as much a federal preserve as Yellowstone National Park. Alabama draws \$4 billion every year from the United States Government in the form of farm subsidies, Social Security, pensions, Area Redevelopment Administration funds, Army posts, a space center at Huntsville, and welfare assistance. What

Wallace did remind his audience was that the federal government is too big.

He drew loud hurrahs when he accused "pointed-headed professors who can't park their bicycles straight" of favoring communism. If elected, he promised to seek indictment of all professors who support a Communist victory in Vietnam. Wallace is referring directly to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where controversy over our involvement in Vietnam has been aired for the past two years.

"I couldn't care less what schools you have," said Wallace, "when I am President I shall turn back complete control of the schools to you." This was simply a reminder of the infamous compromise of 1877 when Hayes took the office of President from Tilden who had won the popular vote. To secure the Presidency the Republicans returned the education and the life of the recently enfranchised Negroes back to the states. The audience knew exactly what Wallace meant.

Before the speech the candidate entertained several hundred guests at the fund-raising dinner held in the Heart of Charlotte Motel. Invitations cost \$25.

Wallace is not going to become President but he is going to campaign. He would have campaigned in 1964 except that his most ardent backers, real conservatives all, dissuaded him. They did not want him taking votes from Barry Goldwater. This time his backers are urging him on. I rather suspect that, in North Carolina at any

rate, he will get more Republican votes than Democratic. But maybe that is what George Wallace and his financial backers want.

There is a significance to his campaign and his willingness to exploit the fears and confusions of Americans today. His performance is professional and adept. He is a master at exploiting unease. There is no doubt that he

will complicate the 1968 campaign and increase domestic tension. The *Charlotte Observer* commented: "This country has coped with spellbinders before. The country will cope with George Wallace."

Incidentally Wallace, in his Charlotte appearance, was guarded by twenty secret service men, as well as a cordon of police.

LETTERS (Continued from page 34)

very university involved. But naturally, I am pleased to set the record straight and even more pleased that the severity of the problems discussed in my column is, if only to this extent, less than I had feared.

As for various other allegations in the Buffalo document—notably interpretations of implication (such as that attempts at serious critical evaluation constitute "attack") and imputations of motive (such as that such critical remarks are made about something only to promote something else or to vent assorted geographical spleens)—aside from their purely *ad hominem* aspect, and that they do not appear to bear on any of the substantive issues I discussed or even to be intelligibly inferable from anything I did say, they seem so obviously subject to Mr. Foss's own "advice" that it seems counterproductive for me to attempt to add any further admonitions of my own.

Benjamin Boretz

where it's at

Springfield, Mo.

DEAR SIR: Re John Gabree's interesting article on rock music ("Serious Rock," *The Nation*, June 24): in my opinion the Mothers of Invention are less "Brechtian" than sophomoric with their indiscriminate and unrelieved satirizing of second-level clichés (a kind of adolescently arrogant, put-on "wit" concerning people, ideas and music). I agree with Mr. Gabree that the Buffalo Springfield is a decent group, but I must dispute his estimate of the Electric Prunes's *Mass in F Minor* as a lemon, by stating that it is actually a plum of lovely, properly both groovy and reverent, entirely tasteful (in the best sense) and moving music.

And the Beatles, as I believe even the youngest rock musicians know, along with being "innocent" and "good-humored" not only remain where it's really at but continue with their remarkable synthesizing and creative power to invent and define and to indicate where it's going. As far as I can tell, they are always on the point of the *avant-garde*.

Bernard Frederick Juul

rationality rampant

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR: Michel Crozier's article "The Lonely Frontier of Reason" (*The Nation*, May 27) contains a fundamental flaw that causes him to miss both the point of the protest movement and the meaning of the "problem of America." He fails to see the crucial distinction between the application of reason to special problems and part processes and the question of the values that direct the whole. The dichotomy between the "rational" American Establishment and the protest movement of people in quest of "spontaneity" is a false one. The vast bulk of protesters in America are reacting against the use of reason and power for purposes of individual and national aggrandizement and domination, not against rationality per se. They are not objecting to the application of rationality in constructing an anti-missile system; they don't like the value system reflected in such

a choice. And although America is feared for its competitive power in business in various parts of the world, it constitutes a major "problem" because the rationality and efficiency of its parts are contributing to the power of a machine that is clearly out of control.

Edward S. Herman

joiners

New York City.

DEAR SIR: After the June 4 dual graduation ceremonies at Columbia, I noticed a group of rather plainly dressed men standing around, each person wearing a four-colored square enamel pin in his left lapel. When I asked what the insignia stood for, one man told me: "It's the Square Club—a branch of the Masons." Others told me they were members of the Columbia faculty; when pressed to specify which department the lapel pin indicated one said he couldn't reveal that information because it was secret. May I suggest that the Masons and the Columbia faculty either acknowledge these members or else investigate the unauthorized use of their names by the police department?

Eve Merriam

footnote review

College Point, Md.

DEAR SIR: H. R. Wolf ought to be congratulated for his lengthy analysis of a footnote I wrote [see "An Uneasy Alliance," *The Nation*, June 24]; it may very well represent an innovation in the style of critical writing. But there is one defect. If Mr. Wolf is going to review footnotes, he ought to do them in their entirety. I include the second half of my remarks on the CIA and intellectuals to clarify what I actually said about the issue:

Moreover, the discussion of intellectuals (to extend and broaden the problem) and their participation in government institutions belongs in another place and perhaps in different hands. The issue goes well beyond the C.I.A. and any conscious or unconscious acceptance of its stipends. Men and their ideas must be considered for what they are and what they mean, not for who pays their bills. Views are most often engendered historically, and only very rarely may we catch them wearing a price tag. The important thing is that a good many intellectuals and America's leading spy agency came to the same conclusions at much the same time about America's role in world society. That event is fraught enough with historical questions to keep historians away from the pitfalls of easy explanations for a long time.

Finally, if Mr. Wolf plans to repeat his new style of reviewing books, he ought to refresh himself on the use of footnotes: (1) to clarify or identify sources; (2) to include material not sufficiently important to place in the body of a book. For any second thoughts I may have had about what I wrote, I refer him to my preface.

James Gilbert

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Liberation—Not Frustration

LOOK OUT, WHITEY! BLACK POWER'S GON' GET YOUR MAMA. By Julius Lester. *The Dial Press*. 152 pp. \$3.95.

NAT HENTOFF

Mr. Hentoff's most recent novel, Onwards! (Simon & Schuster), was published this spring. His other books include The New Equality and Call the Keeper (both Viking Press).

In the summer of 1966, the television cameras came in pore-close on Stokely Carmichael as he roared the call, "Black Power!" It was more effective than air conditioning in the nation's (white) living rooms. *The New York Times* was appalled. Roy Wilkins was grim: "Black Power can mean in the end only black death." Two years later, the *Times* editorializes about "constructive" Black Power. Whitney Young announces a program to build "ghetto power." Roy Wilkins still doesn't understand, but then he could never see what the war in Vietnam had to do with domestic poverty and powerlessness. Wilkins aside, Black Power as a term has become rather respectable. Even Richard Nixon uses it. Look out, SNCC and all other brothers! The next President may take "We Shall Overcome" out of his inaugural address and put in "Black Power" instead.

The substance of Black Power, however, is still obscure, I expect, to most whites. Why are black high school kids organizing to change curricula and boot out principals and teachers? Why are black parents so immovably set on community control of schools? What is all this talk about whites being "culturally disadvantaged"? And why does "Integration Now!" sound so bizarrely dated?

For those who don't comprehend the extraordinary sense of community rising among blacks—a swirling ferment of pride, increasingly disciplined rage, and very concrete programs from neighborhood corporations to community schools—Julius Lester's book should finally make it all clear to just about anybody. Now 29, a field secretary for SNCC, a photographer, a singer (with two powerful but oddly hidden albums for Vanguard), Lester writes with spare, idiomatic directness—angry, jaunty, sure of himself and of what has to be done. It is a book that ought to be the basis for a whole year's work in every high school in the country, black, white, Puerto Rican, Mexican. It won't be, ex-

cept in a few rooms with young teachers now coming in to radicalize the system, and except in the first of the community schools. But the book will get around, more widely and rapidly than Fanon's, because it is so specifically relevant to where this country has been and to what the options are now.

Lester describes the change in The Movement from a Friendship Contest to a War of Liberation, explaining in the process that "Black Power was merely the next step in a logical progression, not the outpouring of frustration that the press tried to make us believe when they couldn't explain it away. It was new in the context of 'the movement' of the 1960's. It was not new in the context of the lives of the black people." There follows a scouring review of black American history that includes what might be called a corrective to William Styron. Quoting from Vincent Harding's yet un-

LANDLORD

*We rented here.
The only house
Was the village madman's,*

*Very cheap.
Being strangers,
We tried not hearing what*

*The neighbors told:
Locked up tight
For fulfilling a few town maids,*

*He never came around.
We used the place,
And one day*

*In a seethe of July dust, all
Tags and tears, the town
Dogs in a fury at*

*His heels, we found him
Grinning at the door,
As we discovered we*

*Had often feared.
"Welcome!" he said.
It appeared*

*We were from the very first
Not far from his thoughts,
Never wholly absent from his heart.*

JOHN ENGELS

published essay, "Black Radicalism in America," Lester should, I hope, shake up those reviewers who were so quick to swallow Styron's soggily written fantasies whole: "... what of others who led no rebellions, who marched to no Jerusalems, but who nevertheless broke pointedly and sharply with the patterns they were called upon to live? Should the poisoning of the masters' food be classified as black radicalism? What of the burning of their barns? How shall one judge the many black mothers who smothered their own children in infancy rather than allow them to grow up as slaves? Were they black radicals who, instead of slashing at their masters, cut off their own fingers and arms? Was it black radicalism that led many persons to commit suicide rather than kill or live as slaves?"

There's more history in this book that has yet to be taught in most schools—the insistence, for example, of the Abolitionists that they knew better than Frederick Douglass and other blacks how to direct the latter's fight for their own liberation. (Or, as Lester puts it, "White folks know better than niggers."—White folks' saying, circa 1619-1968.") That history does go on into the present: "Whites can never be accepted as allies with blacks until they get rid of that arrogance which leads them to think that they are greater authorities on blacks than are blacks themselves, until they stop going to the Daniel Moynihans to learn about blacks, but come to the ghetto to learn for themselves. (We'd prefer to send them letters, however.)"

Along with history, Lester focuses on cultural nationalism and black consciousness. It's a sketchy section, but gets to the roots and can be supplemented with LeRoi Jones's *Blues People* and *Black Music* (William Morrow). I remember Whitney Young a few years ago telling black parents they ought to uplift their children with Bach and ballet because blues and boogie-woogie, he went on, weren't the way UP. Whitney Young ain't talking like that no more.

For whites, and especially young whites, there will be one chronic question as they read the book. Are we honkies too? Lester's answer is similar to Eldridge Cleaver's in *Soul on Ice* (McGraw-Hill). It depends on you. "Black Power," he writes, "is not anti-white people, but is anti anything and everything that serves to oppress. If whites align themselves on

the side of oppression, then Black Power must be antiwhite. That, however, is not the decision of Black Power."

The testing ground for the white young now in dissent and rebellion is whether they remain radical as they move into their 30s and beyond. Radical in the sense that William Sloane Coffin uses the term—the liberal feels other people are in trouble; the radical knows he's in trouble too. If they can remain free of the auto-anesthesia of their liberal elders, there may be possibilities for alliances with blacks for particular goals. But even

then, Lester concludes, "we will always want to preserve our ethnicity, our community. We are a distinct cultural group, proud of our culture and our institutions, and simply want to be left alone to lead our good, black lives."

Can they preserve their ethnicity and culture in a country set up—from schools to other complexes—to erase authentic differences? It's going to be a hell of a good try, because Black Power and Black Consciousness are the only ways to their survival, both in the denotative and other senses.

The Evidence of Their Lives

INDIAN ART IN SOUTH AMERICA.
By Frederick J. Dockstader. Photographs by Carmelo Guadagno. New York Graphic Society. 222 pp. 250 plates. \$27.50.

D'ARCY McNICKLE

Mr. McNickle is a member of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes of Montana. He is a professor of anthropology at the University of Saskatchewan, Regina Campus.

In this companion volume to two earlier publications, *Indian Art in America* and *Indian Art in Middle America*, Dr. Dockstader completes a notable survey of aboriginal art forms in the Western Hemisphere. As director of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, the author had full access to the magnificent treasures of that institution and most of the material in these volumes is drawn from that source. This may have been an embarrassment as much as an advantage because of the very volume of material from which to choose.

The complex civilizations that matured in South America are virtually unknown, except for the Andean region ruled over by the Incas at the time of the Spanish conquest. The present collection is accordingly an attempt to acquaint the reader with as broad a spectrum as possible, within available materials, of the indigenous art expression of the southern continent. The aim is laudable, even though it produces an uneven document, with some materials perhaps included only because they are representative of a region or a culture, while some of the richest cultures are scantied in favor of these less exciting but regionally important forms. This results in understating the case for indigenous art, and in this respect the collection is somewhat of a disappointment. The two earlier volumes are more consistent in evoking a high level of wonder and delight.

What is really remarkable about this or any similar collection is that any of these specimens should have survived. Indian art, like so many other aspects of native culture, suffered heavily at the hands of hostile, uncomprehending or merely avaricious white men. A Bishop Landa in Yucatan destroyed temples and stone carvings and burned an entire library of Mayan manuscripts—in the name of the Holy Inquisition. The few manuscripts surviving this holocaust are in European libraries, not in the land which produced them. In Panama a single grave site plundered by a troop of Spanish explorers yielded a variety of gold ornaments weighing altogether 355 pounds. Dockstader reports that the ransom paid in gold and silver for the release of Atahualpa, the last Inca ruler, was of such quantity that the Spaniards were occupied for a month in melting the treasure into solid bars. After which Atahualpa was executed as a nonbeliever.

Such plundering still occurs, even though most American republics now have laws protecting their antiquities. Private collectors, as well as respectable museums, will purchase whatever comes on the market, however it was initially obtained. What is regretted in these transactions is the indifference and ignorance of the pot hunter who, by removing articles of material culture, reduces the evidence for the context in which the first Americans fashioned their lives.

The present volume offers a sympathetic if very brief summary of the prehistory of South America, the beginnings of which go back at least to 14,920 B.C., according to one established Carbon-14 date, and may eventually be extended to 25,000 B.C. The chronology will not be fixed with any certitude until a great deal more has been learned from systematic archaeological investigation, not in South America alone but along the entire route of migration from northeast Asia down

through the American continents. Much of what is now known is derived from the intensive study of a comparatively few regions or individual sites, usually the dramatic classical monuments. For every such major center, there are thousands of traces buried in desert or jungle, observed and reported casually but never dug out, for lack of time, money or interest. They are not likely to contain desirable collectors' loot. The ultimate story of America lies buried in these lonely sites.

Dockstader limits his purview to examples of ceramics, weaving and metalwork, in all of which the South American native craftsman was pre-eminent. Pottery may be the oldest of these arts, or it may be only that pottery survives the elements better than weaving. A pottery-making culture existed in northern Colombia (Puerto Hormiga) by 3100 B.C. and in Ecuador (Valdivia) at about the same time, yet cultivated cotton appears in the archaeological record of central Peru as early as 3600 B.C. Fibrous mats and cotton fish nets may have been made in this earlier period. By 3000 B.C. on the southern coast of Peru (Paracas Peninsula) objects interred with the dead included twine-woven cloth, nets and textile bags. In time, the art of weaving achieved a technological brilliance and beauty of design unsurpassed anywhere in the ancient world. Every type of weave was known and produced on a simple heddle loom, from the most delicate figured gauzes to rich tapestries and embroideries. Specimens have been recovered in which a thread count of 250 to the inch allowed the weaver to execute exceedingly fine design details.

The development of ceramics was equally impressive. The author comments that the florescence of the Mochica culture in northern Peru (about 200 B.C.) resulted in "an art form that includes some of the finest plastic sculpture in the history of ceramics. The smoothly finished, carefully modeled vessels are particularly intriguing for their reflection of everyday life, making them veritable esthetic documents."

The Mochica craftsmen, moreover, may have been among the New World's earliest erotic artists, as many of their clay vessels depict in line drawing and plastic modeling lively scenes of sexual activity.

The last of the arts to develop was metallurgy, and the greatest craftsmanship seems to have been achieved in Colombia, where gold work was unrivaled. Dockstader observes: "Today it astonishes us to realize that not only did these ancient craftsmen understand the many forms of casting (including the *cire-perdue* process), *mise-en-couleur*, soldering, inlay, and related techniques, but were able to achieve heat sufficient to cast platinum, whose melting point of

3191 degrees Fahrenheit makes it among the hardest metals to fashion. . . . The very few examples of metallurgy which escaped the melting pot amply support their reputation as the finest goldworkers of ancient America."

These arts did not exist in isolation as individual expressions of a craft worker, but they were rather associated with and grew out of communities of people that had developed into incipient civilizations by as early as 1800 B.C. By that date massive pyramids and tem-

ples were being constructed, with details of architectural sculpture. The author omits these basic features of cultural adaptation and growth, and so makes it difficult to evaluate his claim that "the Inca Empire of 1525 was at a more advanced stage of civilization than the nation that Francisco Pizarro represented."

One would like to accept the author's judgment, but with the wish that he had supplied the evidence, if necessary, from materials not included in his museum's collections.

son for the United States to embark on the program of implacable counter-revolution that reached its peak, or nadir, at the Bay of Pigs two years later, a program that beyond its inherent wrongness hurt America in the eyes of much of the world, permanently stained the reputation of President Kennedy, and led to the nuclear brink in 1962.

Ruiz also illuminates an aspect of the Cuban Revolution that has long troubled many American liberals, even those sympathetic to Castro: his relationship with the Soviet Union and the Cuban Communists. He points out that the Soviet-American rivalry gave to Castro an opportunity that no other Cuban revolutionary had ever had. All the others, sooner or later, had to make their peace with America because Cuba could not exist without U.S. help, for there was no one else to turn to. But Castro knew that Russia would help, whether out of conviction or to embarrass the United States, and he was right.

As to welcoming the Cuban Communists into the revolution, Ruiz says that Castro had no choice there either. Although the Communists had little use for Castro during his struggle—they regarded him, not without some justice, as a bourgeois romantic—and though Castro was clearly a Martí Populist and not a

A Tragedy of Errors

CUBA: THE MAKING OF A REVOLUTION. By Ramon Eduardo Ruiz. *The University of Massachusetts Press.* 160 pp. \$6.

THE ECONOMIC TRANSFORMATION OF CUBA. By Edward Boorstein. *Monthly Review Press.* 303 pp. \$7.95.

REVOLUTIONARY POLITICS AND THE CUBAN WORKING CLASS. By Maurice Zeitlin. *Princeton University Press.* 306 pp. \$8.50.

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton is the author of The Remnants of Power: The Tragic, Last Years of Adlai Stevenson, to be published in October by Coward-McCann.

Taken together these three books add further documentation to what has long been unmistakable: that liberal, democratic America should be deeply shamed by what it has done to Cuba both before and after the revolution.

A history professor who has taught at United States and Latin American universities, Ramon Eduardo Ruiz wrote *Cuba: The Making of a Revolution* with scholarly detachment but with a most unscholarly simplicity. This is a splendid short account of the revolutionary movements in Cuba from the struggle for independence from Spain in the 1890s to Castro's victory in 1959 that were the inevitable counterpoint to America's economic domination and political and military interventions. He makes the essential point that the Cuban Revolution was against the United States fully as much as against Batista for, as both Boorstein and Zeitlin agree, the two were economically and politically inseparable.

At the time of the revolution many of us who were instinctively for Castro hoped that the United States would offer him aid, but our hope was romantic not realistic. It was organically impos-

sible for Castro to ask for American aid—however much he wished for and welcomed the support of individual Americans—because he realized that Cubans would never be masters in their own land until they broke their economic dependence on America. And it was just as impossible for the United States, unless it made a shattering change in a policy of economic and political colonialism of sixty years' standing, to offer aid. But if it was too much to hope for American aid, there was no rational rea-

INDIAN PAINTING, PROBABLY WASCO, IN A CAVE NEAR MADRAS, OREGON

*Over a trail glinting with flakes
Of half-worked arrowheads, jasper, obsidian, flint,
I follow an Indian entirely to stone.
His cave clenches itself around me,
I am the eye of the cliff come back to its socket
To spy on this hillside of animals breeding and dying
And boulders losing their balance. In the cave of my mind
Words form white like crystals,
What remains to be seen?
I twist to the light, but glare seals me in.*

*What remains? Indian, the dark at the back
Of your cave stays where you left it, and cold rock walls
Still bruise flesh upon bone: always we live
In between. I lie where you lay. Overhead
On the spalling sky, murky with soot,
An arm's length away, the elk you painted
Runs on, head down, the color of my own blood.
You made a gory sun to shine above
And over the sun strides a kind of man with a bow.
I lie and think of that hunt: man, elk, and sun,
Tracing it over and over until your paint
Seems to ooze down my fingers and wrist, and clot.
Indian, flat of your back in this cave, you
Made what I would, a prayer to your gods;
A sign to your people you were here
But left: I follow you into stone.*

JAROLD RAMSEY

Marxist, he soon realized that he needed the Communist ideology and apparatus to consolidate his victory. Here Ruiz gives a particularly useful history of the Communist movement in Cuba, citing their many achievements for the workers—and their compromises as well. "The Communists were not simply a power in labor circles. Communists, and their sympathizers, Marxists of varying hues, and socialists had played a major role in Cuban intellectual life. Not only were Communist party leaders generally 'men of intelligence, magnetism and integrity,' to quote the Commission on Cuba, but the party 'won the support of some of Cuba's outstanding intellectuals and that of a growing group of younger teachers, writers and professional people.'" It is easy to see how in the chaos that followed his march on Havana Castro needed the one organized, disciplined group in Cuba, but it is just as clear from what has happened since that Castro used the Communists more than they have been able to use him.

In *The Economic Transformation of Cuba*, Edward Boorstein, an American economist who worked at the top levels in Havana for three and a half years, tells a story that is like the early days of the New Deal but even more extravagant. At first the reader is a bit uncomfortable with the vocabulary—"American imperialism," "monopolies," etc., the familiar jargon of one side of the cold war—but here it is simply the literal truth. The first few years of the revolution were a time of wild improvisation as the economy changed radically from one utterly subservient to capitalist America 90 miles away, to a Socialist economy dependent largely on Communist countries an ocean and half a continent away. Boorstein's first-hand account makes fascinating reading. There is no way in a short review to more than hint at the changes that were necessary but, for instance, Cuban imports from the United States dropped from \$577 million in 1957 to \$23.7 million in 1961, to less than \$1 million in 1962—an incredible turnaround.

Boorstein discusses Theodore Draper's well-known thesis that Castro betrayed the revolution, that "Castro promised one revolution and made another. The Cuban Revolution was essentially a middle-class revolution that was used to destroy the middle class." As both Ruiz and Zeitlin agree, Boorstein points out that there was no real, cohesive middle class, and he says that Castro didn't promise any particular kind of revolution, just a "revolution that would make a fundamental attack on Cuba's problems." And he points out that "a revolution must go forward," that Castro was determined to end Cuba's complete economic reliance

on the United States which inevitably meant a clash. When the United States responded in 1960 by removing Cuba's sugar quota—and sugar provided about 80 per cent of Cuban exports and paid for most of its imports—it was clear that the United States meant economic warfare to crush the revolution. Castro had never intended to end trade with the United States, merely to rationalize it, but suddenly Cuba found its industry and business deprived of its American and Cuban middle-class administrators and technicians, without necessary raw materials and replacement parts, without even the knowledge of what was needed: in short, in complete collapse. Castro then had no choice but to increase the pace of nationalization and to turn even more to Eastern Europe.

Boorstein tells how Humpty Dumpty was put back together again, with dreadful mistakes and appalling waste but with marvelous ingenuity and spirit. It is a wonderful story. There is only one caveat: although the "why" of Boorstein's involvement is clear—he believes in revolution—the reader would like to know how he got involved. In the book he simply materializes in Havana without explanation.

Revolutionary Politics and the Cuban Working Class is rougher going for the general reader because it is a detailed sociological study based on a

statistical analysis of 210 random interviews with Cuban workers done in 1962 by University of Wisconsin sociologist Maurice Zeitlin and his wife. There are scores of tables analyzing workers' attitudes toward the revolution on the basis of being skilled, semi-skilled, unskilled, by marital status, age, race, income, vocation, months of employment per year before and after the revolution, and many other categories.

Although neither a sociologist nor a pollster, I wonder if a sample of 210 is large enough for statistical purposes since when it is broken down into categories the sub-samples are tiny. For instance, in one table sixteen women are cited and percentages solemnly recorded as 62, 12 and 25, when only ten, two and four women are represented. Yet I believe that Zeitlin's sometimes unorthodox conclusions are generally sound not so much because of their statistical basis but because he is a skilled and uncommonly perceptive observer who has done staggering research—as the numerous and often long footnotes indicate—in the literature of the field. Although it seems true that such conclusions as overwhelming working-class support for the revolution are still valid, his study would have been more persuasive and possibly could have exerted some constructive influence earlier if it had been available a year or two after his three-month visit to Cuba instead of five years later.

Magic, Vision and Dream

THE UNWRITTEN SONG: Poetry of the Primitive and Traditional Peoples of the World. Edited by Willard Trask. *The Macmillan Co.* Vol. 1: 287 pp. \$7.95. Vol. II: 316 pp. \$8.95.

OUT OF THE EARTH I SING: Poetry and Songs of Primitive Peoples of the World. Edited by Richard Lewis. *W. W. Norton & Co.* 144 pp. \$3.95.

JEROME ROTHENBERG

Mr. Rothenberg is the author of a dozen books of poems and translations including the forthcoming *Technicians of the Sacred* (Doubleday), an anthology of primitive and archaic poetry with modern analogues. He is currently conducting an experimental project in the translation of American Indian poetry under a grant from the Wenner-Gren Foundation.

If any one thing characterizes modern poetry (obviously no one thing does) it is its rejection of the idea that poetry can be defined with reference to a limited number of forms or shapes-of-poems. For any who still think the position needs

defending, the simplest argument might be: we do what we do because we know as much as we know. What we know is that poetry is a universal activity involving so many norms or modes, that to think of one or another as more "natural" or "evolved" or "complex" no longer makes sense. Poetry (everywhere!) is as complex and developed as language, and as varied—the implications of which any comparative linguist will easily understand.

In opening up the full range of the world's poetries past and present, linguists, anthropologists and archaeologists have in fact been the *avant-garde's* secret (if often reluctant) allies. When Rimbaud was writing *A Season in Hell* in 1872, George Smith was presenting the first translations of the deluge sections from the Mesopotamian *Epic of Gilgamesh*. (The Assyrian tablets of the Epic had been uncovered in 1855, the year Whitman first published *Leaves of Grass*.) Coincidences of this sort dramatize the natural opening up of poetic possibilities that has been taking place from two directions. By now, anyway,

it's clear that both the *avant-garde* and the buried works of the archaic past (Babylonia, Sumeria, Egypt, Mexico, Peru, etc.) are here to stay. What may be more important (because more wide ranging if generally less known), the "primitive" and "savage" poets intuited by Blake and the official Romantics (reintuited by generations of modern poets) have turned out to be real, so real and so truly poets that the lie of the word "primitive" sticks in our throats whenever we use it.

Now, all of this has been happening in spite of the general unavailability of primitive poetic texts and the generally poor quality of the translations. It's surprising also that while the translation of primitive poetry has been carried on in a more or less organized way for more than 100 years (and for nearly that long has been watched and received by poets, etc., in a more or less *disorganized* way), no world-wide primitive anthology has appeared in English before now. On the other hand, the body of work translated and published (mostly by governmental and institutional presses) has been enormous, so that Trask's anthology, for example, includes more than 700 poems and barely scratches the surface, while my own effort (forthcoming) runs past 500 pages, with little more than a dozen duplications between us. (A modest collection of Navaho ceremonial poetry—the work of a single people—might equal in length either of our works, possibly both!)

So much for numbers.

Of the anthologies reviewed here, Trask's is unquestionably the more important. He has assembled a sizable body of work culled from the many specialized and regional collections of which I've just spoken. As a result it's possible to get a good sense of the primitive plethora without the loss of spirit of oneself turning researcher in the process. The book is very clear in its arrangement by continents and cultures, generous in presentation, and rich in "masterpieces" whose power is evident even where the translations act against it. Lewis' work, by contrast, is a "sampler," a gift book handsomely illustrated with photos of primitive art, but unfortunately dedicated to the proposition that primitive poetry is best presented in miniature, often (alas) by chopping big poems into little ones. Since Mr. Lewis is also the editor of a lovely book of poems by children, *Miracles* (Simon & Schuster), I get the uncomfortable feeling that the "good and wise" primitives are somehow seen as phylogenetic counterparts of childhood—what old Frobenius and others called "the childhood of man."

Trask offers much more to build on. What's going on in his two volumes is the demonstration of a highly complex and sophisticated art; many arts, in fact. These include techniques for composing

simultaneously on several levels of perception; for freely shifting point of view; for allowing gaps in sequence that activate the hearer's mind toward a filling in of particulars; for working accurately with both small and large structures (images and concatenations of images); for referring the poem's elements back to an overriding sense of reality or surreality, often by use of the related techniques of magic, vision and dream; for working ritually with nonlinguistic components in what would today be called a *happening* or *intermedia* situation.

All of this is relevant, and all of it is evidenced in Trask's anthology, though the reader may need a head start or some extra digging to get at it. The editor's point of view, that of a shipwrecked humanist "in our time of decline in classical studies," is possibly the least reliable selectional tool where primitive poetry is concerned, and accounts for many dubious (i.e., trite or dull) selections in what should be an overwhelmingly exciting book. All selection makes a statement, as does all omission. The absence of sound-poems and picture-poems, the mere hinting at intermedia situations in titles or footnotes barren of detail, leave some important things unsaid. Granted that Trask may not think them *that* important, there is still a "traditionalist's" lack of perception (bordering on *deception*) in, say, his statement about picture writing, that "in none of these exceptional cases are they" (the glyphs, etc.) "used in either the composition or the recording of verbal art products." This is simply not so, and Trask in fact misses a very exciting aspect of American Indian poetry by asserting it, apparently in defense of his book's title.

Too many of the translations in *Unwritten Song* suffer in a related way from their translators' reliance on the worn-out counters of a dead tradition. (It might be pointed out that almost none of the translators Trask uses are poets.) This results in such "poetic" jumbles as: "Head takers we, brave/Fighters we, brave" from the Philippines; or "Sick I have lain since autumn./Helpless I lay, as were I/My own child" from one of the greatest Netsilik Eskimo songmen; or "Woe! Woe!/Hearken ye!/We are diminished/Woe! Woe!" from—and with apologies to—the Iroquois; or, finally, this fighting epithet from the Maori: "Fudge! I am just come up from below. O my friends!" Nor am I being half so cruel in pointing to these things (there are many more) as Trask was in printing them. The reader may be able to compensate, but that's hardly the point. Too often, anyway, he'll find it impossible to understand what's going on without compensatory footnotes (fairly rare here) or the tedium of checking back to the sources to rediscover the very interesting

forms that the various translators have obscured.

Yet the book, for all its drawbacks, is very good to have. It includes many great works (some in decent enough versions), and that's at least a beginning. Where we should go from here is toward the utilization of poet power (the more *avant-garde* the better) in a common effort to put more of the work into viable form and, despite the complexities of translation, to uncover what's really there and get it into circulation. The forms we find will continue to change our minds and hearts—an ongoing process that is basic to the aims of all our *avant-gardes*. All that's needed now is a group of willing poets and a magnanimous institution, say, to foot the bill.

HOME TOWN

(from a Tlingit myth)

*My uncle sets me adrift
in a box on a pine plank.*

*I voyage to the land
of the eagles where I
marry and grow firm.*

*In my suit of feathers
I fly to the Township
of Complacency
where my uncle fishes.
I seize him by the hair.
Vengeance, I say.*

*Aieee! my uncle cries.
His wife runs from the house,
grabs him by the ankle.*

*With my new wings
I pull them both aloft.
My cousin comes from
the schoolhouse, catches
the hem of her mother's dress.
Vengeance, I say.
Come down, she answers.*

*One by one all the people
of that wretched town
run out of their houses.
They grab each other
by ankles, knees, trousers,
shawls, dresses, fish-lines,
toes and members.*

*Their weight is nothing
against the strength
of my eagle's wings.
I carry them, a great chain,
out over the Bay
of Forgetfulness
and let go.*

GEORGE HITCHCOCK

The Flatulent Poet

ENDERBY. By Anthony Burgess. W. W. Norton & Co. 412 pp. \$5.95.

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Mr. Morris, assistant professor of English at CCNY, has written a critical study of Anthony Powell (University of Pittsburgh Press), and is working presently on a collection of essays on the contemporary British novel, to be published by Southern Illinois University Press.

In slightly under a score of wildly productive and creative years, Anthony Burgess has published dozens of essays, reviews and poems; an unmusical primer on *Finnegans Wake*; a jolly, scholarly introduction and critique of the contemporary novel; and—the purest fuel for literary rockets—eleven of his own novels besides. Among the best of these are a trilogy on the sinking of the British colonial sun in Malaysia (*The Long Day Wanes*), a bawdy, Rabelaisian re-creation of Shakespeare's love life (*Nothing Like the Sun*), and a science-fiction excursion into the dark future of England, *A Clockwork Orange*, which after five years is still making it with the "now generation."

The latter, narrated by a teen-age werewolf, Alex, in groovy *nadsat*—a technico-Russo-Anglo slang—language—and stylistically a potpourri of sensuality, sensationalism and "black humor," tells of a society terrorized by roving bands of black-jacketed, chain-choking delinquents, great-grandchildren of Welfare State overkill. *A Clockwork Orange* is a philologist's dream and a Socialist's nightmare, and a grim record of what is not only a major theme with Burgess but a real moral problem of our times: the depersonalization of the individual. Burgess is sensitive—nay, hip—to the ways the Establishment deals with the outsider. But it is not that society does this, but that it fails to discriminate between the act of rebellion which is dangerous and destructive and the harmless and creative one. Reading Burgess with some care awakens the vision of an age when personal freedom may be subsumed, if not obliterated by corporate happiness.

This in a happier, but no less morally indignant and satiric vein, is the theme of *Enderby*, a two-part work about a modern, minor poet who wants nothing more than to ply his craft and art, and discovers it is about the last thing society is willing to let him do. Enderby is middle-aged, despicable, and descriptively, intestinally flatulent. Like "Johnson's scrofula, Swift's scatophobia, or Keats's gallop of death-warrant blood," Enderby's gaseousness is a mark of the poetic malaise—all is not right with poets!

and his own thing, a fundamental Bronx cheer to the bourgeois.

In the course of the novel, Enderby falls prey to all the ills flesh and spirit are heir to. We first meet him, impoverished, easing his bowels and brains (he composes on the toilet), and almost immediately afterward see him running from Vesta Bainbridge, a woman journalist who first cajoles him into writing sloppy verses for a *Vogue*-type mod mag, and then into a wedding and an Italian honeymoon. Fleeing from a non-consummated marriage, from a wife who feels she can "make [him] happy by making [him] more normal and sane," Enderby, disheartened, disintegrated, dried up, submits to psychoanalysis and to a change of identity, becoming Piggy Hogg, bartender and "useful citizen." Book the second shows Hogg metamorphosed back into Enderby when poetic inspiration returns in a rush. Naturally he is harried anew. In the end, Enderby finds momentary bliss with a mysterious, nameless lady (Sybil? the embodied Muse?), but at last chooses to "live without love," facing the indeterminate future unhappy, but still free.

In one way the novel is a rich, hilarious, ultra-extravagant portrait of the artist, seen at his homely and most oracular, but it is a portrait drawn from the inside out. (Indeed, the first part of the present work was published some years back, in England, as *Inside Mr. Enderby* under the pseudonym of Joseph Kell). *Enderby* is also a portrait of an artist called Anthony Burgess, at times self-indulgent and self-conscious, but always conscientious, exacting, controlled, a show-off in the best sense of the word, who delights in language and can make it lilt, somersault, or soar at his whim. Here, for example, a musical fragment: "Mrs. Opisso the daily woman had come in, dusky, hippy, bosomy, garlicky, moustached, leering brilliantly, a wartime Gibraltar evacuee in whose blood seethed Genoese, Portuguese Jewish, Saracen, Irish and Andalusian corpuses . . ." And there are countless puns, anagrams, dialects, and rhetorical convolutions, not to mention enough brilliant poems interlarding the text to make in themselves a salable volume.

But most important *Enderby* is a mellow, but not unfunny, satire on those destructive and adventitious forces society summons in order to squeeze us into conformity. The foolish, pompous Wapenshaw (psychiatry), the cloying Vesta ("romantic" love), the obsessive, nauseous Miranda Boland (raw sex), the besotted Rawcliffe (professional pander to mass culture) are nemeses not only

to art but to personality, all trying in one way or another to end Enderby, cause him to entropy into a nonentity. Burgess, though, will have none of it. He has, for our time and for his generally uncharitable, almost miserly view of us, an amazing amount of faith in the individual's ability to recover, faith in the act of reconversion if not rebirth. When Alex of *A Clockwork Orange* learns to love "big brother" he stops loving Beethoven, but he doesn't love "big brother" for long. Nor does Enderby suffer long his Circian transformation as Hogg. For good or ill the rebel, says Burgess, will not be put down. Or to quote Enderby-Burgess:

And this very moment, this very word
will be Eden,
As that boy was already, or is already,
in Eden,
While the delicate filthy hand dabbles
and dabbles
But leaves the river clean, heartbreak-
ingly clean.

On a small but magnificent scale *Enderby* is an epic of the potential Eden within man.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

Up. By Ronald Sukenick. The Dial Press. 330 pp. \$4.95.

Up is the funniest, most successful, and most satisfying new book that I've read in a long time. Its main character is the author himself, in a variety of guises—as nice Jewish high school boy from Brooklyn, exasperated Lower East Side tenement dweller, the brutal "hi-sweetheart" executive of his worst fantasies, author of *Up*, sometimes-hypocritical friend of his friends and, in general, participant-observer in an American culture which is as insane and chaotic as it is familiar. His book is about what it's like to be these things. But Mr. Sukenick has removed it from the stage of the novel and brought it down into the audience, which he entertains, heckles and disappears into.

MOVE! By Joel Lieber. David McKay Co. 236 pp. \$4.95.

Move! is an ambitious but thin relative of *Up*, with its plot hung on the familiar bones of the funny-horrible business of life in New York. Mr. Lieber's passive playwright hero is about to move with his wife from one apartment to another. The mysterious Mover, in a series of semi-fantastic events, teaches him to really move—into life instead of simply

from place to place on its periphery. The author depends a bit too much on standard film-script New York types, and forgets to really develop his hero, though he does become, at the end, a turned-on citizen of the world.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. By Thomas Rogers. New American Library, 256 pp. \$5.50.

Mr. Rogers' absorbing and surprising novel is about an attractive young couple for whom America grows impossible—first in an emotional sense, and then literally when one of them, through a most logical series of circumstances, becomes an escaped convict. Its success lies in the author's ability to make us believe that his couple, who possess the most admired American attributes—he is rich, she is beautiful, and both are remarkably honest and unhung-up—behave in the admirable way they do because of the fact that they grew up in this country, not in spite of it. The general air of humor and warm-heartedness, plus his characters' complete lack of bitterness, and the film of irony that lies over the total presentation make this a most engaging novel.

TALK. By Linda Rosenkrantz. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 223 pp. \$4.95.

The main character in *Talk* leaves her tape recorder on during a summer she and her friends are spending in East Hampton. The result, according to your taste, is either totally fascinating, funny, boring, annoying, or pathetic, but no combination of these—and more or less what some New York art scene people talk about during enforced vacations from their analysts. The trouble is that they are so dedicated to the frank and open expression of their feelings—mostly about sex and their relationships to one another—that they don't seem to have very many. The possibilities of the genre, however, seem endless.

LOVE AND WORK. By Reynolds Price. Atheneum Publishers. 143 pp. \$4.50.

Mr. Price's novel about a prissy, un-giving man whose relationship with his parents has locked him into helpless isolation from his wife and his world is overcontrolled where it is meant to be spare, and prissy itself where it is meant to be dramatically low-keyed. The tautness of the style of *Love and Work* (what a beautiful title!) is attractive—since the author, at his best, writes with a disciplined lyricism that recalls the finest of James Agee's prose—but it is finally irritating because it is so unre-lieved.

Nuts, Bolts and Blue Sky

WILLIAM B. ROLLINS

Mr. Rollins is a free-lance writer living at Woody Creek near Aspen.

An Aspen writer who used to sit in at the International Design Conference, held in the Colorado mountain resort each summer for eighteen years, was too bored to bother this year. "They always come to the same conclusions," she said: "Bad design is the fault of the public."

Still, from June 19 to 21, the designers—about 600 of them, including students, architects, planners, movie makers, educators and historians—marched daily to the dialogues and discords, in what another Aspenite calls "the parade of pink pants and Porsches."

Even the designers have been grumbling a little more year by year, as the discussions and lectures became more and more "preoccupied with blue-sky chat from giant intellectuals and universal men." The phrase about blue sky is Reynier Banham's. A London art historian, Banham was this year's program chairman. He had been to Aspen before, and was aware of the criticisms. He promised to get back to specifics.

"Unfortunately," he said, "most attempts to get designers to talk about their own professional territory founder between navel gazing and ax grinding. The discussions become a cozy-bitchy as the post-mortem on a family gathering, and just as incomprehensible to outsiders." Banham hoped to remedy the malaise of past conferences by a nuts-and-bolts approach, comparing the problems and opportunities of design in Europe and America through "solid professional discourse" between pairs of professionals. "It was a snowballing effect, this tendency to greater and greater abstraction. We [designers] became increasingly involved in sociology and politics until, at a recent conference in Montreal, two designers got up and spoke on Vietnam."

Despite Banham's buoyant beginning, the conference contained about the usual proportions of blue sky to nuts and bolts (say 10 to 1), and if Banham had known more about snowballs he might have predicted an abortive student rebellion within the conference itself. By the third day of the conference, student alienation was such that Manuel M. Mayuga of Long Beach State College, Calif., spokesman for the rebels, called for a separate meeting so that the students could organize future conferences on their own. "There is a total lack of communication in this conference," he said. "They [the older designers] are thinking only of the images they're projecting to each other. We do not want a

revolt. We want to prevent a revolt. We want to communicate."

The older generation was quick to reply. "Do you think you're any different than we were ten years ago?" panelist Irving Grossman, a Toronto designer, architect and lecturer, asked Mayuga. "We were the same: iconoclastic. It's easy to drop out. But dropping in and doing something. Staying in. That's what interests me."

Panelist Peter Eisenman of New York City, architect, urban designer and teacher, told Mayuga, "You're not fighting the establishment. You're fighting yourselves. Wait until you see the inertia within your own group." Eisenman was right. Mayuga's organization meeting lacked support. The older designers, after all, encouraged the students and—perhaps—made it too easy to revolt, according to Misha Black, professor of industrial design at the Royal College of Art in London. "The gap between

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generations is unbridgeable. It is an excellent thing, an irritant, controlled agitation, antagonistic cooperation. Without it, there would be no change."

One student, searching for the protest meeting called by Mayuga, said: "I'm curious to find out what we're going to say. I don't think we have anything to say. Or probably we'll say the same thing they're saying. I don't think youth should tell adults we're going to say anything. Let them see."

The student revolt was about as successful as a plastic balloon construction, brought to be set up near the main tent by six students from San Fernando State College. The two balloons (named "Sidney") were black and white, 100 feet long, in sausage shapes. The students said they could be used for housing, but they were unable to fully inflate them. Their teacher, sprawled on the grass near the pooped piles of plastic, said, "Sidney behaved about the way we expected." So, with both students and balloons deflated, the designers got down to nuts and bolts.

David Gebhard, associate professor of art history at the University of California, said that in the United States the form of an object is more important than the function, "the package is more important than the product." According to Gebhard, the objects produced in America in the 19th and 20th centuries "were meant to be experienced in a momentary sense, like the maraschino cherry on a piece of frosting. This may be realistic," he said, "even desirable. It has created a lack of attachment to material objects."

The concern of the designer should not be with function but with symbol, Gebhard continued. He used the example of the streamlined refrigerators and irons ("They were really fast!") produced in the thirties, "an expression of the Buck Rogers phenomenon," to illustrate his contention that American design is based on commercial art symbols.

Black, Gebhard's European counterpart, said: "We see great attraction and opportunity in the vast space and uncontrolled brutality of your country. But we see also a great danger: the danger that the country will be covered with billboards, refuse, piles of used cars, bodies and machine guns; with the intellectuals cowering in corners, or at conferences."

Industrial designer Richard Latham of Chicago was more optimistic. "The 'thing culture' is choking to death on its things," he said. "We have what I call the 'Interface' problem: That's when a man has just arrived at Mach 1 in New York, had two martinis and a steak dinner; he's waiting to get on a modern underground; but at the moment, he's standing in the rain without an umbrella. That's Inter-

face. If airplane design continues, it will be like unloading the *Queen Mary* through a porthole."

"The designer must limit the plethora of artifacts which threaten to extinguish humanity," Black agreed. He said the "thing culture" goes back at least to Emerson, who wrote, "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind."

Black based a "slight" optimism about the future on the phenomenon of the mini-skirt, "a spontaneous uprising of the skirts all over Europe and much of the world. The mini-skirt came," Black said, "not from the dictates of big

fashion houses but from young people who were saying, 'let's have what we want.'"

Banham and Latham discussed design and morality. For Europeans, Banham said, a running morality of design is important. "The devil is alive," he said, "in Detroit. It is our standard assumption that all American designers have trouble with their ethics."

"The relationships [between morality and design] do not exist," Latham countered. "Ideology is a psychological rationalization that comes after the fact of design."

"We need a concept of uncertainty, choice, open-endedness," John Allpass, Danish urban planner, said. "We can get better design only by education," Eisenman added, "reacting to the environment as it is."

Jivan Tabibian, a political scientist, wrapped it up. "Ethics must be aware of alienation." He said the solution seems to be an integrated, dialectic approach that recognizes "reality in its utmost complexity, in its utmost unmanageability . . . a society which allows for a pluralism of divergent choices and actions. The only function is to discover what function is . . . to make the function of creation possible."

Banham was simpler: "Bad design is the fault of everyone."

THEATRE FOR ALL

If even the bourgeois audience "who have the money and the habit by now and the education" are so hard to win, it can be imagined that most resident-theatre directors lack the time, energy, and money to do much toward the development of new audiences from among the culturally disenfranchised. I am not the sort of bourgeois radical who gets sentimental about the workers; I see no reason to believe that their presence in the audience would suddenly transform the resident theatres into vigorous, challenging, bally, gutsy, independent-minded agencies for the regeneration of our society, as some people seem to think. But this is a democracy, which means that we are committed to the belief that the good things in life should be available to all. The resident theatres have already broken through the geographical barriers that isolated most Americans from the professional theatre. As non-commercial institutions pledged to the public good, and as permanent institutions (so they hope) expecting to be around long enough to be able to wage long fights and enjoy slow-coming victories, the resident theatres, and they only, are in a position to break down social barriers as well. Slowly, I think it is beginning to bother some of the people who run theatres that they have not yet done so. After all, for a theatre to become part of the community at large, and not just the avocation of a tiny majority, is the best way of assuring that it will survive.

From *Beyond Broadway: The Quest for Permanent Theatres*, by Julius Novick (Hill and Wang). A report on professional theatre throughout the country, much of which appeared originally in *The Nation*.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Roman Polanski's first American film, *Rosemary's Baby*, is a chic disappointment. It is chic in its tough-casual personal relations and no-kidding dialogue and, above all, in its choice for setting of the Dakota, that turn-of-the-century apartment house inhabited by gossip-column New Yorkers who pay premium rents for anachronistic charm. It is disappointing by reason of the tedium of its slow and repetitious development and because it is a mystery story that turns out to be no mystery.

Mia Farrow and John Cassavetes play a slightly swinging young couple who move into an apartment under the expensive Central Park West turrets and set about producing a baby (the documentation of their moves toward that end is part of the chic). This project requires the better part of a year, and the roles assigned to Miss Farrow and Mr. Cassavetes are not vivid or complicated enough to stretch from conception to birth.

All the color and vitality are bestowed on an elderly couple next door, played by Sidney Blackmer and, with partic-

ularly staccato eccentricity, by Ruth Gordon. These two take a cloying interest in the impending "event," suggesting a suitable obstetrician and administering enigmatic herbal drinks; and from a variety of oddities and coincidences the expectant mother becomes obsessed with the notion that they are witches, intent on harming her child. Being pregnant and therefore not as clear-minded as usual, she gets it slightly wrong: supported by a modern coven that looks like a convention of retired retail clerks, and with the assistance of the young husband (made complaisant by Faustian rewards), the sweetly sinister couple have arranged that the unfortunate woman should be impregnated by Beelzebub himself. They are quite beside themselves awaiting the arrival of a new little prince of darkness. That is the no mystery—you hang around for almost two hours to discover what is behind all the seeming devil worship, only to discover that it is devil worship. It won't wash: for the purpose of a good whodunit, I am willing to play along with smuggled imperial jewels, Sicilian vendettas, missing heirs and political infiltrators; but I do not go home in a very content mood on being told that Satan has been having an extra-marital fling at the Dakota. To paraphrase an old complaint, life these days is full enough of flummery, without paying good money to see more of it in the theatre.

One obstetrical note: a woman has a miserable time carrying the Devil's spawn. Miss Farrow wastes away, turns greenish white, and suffers a steady, excruciating pain in the abdomen. This struck the audience as funny, and it occurs to me that if Mr. Polanski's purpose in making this unusually pointless picture is to tell us that ours is a hell of a country, he must get some satisfaction from these callous giggles.

François Truffaut is an admirer of Alfred Hitchcock, and the chances are that he made *The Bride Wore Black* as a tribute to the old master. It is a tale of revenge with a vengeance: a girl's husband is shot dead as they step arm in arm out of the cathedral after their wedding ceremony (it is typical of Truffaut that the groom is shown falling dead at his bride's feet in a half dozen or more almost identical "takes"), and she dedicates her years of unassuaged mourning to tracking down and ingeniously killing the five men who were present (except for one of them, they were hardly implicated) at the time of the shooting. The picture displays Hitchcock's superb clarity of incident, but lacks the foxiness of his guessing games. The thumbnail sketches of the victims—Jeanne Moreau, the nemesis, plays herself as usual—are Truffaut inventions, more entertaining and a good

deal more ironic than the Englishman can achieve, but the picture lacks Hitchcock's wild plausibility. His machines are often built from blueprints of berserk complexity; but, fueled with a tolerable amount of credulity, they run. It is asking too much, I think, to propose that a young woman, however implacable and resourceful, can improvise a succession of bizarre murders, in only one of which does she arrive on the scene equipped with a deadly weapon. People don't cooperate that enthusiastically in their own liquidation.

However, Truffaut is essentially a leg puller, not a mystifier, and he has a right to make his own kind of picture in the Hitchcock manner. You will enjoy Mlle. Moreau as Diana the Huntress in the lecherous artist's studio. Indeed, Mlle. Moreau, who from her last few films has become the most lethal female in the French cinema, is a treat throughout. Working from her basic pose of heavy-lipped petulance, she shifts with incredible dexterity into facsimiles of seductive promise, ethereal fragility, healthy practicality, vacuous innocence, or whatever else the occasion requires. She obviously believes no more in what she is doing than a Barker believes his spiel, but she delivers with the bull's-eye accuracy of a punch-card computer. I liked her more in the days when she acted, but the present technical display has its own excitement.

THEATRE

ROBERT PASOLLI

Roger Planchon's Théâtre de la Cité is the most prestigious of the many provincial theatre companies in France; indeed, it brushes against the firmament occupied by the Comédie Française, the Théâtre de France and the Théâtre National Populaire, the star companies of Paris. However, the Théâtre de la Cité is associated not with the intelligentsia and the *beau monde* but with the workers who populate its locality of Villeurbanne on the edge of Lyon. Planchon has made it his program to show this segment of the population, which he calls the "non-public," with productions designed to appeal to their temperament and their concerns. In consequence, he has become famous in the tradition-bound French theatre for his daring interpretations of those classics which form the backbone of every French company: Molière, Racine, Shakespeare. Of these, his *mise en scène* for *Tartuffe* has attracted the most attention, and it is among the three works his company presented on its first

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visit to the United States as part of the current Lincoln Center Festival '68. (The others were Molière's *George Dandin* and Planchon's own adaptation of Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*.)

Planchon has conceived *Tartuffe* as a serious drama about the arrogantly glib Orgon rather than as a comic one about the fakely pious Tartuffe. This is a radical shift in emphasis, although by no means one which distorts the text. It follows, of course, from Planchon's poli-

tics, which he makes most visible in the tableau with which he ends the production. After the *deus ex machina* rights the wrongs which Tartuffe had prompted, Orgon's family gathers in a group to congratulate the young lovers whose marriage is now assured. Orgon stands apart. Planchon has the family turn to glare at Orgon, recapitulating their attitude of righteous indignation over his gullibility. Orgon feels the reproach in their look and gives an embarrassed, rather self-excusing shrug. Planchon freezes the action and blacks out the stage. Clearly he would like us to see that Orgon has not admitted his responsibility for error, even though he has

recognized the error itself. Immediately we wonder whether Orgon will not get himself and his family into another pickle. After all, is the bourgeois papa capable of growing with experience, or isn't he locked in?

Planchon vivifies the sociological stance of his production by making the world of the play as everyday as possible. Gone is the elitism traditionally associated with a Molière presentation—the ice-cream colors and elegant forms of dress and decor, the grace and refinement of behavior. Planchon creates a reality much more recognizably our own. The settings and costumes have a matter of fact banality which verges on the drab and, for the most part, the actors behave with deliberate plainness. By blocking the traditional assumption that Molière's world is special, Planchon prevents us from subconsciously dismissing the relevance of the tale to the circumstances of our own experience.

The character of Tartuffe as conceived by Planchon is very important to this conception. He is really quite an ordinary fellow; at first it was hard to distinguish him from his manservant. Thus it is easier to see how Orgon has been blind to his vices but, at the same time, it is harder to credit the virtues which Orgon has praised in him. Nothing in Tartuffe's behavior justifies the homily to his character which Orgon delivers at the beginning of the play. Here is where Planchon's suggestion that Orgon has an illicit, unnamed affinity for Tartuffe—the hint of homophilia which is the main reason for the production's fame—becomes a handy device.

That Planchon's psychologizing and sociologizing of the most familiar classic of the French theatre did not take the New York audience by storm was probably a result of culture gap. Psychology, if not sociology, is still an arcane subject in France; it comes nowhere near informing the spontaneous habits of thought as it does in America. In the French theatre, furthermore, the psychological approach is still a novelty, as can be gleaned from the fact that Lee Strasberg, the head of the Actors Studio, held the first Method workshops in Paris last September. A couple of the participants, both of them thoroughly trained, knowledgeable professionals, spoke to me about their experience with "the real thing" as if, for them, the dawn was breaking at last. This in 1967! Meantime, young innovators in the American theatre were hard at work finding ways to dispel the cold gray night which they consider the psychologizing Method to be.

But even on its own terms and in its own context, Planchon's production of *Tartuffe* harbors a deadening incongruity. The language of the play is in rhymed

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alexandrines—rarefied, regular, elegant. Furthermore, the verse is organized into arias for single characters of substantial length. These demand to be rendered in the classical fashion, and the Planchon company, trained in the tradition, is equal to the task. If the poetry itself is acceptable as a convention in an otherwise "realistic" production, certain of its consequences for character behavior are less easy to credit. In classical *débit* the actor must shift his emotional tone radically from section to section of a long speech in order to keep it alive and moving. And other actors must occupy themselves somehow during their long waits while he covers the space of twenty-five to thirty lines. These terrifically artificial attributes of the production make for a basic inconsistency with the otherwise "realistic" terms, and are the more persistent for being a function of language—than which there is nothing more present in a play by Molière.

Planchon comes closer to a homogeneous production concept in *The Three Musketeers*, the second of the two plays which I saw at Lincoln Center. Here Planchon's modernity consists of kidding the pantaloons off the romantic style of life embodied by Dumas' drama of cavalier life under Louis XIII and Richelieu. The production is really a frivolity, if that word can be used for such an elaborate *mise en scène*, and its purpose is to entertain. People who detected an anti-aristocratic intention in it betrayed their senses to an easy conclusion drawn from knowledge of Planchon's "non-public"; the production goes far too far in gimmickry and laugh-getting to shelter the trace of a serious attitude toward anything. Some of the gimmicks work; some do not. (Planchon has a surprising lack of sense about repetition.) But the inventiveness of the business and the energetic abandon with which most of the players carry it out, particularly Claude Brasseur who is a spectacular D'Artagnan, give the production an *élan* which is hard to resist. The skill of the Planchon company is on display here: the dramatic effectiveness of the vignettes, the high language delivered on the run, the magnificent pomp rendered with economy of means—this is high-class entertainment.

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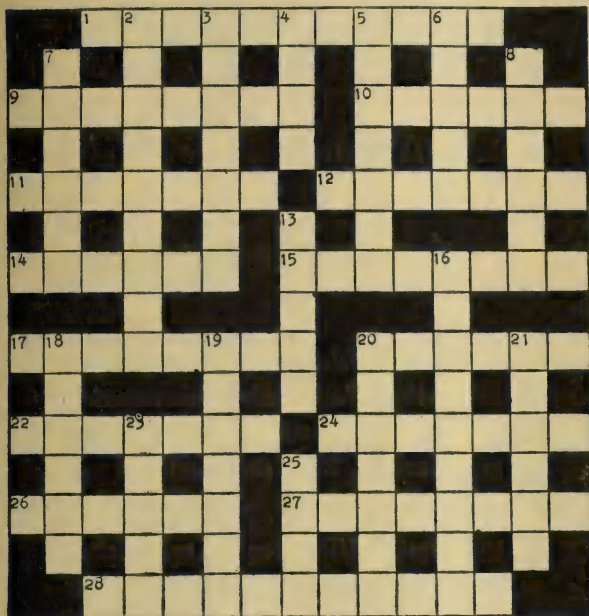
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1257

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 See 22 across.
- 9 The employer is found in the kind brought back with a couple to suit, perhaps. (8)
- 10 Hamlet's man was noble in it. (6)
- 11 Everybody in favor might get blown up! (7)
- 12 See 4 down.
- 14 The wayward son is a hero and a poet. (6)
- 15 Such music is certainly not the program type set to a blues arrangement. (8)
- 17 Drawing sometimes given the controller type? (4-4)
- 20 America's a bad place to look for such fruit! (6)
- 22 and 1 across Relating to Palestine, if the first syllable were stretched you couldn't say it wouldn't get you to first base! (7,11)
- 24 In case of fever, you might find one on your lip paint does, occasionally. (7)
- 26 A holder for music? (6)
- 27 Not necessarily a wing-flap, since the engine might have one. (3, 5)
- 28 Specific thing sort of allowed to a lesser degree to make a very light substance. (11)

DOWN:

- 2 Not Clearwater, Florida—Wisconsin, rather. (3, 6)
- 3 Didn't tell the truth, to admit, but you

- 4 20 down and 12 across A sight better with these? One might think so. (4-7, 7)
- 5 The one of these whose voice was heard in the theater was a flyer, rather than a marine type. (7)
- 6 Ring on a climbing pole, perhaps, in the stadia? (5)
- 7 Buys drinks and dresses, possibly. (6)
- 8 Proving the importance of time? (6)
- 13 It's rather convenient for a blues writer. (5)
- 16 True stalwarts? Not for such a back-breaking affair! (4, 5)
- 18 Dearest? Not comparatively, according to the editor. (6)
- 19 This sort of humor is seen in the eyes. 20 See 4 down.
- 21 Gamblers and office workers might look forward to them. (6)
- 25 Affluent, but with only one suit! (5)
- 25 The time of a prideful following? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1256

ACROSS: 6 Comb; 10 and 1 across Piece de resistance; 11 Alarmed; 12 Alkahest; 13 Linda; 15 Shyer; 17 Adjudging; 19 Displayed; 23 and 21 Nightshade; 24 Signaled; 27 Motives; 28 Economy; 29 Chat; 30 Plane trees. DOWN: 1 Rapt; 2 Shelley; 3 Sheba; 4 Abecedary; 5 Craft; 7 Osmanli; 8 Bedraggled; 9 Ballades; 14 Isodynamic; 16 Relative; 18 Jade-green; 20 Sagitta; 22 Acetone; 24 Sisal; 25 Aloft; 26 Ayes.

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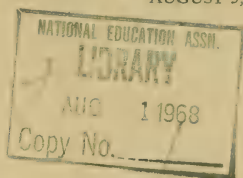
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LETTERS

objection sustained

Cannon Air Force Base, N.M.

DEAR SIR: Carl Cohen's lucid and persuasive case for the "selective" conscientious objector may have a sympathetic audience in readers of *The Nation*, but it shall continue to go unheeded in the Congress. ["A Man May Choose: The Case for Selective Pacifism," July 8.]

Recognition of Selective C.O. shall probably come in the courts on the ground that discrimination against the content of religious belief (in the expanded *Seeger* sense) is in violation of the First Amendment. There is one other possibility upon which Mr. Cohen too hastily shuts the door: in the opinion of one U.S. Court of Appeals, in any form modifies participation, not war.

Dale E. Noyd

Captain Noyd is a court-martialed selective objector, now in confinement. Editor

Bryan's quality

Dallas, Tex.

DEAR SIR: In Robert Sherrill's piece ["Hubert Humphrey: The Illusion of Change," *The Nation*, June 24] he refers to William Jennings Bryan as lacking all the qualities of a statesman. I wouldn't argue this point, but he did have one quality which many so-called statesmen lack. When he couldn't support the policy of his President he resigned. When Woodrow Wilson sent his second note to Germany over the sinking of the *Lusitania*, Bryan resigned as Secretary of State, stating that he thought this would lead the country into war. There have been situations since when high-placed officials would have served their country better had they followed Bryan's lead.

Carl Brannin

Democratic alternative

Evanston, Ill.

DEAR SIR: Gathering signatures for McCarthy is not enough. The pledge must go further. As a former editor of the Evanston Regular Democratic Organization Newsletter I am obligated to aid in wresting control of our party from those who have corrupted it.

I must pledge and I do pledge that I will not vote for a renegade liberal. I will not vote for voluble Hubert. In the face of the ultimate horror, Richard Nixon as President, I will not vote for Hubert. I want to be a member of the Democratic Party, not a victim of it.

If the decision is agonizing, the times make it so. We are told that Humphrey's record in the past was better than McCarthy's in the past. Very well. Then the Humphrey of the past would gain my vote. The Humphrey of today turns me to McCarthy.

Jack Korshak

review, please

Elizabeth, N. J.

DEAR SIR: Allen Lacy's "review" of Miguel de Unamuno's *Our Lord Don Quixote* ["Unamuno: A Sense of Isolation," *The Nation*, June 24] is a good example of the "nonreview." Lacy gives some insights into Unamuno's life, thought and character but no insight into the book.... What are Unamuno's major points? What are his interpretations? In what way do the latter differ from the interpretations of other commentators on *Don Quixote*? ...

George P. Marks III

EDITORIALS

The Double Vacuum

Because of special circumstances, both parties are apparently saddled with front runners who are strong with the party regulars but not notably popular with the voters. Both front runners are aware of their weaknesses outside the fold. Nixon showed his uneasiness when he whistled General Eisenhower from a sickbed to give him an endorsement—which the confirmed Nixon followers do not need and which will not convince others. Hubert Humphrey shows the same anxiety in his courting of the Robert Kennedy entourage and his overeagerness to capture Edward Kennedy as his running mate. For both front runners the problem is identical, but the answer eludes both.

In the polls, Humphrey's stock stays about the same and so does Nixon's. Humphrey is boxed in by his identification with Johnson, which he can neither repudiate nor justify; Nixon is boxed in by his well-deserved reputation for opportunism and cageyness and his reluctance to get into a discussion that would reveal his weaknesses. He has been able thus far to maintain an "above the battle" stance largely because of Rockefeller's hesitancy in going after the nomination until long after Romney's withdrawal. Nixon's fans say that he is "saving the good stuff" until after the convention, but suppose there *isn't* any good stuff?

The pressure against Humphrey and Nixon comes mainly from outside their respective parties. Everyone knows that the popular candidates are Rockefeller and McCarthy, who, if nominated, would draw forth a record national vote, but are handicapped for the nomination by the opposition of party regulars and a feeling on the part of many outsiders that the conventions are stacked against them. Despite their prominence, and Rockefeller's immense resources, both men are in a sense outsiders themselves, at least so far as the party insiders are concerned. Yet the reluctance of the voters to go along with the insiders' choice exerts a sizable pressure; after all, the insiders want not only to nominate their man but to win the election. They may be able to steamroller the opposition now, but what about November?

There is another outside factor: Wallace. This demagogue's pressure is exerted on both parties but more particularly on the GOP. While he has not gained spectacularly, Wallace's support, perhaps in the neighborhood of 10 million votes, is large enough to threaten to throw the election into the House of Representatives—which no one but Wallace wants.

The GOP strategy has flopped in the South (see Robert G. Sherrill's article, page 75 in this issue). In advance of the 1964 campaign the GOP started out to build itself up in the South on the basis of racism, of being more segregationist than the Democrats, the traditional party of Southern segregation. This strategy culminated in the nomination of Goldwater. Now Wallace has made a shambles of this maneuver; here the GOP hurts worse than the opposition.

However, the double vacuum creates the possibility (it

is no more than that but it cannot be ruled out) of a double miracle. If Rockefeller should break through in Miami, it would help McCarthy in Chicago. Only McCarthy could make a tough race of it against Rockefeller. The more the GOP strategists study the situation, contemplating the Wallace threat and Nixon's inability to make it with intellectuals, Negroes, independents, some ethnic groups, labor, et al., the more reluctant they may be to put their money and their political future on such a basically weak candidate.

The dilemma facing the regulars of both parties, which may upset all the early calculations, is shown not only by these general observations but by the signs and portents that keep cropping up. When a shrewd politician like Governor Rhodes urges Lindsay for Vice President, the confusion among the Republican leaders is clearly revealed. Rhodes is calling on Lindsay to save the party, while the Humphrey camp looks for salvation to Edward Kennedy. But divine help is not to be found in either of these expedients. What is open to the controllers of both parties is the nomination of their strongest man. In both cases the voters have told them unmistakably who that is.

The 'No Chance' Candidate

It is thus that *U.S. News & World Report* refers to Eugene McCarthy, immediately adding a big BUT and going on to say that "regardless of what comes of his White House bid, Eugene McCarthy has already changed the shape of American politics for this year." Anyone who has been able to do that deserves respect—and most of all, one would think, the respect of the former supporters of Robert Kennedy, who were wont to say that their man and McCarthy adhered to the same principles, on that basis urging McCarthy to yield gracefully to Kennedy. Now that Kennedy is dead, one might have expected his followers to go over en masse to McCarthy, but politics is not that simple, nor usually that principled.

Instead, a section of the Kennedy backers have implied that they are interested in someone like Sen. George McGovern, to displace McCarthy and Humphrey and so resolve the contest which has given the Democratic Party and threatens to disrupt it further. Now Senator McGovern is a good friend of *The Nation*. He was one of the principal speakers at our Los Angeles conference in February, 1967, along with Senator McCarthy. We have the highest regard for him. But McCarthy is the candidate, the fight has been waged for him, the investment in money and manpower and enthusiasm is in him, and such efforts are diversionary. In the same category are attempts to fly a kite for someone like Tom Watson of IBM and, even further out, flirtations with Rockefeller.

This brings us to the outlines of a major phenomenon: Why is a section—it is only a section—of the Robert Kennedy entourage so opposed to McCarthy? Galbraith, Sutton, Goodwin, Nickerson, Bickel and others have supported McCarthy with energy and enthusiasm. Another faction, however, appears to be obdurately opposed.

The explanations offered by the pundits, columnists, inside-trackers, et al., do not explain very much. What

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THE NATION

Volume 207

No. 3

they come down to is personal animosities of one kind or another, which surely do little credit to those who harbor them in a situation as difficult and dangerous as that which now confronts the country.

One is told that the two Kennedys never liked McCarthy, that McCarthy was tactless in not visiting the hospital on the night or morning of the assassination (is it customary to obtrude oneself on the family and friends of a dying man?), that he did not send congratulatory messages after Nebraska and Indiana, that he campaigned too hard in Oregon and California, that he doesn't understand power, that he runs a limp organization, etc. None of these objections has enough substance to call for rebuttal.

It is perhaps significant, also, that such objections are voiced most strongly by those Kennedy backers who did their utmost to keep Robert Kennedy out of the race. Maybe this was good advice (events have proved it so, in a fortuitous sense), but Robert wanted to run and it was McCarthy's candidacy that enabled him to run. He never had any reason to suppose that McCarthy would then step aside, so what, really, was McCarthy's offense? And if it is, groundlessly, construed as an offense, what makes it so unforgivable?

The Nation shares Alexander M. Bickel's sentiments, expressed in an eloquent communication in *The New Republic* (July 20, 1968). Robert Kennedy declared his candidacy because he saw what was at stake and could no longer remain out of the action, once McCarthy had set the example. The same reasons that impelled Robert Kennedy to make his bid should now impel his followers to rally around the McCarthy standard—not because of McCarthy personally but for the things he stands for.

As for drafting Edward Kennedy as Humphrey's running mate, the idea is inherently distasteful, and probably will strike the Senator in that light. It would be a wretched memorial to Robert.

One of the oddest features of the campaign is the failure of the media, by and large, to "dig" McCarthy. One suspects that they don't want to, that rationality and honesty somehow rub them the wrong way. But McCarthy ambles along in his quiet way, artfully and skillfully needling his opposition, making very few boners, showing a fine sense of timing and an instinct for the right word.

All the while, the lovers of phony drama complain that McCarthy is not emotional enough, that he doesn't tear a passion to tatters as a politician should. Yet he keeps gaining in the polls. His chances are, as Mary McGroarty says, "preposterous," yet "excellent." Maybe those who thought him too good for the American people will be proved wrong after all. But if so, he will owe little to those followers of Robert Kennedy who kept their backs turned on him.

'Black Hired Hands'

A series of articles titled "The Black Athlete," appearing in *Sports Illustrated* magazine throughout July and written by Jack Olsen, has shaken the University of Texas at El Paso (UTEP). Blunt charges were made that black athletes at the school were being used as "black hired

hands . . . and the matter of their education ranked a distant second."

As if to confirm this powerful indictment, the school has canceled the scholarships of eleven black track members who boycotted a meet with a Mormon school, Brigham Young University. In a statement, the black athletes explained: "We . . . feel that the coach should have been more sympathetic toward us . . . concerning our feelings toward the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King [and that] our participating should not include the B.Y.U. meet because of [the Mormon] beliefs that the blacks are inferior and that we are disciples of the devil."

There were other reasons for grave dissatisfaction among all black athletes at UTEP. There was the matter of the difficulties black athletes encountered in obtaining summer jobs for themselves and regular jobs for their wives, while white athletes and their wives were easily employed. There was the repeated use of the term "nigger" by a member of the athletic department, and the coach's reference in a letter to the action of one track member as an "animal response." There was the fact that black athletes have no social life; they are wildly cheered while they "perform" and thereafter quickly isolated.

Following the cancellation of their scholarships, the track members learned through a friendly intermediary that the coach was waiting for an apology. The intermediary inferred that such action would help the now dire situation of the blacks, who had been recruited and courted from as far away as Watts and Harlem. In a cop-out (but an understandable one) the blacks—faced with the splicing of their very future—apologized not only to the coach but to B.Y.U. Even so, no change in policy was effected.

At least six of the students are determined to resume in September the education they were promised. To help insure their enrollment, concerned faculty members and students at the university have created the Disassociated Students Fund (Box 101, University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso, Tex.). So far the results are dismal. Out of an estimated \$3,000 needed, only \$200 has been raised. The drive has been greeted with granite indifference on the part of the city's intellectually balding businessmen, upset over the bogy of Black Power. (Highly illogical in a school where only 250 out of 10,000 are black!)

By surrealistic contrast, the budget for the UTEP athletic department—which an all-black starter team boosted when it gave the school the NCAA basketball championship—is currently \$870,000.

The Priority of Profits

The Santa Monica Mountain range, which winds for 30 miles through the heart of Los Angeles, is a priceless scenic asset. A 9-mile stretch of this range—between West Los Angeles and the seacoast—is thinly populated and thus is a rich prize for big landowners who are thirsting to develop the area. All they want is complete cooperation from the city and county of Los Angeles and from the state. The assistance they will get from generous public officials if the pending legislation goes through will be overwhelm-

ing. The state proposes to build a six-to-eight-lane freeway along the crest of the mountains, at a cost estimated between \$15 million and \$30 million. The state will pay 70 per cent, the city and county 30 per cent, the landowners nothing. The beautiful two-lane road now winding along the top of the mountains to the shore does not give sufficient access to meet the land speculators' demands.

A roaring freeway around the mountain tops would end all hope for an adequate regional park, long proposed for the area. Sponsors of the park, in their innocence, wanted to set aside 20,000 acres. Their hopes were high when in 1964 California voters approved a \$150 million bond issue for acquisition and development of land for state parks. It was expected that perhaps as much as \$80 million would be available for a park in the Santa Monica range. But four years of pressure by the private developers took their predictable toll: only \$8 million is now available for the project, and prospects for a 20,000-acre park have gone glimmering. If it is ever created, the park will be about 3,500 acres; even this will be split into two locations.

Every citizens' group that has examined the freeway project is against it but their pleas have been brushed aside, while spokesmen for the speculators and the massive highway-construction industry have received obsequious attention from public officials.

The imminent destruction of this wilderness area of the Santa Monica Mountains is comparable to the sabotage of the proposed 64,000-acre Redwood National Park in California. That figure, voted by the Senate, was cut to only 28,400 acres by the House of Representatives—and of this 18,000 acres are already in state parks. "This is really not a national park at all," said Rep. Jeffrey Colahan of California. "It is an appendage in search of a purpose. It fails to include many of the best stands and cannot be protected with any assurance." The House measure now goes to a Senate-House conference committee, but it would be hopelessly optimistic to believe that the committee will restore the 36,000 acres to help save what remains of the majestic redwoods.

A public official caught with his hand in the till is cast into outer darkness, but money is only money and can be replaced. Such a crime is insignificant compared to the legal looting of our natural resources, which are irreplaceable.

PHIL KERBY

The Test of Consistency

On February 3, 1940, the American Civil Liberties Union adopted a resolution whose effect was to require the personnel of governing committees and staff to be subject to "the test of consistency in the defense of civil liberties in all aspects and all places." The Union deemed it "inappropriate for any person to serve on the governing committees of the Union or its staff who is a member of any political organization which supports totalitarian dictatorship in any country, or who by his public declarations indicates his support of such a principle. Within this category we include organizations in the United States supporting the totalitarian governments of the Soviet Union and of the Fascist and Nazi countries (such as the Com-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

Until the end of August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated August 19 and August 26.

munist Party, the German-American Bund and others); as well as native organizations with obvious anti-democratic objectives or practices." Adopted a decade before the onset of McCarthyism, the resolution had a rather widespread influence. If the ACLU thought such a statement proper and necessary, it was said, then trade unions, professional associations and other groups would be justified in adopting similar or even stronger "tests of consistency." (The background of the controversy is illuminated in *The Trial of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn* by the American Civil Liberties Union, edited by Corliss Lamont, which will be published September 9 by Horizon Press.)

Within the last few years, the ACLU wisely decided to re-examine the 1940 resolution. A special committee was appointed to study the matter and in March, 1967, it recommended that an Objects Clause (Section Two) be placed in the constitution:

The object of the American Civil Liberties Union shall be to maintain and advance civil liberties, including the freedom of association, press, religion and speech, and the rights to franchise, to due process of law, and to equal protection of the laws for all people throughout the United States and its possessions. The Union's objects shall be sought wholly without political partisanship.

The Special Committee further recommended that the 1940 resolution be supplanted by a statement that officers and staff members be "unequivocally committed to the objectives of this Union" as set forth in the Objects Clause. But instead of proceeding on this basis, the ACLU in May, 1968, adopted a compromise statement (Section 7-D): "All persons who are members of the national Board of Directors, the National Committee or the board of an affiliate (or chapter), or a committee or other agency of any of the above, and all persons who are members of any staff, shall be unequivocally committed to the objects of this Union as set forth in Section Two, above, and to the concept of democratic government and civil liberties for all people."

At the same time, a second and longer statement was adopted which, after several recitals, states: "Therefore, be it resolved that the interpretation of the requirement stated in Section 7-D should be understood to preclude support of those principles which reject or qualify individual liberties and minority rights for all people equally, regardless of race, sex, religion or opinion, or which reject or qualify the freedoms associated with the forms and processes of political democracy."

So what started out as a wise determination to remove the 1940 resolution, and replace it with the sensible statement recommended by the Special Committee in 1967, has resulted in the substitution for the 1940 resolution of two statements which compromise rather than settle the question of principle. For example, isn't it possible, in the

context of 1968 events, for a person to have grave reservations about the forms and processes of political democracy as we see them in action, and yet be genuinely devoted to civil liberties? In other words, has not the Union, in a commendable effort to extricate itself from the ideological trap of the 1940 resolution, now set the stage for further controversy?

What it comes down to is this: "The test of consistency" is determined by what a person does or fails to do in support of civil liberties, not by his acquiescence in vague

general propositions which are put to him *beforehand*. The ACLU is a splendid organization; on issues of this sort what it does, the stand it takes, becomes a model for other organizations. For this reason we are delighted that the 1940 resolution has been removed, but we hope that there will be another round of discussion within the organization and that it will eventually do what it set out to do in 1967—namely, rely on a simple, clear "objects" clause. We have never thought that loyalty or consistency could be pretested.

'WE CARE' IN KANSAS

THE NONPROFESSIONALS REVOLT

ALEX EFTHIM

Mr. Efthim has taught social action to anti-poverty nonprofessionals and is an adviser to several community development programs. He is a special projects coordinator at Mobilization for Youth, an anti-poverty program in New York City.

Topeka

On June 19, at 7 A.M.—as Solidarity Day was starting for 50,000 other poor people in Washington—more than sixty psychiatric aides and other "serfs of the Kansas mental hospital system" moved quietly into eight wards of the Topeka State Hospital and took "administrative and clinical control."

For nearly twelve hours the underpaid, overburdened workers kept control as their way of protesting the failure of the state mental hospitals to provide proper patient care and meet their union's demands. They are members of the Kansas Health Workers Union, Local 1271, American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, AFL-CIO. It is the same international union that represented the workers during the Memphis sanitation strike in which Martin Luther King met his death.

Instead of withholding their labor by going on strike, the workers put on a "Hospital Improvement Action" under the slogan "We Care!" For twelve hours psychiatric aides—among the most highly skilled workers in the hospital system—created their model of how a hospital ward should be run.

Because they claim their work load is being increased to the neglect of patients, the aides put extra workers in each ward. Where one aide had serviced twenty to sixty-seven in a ward, they now brought in from four to ten workers into a ward. For the first time many patients were fed promptly, bathed quickly, and moved out into activities. When a patient got upset, instead of being forced into "Seclusion" because no one had time for him, "the aide sat down with the patient, found out what was bothering him, and did something specific about it," said one of the Improvers. Signs were posted: "This is A Union-Administered Ward." Leaflets were handed out. Doctors, psychologists, nurses and other professionals continued to function in their clinical roles.

At about 7:45 A.M., Dr. Alfred Bay, Topeka State Hospital superintendent, pulled out his Honorary Deputy Sheriff's badge and proceeded to "arrest" union president Emerson Stamps and six other union leaders. With security guards surrounding them, the astonished unionists were hustled off to the police station, where they were released. No charges were pressed against them. They came back to the hospital and continued the Improvement Action.

Just before 6 P.M. the same day, a "restraining order" from the Kansas Supreme Court was served on the unionists. They left the hospital. Forty-eight aides were suspended from their jobs, most of them for thirty days. Immediately fired was Dr. William Bronston, psychiatrist, an adviser to the union; also Andy Neria, a Mexican American leader. Later Dr. Bay announced he would fire all those who were guilty of "illegal activities," especially Emerson Stamps.

Thus began a most unusual union action: workers made the point that they were more concerned about proper patient care than were the Kansas authorities. In the weeks since the Improvement Action, they have proved to the community that patient care must begin with proper working conditions for the psychiatric aides and other nonprofessionals. The example of the Topeka Hospital Improvement Action initiated a precedent-setting strategy for workers in the field of human services. It highlighted the excruciating role of the nonprofessional; often, as with the psychiatric aides, he does professional work for the lowest pay. He is the key service worker; the condition of the service depends upon upgrading the job and providing him with training, a career ladder, higher pay and better working conditions.

But struggles which start on a high moral plane still must be fought out with economic power. Support for the union was sought in the Topeka community, in black ghettos throughout the state, among the hospital staff, and among New Careerists in other parts of the country. [New Careerists is a movement, primarily in the fields of health, education, community development and welfare, to provide immediate entry to jobs for the poor and to give them the training and education needed to

upgrade their status. The movement assumed organization form at the Detroit meeting referred to in this article. The new organization—National New Careers Council—includes the nonprofessionals as well as those professionals and administrators who support the new movement.] At the end of a three-week period, state authorities fired thirty-five union members. Then, and only then, did the union call a strike.

Picket lines were set up at the hospital gates. Scores of hospital workers, ministers, professionals, students and others have been arrested for carrying out the traditional duty of pickets: to close down a work place.

The unionists' actions have put pressure on the entire state establishment. State hospital doctors are protesting the conduct of Dr. Bay and other administrators. Gov. Robert Docking himself is on the spot. A Democrat running for re-election in a heavily Republican state, he is officially supported by Kansas organized labor.

Knowledgeable people believe many of the union-sponsored reforms will be won. For months before it acted, the union had patiently presented testimony, formed delegations and held limited demonstrations. It went to the administration of the Topeka State Hospital and its local satellite hospitals, the State Division of Institutional Management, the State Welfare Board, the Governor's Finance Council, his technical coordinators, and the Kansas House Ways and Means Committee. At some time or other, officials on most levels have agreed that mental health problems cannot be solved without improving the position of the aides. But others stand fast against the union "on principle."

Topeka is "the citadel of mental health" in America, home of the Menninger Foundation, which trains its resident doctors in the cluster of hospitals that comprise the Topeka state hospital system. Dr. Bay himself was brought in as part of a reform movement in the 1950s, but reform movements have backslid before. Meanwhile, the U.S. mental health movement goes forward, partly through more intensive personal care, the treatment of unlabeled mental conditions, the use of drugs, which also assists in outpatient care, community mental health centers, etc.

In spite of this increased understanding of the need for more human contact, Topeka's aides have been given more and more patients to "cover" in the ward. And also Topeka aides must help train resident doctors, take charge of wards, and carry out a multitude of expanding activities. "Seclusion" must often be the answer for an upset patient.

Some of the aides are more skilled than their doctors in ward work, yet their jobs are dead-ended. They cannot be promoted more than one grade. Starting at \$242 per month, the average wage is \$309, paid once a month. Two-thirds of the men work at two hospital jobs to raise a family. Three-fourths of them are black in a city that is 8 per cent black. Some of the best aides have such archaic job descriptions as "janitor" and "nurse's assistant." They get no compensated job training. There are no promotion guarantees. Many positions that become vacant remain unfilled in spite of the presence of qualified workers.

On June 19 the news media of Topeka—all owned by one man—described the Hospital Improvement Action as an insurrection, a rebellion, a take-over by angry underlings demanding an "impossible" 35 per cent pay increase. (This is the amount won by New York City hospital workers the following week.)

But community and professional support began to line up behind the powerful moral position of the union. Before forming a union, the aides had earlier joined with community leaders in the Topeka Citizens Alliance For Better Health Care. Now, as a union, the aides demanded nothing less than an overhauling of the patient care system: community control and union involvement in the management and policy making of state institutions. They called for a policy-making citizens' board, elected every two years, to oversee the State Division of Institutional Management. Also, the union demanded representation in the division on the State Civil Service Board and on the Executive Committees of the hospitals; union approval of hiring, firing and evaluation practices.

They demanded an in-service training program with a Career Ladder. With the aid of professionals they had set up their own union In-Service School three days before the Improvement Action began. Other demands are modest: a forty-hour week (instead of forty-two), an hour for lunch, a new set of job descriptions, and health benefits to include psychotherapy, to combat the mental illness which is their greatest occupational hazard.

They have asked for a two-year contract. Kansas has a Right to Work law. To sign a contract with a government service union, the state legislature must pass enabling legislation. Of course there is *de facto* recognition, memoranda of agreement and other transitional methods for getting union conditions adopted. But this union not only wants a contract; it demands that Governor Docking, Democrat in a Republican state, accept a hospital reform plan, written by health workers, for his platform in this year's election.

The Kansas Health Workers have taken over scientific as well as moral leadership of the badly needed mental health reform movement. The *Wichita Eagle* described the hospital situation bluntly, referring to the Improvement Action as a "strike":

Disruptive or not, they and their strike may be the best thing that has happened to Kansas mental health hospitals recently.

The strike dramatized a situation Kansas would much rather ignore. That is, we are putting far too little money into paying staffs for our state mental institutions. . . . We therefore have too few personnel. . . . And when it gets down to the lower echelons, like these aides, we keep them on wages below the poverty level. Yet aides are very important in the treatment of the mentally ill. They should be good people, and they should be paid decent wages.

It's a good thing the aides are causing trouble. Maybe they'll make us face up to our responsibilities.

Community help has poured in. One of the largest churches in Topeka has opened its doors to the locked-out workers. Two meals a day have been served; meetings and rallies have been held nearly every night. Professionals have held their own meetings, reported in the press. Peti-

tions and letters were signed by more than 200 of their colleagues. Letters have been printed regularly in the editorial pages, all supporting the workers.

Dr. Bronston, a co-founder of the union, wired medical service activists, human rights organizations, and the National Council on New Careers, then meeting in Detroit. New Careers people sent in a professional organizer, two Career Ladders specialists, psychologists and psychiatrists.

The extreme reaction to the union drive is illustrated by a staff meeting Dr. Bay called a week after he had suspended the unionists. At the meeting he ordered all nonprofessionals to be quiet, and declared that anyone in the room who sympathized with the union would be fired. This presumably included professionals who had favored the union on TV and the front pages the day before. One nonprofessional stood up, said "I resign," then spoke his piece. After the meeting, wheels moved within wheels, and somehow the nonprofessional's "resignation" was not recognized.

That evening, with Dr. Bay's approval, Dr. William S. Simpson, the new clinical supervisor and number-two man in the hospital, spoke to a union meeting. In the church hall crowded with unionists, community people and professionals, he stated his support for an increase in the aides' pay, but suggested they appeal to their state legislators for necessary funds (the legislature is not in session). Although friendly, he was clearly not taking the aides' position.

Specialists from the National Council On New Careers addressed Dr. Simpson. They called for a New Careers center in Topeka, for a complete training and upgrading program with outside funding, for a local Career Ladder that would go from Mental Health Worker 1 in twelve steps all the way up to Mental Health Worker 12. Since Kansas is supposed to be a leading state in mental health, it could therefore devise a model program for all fifty states.

The New Careerists are already providing technical material for a future New Careers program for Kansas mental health aides. The program will no doubt be devised by Topeka people. Its success would depend upon the unique labor-community-professional-activist coalition which evolved from the Topeka struggle.

But the basis of that coalition is still the union-community group, a small but determined band. For three weeks they kept an information picket line outside the hospital grounds, handed out leaflets, and spread their slogan "We Care!" throughout the city.

Sadly lacking at first was support from the State, County, Municipal Employees (AFSCME), the union that had finally gone in to help win the Memphis sanitation workers' strike. AFSCME's State Council 64 openly attacked the Topeka local. It is an unwritten rule in organized labor that International Headquarters rarely intercedes in a local struggle unless the District or State Council is involved. Headquarters support, so effective in Memphis, was absent in Topeka.

Therefore a conciliation meeting was set up between the Topeka Local, State Council 64, and top representatives

from the 100,000-member Kansas State Federation of Labor. Mediators kept tempers at a minimum. The main outcome of this meeting was an agreement not to disagree in public. "Let's get our family together" was the sense of the meeting.

Thus a fragile coalition opened the gates to bring in the power of the international union. That power meant Bill Lucy, a black unionist, assistant director of legislative and community affairs, who had done such good work in Memphis. Lucy also brought in a rare expertise in community action. And just two days before, a new black community component had entered the struggle in full force.

Rev. James Bevel, the organizer from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, arrived for a rally, along with Heyward Henry of Boston, chairman of the Black Affairs Caucus of the Unitarian-Universalist Association. Also, black movement youth came from Wichita, Lawrence, Kansas City and other areas. The rally was a powerful emotional experience; it threw down the challenge. Not only were the unionists and the community ready to fight but so were other communities in other Kansas towns. Rev. Austin Harrold, a young Topeka minister of extreme directness, also spoke up. Quietly but firmly taking charge was Emerson Stamps, the union president.

The next day 400 unionists, community people, professionals and ministers, led by Emerson Stamps and Heyward Henry, marched to the state capitol steps. They chanted "Reinstate Us Now!" Inside, union leaders sat down with state authorities who again gave inconclusive answers. Two days later, the answer was conclusive: thirty-five unionists were fired. The strike began.

The strike is led by Emerson Stamps, 42 years old, a veteran of World War II, who went to work at the age of 13, but later completed two more years of high school. A mental health worker since 1948, he has had to hold two hospital jobs to raise his family of seven. His ability and commitment were described by a state hospital doctor: "What would make a man who has been one of the best psychiatric aides in the state for the past twenty years suddenly put his job on the line? Could people believe he doesn't care about his patients?"

Administrators, professionals and even politicians have been describing aides like Stamps for many months. Clayton Fribley, Republican chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, castigated mental health professionals for their lack of imagination in meeting their problems. Technicians attached to the mental health structures have suggested that, instead of raising money to get better professionals, perhaps the real need is to get mental health work out into the community. It has been strongly indicated that it would be cheaper and more efficient to train and upgrade aides for such jobs.

Recently, Stamps drove this reporter to his 85-year-old mother's house for breakfast. The old house reminded Stamps of something. "My dad was on the railroad, car-building for forty-seven years. He had the same job spec, the same pay category all the time. I've had the same job spec for fifteen years myself. No more!"

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

The streets of Paris are unusually empty, with a substantial part of the population having gone away for their summer vacations. A month ago, people still talked about the "May 1968 Revolution." It was horrible in a way—all those beatings up of hundreds of students in the Latin Quarter by the CRS, the French riot police, one of the toughest in the world (not that there were no casualties among these, for smashing a cop's face with paving stones was one of the greatest joys of the young "revolutionaries"). Then there were the tear-gas grenades the cops used with great relish, as well as the "offensive bombs," which did not cause great bodily harm but went off with a terrific bang and were part of the government's psychological warfare—scare everybody to death. The tear-gas bombs were more serious: hundreds who got the full blast of them had their eyes injured badly, perhaps permanently.

There were five or six such full-dress riots in Paris in May, and the beatings of young people were truly sadistic; dozens, with their heads and faces smashed and with broken limbs, would be locked up for five, six, eight hours in police stations, without being allowed to receive even the most elementary medical care. Still, despite all these horrors, it can, at a pinch, be called a bloodless revolution; for only four or five people lost their lives in one way or another—for instance, the young schoolboy who, to escape the police batons, jumped into the Seine and was drowned, or the police inspector at Lyon who was deliberately crushed to death by a truck driven by a few rioters.

Perhaps only 1,000 or 2,000 students actually took part in the street fighting; the others can be divided into two groups—a great majority who more or less agreed with the "revolutionaries" that a complete overhaul of higher (and secondary) education in France was required, and those who were quite content with the *status quo*. These included a relatively small number who had good prospects of stepping into fine jobs after graduating, and who were upset by all the rioting which was likely to postpone their exams indefinitely—all the more so as a large part of the teaching staff, eager for fundamental educational reforms, had gone on strike and were refusing to deal with exams and exam papers.

The students' revolt might have petered out after a time but for one thing. By the second week in May practically the whole French working class, including the white collars, went on strike. It all started very suddenly at Sud-Aviation, the aircraft plant at Nantes, and then snowballed over the whole of France. Prime Minister Pompidou made important concessions at the Grenelle conference with the labor union leaders on May 20, but it was no good. *La base*—the working-class rank and file—rejected the Pompidou proposals, and asked for more.

General de Gaulle had not, it seems, taken the student riots very seriously at first. He cheerfully went off to Bucharest to preach there the Gaullist "doctrine" on

Europe to students of Bucharest University, who loudly cheered his speech, and especially those passages which advocated even greater independence for Romania vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. However, with things getting out of hand in France, he returned from Romania twelve hours ahead of schedule. He soon realized that, unlike the Romanian students, the French students had severe grievances against the regime. The students had no say in the running of the universities; the programs were "traditional" without much reference to the needs of modern society; nothing had been provided to absorb in the universities their increasing numbers, so the students were still predominantly *filis à papa*, mostly children of reasonably wealthy parents, with only a bare sprinkling from the working class—who want their sons to earn a wage at 17, if not at 14. Moreover, the universities were producing either technicians or officials for the regime—or else graduates with no jobs to go to.

And here we come to the dramatic events of May 30-31. Since I last wrote, there has been an enormous amount of information, and even more of gossip, as to what happened at the Elysée Palace—and in Germany—on those two crucial days. I have come to the conclusion that what really happened was this.

On May 24, de Gaulle had announced a referendum on the desirability of "participation"—in industry, in the universities, etc. The general public was skeptical (in the midst of the chaos in France, there were more immediate worries), and the left-wing parties were violently hostile. It seemed clear that the referendum, if persisted in, would mean a defeat for de Gaulle—and his resignation.

So on May 30, he called a cabinet meeting; but before this could take place, it was learned that he had left by air for his country house at Colombey. The day before, Prime Minister Pompidou, with no doubt an eye on the job, had urged de Gaulle to resign—a piece of advice that was to cost Pompidou dearly. But at least two ministers—Edgar Fauré and Maurice Couve de Murville—did not lose their heads, and urged de Gaulle to stay on. (Fauré is today Minister of Education, one of the most difficult of all jobs, and Couve de Murville is Prime Minister.)

The next day de Gaulle returned, and made one of the toughest speeches of his career. He said he had considered "every possibility," but had decided to stay, since the people had elected him. And then he declared that he was dissolving the National Assembly immediately and that a general election was to be held within a very short time. This election, oddly enough, was precisely what the opposition had been asking for, and now de Gaulle took up their challenge. More sinister was his call for "civic action"—which savored of those paramilitary formations of the RPF in 1947-52. Mitterrand, head of the (non-Communist) Left opposition, declared on the strength of this that de Gaulle's speech was "a call to civil war."

The more general reaction was, however, different. The rioting, the strikes, the general disorder had lasted long enough, and barely an hour after de Gaulle's broadcast, a vast pro-de Gaulle demonstration took place in the

Champs Elysées—composed mostly of “better-class” people, representing, as the papers put it, the *Parti de la Peur*—the Party of the Scared Ones. And people were scared—not only big business but also small business, and even the working class. The results of the election were to show this very clearly.

What had de Gaulle done while he was in Germany? There is now sufficient evidence to show that he did not exclude the possibility of a “Communist” *Putsch*, and he wanted to be sure that the army would quash it. The generals (including butcher-of-Algiers Massu) were, on the whole, unfriendly to de Gaulle ever since he had “betrayed” French Algeria. But a Communist *Putsch* was not something they liked. So they assured him that they would deal with a *Putsch*, but could not guarantee that the French troops would massacre workers or students if ordered to do so. This was good enough for de Gaulle; the police could deal with the students and the workers were not, on the whole, in a revolutionary mood—nor was the Communist party. But Massu felt that, in payment for the assurance that the army would deal with a *Putsch*, de Gaulle must release General Salan and other “French Algerians” who had plotted against de Gaulle and were still in jail.

De Gaulle agreed, not because he felt charitable to Salan and company but because he felt they no longer constituted a danger and because, in a general election, the extreme Right and the repatriated Algerians would be useful to the Gaullists. In the Presidential election of 1965, their candidate, the near-Fascist Tixier-Vignancour, had collected nearly 1.5 million votes. If this extreme Right voted Gaullist, a victory would be a near certainty.

In his famous speech on May 31, de Gaulle had paid the most extravagant compliments to Prime Minister Pompidou. It was Pompidou who was to win, very successfully, the general election for the Gaullists. In the first round of the election on June 23, the Communist vote dropped from 22.5 per cent to 20 per cent; the “Mitterrand” leftist vote dropped from 19 per cent to 16 per cent; the Gaullist vote rose from 37 per cent to 44 per cent (see the significance of the extreme Right vote!), the rest of the 22 million votes going to the Center and other smaller groups. In the second round (where nobody had obtained an absolute majority in the first) there was a gang-up against the Communists and the Left; the final result was that the Gaullists and their allies got some 350 seats out of a total of 485, the Communist seats dropping from 73 to 34 and those of the non-Communist Left from 118 to 57.

De Gaulle had calculated his chances with extraordinary skill; people were scared of the riots and the strikes, and voted for “law and order.” The most remarkable thing is that even in the traditionally “Republican” south, the Gaullists did extremely well, which they had never done before, and even registered substantial gains in the Red Belt of Paris and in the industrial north, many workers voting for the Gaullists when angered by pickets who were stopping their return to work. Workers’ wives felt that the wage rises had been sufficient and that an extension or renewal of the strike would seriously affect the family budget. In the south, the peasantry, scared of

turbulent Paris, voted for law and order too; so did the previously anti-de Gaulle extreme Right, after the release of Salan from jail.

Now that Pompidou, as head of the Gaullists, had won the election, there came the moment of reckoning. De Gaulle fired Pompidou, replacing him at the head of the government by Couve de Murville. Why? First, de Gaulle had not forgotten that Pompidou had advised him on May 30 to resign, no doubt with the idea of taking over himself at the Elysée. Second, Pompidou, as the great victor of the election, was now, in de Gaulle’s view, getting too big for his boots.

Third, Pompidou of the Rothschild Bank represented, in the eyes of the public, that Very Big Business which was notoriously opposed to the relatively “liberal” reforms that de Gaulle had in mind with his “participation” slogan. Couve de Murville, the cold, polished, very English-looking functionary, had been for ten years as Foreign Minister the executor of de Gaulle’s will in international affairs. It is still too early to say what he will do in actual practice. His National Assembly program speech on July 17 indicates that he will give very substantial satisfaction to the students and the universities; that he intends to set up a regular “dialogue” with the working class and the labor unions; that he wants long-term reforms which will restore economic and financial health, limiting the rise in the cost of living and so maintaining France’s competitive power inside the Common Market. This is a problem with which no one is more familiar than Couve de Murville. So it seems that de Gaulle’s ambition now is to “make peace with the French people,” just as he had “made peace” (by and large) with the outer world, including Algeria, Africa and the Arab countries.

The French Communists lost heavily in seats, though not in votes. But on balance they were right in saying that there was “no revolutionary situation in France”; they also knew that the working class was really aiming at better pay, not revolution. The election results show that the country wanted peace and quiet, and that the Communists simply could not have pulled off a change of regime, even if they had wanted to, and everything shows that they did *not* want anything of the kind.

Although de Gaulle thundered on May 31 about the threat of “totalitarian communism” to France, he is in fact on reasonably good terms with the French Communist party. As he often said before, all ideology is a lot of froth, and below it is the nation; to de Gaulle the Communists are just as much part of the French nation as anyone. In the last few years they espoused (long after the Italians) a polycentrist, “no aping of Moscow” policy. Today I learn from a good source that de Gaulle expressed the greatest appreciation of the trip made to Moscow by Waldeck-Rochet, the French Communist leader, in his brave endeavor—together with the Italian Communists—to save Czechoslovakia from Moscow’s Stalinist die-hards.

To have not only the Czechs, Yugoslavs and Romanians but also the only two important Western Communist parties—the French and Italian—against them must make even these big bullies think. To conclude with a recent Moscow wisecrack: “Proletarian internationalism is merely the pseudonym of Ivan the Terrible.”

THE GOP IN THE SOUTH

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Judged by any standard, things could be better for Dixie's Republicans. George Wallace may spoil their Presidential hopes in three or four Deep South states. In Florida, Gov. Claude Kirk, who only a few months ago was looked upon as the great white whoop-de-do of Southern Republicanism, has been publicly judged by important party leaders as "an egotistical madman" suffering from "political paranoia," and has been deprived of the favorite son Presidential role that he yearned for. In Louisiana, the GOP, after budding briefly in the legislature, has withered away almost completely. In Texas, Georgia, and the Carolinas especially, Republican right wingers and middle wingers move about guardedly under an insecure truce.

If the above schisms and personality upheavals were all that marred the party, its long-range future would still be sound. But actually the Southern wing of the Republican Party is stricken with such basic defects that it may easily speed the demise of the national party.

Not long ago Ray C. Bliss, GOP national chairman, said: "We haven't had a majority of the Negro vote since the depression. But we've got to get our share of this vote, or we're in trouble." He said "our share" in 1968 means about 35 per cent (up from an estimated 19 per cent in the 1966 elections and 7 per cent in 1964).

If the GOP must have one-third of the Negro vote, then it is indeed in perilous trouble, and much of it can be blamed on the awkward, unimaginative and—deadliest of all—imitative Dixie wing of the party (which, as one Alabama newspaper man put it, "is just tryin' to cut a chaw off the same ol' plug—racism—the Democrats have been chewin' on for decades") and the dullness of its chief Southern spokesmen.

It's hard to feel sorry for Richard Nixon for any reason, but the Southerners he has recruited for his campaign leaders are almost enough to evoke sympathy. His regional manager is Howard (Bo) Callaway, the ex-Congressman and rich textile manufacturer who is one of the most notorious campaign bunglers in the South, as he proved in 1966 when he needlessly lost the Georgia gubernatorial race to Lester Maddox, and as he is now proving once again in his handling of the Nixon campaign.

On June 1, in Jackson, Miss.—apparently thinking that Mississippi is not wired to the outside world—Callaway stated that George Wallace should be in the Republican Party. New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller immediately pounced on this, properly labeled Wallace as a racist, and demanded that Nixon dissociate himself from Callaway's remarks. "Unless they [the Nixon crowd] repudiate this concept—that the GOP is a refuge for racists—the next election will see the death of the party," said Rockefeller. And he kept saying it for his next eight consecutive speeches. Nixon, alarmed, announced that he wanted nothing to do with Wallace and wanted no support from

Wallaceites—a statement that did not exactly help him in the South and which he would not have been forced to make if it had not been for Callaway's monumental boner.

(A spin-off of this dispute in Florida gives another illustration of the unwillingness of Southern Republicans to disengage themselves from the racists. Florida state chairman William Murfin has circulated a confidential bulletin to all candidates not to attack Wallace "in some parts of the state"—meaning just about everywhere but in liberal-leaning Miami.)

On the same level of competence is Sen. John Tower of Texas, chairman of Nixon's "key issues" committee. The late Sam Rayburn once described Tower as "a pipsqueak" and few around Washington would dispute that. When Tower won his Senate seat in 1961 he became the first Republican to hold a state-wide office in the South in three generations.

With his election, Republicans all across Dixie took heart. For a time he was the rage on the banquet circuit. He still is a popular fund raiser, especially with right-wing Republicans, but as a symbol Tower is now rather shopworn. Southern GOP leaders no longer identify with him, partly because he does not really identify with them. His heart belongs to the anti-Communist fanatics of the Midwest and West, especially to Goldwater in Arizona and Reagan in California, although for this election he is supporting Nixon. "I do work with Southern leaders," he said, "in an effort to pull things together, but I don't consider myself any Southern Pied Piper. In fact, I have probably spent more time in California than in any other state outside of Texas."

Tower denies that he is an extremist, but he has a hard time backing it up. "I look upon myself as a rational man," he told me earnestly. "Ask Joe Clark and Gene McCarthy if I'm an extremist." Here he paused for a moment thoughtfully and then added, "Well, they might say I was. Maybe you better not ask them." He wasn't kidding. He never kids. Ironically, Tower was elected to the Senate the first time by a slender margin of votes supplied by Texas liberals who wanted to help establish a two-party state. (Willie Morris, now editor of *Harper's Magazine* and then editor of *The Texas Observer*, editorialized at the time: "We appeal to reason in urging a vote for Tower.") It was probably the most disastrous mistake made by Southern liberals in this generation.

Tower was no help at all in building a two-party state. He knows virtually nothing about organizational politics ("I'm not a nuts-and-bolts man," he says), as Nixon will discover in this campaign. And as a political orator and philosopher ("It's been my experience that politics is 50 per cent semantics"), he ranks with Strom Thurmond, whom he also rivals in the consistency of his racist votes against civil rights legislation and other progressive programs that might help the Negro. Tower never swerved in his devotion to the cause of Goldwaterism in 1964, and to many he is still identified with that campaign, so much so

that the Nixon policy committee will inevitably borrow a strong whiff of the '64 fanaticism from his leadership.

To those who would like to see the South develop a true alternate party, men like Callaway and Tower are disturbing, not because they are incompetent and dull but because they reflect the mood of most Southern Republicans.

In most areas of the Deep South, GOP stands for those Grand Old Prejudices. A generation ago the region's Republican Party was almost solidly Negro; today it is just as solidly white. There are 5 million Negroes of voting age in the eleven states of the old Confederacy; about 3 million of them are registered, and virtually all of them are Democrats. Angered by the racism of the 1964 Presidential campaign, the Negroes stay away from the GOP. There were no more than a dozen among the 3,000 delegates to the North Carolina state convention this year, and only two among the 1,500 delegates in South Carolina. It used to be that one-third of the Fulton County (Atlanta) convention would be black; since Goldwater, it's down to about one-tenth. Although Sen. Charles Percy of Illinois, chief speaker at the North Carolina convention, was introduced as the grandson of a Confederate drummer boy, he got a very cool reception when he proposed that members of minority groups be welcomed. Negroes are treated politely by Republicans as a matter of policy in Texas and Florida and Tennessee, but only in Arkansas are they given a fraternity-type rush.

Part of the problem stems from the fact that the Southern GOP has had to build on a foundation of ex-Democrats, switchers (like Callaway) who brought their old hates, prejudices and principles along with them. Not long ago I asked Sen. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, who was a Democrat until becoming a Republican in 1964, if he now voted differently in the Senate than he had voted before his switch. The question shocked him. "Voted differently? Well, of *co'se* not!" He said that Southern Republicans look upon the world with the same vision as conservative Democrats.

A typical participant in North Carolina's recent "Operation Switchover" was A. Sharpe Johnston, a businessman from Wake County, who explained: "I'm leaving the Democratic Party because I'm tired of higher taxes, inflation, socialism, dictatorship, lawlessness, wars, and rotten, stinking politics." Few of the switchers are that eloquently philosophical.

Most would find a more suitable explanation for their converted Republicanism in the kind of speech delivered at this year's state convention of the South Carolina Republican Party by North Carolina Congressman James Gardner. This was a few days before President Johnson announced that he would not attempt to succeed himself and before Dr. Martin Luther King's assassination, and the 1,500 delegates who crowded into the barn on the Columbia fair grounds were eager to hear Gardner insult Johnson and King. He obliged.

"Crime!" cried Gardner, a handsome young man who has become rich selling hamburgers, "is running rampant [*sic*]! Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael, Martin Luther King and other rabble rousers—they'll probably be invited to the White House and have lunch with Lyndon Johnson,

because Lyndon Baines Johnson will do *anything* to get re-elected!" At this point his voice dropped to shocked incredulity. "Martin Luther King will eat in the White House before that *gr-e-at* American Strom Thurmond!"

Every man and woman in that crowd over the age of 30 was a former Democrat. Only those younger may have been Republicans all their voting lives. But the switchers were hearing nothing they had not always heard under the Democratic banner. Anyone in Washington who went along with the Administration was, as Mr. Gardner said, "a stooge." Hydrogen bombs should be used, "anywhere in the world" if necessary to protect "one single U.S. soldier." It was the traditional Dixie shot-and-shell line of patriotism. "We're here," shouted Gardner, "for a crusade! We're talking about the very salvation of America."

It was significant that the leadership of the South Carolina party invited Gardner as their chief speaker. Harry Dent, state Republican chairman, told me: "We felt that he believes most nearly as we do [of all North Carolina politicians]." It was Dent's way of saying the South Carolina GOP is extremist and racist.



There is a tragic irony in the way that the Southern GOP's racism took what appears to be its permanent bent. Some of the leaders who brought it about actually intended to tap the anti-Negro reservoir of sentiment in a temporary way, until they had built up the party and felt they were strong enough to strike out on a more enlightened course. They were bright young strategists, though not as bright as they thought, who were not themselves really anti-Negro and who did not think the thing they encouraged would get too far out of hand. They thought they could tinker around with these passions, use them to build a party, and then reverse the trend before the party became warped. It all turned out to be a hideous flop.

The scheme goes back to the early 1960s. John Grenier, today 37, a successful Birmingham attorney, was the mastermind. Grenier recalls their scheme this way: "Ike and Nixon had given us a strong hold on the cities. In Alabama, for example, we could count on Birmingham, Montgomery and Mobile. But there was no confidence that in state races the GOP actually existed. We had to show that it did."

So W. D. Workman, a Columbia, S.C., newspaper editor, ran for the U.S. Senate in 1962 against the late Olin Johnston, a highly popular Democrat, and reaped a startling 43 per cent of the vote. It was Workman's first and last race, but for risking it he is generally credited among South Carolinians today as being the creator of the Republican Party. In Texas, the unknown college teacher John Tower had already taken 41.1 per cent of the votes in a fight to defeat Sen. Lyndon Johnson in 1960, and the next year in a special election to fill the Johnson seat Tower won, so Texans knew they had a GOP. And in Alabama, Jim Martin (with Grenier handling his campaign) took on the venerable Democrat Lister Hill for the Senate and won 49.6 per cent of the vote. (Actually, the near miss was deceptive. Hill didn't return to Alabama to campaign until the last month of the race; nobody was excited about the race, so a great many Democrats stayed home. The normal turnout for a general election in Alabama should have been at least 600,000, but that time only 400,000 voted.)

"What appeared to be great GOP strength was actually a numerical mirage," says Grenier. "but it suited our purpose for rallying the Republicans. We had almost beat the great Hill, and it really built optimism."

The next step was an extremely dangerous gamble. "Then we set out to get a national candidate in 1964 who could break the black belt where the whites automatically voted Democratic. We decided to go for Goldwater. You couldn't jar those people loose from the Democrats without somebody they *thought* was a segregationist." Having consciously solicited and used the racist's vote in 1964, Grenier is now eager to swing back the other way.

"With Goldwater, we lost some city votes, but they will come back for Nixon. Most of the rural whites who voted for Goldwater will go back to the Democratic Party, but we will hold enough of them to build on. Goldwater got them for us, but Goldwater also temporarily cost us the blacks. The blacks are the most fluid, however, and we can get some of them back.

"Now we must go after them. The ultimate majority

we must have will consist of the cities, the middle-income whites in the rural areas, and 30 per cent of the blacks."

But like other Frankensteins, Grenier has discovered that he has lost control of the monster. He may now want to go after the Negro vote, but in this, while he has the support of some Republican leaders, he has little support from the rank and file. Today he tries to sound a sober note to balance the shrillness of '64. "It was inevitable," he says, "that we got some racists and Birch types who were simply inflexible. But it was just as inevitable that we outgrow their narrow viewpoint. The time has come for us to do that."

But who is listening to him? This year he and his old ally, now his political enemy, Jim Martin, opposed each other for the role of national committeeman. Grenier damned Martin for "ugly racism" and the main issue of their contest was thereby set. Shortly before the primary Grenier said: "I may very well lose the race, but I'm pitching my campaign on the question: can we stand racism under the leadership of the John Birch Society? I'll know after precinct meetings." So now he knows: even in his home county the voting went heavily against him. State-wide he lost 2 to 1.

Even without this nasty division in the party over the Negro-Birch issues, the Alabama GOP would, of course, be in a hopeless position. The only significant politics in the state is Wallaceism. Politicians of both parties who want even a reasonable chance at winning must come to terms with Wallace. Wallace makes it harder on Republicans these days than he used to. Ever since Jim Martin had the gall to run against his wife, Lurleen, in 1966 and went around the state demeaning Wallace himself as "LBJ—the Little Bitty Judge," a reference to Wallace's height and to his previous occupation, Wallace has made the GOP toe the mark. He controls—depending on whose poll you want to believe—between 60 per cent and 80 per cent of the electorate. Already he has demanded that the state's GOP Congressmen make it known publicly where they stand as to his bid for the Presidency. Where else can they stand? And so long as Republicans support registered Democrats—even though they are nominal Democrats only, like Wallace—the party isn't going to have much personality or structure. The truth is, the GOP in Alabama, as in Louisiana, is stone cold dead.

If the situation were just basically hopeless—that is, if no amount of good spirit and good money could build a progressive black and white party in the South—that would be one thing. Then the Dixie GOP might be excused for going the way of the old Democratic Party. But just two states away from the chaos of Alabama, and touching a corner of the chaos of Louisiana, is Arkansas—and Arkansas has shown that a biracial GOP can win, perhaps not with great victories but with a viable start in that direction.

Nineteen years ago V. O. Key wrote in his standard political appraisal, *Southern Politics*: "Perhaps in Arkansas we have the one-party system in its most undefiled and undiluted form." That needs radical updating. Arkansas seems on its way to becoming a real two-party state. Republicans hold far more state offices in Florida and far

more state and federal offices in Tennessee, for example, but no other Southern state can point to so many changes (the best way to measure political success) made in recent years by a Republican officeholder as Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller can point to, and no other important Republican politician owes so much to his Negro supporters.

To be sure, it took more than one leader who was willing to stick his neck out. Rubel Lex Phillips, 43, a Jackson, Miss., attorney did that in 1966 in his campaign for governor against the Goldwater-Democrat, John Williams. In a speech opening his campaign Phillips said: "I think integration is inevitable, I think it is here, I think we must accept it and adjust to it." And he continued to say this throughout his campaign, clearly making a call for the support of Mississippi's 270,000 registered Negroes, because "in Mississippi if the Republicans are ever going to win they'll have to get a fair percentage—30 or perhaps 35 per cent—of the total potential Negro electorate."

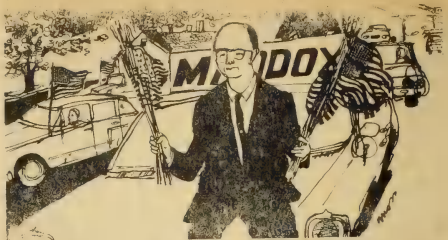
Having taken a position that immediately moved him toward the role of an outcast in the eyes of many important Mississippians, Phillips felt that at least he might be rewarded by the blacks for whom he took the risk, and he was understandably bitter when it didn't turn out that way.

"The Negro vote was very light," he told me, reviewing his failure, "and Williams got half of them. I guess I got about 18 per cent of the total Negro potential. It's hard to understand. The Negroes will not get anywhere until they learn to discriminate. When I said publicly that we must solve racism, I thought this would motivate them. It really didn't. The word didn't get down. We speak of the Negro leadership, but in my view there is no Negro leadership in Mississippi. I mean anyone who would go to the Negroes and say, 'this is what is best for us.' He is right. But the problem can be overcome as Arkansas' Rockefeller overcame it—he set up as good an organization as money can buy and as Arkansas politics has for sale.

Between 1964 and 1966 he had ten field men roaming Arkansas (he still has five on the job), encouraging switch-overs and especially encouraging Negroes to forget the Goldwater scare. Truman Altenbaumer, a former Democrat who is now executive director of the party, says: "As it turned out, we had good reason to encourage the Negroes. Rockefeller got 90 to 95 per cent of the Negro vote in 1966. Our lieutenant governor candidate [who also won] got 75 to 80 per cent. Our attorney general candidate, who barely lost, got 60 to 65 per cent. If he had got the solid Negro vote the Governor got, he would have been elected.

"Jim Johnson [a flamboyant racist who had the open support of the Ku Klux Klan] was our opposition and he helped us a lot. I think race is a dead issue now, but I think we will hold the Negroes."

In this he is wrong. Racism, and James Johnson, too, are back this year, but this time they are starring in the campaign for U.S. Senate. J. William Fulbright—whose record on civil rights and labor legislation could hardly be worse—faces first the opposition of Johnson in the Democratic primaries and then of Republican Charles E. Bernard of Earle, a businessman and treasurer of the Arkansas GOP committee, in the general election. Bernard is a moderate in racial matters.



Thanks to the organizational foresight of Rockefeller and his followers, many Negroes—who ordinarily would support anybody opposed by Johnson—plan to stand aside and let Fulbright take whatever bruises the K.K.K.-Birch crowd want to give him in the primary, and then they plan to actively support Bernard in November.

The reason the Negroes are sticking together is that Rockefeller has proved to them that the Republicans don't forget their friends. Rockefeller has made the right kind of appointments. Although 60 per cent of the state's prisoners are black, Negroes had no representation on the prison and parole boards until Rockefeller took office. Also, he has Negro field men who not only set up black organizations but recruit black candidates for public office.

The almost solidly Democratic legislature has blocked some of Rockefeller's important reforms. He tried to change what he calls the present "sinister" method of selecting jurors, and failed; he tried to get an audit of the fish and game department, and failed.

But some of the lagging is his own. Not until *The New York Times* and the *Arkansas Gazette* disclosed what a chamber of horrors existed in the Arkansas prison system did Rockefeller move, cautiously, to clean up the prison system. The same procedure was followed in his cleanup of gambling in Hot Springs. At first he dillydallied, but then he sent state police swooping in to smash more than 300 slot machines and keep the gambling palaces closed down for so long that now it appears there will be no major revival. He has also, after some delays, begun to enforce state liquor laws even in private clubs (including clubs to which he belongs), with the result that, for the first time in years, there may be some serious attempt in the legislature to update the laws. He is an awkward, hesitant executive, but when he does lurch into reform action, it is practically always in the right direction.

Some other reforms must await his being elected a couple more times, for as Altenbaumer accurately points out: "There are 187 branches of the executive. That's how many boards and commissions there are. The Governor has no power over them except by appointment, and I think you would find this true in most Southern states. Rockefeller has one man on the five-man highway commission, two of ten on the state board of education. Arkansas has seen roads built right up to a guy's house and stop. We want to reform that sort of thing, but the highway commission just won't cooperate. So the record won't be in on this administration until we have a minimum of

four years, and preferably six, so we can appoint a majority of the members."

This is the story throughout the South, which is not a two-party place as yet. It can hardly claim a party and a half. It's a place where you hear even successful Republicans ask for four more years, or six, just to get started. And it is unfortunately a place where most of the Re-

publican leaders don't know what they want to have achieved for their state and region by the end of that time.

The evolution of the two-party South, at this stage, is only a power struggle, not the development of an ideological movement new to the region. And about the only thing one can say for sure about the average Republican is: he isn't a Democrat.

THE COOL CZECHS

JIRI MUCHA

Mr. Mucha, one of Czechoslovakia's most distinguished writers, is the author most recently of Living and Partly Living, an account of his stay in a Czech prison during the Stalin era. He was sentenced to six years, spent some time in solitary confinement, and later worked in a coal mine.

Prague

After a turbulent spring, Prague started on a summer of unpredictable weather. Czechoslovakia's unfortunate climate, with one day of sunshine paid for by a week of rain, has produced a population deeply skeptical about any permanence, especially of the happier aspects of life. As a result, the first wave of joy accompanying the regained freedom has been followed by somewhat morose doubts. I think this is letting the national character go too far. After all, the Czech events were the beginning of a movement that swept across Europe from East to West, culminating in the French student riots and the general strike. And yet this is the only country which has benefited by the upheaval and obtained results that can be expected to endure. For this, people should be gratified. It is no small achievement to have gained virtually all civil rights without a drop of blood or a black eye. I sometimes wonder whether the people here are aware of what has happened.

The Dubcek government is now firmly established, having obtained during the May plenary session of the Central Committee the resignation of ex-President Novotny and five more of its most discredited members. Naturally, this is not enough. A good third at least of its membership are people of the *ancien régime* and will have to go if the Central Committee is to have power to act. What seems disturbing to many is that these people, who are told daily by the press, radio and TV that their only honorable choice is to resign, keep sitting tight, insensible to the insults and apparently expecting that the whole fuss will soon be over. Since they are not heroes, it is generally believed that they are acting on the recommendation of powerful outsiders who may want to keep their people in as long as possible, or just do not want to let down their old friends. There is no proof of this, but to the man in the street it seems plausible.

There may be an even simpler explanation. The old guard may expect that Dubcek and his government will not survive the September general party congress, trusting workers to act as a retrogressive force since they will not yet have benefited by the new system. Freedom of speech

or press is certainly not their concern; they are more interested in the *dolce vita* of Socialist mismanagement which allowed no end of loafing, assuring at the same time a fair amount of social security. I think, however, that they are gradually becoming aware that after one or two more years of the old regime even their pay would be worthless. There is also the heartening fact that numerous committees for the defense of freedom of the press have spontaneously appeared in factories across the country as an answer to the argument that the mass media are spreading anti-Socialist ideology. It is my belief that Dubcek rightly assessed the situation when he decided that the party congress should be held as early as possible. At this time the odds are that the active progressives will overrule the disgruntled old-timers; waiting another year might exhaust the fresh good will. Dubcek's great advantage lies in the stupidity of his opponents and the record of their twenty-year rule.

Despite this the people seem skeptical, even pessimistic. Some think that after the congress, when Dubcek will have dealt with his enemies, he will become another Gomulka. A few years ago the Poles, basking in the sun of Gomulka's liberalism, also believed their freedoms were there to stay. Some fear intervention from outside; others call it a bluff, arguing that the anonymous, viciously anti-Dubcek tracts, circulated among the workers, issue from the Central Committee itself, which is only waiting to abolish all this freedom once it no longer needs the liberals' support. The harsh comments in the press of most Socialist countries do not enhance the feeling of security, especially since the argument runs that our western border is not our sole business but concerns the entire Warsaw Pact. Such hints worry the whole population to such an extent that the Minister of National Defense found it necessary to explain to a suspicious public the General Staff maneuvers scheduled by the Warsaw Pact GHQ in and around Czechoslovakia this summer.

Despite the solemn declaration that no foreign hard-ware would cross our border, people remain tense and Dubcek is acting correctly in seeking support wherever he can find it. There are not many sympathizers to the north, but the south and the southeast of Europe seem to show interest and even understanding—Yugoslavia, quite naturally, but also Hungary and Romania.

The publicity given to these approaches reminds one of Benes' prewar Little Entente, well meant but rather ac-



Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)

We'll Remain Comrades—Whatever!

demic. Such an alliance might this time have a fairer chance, since the countries concerned have now the same kind of regime, ideology and aspirations, and an easily integratable economy, being all ex-members of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. To my mind, the main weakness of the old Little Entente was that without Hungary it was an awkward tapeworm, coiling from Prague, via Bucharest, back west as far as Trieste. Now it would have a sound territorial coherence—a common waterway, the Danube—as well as several important ports in two seas at its disposal.

It is too soon to make predictions but I cannot share the general skepticism. There will certainly be no outside intervention. The Russians cannot afford to lose more of their dwindling retinue and perhaps risk another Hungary, which both sides use as a bogey against each other. The Kremlin makes a great effort to swallow the sour Czechs with a smile, evinced by all the various government delegations traveling to and from Moscow. Strangely enough, the Soviet population has bizarre ideas about what is going on in Prague. People ask whether it is true that anyone known to be pro-Russian faces persecution and whether faithful members of the Communist party are in jail. One must wonder about the origin and purpose of such rumors.

Actually, there are two opinions about Prague: one, that a revisionist gang has let in the imperialist Trojan horse; the other, that a clever and purposeful group of party members has given communism a new lease on life.

Neither is true and I am certain that not one of those now in power anticipated in January what things would be like in June. Everything that took place happened spontaneously, spilling over a territory previously evacuated. Some of it was uncanny as, for example, the censors voting themselves out of office, or the police asking politely to be excused for past misbehavior. The young people promptly responded by escorting a young policeman, who had been killed on duty, across Prague to the cemetery. Suddenly all civil rights were taken for granted and the parliament is now busy legalizing the *status quo*. I don't think it has an alternative, for probably nothing short of an armed intervention could take those liberties from the people.

How, then, does this sober, defiant attitude square with the general skepticism and dissatisfaction? The current situation reflects, I think, an old misunderstanding. The Czechs have an almost religious attitude toward democracy. It represents to them not merely civil rights and civil liberties—individual and political freedom—but an ethos in human relations, a sort of ideal Jerusalem. At the moment, therefore, they find it difficult to accept the fact that free speech and free press do not assure uniformly high quality in what is said and published. Their current disgruntlement can be summed up best perhaps in the words of sad amazement that a Czech politician used for the motto of his book on Munich thirty years ago: "We wanted to sing with the angels."

This time, however, there is no need to howl with the wolves.

THE UNREPORTED MESSAGE

SOPHIA McDOWELL

Mrs. McDowell, assistant professor of sociology at Howard University, has recently completed a report on "Prejudice and Other Interracial Attitudes of Negro Youth" for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

The day after the assassination of Dr. King, Stokely Carmichael called his soul brothers into the streets of Washington, D.C.: "The only way to survive is to get some guns." Guns against the honkies. "Let's kill off the real enemy," was what he said. "The real enemy" is the honky; he always was and always will be. And there is no difference between one honky and another. That was how one Black Power spokesman saw the black-white situation in that moment of grief and anger.

But it is not how the Negro youth of Washington saw it in a 1966 interracial attitude survey with which I was associated. One question in that investigation of the views of 582 male and female high school students and dropouts, aged 16 to 19, was, "Do you feel the same way toward all white people?" Less than 15 per cent said yes: (13 per cent of those in school and 18 per cent of the dropouts; 11 per cent of the females and 18 per cent of the males).

To the 85 per cent who said all whites were not the same, we asked, open-endedly, "With what kinds of white people would you be most *willing* to associate?" and then, "With what kinds of white people would you be most *unwilling* to associate?" The basis for selection most respondents stressed was the attitude of those white people toward Negroes. It is the criterion named by two-thirds of them with regard to the kinds of whites with whom they are *willing* to associate, and by three-fourths of them with regard to the kinds of whites with whom they are *unwilling* to associate.

This preoccupation of Negroes with white attitudes toward Negroes took many forms. Most simply, and very repetitiously, it was stated as, "I am willing to associate with any whites who are willing to associate with me." Variant forms included whites "who don't intensely dislike Negroes," or "who are not prejudiced, or don't show it," or more specifically, "who do not try to make you angry by saying things to harm you if you are a Negro."

Sometimes more than a mere absence of hostility was required, as in the phrase, "white people that would stand by your side, like for instance in fights, etc." Sometimes attitudes of equality were specified, such as, "white people who don't think they are above you," or "who will treat me as I would prefer to be treated (equal). They are the ones who don't care if you are purple."

While other bases for selection were less frequently mentioned (individual personality or character traits in about one-third of the replies; or certain middle-class qualities in less than one-tenth), the pattern of rejection of whites emphasized the familiar racial factors in reverse. There was also much sensitivity to the hypocrisy

of whites who "show teeth"—the pretenders, "who are friendly to you on the outside but hate you on the inside," or "that would smile in your face and laugh behind your back and call you black," or "talk like a dog about you when you are not there."

All this resentment of the white assumption of superiority is in keeping with what came out several years earlier when I asked an undergraduate class of Negro students to list ten "stereotypes about whites" which they found prevalent among Negroes. While many cited physical traits, psychological and moral characteristics, or the better opportunities, privileges and achievements of the whites, fully one-fourth of the items hit directly on white attitudes toward Negroes and white feelings of superiority.

When in the 1966 study the same question about choice of associates was asked with regard to other Negroes, racial concerns were mentioned by 12 per cent of the respondents, as a basis for acceptance, though by 21 per cent as a basis for rejection. There was approval for those Negro associates who showed race loyalty either in ideology or in individual dealings. "Negroes who try to pass for white as if to be a Negro were a disgrace," "uppity" ones, "Negroes who pretend to be better than other Negroes," were censured, as were Uncle Toms and "the ones that let anything be said about them and not try to stand up for their right." Negroes whose personal behavior would disgrace the racial reputation were rejected, as were those who evidenced lack of respect for fellow Negroes, or who otherwise dissociated themselves from race.

This sense of in-group loyalty was behind the recent walkout of Negro moderates from a conference with Maryland Governor Agnew when he criticized their failure to deplore publicly Negro extremists. On the other hand, some of our respondents, both academics and dropouts, rejected fellow Negroes "who think the whites owe them something," or "who down every white person for no apparent reason. These Negroes have no tolerance."

Our study of the interracial attitudes of Negro youth did not span the entire range of sentiments covered by that umbrella term, prejudice. Sociologists are beginning to distinguish among various aspects of prejudice and to analyze separately its different manifestations, such as stereotypes, personal resentment, hostility, racial ideology, militancy, social distance feelings and discrimination. They are finding that these separate manifestations are not necessarily correlated nor coexistent in the same person. Indeed, our research demonstrates that the concept of prejudice as ordinarily employed is not accurate or useful in analyzing Negro attitudes toward whites.

Our investigation was centered on just one aspect of prejudice: "social distance." The list of fifteen situations on our questionnaire evolved from three years of pre-tests performed by six classes of sociology students at Howard University, with thousands of Negro respondents. Each item on the list is important because it represents a

practical interracial situation in which Negro youth may engage currently. Here is the tabulation.

Being a member of a club where most of the members are white	2.69
Being a member of a club with some white members, but where most of the members are Negro	3.55
Being a member of a club where about half of the members are white, and about half are Negro	3.45
Marrying a white person	1.67
Working on a job under a white person	3.33
Working on a job side by side with a white person	3.58
Being a member of a church where most of the members are white	2.84
Being a member of a church where about half of the members are white, and about half are Negro	3.52
Being a member of a church with some white members, but where most of the members are Negro	3.55
Dating a white person	2.28
Having a close friend who is white	3.40
Having a school teacher who is white	3.60
Going to school where most of the students are white	2.81
Going to a school where about half of the students are white, and about half are Negro	3.54
Going to a school with some white students, but where most of the students are Negro	3.70

We submitted questionnaires to 582 Negro youths in several groups, asking them to indicate on a scale of 0 to 4 how willing or unwilling they would be to associate personally with whites in each of the interracial situations named. The person giving out the questionnaire would always say, "Assume that the whites involved would be completely willing to associate with Negroes," but this hypothesis seemed so improbable that it was often greeted with guffaws. Nevertheless, we used it because we wanted to test not how the young Negroes thought whites felt about them but how they themselves felt about whites.

Numbers at the right in the chart are the average scores of the groups surveyed. The scale runs, 4: completely willing; 3: somewhat willing; 2: unsure; 1: somewhat unwilling; 0: completely unwilling. The average index of the 582 young people for the entire list was 3.16, a score between "somewhat" and "completely" willing.

The questionnaire showed a Negro willingness to associate with whites that was, in general, much higher than we expected, but this willingness was not extended equally or indiscriminately to all whites. It also varied with the situation. And when the subjects were grouped by sex, school status, cumulative school desegregation experience, parental education, parental occupation, or their own occupational ambitions, the most important group differences were between school dropouts and those in school.

The fact that Negro willingness to associate with whites varies with the kind of activity was almost predictable. Among whites, sociologists generally find greatest reluctance for interracial association in dating and marriage,

and Negroes display the mirror image of these attitudes.

Most interracial attitude studies have distinguished between social distance feelings in intimate groups like clubs and in less personal associations like schools or churches, and find a greater hesitancy with regard to the more intimate groups. More than twenty years ago Gunnar Myrdal observed in *An American Dilemma* that for Negroes, compared to whites, there was a "reverse rank order of discrimination," Negroes resisting least the discriminations placed highest on the white man's list. Today, the white man may continue to make much of his taboo against personal intimacies with Negroes, but our 1966 study shows that young Negroes still do not seek personal contacts with whites that are not reciprocal. The investigation also brings out another facet of Negro social distance feelings by making distinctions on the basis of racial mixture: predominantly Negro, balanced, predominantly white. The respondents rejected predominantly white situations, reacting not so much to the nature of the group's activity or the intimacy of association involved as to the racial composition of the group. This suggests that on a personal basis the Negro is not avoiding whites, but is avoiding situations in which he himself would be vulnerable, and possibly rejected. If a lot of other Negroes are around, he feels some assurance of acceptance.

The Negro's so-called "prejudice toward whites," we found, does not conform to the pattern of white prejudice toward Negroes, nor does it meet the same criteria. There is, of course, no one official sociological definition for prejudice or even a consensus on its essential components. But many have noted its negative and categorical qualities; have found it ethnocentric and self-aggrandizing; institutionally sanctioned and economically advantageous; unwarranted, irrational and rigid; aggressive and hostile. These criteria do not fit the Negro interracial attitudes we examined, which have, moreover, a distinctive quality of their own. We call this the "contingency factor."

Negroes and whites in the United States have never been simply equal-status groups eying each other from the parallel levels of their own separate but equal ethnocentrism. One has often heard references to a benign white person who "treated a Negro kindly"; but even now it is hard to imagine the reverse phrasing of "a Negro treating a white person kindly." The Negro's minority group position has not been like that of the Jew and Catholic; it has been more caste-like, and there has been relatively little in-group pride. True, separatist movements have appeared in every era, as have champions of negritude, currently expressed in the romanticization of "soul" and the political slogan of Black Power. But more generally the Negro's attitude toward himself has involved racial self-hate, a painful awareness of failure to meet the dominant physical, economic and social standards. Lacking self-pride, the Negro has rarely been able to afford the luxury of uncomplicated hostility; his reaction becomes ambivalent, his prejudice uncertain.

The personal avoidance of whites by Negroes is not aggressive, like white prejudice, but often defensive. Once burned, twice shy. For instance, one young man who enjoyed cordial relationships with his white fellow workers

in a steel mill, never accepted their invitations to have a beer after work; he feared that, with alcohol, they would reveal a heretofore concealed prejudice. For him, all whites were guilty of prejudice until proved innocent. He wouldn't "stick his neck out" but he did remain willing "to be shown." In short, Negro disposition toward whites is contingent on white predisposition toward Negroes.

Of course, the white predisposition on which Negro disposition depends is differently assessed under different circumstances and by different individuals. It does not have equal weight among all segments of the Negro population. The disparity in willingness scores between dropouts and those still in school was statistically more important than the education or occupation of our subjects' parents, or his own occupational aspirations. Our interpretation is that school status is not one single socioeconomic factor but a complex index of the Negro youth's relationship to the white world.

The dropout usually comes from what is generally called "poorer" background, whether by "poor" is meant less money, less education, less occupational prestige, or less white middle-class culture. But whatever the range of occupational and educational conditions in the dropouts' background (and our data demonstrate a range), being a dropout signifies, in practical terms, if not ideologically, opposition to the Establishment. The dropout is not only out of the schools (which provide entrance into the American Establishment) but "out of it" in general. He has been segregated, unintegrated and abandoned. He, in turn, has abandoned the schools. It is therefore not surprising that his predilection for associating with whites proved markedly low. The mean percentage of "completely willing" responses to the items on our test was only about 40 per cent for the dropouts, compared with close to 60 per cent for their in-school contemporaries.

Our study of personal dispositions and sociological background factors among 16 to 19 year olds did not reveal many of the ideological conflicts that are today polarizing Negroes. Among this high school population in 1966 there were no extremists who said, "Stop the white world. I want to get off"; there was little evidence of Black Nationalism and Black Power. Elsewhere, there were militant Negro youth who had repudiated integration. For them, the hated old slogan "separate but equal" had acquired a new validity. Some of these claimed that, realistically, integration is only for the middle classes, while for the lower-class Negro immediate welfare goals were more vital than status goals. But such views were not advanced by our respondents.

Nor were there many references to "soul," the shibboleth of the new ethnocentrism, the romanticization of that special "Black" quality of pathos and joy and spontaneity of spirit that manifests itself in song and dance, in ethnic food and language and people. "Soul" is to the Negro cultural image what Black Power is to the Negro political image. It appears in the lyrics of popular songs and in the graffiti on the walls of slum buildings. Soul has come to be the pendulum swing from self-hate, the denial-with-a-vengeance of Negro inferiority, the glorification of everything that is distinctively Negro. It is the

Orwellian reverse catechism: Black is good; white is bad, or if not totally bad, then at least spurious, watered down, second rate. But there was almost no "soul" in the comments we received. We wondered if such viewpoints were nonexistent or whether our questionnaire failed to encourage their expression. How were we to reconcile our research findings of interracial assent with the sensational evidence of interracial dissent in the cities of this land?

It is only upon reflection that one sees that there is no real inconsistency. Explosions of anti-white rage occur, but there are also constant undercurrents of *rapprochement* and identification. For the most part, the Negro youth in the newspaper headlines are not rioting because they want "out" from their white world but because they want "in." They share the same values as their white peers, and covet the same rights and privileges, opportunities and rewards, necessities and luxuries. (This overview may not apply to the ideologically radical, or the extremely alienated. It may apply less in periods of economic stress or social strain, like poor housing or summer heat and crowdedness. But it does apply to a large cross section of the population whom our data represent.)

The riots in today's headlines are not new. The explanation of the 1935 Harlem race riot by a New York Mayor's Commission—"resentment against racial discrimination and poverty in the midst of plenty"—sounds as contemporary as the 1968 Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, which Tom Wicker summarized this way: "the single overriding cause of rioting in the cities was not any one thing commonly adduced—unemployment, lack of education, poverty, exploitation—but . . . all of these things and more expressed in the insidious and pervasive white sense of the inferiority of black men."

Even the fires which mean catastrophe for some may have a different meaning for others. One young woman told us how joyously she welcomed fires in her Harlem childhood. The flames destroyed nothing precious; there was nothing precious to be destroyed. Fires were the only way to get rid of rats and roaches. And they legitimized claims on the attention and generosity of others, claims effective only in crisis.

Destruction may carry mixed communications. When the rioting vandal destroys the property of a white storekeeper, and loots it of the coveted symbols of white society—the TV, the sports shirt, the trinket or the necessity—this is not an uncomplicated impulse act. It may be a symbol of the ambivalence of the black outsider toward a white society which makes promises—but the promises are not kept. Hence frustration, anger, and finally violence. In the language of the 1968 "riot report": "What white Americans have never fully understood—but what the Negro can never forget—is that white society is deeply implicated in the ghetto. White institutions created it, white institutions maintain it, and white society condones it." The riots do carry the message of hostility; but they carry the opposite message as well: that when economic conditions permit it, institutions honestly endorse it, and when white people assure their sincere acceptance, young Negroes are "quite willing" to live together with whites in interracial amity.

REVOLUTION ON THE WALLS

The revolutionary spring in Paris was an incredible, joyous outburst of solidarity while it lasted. Much of the spirit and spontaneity of the student movement was fortunately recorded for posterity on the walls of Paris' public buildings. A selection of graffiti (including the anonymous poem opposite), reflecting many (though not all) aspects of the movement, is here presented. (Assembled by George Ross.)

Elan Vital

*L'imagination prend le pouvoir
Soyez réalistes, demandez l'impossible
La Poésie est dans la rue
Je décrète l'état de bonheur permanent
Cours, camarade, le vieux monde est derrière toi*

Revolutionary Whimsy

*Dieu, je vous soupçonne d'être un intellectuel
de gauche
Si besoin était de recourir à la force, ne restez
pas au milieu
Je suis marxiste, tendance Groucho
Mettez un flic sous votre moteur
Si tu veux être heureux, pends ton propriétaire*

The University

*Quand le dernier des sociologues aura été étranglé
avec les tripes du dernier bureaucrate,
aurions-nous encore des problèmes?
1936 dernière couche de peinture
Nous on veut nos examens (signé les bourgeois)
Violez votre Alma Mater*

Politics and Revolution

*Millionnaires de tous les pays, unissez-vous; le vent
tourne
Les murs ont des oreilles. Vos oreilles ont des murs
Une révolution qui demande que l'on se sacrifie
pour elle est une révolution à la papa.
Un seul weekend non-révolutionnaire est infiniment
plus sanglant qu'un mois de révolution permanent
Notre espoir ne peut venir que des sans espoir*

Self-Criticism

*Les murs ont des oreilles. Vos oreilles ont des murs
Ne consommons pas Marx
Un flic dort en chacun de nous; il faut le tuer*

Imagination is seizing power
Be realistic, demand the impossible
Poetry is in the streets
I decree the state of permanent happiness
Run, comrade, the old world is behind you

God, I suspect You of being a left-wing
intellectual
If it is necessary to resort to force, don't
stay around in the middle
I'm a Marxist, Groucho type
Put a cop under your car
If you want to be happy, hang your landlord

When the last of the sociologists has been strangled
with the intestines of the last bureaucrat,
will we still have problems?
1936 last coat of paint
We want our exams (signed the bourgeois)
Rape your Alma Mater

Millionaires of all countries, unite; the wind
is changing
Do the Gaullists have one too many chromosomes?
A revolution which expects you to sacrifice
yourself for it is a revolution à la papa
A single nonrevolutionary weekend is much bloodier
than a month of permanent revolution
Our hope can come only from those without hope

The walls have ears. Your ears have walls
Let's not consume Marx
A cop sleeps within each of us; he must be killed

THE POETS IN THE STREETS

*Je persiste à penser
Que la place d'un poète en ce moment
Est dans la rue
Que vous devez prendre d'assaut
Les tours d'Ivoire. Les raser
Proclamer
L'état d'urgence*

*Quand je me laisse aller
A pleurnicher sur ma misère
Si cette misère n'est pas aussi
La tienne
Lecteur
Frappe-moi fort*

*Qu'il n'y ait plus
De poésie absente*

I can't help thinking
That at this moment a poet's place
Is in the street
That you poets should storm and capture
The Ivory Towers. Raze them
Proclaim
A state of emergency

If I give in
To mawkishness about my misery
And this misery isn't also
Yours
Reader
Punch me good and hard

Let's put an end
To poetry in absentia

Translated by Joachim Neugroschel

TWO MEMORIES OF THE JOE MCCARTHY ERA

by Malcolm Cowley

POEM IN A TIME OF CRISIS: 1951

*—jumped over the quick brown fox
jumped over the lazy dog
jumped over now is the time
jumped over all good men and true
jumped into the party
to save the party
to save the nation*

*a grand old nation it was
a swell party at the best hotel*

*the birds and the beasts were there
the quick brown foxes were there
the lazy dogs were there
all good men and true were there
all right-thinking women*

*—the hot mammas and nincompapas
the big baboon by the light of the moon
the alligators, commentators
punks and investigators
the astors and top brassards
colonel obtuse of the daily noose
lucy and la puce and the holy goose
all came to the aid of the party
and saved the party
and saved the nation.*

THE ENEMY WITHIN: 1952

*Beware of snogs.
They penetrate everywhere.
They are rich in subterfuge and delation.
They whisper against you in a corner of your mind.*

*All evil comes from snogs.
Unmask them, drive them into stony place,
encircle them with stones and stone them dead,
so that the earth lies clean under God's clean eye
and is God's earth again.*

*Still, might it be
that a snog survives, a shadowy node of evil
among the justicers?*

*How tell a snog
in all his involute treachery, his disguise
hiding disguises? Only one rule is safe:
all the accused are guilty,
all the accused feel guilt in their hearts,
all stand accused, wife, mistress, lover, brother,
detective, criminal, judge, even yourself—*

*pursued by snogs to the last brink of darkness,
cornered, pushed backward, hurtled into the gulf
as into an ether sleep;
spinning, hearing their laughter spiral down,
already smelling the green death below,
yet hearing your own laughter spiral up
because of a last ironical doubt: was I
victim or priest? Myself was I
or wasn't I, was-wasn't in a faster
and faster downward spiral, wasn't I,
was, wasn't I a snog?*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Cities Within Our Cities

EUGENE D. GENOVESE

Mr. Genovese is professor of history at Sir George Williams University, Montreal. He is the author of *The Political Economy of Slavery* (Pantheon).

The urban and racial crisis into which we have plunged has deep roots in our past, but the events of the 20th century alone tell us enough. These eight books, written during the last seventy years, together give us many of the main ingredients of the story.

Du Bois' *Philadelphia Negro*, written in 1899, will repay the reader's effort on two counts. As a sociological study of a black community of 40,000 in a major city at the end of the 19th century, it presents data, compiled from a painstaking canvass and accompanied by a sensitive analysis, on Negro economic, social and institution life. Its general conclusion will come as no surprise: the Negro community was subjected to brutal discrimination and somehow managed to maintain its dignity and fight back in the face of extraordinary difficulties.

The book's other value concerns its place in Du Bois' intellectual and ideological history. It may serve as a reminder of how far that great man (and his people) had to travel and of how far back they were forced to begin. Consider the patronizing tone of the 1899 introduction by Samuel McCune Lindsay: "The purpose of the inquiry is to furnish local agencies and individuals, interested in improving the condition of the Negro population in Philadelphia, a more comprehensive knowledge of the existing condition of Negroes, so that such work may be directed in the most helpful channels. . . . In the case of a race still in its infancy in social development . . . the education of each child for direct economic independence is of vital import." Du Bois' own tone was not all that much better. Thus, the well-to-do whites and blacks become the "best people." These two elements—the scholarly but nonetheless outraged report on the oppression of his people and the tendency to apply so many of the class attitudes of the white philanthropists of his day—mark the book as a valuable source for his political history and the political history of his people during the days of Booker T. Washington. Under the circumstances, the decision of the publishers to offer the book without a modern introduction, to set the author and his work in perspective, deserves censure.

The Negro in New York was prepared by various hands thirty years before seeing print, edited and re-edited by different people, and finally offered by Mrs. Hutson of the Schomburg Collection. Despite its collective authorship over a period of years, it is a smooth narrative history rather than a collection of episodes. Based on the library's magnificent holdings, it is generally a reliable introduction to its subject, and taken together with Gilbert Osofsky's fine recent book, *Harlem: The Making of a Ghetto*, carries us a long way toward an understanding of the black historical experience in New York. It is especially good on the slave period and tells the important story of white and black efforts against slavery. The general account of race relations, violent confrontations and

black organizational efforts is well done, although it does have a rather quaint Left-liberal New Deal flavor, which breathes the hopes for racial unity and integration. If this flavor goes down hard these days, especially for many black militants, it nevertheless offers a necessary and valid ingredient for future reconciliation. Perhaps the most disappointing feature of the book is its failure to present the cultural side of black New York in anything like adequate dimensions. It is better than any of the other books under review in this matter, but there is so much to be done that the story remains as yet so scattered and fragmentary, if not buried. As a bonus, James Baldwin offers a splendid introduction, which among other things puts its finger on the class dimension of Negro oppression. For the rest, *The Negro in New York* offers more grim data, to supplement Osofsky's and those to be discussed in the other books under review, of a shameful history of gangsterism against a courageous and beleaguered people.

The studies by Mrs. Green and Spear, both professional historians, provide an opportunity to review the Negroes' travail in Washington and Chicago. Mrs. Green writes from a liberal's perspective, and in so doing supplies abundant evidence that this perspective has by no means lost all its integrity and vitality, whatever criticisms need to be made of it. Spear, on the other hand, supplies a perspective that, by implication at least, represents a more radical critique. Taken together, they form an important contribution to the history of the rise and consolidation of that which Mrs. Green calls "a secret city," and Spear "a city within a city." The major weakness of each book is the lack of attention to the culture of the ghetto, although there are some hints in *Black Chicago*. Until this cultural dimension is provided our knowledge of the inner history of the ghettos will remain dangerously partial.

Both books display parallel accomplishments and tell similar stories, although without wishing to underrate Mrs. Green's performance, *Black Chicago* stands out as one of the best such books yet written. Both provide needed specifics on the extent of economic and social discrimination and trace the course of residential segregation. As Spear says (and proves): "The development of the physical ghetto in Chicago, then, was not

THE PHILADELPHIA NEGRO:
A Social Study. By W. E. B. Du Bois. Benjamin Blom. 520 pp. \$12.50.

THE NEGRO IN NEW YORK:
An Informal Social History. Edited by Roi Otley and William J. Weatherly. Foreword by Jean Blackwell Hutson. Preface by James Baldwin. The New York Public Library and Oceana Publishers. 328 pp. \$6.

THE SECRET CITY: A History of Race Relations in the Nation's Capital. By Constance McLaughlin Green. Princeton University Press. 389 pp. \$8.50.

BLACK CHICAGO: The Making of a Negro Ghetto, 1890-1920. By Allan H. Spear. Chicago University Press. 254 pp. \$7.50.

THE BLACK WORKER. By Sterling D. Spero and Abram L. Harris. Atheneum Publishers. 509 pp. Paper \$3.75.

THE KU KLUX KLAN IN THE CITY, 1915-1930. By Kenneth T. Jackson. Oxford University Press. 326 pp. \$7.50.

FROM THE ASHES: Voices of Watts. Edited by Budd Schulberg. New American Library. 278 pp. \$5.95.

REBELLION IN NEWARK: Official Violence and Ghetto Response. By Tom Hayden. Random House. 102 pp. \$3.95.

the result chiefly of poverty; nor did Negroes cluster out of choice. The ghetto was primarily the product of white hostility." Spear is particularly good in documenting the role of the solid white bourgeoisie in preventing middle-class Negroes from escaping the ghetto. He indicts white property owners not only for discrimination but for planned violence. Both books describe similar kinds of race riots, with whites invariably the aggressors, Negroes the victims, and the police and judicial apparatus deeply compromised. Among the strongest features of Mrs. Green's book is a sympathetic but critical account of the dilemma of the black bourgeoisie, which serves to take some of the sting out of Franklin Frazier's well-known denunciation. In general, she is too sanguine about the future. Her preface indicates that she is aware of ominous developments since she finished her manuscript, but her liberal assumptions repeatedly lead her to underestimate the force of many of the confrontations she describes.

A few special features of Spear's book deserve comment. His account of the permanent tension in Negro response between separatism and integration might be sharper, but he skillfully shows how most of the separatist effort aimed at creating a base for the fight for integration, and how the currently underestimated influence of Booker T. Washington passed into black separatism, although Northern black leaders generally sloughed off the accommodationist side of his thinking. Spear is also excellent in his account of how the Negroes rallied to a corrupt machine mayor in return for a few jobs and respectful attention, and of how the reformers of that day managed to combine their fight against corruption with a good dose of Negrophobia. Since the Negro masses gained little from their leaders' marriage of convenience, the result had elements of tragedy, but it should serve as a warning. Finally, Spear brilliantly demolishes the liberal thesis that the Negroes constitute merely the latest of our immigrant groups in the cities and that the solution to their problems will follow established patterns. He demonstrates, empirically and logically, that the black presence has been unique and that radical surgery, not traditional reformism, will be needed to avert a catastrophe. He notes how little essential change has taken place in the position of the blacks in Chicago since 1920—a point also made by Osofsky for New York.

The reprinting of *The Black Worker* is especially timely since virtually none of the recent works devote enough attention to the life of the black working class. Writing in 1930, Spero and Harris display understandable pes-

MY HUSBAND'S FATHER

During the depression, after having had to fire all the men in his company, he came home and committed suicide in the cellar.

Found alongside the body was a pillow. My husband, a small child at the time, remembers seeing it there:

He always believed that it had been used to somehow muffle the sound of the shot.

JOSEPHINE SAUNDERS

simism as they recount the ghastly story of job discrimination, union hostility and living conditions. The book is by now a classic and requires no review here. As is true for the other books in this series on Negro history edited by August Meier, *The Black Worker* has a new introduction by an outstanding authority—in this case by Herbert Gutman, a leading labor historian, who sets the book in time and place and has a good deal to say about the general history of black labor in America.

The movement of the Negroes from the rural South to the urban South and North during and after World War I met a violent racist response. Accordingly, Jackson's commendable study of the K.K.K. in the cities nicely complements the work being done on the ghettos. The Klan during 1915-30 was largely an urban organization, feeding off working- and lower-middle-class unrest. It rose as an enormous political power, electing mayors and even higher officials, and dominating cities and occasionally states. For the most part it was less anti-Negro than anti-Catholic; not racism but anti-foreignism occupied most of its attention. The slogan was 100 per cent Americanism, and most of the ingredients of a Fascist movement were there.

The Klan had its "progressive" side, much as Hitler had his "left-wing" brown shirts. It fought for expanded educational opportunities, federal aid to education, and even Medicare. It criticized low wage levels, although of course it broke strikes. The enormous response it got from the skilled workers and *petit bourgeois* suggests that a more sophisticated and ably led Fascist movement has much to draw upon. Anti-Catholicism probably proved its undoing because the new immigrants had the wherewithal to defend themselves politically, and because it cut the Klan off from much potential support among Negrophobe immigrants. Its demise was probably helped along to no small extent by its incredible corruption and clownishness. It was, for example,

hard to pretend to be a purifier of American life when each year brought new evidence of embezzled funds or when a leader like David C. Stephenson, the Klan boss of Indiana politics, could be convicted for rape and second-degree murder. It is doubtful that every such movement can be counted on to bungle so badly. Especially chilling is the relationship between its anti-Negroism and anti-Catholicism, which generated an uneasy political coalition that proved too strong for it. Jackson warns, at the conclusion of his able and restrained study, that the spirit of the Klan did not die with it, and events in Cicero, Milwaukee and Newark bear him out.

The crimes of white racism may be measured variously. From *the Ashes* reveals one result: the extent to which a people's talent has been left to die in the streets. It is an anthology of the writings of eighteen black authors from Watts, most of whom had never been published before; it came out of a writers' workshop, set up by Budd Schulberg, after the famous rising there. I shall leave an estimate of the literary achievement to someone with better credentials, but one need not be a literary critic to know that there is some fine writing here. Much of it deals with the racial crisis—I found Harry Dolan's "I Remember Papa" and Johnnie Scott's autobiographical "The Coming of the Hoodlum" especially powerful; but much of it deals with other themes—for example, Jeanne Taylor's sensitive look at mother and daughter in "The Stake-Out." As a whole, the plays, poems, stories and essays constitute an impressive tribute to the intellectual power hidden in the black ghettos.

Schulberg did an admirable job with this workshop, but I am afraid that his introduction provides ammunition for those who insist that black anthologies must be edited by black men. Its pompous, patronizing liberalism and its self-advertisement are embarrassing. Beyond that, he might have spared his readers, who will not easily forget his performance during the McCarthy era, such appalling bad taste as this: "I held to the old-fashioned notion that an author has a special obligation to his society, an obligation to understand it and to serve as its conscience."

The previous books tell much about the organized violence of white racism against the Negro community; *Rebellion in Newark* informs the reader about the current black response. Hayden, a young white radical community organizer formerly of SDS, has written a brilliant little book, which is the more forceful for its understatement and economy of style. It opens with a brief but staggering review of the bare con-

ditions of life in largely black Newark. Among the matter-of-fact data offered are these: the highest percentage of bad housing in the nation; the most crime per 100,000; the heaviest per capita tax burden; the highest rates of venereal diseases, maternal mortality, and new cases of tuberculosis; and a Negro unemployment rate above the disaster level of 15 per cent. Hayden singles out the exasperation of the middle-class Negroes of Newark with the lack of progress as a major factor in the ensuing rising.

The affair began with a common incident: a Negro cab driver got a nasty taste of police brutality. This time the community, led by its youth, struck back and laid siege to the police headquarters. Before it was over troops had to occupy the city, and in the course of doing so joined the police in a war against the black community as a whole—destroying Negro businesses for no apparent reason, shooting at inoffensive Negroes, indiscriminately attacking Negro homes, and killing at least twenty-four people. Only two white men died, and Hayden provides strong grounds for doubting that they were killed by Negroes. Hayden demonstrates that nearly all the dead Negroes were employed family men; that no Negro sniper was killed; that the charges of widespread sniping and arson were grossly exaggerated in order to justify the use of troops; and that the community fought back bravely and probably forced the Governor to pull out as fast as he could. What Hayden has done is describe not merely a riot or violent response to aggression but a people in the process of learning how to defend itself, and even to prepare for a major victory over a seemingly impregnable state apparatus. The book will have to be read by everyone concerned, including those who command that apparatus.

Rebellion in Newark has its flaws, some of which are more disturbing than others. The last chapter, which calls for greater ghetto autonomy and for various reforms, does not deserve much discussion and is blandly liberal. It sounds strange coming from a radical community organizer, but then we are never told who or what he was trying to organize or what happened to the effort. The omissions and the disingenuousness do not destroy the value of this fine piece of reporting, but they will, I fear, reduce its effectiveness among those who need it most. What, after all, can we say when Hayden writes in one place: "The Hayes Projects are a useful terrain for people making war. The police station is well lit, but the projects are dark, especially the rooftops 100 yards above the street. Each room in the projects can be darkened to allow people to observe or attack from the windows"; and then complains

about indiscriminate police firing into the projects. His main point nonetheless obtains: The troops were brought in, not to suppress snipers and arsonists but to retaliate against a justifiable uprising against police brutality, and they behaved as atrociously as ever. The specifics are here. Let one stand for the others: A 19-year-old boy surrendered and was killed with the explanation that he had

pulled a knife. Perhaps. But his body and head had forty-five bullet holes. The ultimate significance of the story Hayden tells so well is this: Newark does not stand out because whites tried to slaughter and degrade blacks—that is an old tale—but because, like Watts, Harlem and elsewhere, it serves notice that white America must make a new departure or face civil war.

The Root of Resistance

PATTERNS OF VIETNAMESE RESPONSE TO FOREIGN INTERVENTION: 1858-1900. By *Truong Buu Lam*. Monograph Series No. 11. Yale University.

THE MILITARY HALF. By *Jonathan Schell*. Alfred A. Knopf. 212 pp. \$4.95. Paper \$1.65.

JONATHAN MIRSKY

Mr. Mirsky teaches Chinese at Dartmouth.

Americans opposed to the war in Vietnam find themselves prey to a pair of conflicting emotions, one providing hope, the other leading to despair.

Our hope is that since the Vietnamese freed themselves from the Chinese (more than once), the Mongols, the Japanese and the French, ultimately they will persuade the Americans to leave. We are sustained in this belief by the tenacity which sends NLF suicide squads into our Saigon embassy, and by the irony of the North Vietnamese negotiators in Paris who guarantee "restraint" by not bombing the United States.

But we lurch back into sick despair when we see the refugees, the dead, the wounded, the orphaned, the destroyed, the gassed, the napalmed, the bombed—all the results of a technological genius turned insane. It may be that the Vietnamese will not survive physically, that by the time we get fed up with them, they may be dead.

Truong Buu Lam's book is one of the first by a scholarly Vietnamese available in English. Dr. Lam, a historian trained in the West, now residing at Cornell (home of so much that is valuable in Southeast Asian studies), has put together a fascinating collection of poems, songs, letters, appeals and edicts of the first great period of Vietnamese struggle against the French, 1858-1900. Although the French were not driven out, the later patterns of resistance took form in that half century. "The spontaneous reaction against foreigners and the armed struggle to oust them had grown into a demand for revolutionary—political and later social—changes."

Dr. Lam's introductory essay is a brief masterpiece of information and historical synthesis. (We are reminded that: "The first act of armed intervention by a Western power in Vietnam is generally held to have been perpetrated in 1845 by a ship of the United States Navy. . . ." The occasion was prophetic. American sailors went ashore in Danang to demand the release of a French bishop.) Themes of major importance to our current understanding are traced by Dr. Lam to events of more than 100 years ago.

First, the Vietnamese believed very early that they were dealing with an unusual type of enemy. Prof. Paul Mus of Yale University has pointed out that today, in dealing with the Americans, Vietnamese often feel not so much that we have deliberately settled onto their country but that we are simply where we should not be, that we are in error and must be persuaded to leave. Accordingly, in an elegy of 1861, composed for those who died fighting, we find: "For a bowl of rice and a cut of cloth—what is the matter with the enemies' ancestors that they come and dispute them with us?"

Second, the Vietnamese recognized that the invaders were going to distort the ancient ways. "Into this united and sumptuous kingdom, could you admit any foreigner to slay the snakes and hunt the deer? Under the brilliant light of the sun and moon, how could you tolerate those who sold dog's meat for lamb?"

This distortion of life, those in the resistance understood, would not prevent some of their number from collaboration. "What was the meaning of life when you were impressed into the enemy militia and when you had to share their wine and nibble their bread?"

Dr. Lam firmly believes that the principle of Vietnamese nationalism—the underpinning of the struggle today—can be discerned in the last decades of the 19th century. The documentary evidence sustains him, even though the

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situation contained a paradox. The Vietnamese court either did not struggle manfully against the French or virtually lay down before the invaders. Nonetheless the Emperor was the symbol of the nation to whom the resistance rallied. The "call of loyalty, to King and land" echoes through these literary remains; as their actual rulers proved faithless, the focus of the partisans broadened to include ideal monarchs who would not willingly suffer the insult of foreign occupation. Therefore, although the Hue court called for the struggle against the French to cease, the elegy addressed to fallen partisans is reassuring: "You have spared no efforts to help your country. Although you disobeyed the royal orders you shall not be considered a disloyal subject."

Perhaps even President Thieu knows these lines:

"The Emperor does not recognize us, but it is indeed our duty to carry on our struggle for the safeguarding of our fatherland. The Emperor calls us rebels but in the depth of his heart he cannot help but praise our loyalty."

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And who was doing the fighting? Dr. Lam explicitly rejects the notion of an apathetic peasantry so vital to the American pacification. He points out that while "normally indifferent to ideology" the ordinary Vietnamese felt personally the need to resist. Again, the elegy of 1861 tells us a good deal:

"You were not professional soldiers... experienced in military life and training. You were but inhabitants of villages and hamlets turned partisans to serve the case of righteousness... on your back, a shirt of cotton... in your hands a pointed stick... for your sword, you used your kitchen knife... you were not frightened by the French who shot large and small bullets at you."

In the end, Dr. Lam asserts, the French succeeded because of "the failure of the Vietnamese court to pursue a systematic and determined resistance." The court assumed the French did not intend total territorial domination. By the time they understood it was too late. But the roots of popular resentment had thickened, and succeeding generations of Vietnamese seemed always to hope for national independence.

This hope inspires us all. The exploits and endurance of the Vietnamese seem superhuman. But can they survive? One's fears are sharpened to the point of agony by Jonathan Schell, first in his *The Village of Ben Suc* (reviewed in *The Nation*, January 8), and now in *The Military Half* (both were published first in *The New Yorker*). I know no book which has made me angrier and more ashamed. If upon finishing it one still says only "war is hell" one's soul may be in mortal danger. Putting Dr. Spock, Father Berrigan and hundreds of anonymous draft refusers in prison for protesting the crimes described by Jonathan Schell is an act of social perversion.

Schell, who is 25 and a graduate student at Harvard, spent a few weeks in 1967 flying about in small spotter planes over Quang Ngai in northern South Vietnam. Some 650,000 people used to live there. Since the 19th century the peasantry of that region had actively fought the French; Ho Chi Minh proclaimed it very early a totally liberated area. "By the early nineteen-sixties, a whole generation of young people in rural areas had known no government other than that of the Vietminh and the National Liberation Front."

From Diem on, regime after regime tried the old-fashioned and, in retrospect, humane methods of Strategic and New Life Hamlets to bring the population under control. All failed. In the middle of 1967, Operation Oregon was launched. By August, 40 per cent of the population were refugees and 70 per cent of the houses were destroyed.

Let us be clear: this destruction is deliberate—it is not an unfortunate series of mistakes. The American attitude mirrors that of the 18th-century Chinese Emperor Ch'ien-lung: "The Vietnamese are indeed not a reliable people. An occupation does not start before they raise their arms against us and expel us from their country." Such "unreliability," deeply ingrained in the Quang Ngai peasantry, is now causing their destruction.

Schell collected some Marine leaflets, showered in their millions onto the ground below; their message leaves no room for confusion:

Number 244-286-67: "The U.S. Marines will not hesitate to destroy immediately any village or hamlet harboring the Vietcong... The choice is yours."

Number 244-068-68: "Attention Vietlagers:

1. Your village was bombed because you harbored Vietcong in your village....

6. Your village will be bombed again if you harbor the Vietcong in any way....

10. The G.V.N. and Allied Forces will help you to live in peace and to have a happy and prosperous life."

American officers explained our scorched earth policy to Schell in various contexts:

1. "We had no plan of destroying the valley. But then Charlie went back in there and we had no choice about it, so we inserted two battalions... and then it got destroyed in the process of denying it to the enemy."

2. "We have completely dropped the ball on these refugees.... If I told people about this in the States, they'd say I was lying."

3. "We're here to sell the government of South Vietnam to the people in this province. The trouble is they don't want to have the government sold to them, so what we're really doing is cramming the government down their throats."

4. (In response to Schell's asking how a man spotted from the air, who became the target of an air strike, could be identified as a Vietcong): "Well, he walked real proud, with a kind of bounce in his gait, like a soldier, instead of just shuffling along, like the farmers do."

5. (After a series of air strikes): "I don't know what kind of people were down there, but they're not there now."

6. "It gets completely impersonal. After you've done it for a while you forget that there are people down there."

7. "This is an operation to catch the VC, not to clear the area. You just can't go moving everybody out all the time."

8. "Any civilians in this area are Charlies or Charlie sympathizers, so there's no sweat there."

What kind of men are performing

these deeds? How do they feel? After one village was wiped out by napalm and cannon fire, the spotter congratulated the flight commander: "That was real good work. I appreciate it."

"Well, thank you," the flight commander replied, "I enjoyed it."

The pilots make up drinking songs in which they unasily ridicule themselves while banging their glasses on the table:

*Bomb the schools and churches,
Bomb the rice fields, too
Show the children in the courtyards
What napalm can do.*

Or

*Strafe the town and kill the people,
Drop napalm on the square,
Get out early every Sunday
And catch them at their morning prayer.*

When Jonathan Schell published *The Village of Ben Suc* some reviewers twisted madly, attempting to explain away the destruction of a village of 3,800 as an unfortunate but probably isolated incident. One suggested that some newspaper man look into the matter. In a letter to the *Times* I explained that I had visited not only Ben Suc but all the surrounding area, and that such wide-scale wiping out was common. [See Mirsky: "The Tombs of Ben Suc: Too Blind Stupid To See," *The Nation*, October 23, 1967.] At the end of *The Military Half* Schell describes the elimination of the coastal village of Tuyet Diem, and the transportation of its 1,600 inhabitants. By this time our outrage has been overstrained by the endless killing and burning. How are we to respond when, following the bombing of a church the spotter exults: "Oh, that's nice, baby, real nice. You're layin' those goodies right in there." The church had been flying a white flag which maddeningly continued to fly. This goaded one of the pilots: "We'll have to get that white flag. It's a matter of principle."

We are setting out to eliminate the Vietnamese because they are in our way. When I was in Vietnam in 1967 the term "hostile civilian" was widely used: areas without people in them were referred to as "sanitized." In the late nineties, Truong Buu Lam tells us, Phan

Dinh Phung, one of the leaders of the resistance (near the area where Schell's book is set) wrote:

I now have only one brother for whom to care: he is the Vietnamese people. I now have only one tomb to protect: it is the land of Vietnam.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

GAZAPO. By Gustavo Sainz. Translated from the Spanish by Hardie St. Martin. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 181 pp. \$4.95.

Godard developed his techniques to break out of certain confines of film making and into a style that belongs very much to him. Sr. Sainz, who is Mexican, has borrowed the technique and locked himself into a stylized box in which his characters, a group of middle-class Mexican kids, act out some of the rituals of friendship and love which define their world and exquisitely isolate them from anyone who's not a member of it. This is done in a series of quick takes which, since they're not particularly visual, distract from the action rather than enrich it. Although Hardie St. Martin has translated the work into very relaxed, colloquial English, *Gazapo* is a rigid little book that is so overintent on how it is made that it is seldom engrossing for more than a few pages at a time.

THE WAY IN. By Eugene Mirabelli. The Viking Press. 217 pp. \$4.95.

People who know Cambridge, Mass. might particularly enjoy this somber novel for the setting. Mr. Mirabelli has a lot of talent for eliciting a sense of place, though *The Way In* is really about the process of growing older. Despite the fact that the story is populated by a number of characters who are both believable and interesting, the eerie, no-contact quality which hangs over it all extends to the hero, who supposedly moves out of his own isolations and into a good life. It's hard to tell whether this is intentional—that is, whether the author is telling us that his hero is somehow fulfilled in the end in spite of his still seeming so alone, or whether he is trying to convince us that he's *not* alone, having acquired a wife, a child and a way of earning a living. The difference is crucial: because it is left unclear, reading the novel becomes an uneasy experience.

HOUSE MADE OF DAWN. By N. Scott Momaday. Harper & Row. 212 pp. \$4.95.

The author is a Kiowa Indian who grew

up on Southwest Indian reservations; his novel is about a young American Indian who gets locked out of his own culture and almost destroyed by the relative absurdity of the white man's world. It is a tragic if familiar story but, as Mr. Momaday recounts it, one of considerable power and beauty. The life of his hero's grandfather is used as a backdrop to the ongoing action of the book, and Momaday offers a double view of how it used to be to grow up Indian in America and how it is now. If he is more skillful in conveying the old way than the new, it is because his talent is better suited to describing order and beauty than chaos and despair. A particular exception to this is one very sad and funny scene in which a group of Los Angeles Indians gather for a peyote-eating ceremony.

A PERSONAL MATTER. By Kenzaburo Oe. Translated from the Japanese by John Nathan. Grove Press. 214 pp. \$5.

It is easy to see why Oe is considered a revolutionary writer in Japan. There is something quite shockingly ruthless in the precise way he tells this story of Bird, an evasive and seemingly empty young Japanese whose wife has just given birth to a deformed child. Although Bird's first impulses are to have the child killed or to simply disappear himself, a relationship with an old girl friend and some flashbacks from his past help him face a crisis for the first time in his life. Everything is more Western than the West: Oe's descriptions of the hospital personnel are particularly gruesome

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("Would you like to see the goods?"), and he writes about sexual intercourse as if it's an intricate surgical operation being performed slowly and under extra-bright lights for the benefit of curious medical students. Bird's girl friend drives a red MG and is "chasing a better orgasm." The novel must have been a problem to put into English, but John Nathan's translation seems exactly right.

TRUE GRIT. By Charles Portis. Simon & Schuster. 215 pp. \$4.95.

Mattie Ross, the narrator of *True Grit*, calls it "my true account of how I avenged Frank Ross's blood over in the Choctaw Nation when the snow was on the ground." Mattie is 14 when it all happens, back in the 1880s, and her story of how she hired a U.S. marshal and joined up with a Texas Ranger to catch her daddy's killer, fell into the hands of a deadly, good-natured bandit, got snake-bitten, and lived to tell the tale back home in Yell County, Ark., fifty years later is pure, beautiful corn. Mr. Portis, who wrote *Norwood*, is what they used to call a natural, but there's more to it than that. *True Grit* is surely some kind of classic; readers of William Eastlake might appreciate it best, but only a mean person won't enjoy it. If there are people who still follow the custom, this is a fine book to read aloud.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVIČH

Los Angeles

On top of what used to be Bunker Hill at the edge of downtown Los Angeles, set off by plazas and fountains, stand the three imposing theatres of the new Music Center. This marble-fronted efflorescence of cultural philanthropy is, of course, Southern California's answer to Lincoln Center, but somehow it appears to be more or less free of the rancors and embarrassments that hang like a cloud over New York's cultural colossus. Since no cultural center is complete nowadays without a resident professional theatre, the Music Center has one; instead of creating such a theatre entirely from scratch, however, the Center extended its hospitality to the Theatre Group of UCLA, a professional organization that had been mounting productions for several years in various halls on the UCLA campus. The Theatre Group was absorbed into a new organization, the Center Theatre Group, which presents a mixed bag of imported and domestic productions at the 2,100-seat Ahmanson Theatre, and a series of locally originated

productions in the 750-seat Mark Taper Forum.

Gordon Davidson, the artistic director of the old UCLA Theatre Group, became artistic director of the Forum, and is now in the midst of his second season downtown. Mr. Davidson has found his audience—the Forum has nearly 30,000 subscribers—and he runs what seems to be one of the most stable and viable regional theatres in the country. (This means that he can fill his theatre with people willing to sit still for what he gives them, keep his deficit low enough so that his backers are willing and able to meet it, achieve a reasonable degree of success with the critics, and generate a sense that he can go on doing these things without too much difficulty. This may not sound like a tremendous achievement, but in the rickety world of regional theatre it is not a common one.)

The Forum offers selections from the usual resident theatre repertory—*The Miser* and *Camino Real* are on this year's schedule—but unlike some of his opposite numbers at other theatres, Davidson does not limit himself entirely to this repertory; in his first season at the Forum, two out of his four major productions were new American plays. Davidson is particularly interested in the "Theatre of Fact," as that form is now called, which deals, in more or less documentary fashion, with people and events of recent history. While still at UCLA he staged *The Deputy* by Rolf Hochhuth, and he is interested in doing *The Soldiers*, Hochhuth's new play about Winston Churchill. This summer, the Forum's Monday night workshop is offering a new American play called *Witnesses*, by William Murray, which deals, in Pirandellian fashion, with the thirty-six people in Queens who looked on and did nothing while a young woman named Kitty Genovese was stabbed to death. Meanwhile, Davidson has been presenting, as a major production, the American premiere of *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*, by the German playwright Heinar Kipphardt, a dramatization of the 1954 hearings which deprived Oppenheimer of his security clearance.

Aristotle said, some time ago, that poetry is better than history because history deals with specific events while poetry deals with general truths. Of course, the best history has always aspired to be poetry in this sense; the work of Thucydides, who died before Aristotle was born, is so full of general truth that it is frighteningly pertinent to American foreign policy right now. The playwrights of the Theatre of Fact also aspire, in most cases, to "general truth"; Kipphardt himself has said that his intention was

to follow Hegel's advice and lay bare "the core and significance" of a his-

torical event by freeing it from the "adventitious contingencies and irrelevant accessories of the event," to strip away the circumstances and aspects that are of merely secondary importance, and to replace them with such that allow the essence of the matter to appear in all its clarity.

But he has done almost exactly the opposite, and his play gets irretrievably bogged down in adventitious contingencies and irrelevant accessories.

Several vital questions are highly pertinent to the matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer, but the Personnel Security Board of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, as Kipphardt shows it to us, ignores or obscures these questions; it is concerned not with the great issues raised by the case but, essentially, with the narrow question of whether or not it was going to let Dr. Oppenheimer have his clearance. Kipphardt has freely rearranged his documentary material, and even invented speeches and scenes, but he has not gone nearly far enough. "The Hearing is the framework of the play," as the program says, and the framework becomes a strait jacket. Duerrenmatt's *The Physicists* and, above all, Brecht's *Galileo*, are still the plays for our time about the role of the scientist in the atomic age.

This does not mean that the Theatre of Fact, even in its most rigorously factual form, is impossible as a dramatic genre. *The Investigation*, Peter Weiss's austere, scrupulously documentary dramatization of the trial of a group of concentration camp officials, proved, to my satisfaction at least, that a sensitive selection from suitable materials can produce something very closely resembling a work of art. But *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* may serve to remind us, once again, that there are no short cuts to significance.

Perhaps, however, I have made the play sound worse than I actually found it. It has its lively exchanges every now and then, and even the facts themselves have a certain modest documentary interest: so this is how a security hearing is run, so this is what Oppenheimer and Teller had to say. (I was particularly pleased to discover that Oppenheimer's first initial stood for "Julius.") Except for Joseph Wiseman's overcultivated, unspontaneous, and smug performance in the title role, I found nothing to object to in Gordon Davidson's production. The Center Theatre Group does not maintain a permanent company, and the Forum productions are cast from scratch; this means that the mystical idea of a permanent ensemble is ignored, but it has certain advantages. It means, for instance, that Davidson has been free to assemble, for this play about middle-aged men, a middle-aged cast, including

such well-established actors as Eduard Franz, Jeff Corey, John Randolph and Herbert Voland; their presence gives the production an agreeable sense of solidarity. It would be interesting to see what Davidson could do with a good script.

SIDNEY BERNARD

Mr. Bernard is the New York editor of Literary Times.

The success of the New York Shakespeare Festival's open-air mod *Hamlet*, which is touring the neighborhoods these summer nights, can probably be measured in inverse ratio to the unhappiness of purists who watch it. The latter (and there were some at the performance I caught) can be spied out by that certain grimace or swiveling of the head, as if from pain, that occurs when, say, Claudius gets a cream pie in the face; or *Hamlet* pops gaily into bed with Gertrude—proving that in street theatre, anyway, direct action on the Oedipus front is its own reward. There are lots more such high jinks—Ophelia strutting the boards in mini-sequins dress and jet-set tick, two spadecats jivers playing the roles of "Rosencraft" and "Gilderstone," a platoon of GI-dressed, pistol-toting guards in a royal court that's like a penitentiary, and so on. Director Joseph Papp's conceit, overall, can be said to work well, much in the way good subway graffiti do.

Hamlet is played by a lithe and bouncing Cleavon Little, a young black actor who, far from worrying over that "pale cast of thought" that so hobbles the Dane, has at his role with an athletic celerity, an open-voiced bravado, that jolts the audience to the funny bone. From his first entrance—in boxing shorts and sneakers—Little is a walking, jumping and skipping farrago of passion eased by Olson-Johnson tomfoolery, poetry bearded by street-corner minstrelsy and high philosophy reined in by blasts of horse sense. When *Hamlet*-Little is asked what he reads, he looks out owlishly through horn rims with no glass, and replies after a delicious pause: "Ebony, baby." That moment is the witching moment, not of *Hamlet*'s ominous ghost but of revved-up parody under an open sky, with a neighborhood crowd you can play on for all the comic stops.

The production is boiled down to about an hour and a half, with no intermission. I saw it in Washington Square Park, where it was snugly mounted between the austere arch and the waterless fountain. Bongo regulars, hippie boy and/or girl watchers, Village and New

York University lit'ry folk, political polsters and activists, mothers with kids, kids with mothers—all seemed to be responding to some piece of the action. Rock music (by Galt MacDermot) for the bongo boys; lots of jive "business" for the hippie; crisply delivered monologues for the lit'ry; bits of Black Power references for the activist; Pop wardrobe for the mothers; and balloons and toy pistols for the kids.

Sets, stage, lighting and sound open out from, or are fed by, four flatbed trucks. These pack up and move to new locations, directly after each performance. About 800 folding chairs are made available. (They were filled and there

were about 1,000 standees. All free, of course.) Joseph Papp hopes to raise enough money to take the *Hamlet* to Philadelphia, Newark, Washington and Baltimore, on the completion of its New York run. It's a bubbling natural for that long-hot-summer's night.

TELEVISION

MAURINE CHRISTOPHER

Mrs. Christopher is radio and television editor of Advertising Age.

Headlines in some newspapers recently indicated that the Federal Communications Commission—a regulatory body with little taste for regulating—had set forth a surprisingly strong policy on discrimination against Negroes in radio and television employment.

The commission had "warned" stations that they might lose their licenses if they showed bias in their hiring policies, and would regard charges of discrimination as grounds for looking into a station's community service record. They also warned that a licensee's refusal to hire Negroes would "immediately raise the question of whether he is consulting in good faith with Negro community leaders concerning programing to serve the area's needs."

What was generally overlooked was the ironic twist that this ruling came one week after the commission had given a three-year renewal to WLBT in Jackson, Miss., despite charges by local Negro leaders that the station was not acting in good faith to serve the needs of the black population.

The FCC, which has attended enough National Association of Broadcasters' conventions to realize fully how nonintegrated the radio-television business is, knows that its Jackson licensing decision, strongly protested by two of its most dedicated members, will carry more force with station owners than any words in a policy statement on hiring procedures.

Also lost in the fine print was the fact that the anti-bias action was further weakened by its limited applicability and its failure to come into play until someone goes to the trouble and expense of filing a complaint—a step well beyond the means and energy of the average taxpayer. What the FCC said in effect was that the employment provisions of the 1964 Civil Rights Act—banning discrimination for reasons of color, religion or sex by employers of 25 or more persons—applies to broadcasters. Did anybody doubt it? Certainly not the lawyers, who conducted lengthy hearings in New York some months ago on behalf of the

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION

Today the California Revolution is entering a new phase. The population is growing, but with a difference. . . . The former self-consciousness is still evident but a spirit of self-criticism is emerging. The rapid extension of certain trends has begun to meet with resistance, and counter trends have been set in motion. It is not surprising that the first all-auto state . . . should also be the state which should stage the first successful freeway revolt. . . . Nor is it surprising, given some knowledge of the state's peculiar dynamics, that senseless inroads on the environment should have converted the old-style hiking, fishing, and mountain-climbing Sierra Club into a militant conservation organization—one of the toughest in the country. . . . The state that has had so much to do with the development of the initiative, referendum and recall has now begun to have second thoughts about these measures, once regarded as the indispensable tools of progressive government. . . . The cults still thrive, but they are more sophisticated. The quest for the amenities is more evident than ever, but critics have begun to raise embarrassing questions. . . . At the moment, political reaction has triumphed in California but, predictably, the pendulum will soon swing in the other direction.

From the introduction to *The California Revolution* by Carey McWilliams (Grossman). The Nation's editor has collected and edited an exciting variety of articles dealing with the California scene, written by an acute group of critics and observers. A number of these essays originally appeared in *The Nation*.

Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and the New York City Human Rights Commission. That federal law, while reaching about 80 per cent of the country's 650 TV stations, would cover only 10 per cent of its 6,500 radio outlets. Broadcaster witnesses at those New York hearings said that they did not have more nonwhites on their payrolls because "we can't find them." Leaving the initiative to the aggrieved was not what the EEO commission had in mind. This agency wanted the FCC's announcement on minority employment to include a provision specifying a "periodic proof of compliance" check of stations by the FCC.

Still pending is an FCC rule-making procedure extending the warning against discrimination to those stations not covered by the federal law. If the rule is made final, they, like the rest of the broadcasters, will be required to post a notice attesting to their open employment stance.

To compound the irony of the FCC announcement, the ruling—as well as the WLBT renewal—both followed complaints by the United Church of Christ. This group four years ago joined Dr. Aaron Henry and other Jackson

civil rights leaders in protesting WLBT's "unbalanced" treatment of racial issues and lack of contact with the black population. 45 per cent of the station's potential audience. The complainants asked that the license be taken away from Lamar Life Insurance Co. because of the station's long-time record of "unbalanced promotion of segregationist views" and its failure to serve all the community. Some of their charges against WLBT were that the station had introduced network news with announcements such as: "What you are about to see is an example of biased, managed, Northern news"; that it had editorialized against the court-ordered admission of the first Negro to the University of Mississippi without allowing time for an opposition view; that there was not only a lack of Negroes on the station's staff but also not a "single local program on which Negroes could regularly participate." The original bill of particulars alleged that the general manager of the station was a member of the White Citizens' Council, who maintained a policy of denying "courtesy titles" of Mr., Miss and Mrs. to Negroes—although such "titles" were generally used for whites.

The FCC reacted to this lengthy complaint by granting WLBT a one-year

license renewal without even a hearing to allow the local people to have their say. The United Church of Christ took its fight to court. In March, 1966, the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington revoked the temporary license and ordered the commission to conduct a hearing on the matter. The hearings examiner and later the full commission, by a 5-to-2 vote, held that while the station's record was not one worthy of "emulation," the "intervenor failed to prove" many of the incidents cited. The three-year license renewal was granted on June 28 without strings.

The FCC's observations were particularly striking since the commission, when issuing a temporary license in 1965, had ordered WLBT to stop racial discrimination in its programming. The emphasis in the June order seemed to be not so much on what the station had done to remedy the situation—though the majority of the commission said there was some improvement—as on the point that the protesters hadn't "proved" many of their charges.

The United Church of Christ had hoped to use the case as a wedge to open more opportunities for Negroes on radio and TV in the South; but it is finding the action expensive, since the decision will be taken to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeal. "If the black population is to receive fair treatment from the TV industry, and if the public is not to be defeated in its right to correct harmful television practices, we must pursue our appeal," a spokesman for the church group said.

In their battle the Jackson Negroes will have the help of two of the FCC's most forceful commissioners, Kenneth A. Cox and Nicholas Johnson. Their 76-page dissent on the WLBT renewal accused their fellow commissioners of manipulating procedures in favor of the station and ignoring the facts to protect the Lamar Life Insurance Co., its licensee. They also charged that the majority had flouted the court decision by glossing over the record and giving undue weight to the "probable future performance" of the station owner.

Commissioners Cox and Johnson considered it unfair to put the burden of proof on the Jackson Negroes and their friends. They expressed displeasure with a commission that "picks this moment to find 'the public interest' served by the renewal of a license for a station which had not only made no effort to include and serve Negroes but which has for a decade maintained blatantly racist programming policies." And they suggested that "The only way in which members of the public can prevent renewal of an unworthy station's license is to steal the document from the wall of the station's history in the dead of night."

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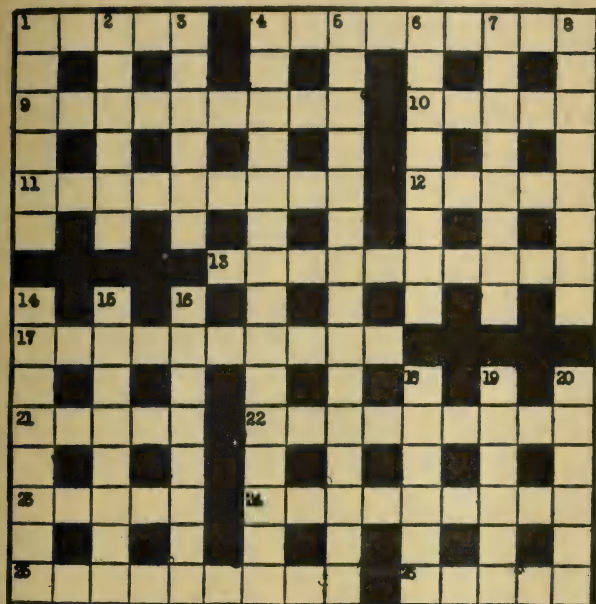
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ACROSS:

- 1 Abdominal pain? Take an oil emulsion in a small amount of it. (5)
- 4 Both soldiers and civilians might be called upon to charge them. (9)
- 9 Are medals appropriate for Hugo's gipsy? (9)
- 10 Responsible for a literary quotation, old style? (5)
- 11 Bother! (9)
- 12 Order of columns. (5)
- 13 Release the old editor's family in Africa? They might be jumpy! (9)
- 17 Subject of Bentley's "clerihew" in which "the Third ought never to have occurred." (4, 6)
- 20 Such as 23, 24 and 9. (5)
- 22 Brook was shot, evidently, for the possible protection of those inside. (4, 5)
- 23 Rather common masculine counterpart of 24. (5)
- 24 Birds have a point in one of those feminine 21. (9)
- 25 Appropriates money, but not regularly. For the Roman, was it a day or just an hour? (5)

DOWN:

- 1 Belief in a direct order? (6)
- 2 Stony ones cannot hold love out, according to Shakespeare. (6)

- 3 It might make the point more deadly. (6-5, 4)
- 4 Protection against so-called lead poisoning. (6-5, 4)
- 5 Migratory birds? They might help if you're looking for a lift! (9, 6)
- 6 Ranges in composition and form might show them in April. (8)
- 7 18, for example. (8)
- 8 Chinese custom of sneering, by the sound of it. (8)
- 14 Beauty is reputedly the sort to ooze about! (4-4)
- 15 "Thirty days hath September" is such a device. (8)
- 16 China is often cracked. (8)
- 18 Not a team aspiring to be an original-thinking type. (6)
- 19 Man is, I imagine, not quite! (6)
- 20 What my lady does in "The Spanish Student." (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1257

ACROSS: 9 Trousers; 10 Reason; 11 Ballroom; 14 Ossian; 15 Absolute; 17 Freehand; 20 Casaba; 22 and 1 Balfour Declaration; 24 Blister; 26 Tenuto; 27 Air brake; 28 Thistle-down. DOWN: 2 Eau Claire; 3 Lie down; 4, 20 down and 12 Rose-colored glasses; 5 Turtles; 6 Ovals; 7 Treats; 8 Moment; 13 Handy; 16 Last straw; 18 Reader; 19 Aqueous; 21 Breaks; 23 Flush; 25 Fall.

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LETTERS

dismal prospect

New York City

DEAR SIR: The other day at a family supper my little grandson, just turned 10, expressed great nervousness about the Vietnamese War. He said he knew he was going to be drafted and killed in that war. We tried to reassure him by saying that the Vietnamese conflict would surely be over long before he became of draft age.

I was appalled to realize that children as young as my grandson are fearful over the Johnson Administration's madcap military adventure in Vietnam. There must be millions of boys throughout the United States who are terribly worried about this interminable war.

Here, then, is another powerful reason for President Johnson to bring an end quickly to the agony that afflicts America as well as Vietnam.

Corliss Lamont

so sorry

Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEAR SIR: This correspondence is in reference to an article, "Battle of Chicago: A Study in Law and Order" by Joseph L. Sander [*The Nation*, May 20].

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May we extend our thanks for your cooperation in this matter.

John A. Campbell, President
General Ordnance Equipment Corporation

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Trudeaumania

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR SIR: Marc de Villiers [editorial, *The Nation*, July 22], appears to be suffering from the ailment that has plagued so many of my countrymen in recent months. It is called Trudeaumania, and its essence lies in the illusion, carefully nurtured by Mr. Trudeau himself, that his "swinging" style of campaigning heralds some wonderful new tidings for Canada's future.

He might recall, however, that the introduction of a new razzmatazz style of campaigning on the part of European Socialist parties, particularly in Britain and Germany, has coincided with the rise of distinctly conservative trends within them. The party leader, in other words, who has nothing very exciting to offer, not even himself, must offer instead a carefully created image of himself. This, I suggest, is what Trudeau has done, and the Canadian people fell for it, lock, stock and barrel.

Henry David Rempel

EDITORIALS

The Republican Gamble

In nominating Richard Nixon, the Republicans have made a calculated gamble. The delegates believed, correctly, that Nixon could unify the party more effectively than could Reagan or Rockefeller. They are well aware that the Republican Party is today a minority party and that Nixon is not the strongest nominee they could name in terms of winning Democratic and independent votes. But they assume—and this is the gamble—that disaffection with the Johnson-Humphrey Administration is so massive that they can win even with the old loser.

Some weeks back, Don M. Muchmore, one of the ablest of the pollsters, told *Nation* readers (July 22) that the outstanding feature of this year's election is to be found in "the presence of a radical epidemic negativism, virulent and extensive." The big party today is the Opposition Party. The "opposition" vote—that is, the combined vote of all those who for whatever reason want to see the Johnson-Humphrey Administration ousted—is clearly a larger constituency than either party can attract, assuming that Humphrey and Nixon are the nominees. As the Republicans see it, all that Nixon need do is shellac the Humphrey-Johnson Administration (and no one that can give him lessons on how to mount that attack) and be vague about his own programs and policies.

This is not a bad gamble. The Vice President cuts a slightly more ludicrous figure with each passing week. He had become "poor Hubert" even before the President withdrew; now he appears in an even more absurd posture because he simply cannot extricate himself from LBJ's cruel embrace. Nor can he hold together the disintegrating coalition on which the Democrats have relied in the past. And at the state and local levels the Democratic Party shows signs of great weakness, notably in such key states as California, Michigan and New York.

Furthermore, the Republicans have a neat hedge on their gamble. Should the election be thrown into the House, they hope to gain enough additional Republican seats so that they could win the Presidency, even though Nixon failed to garner the necessary votes in the Electoral College. This, too, is not a bad gamble. The Republicans picked up forty-seven seats the last time around and, given the tide of opposition, they might easily win thirty-one more in this election. Even before Miami, they had begun to pour money into the "promising" districts, particularly those in which the election of a Republican would tip the state's delegation in favor of the GOP. The Wallace movement will hurt the Republicans nationally, but Wallace followers are more likely to vote for Republican than for Democratic Congressional nominees.

Of course the Republican gamble rests on the assumption that the Democrats will nominate Humphrey. Senator McCarthy's nomination would upset the entire strategy. McCarthy is free of the Johnson tag; his strengths as a candidate are precisely those needed to accentuate Nixon's weaknesses. McCarthy has put together the elements of a new coalition. He arouses the kind of

rank-and-file, or "amateur," enthusiasm that the Democrats must have to win. He is popular with independents. He runs strongly in suburban communities. He appeals to liberal-moderate Republicans. He makes a strong appeal to youth, to the new middle class, and to women. And he has been gaining strength with the minorities.

Nixon's triumph, as the entire press is saying in unison, constitutes a remarkable personal achievement. He is a shrewd political tactician and he planned this campaign, every phase of it, with care and precision. This time he was not disturbed by conflicting advice from "experts"; he was his own expert and he made no mistakes. It would be hazardous to assume that Nixon has "grown" or "changed." He is intelligent; he is enormously hard-working; ethically insensitive, he is not corrupt. He has thought about his problems—including even his "cosmetic" problems (deep tan is the answer to dark beard shadow)—and has sought to solve them. But for his big problem there is no remedy: he is the complete and total opportunist. As someone once said, he never abandons his principles because he hasn't any. In reviewing the Mazo-Hess book about Nixon, Milton Viorst wrote: "What emerges is not a man with feelings and beliefs but an actor upon the stage of history, for whom someone else might well have written most of the lines."

Not that he is incapable of writing the lines; he has written some of his own best lines. But even when he writes them they do not seem to be his, and in one sense they are not, because he instinctively regards "ideas" and "values" as fictions or guises which can be shifted, changed, shelved, donned, discarded, or distorted as circumstances may require.

The only consistent theme in Nixon's public life has been his "anti-communism." His first, quick reaction to any difficult situation, even now, is to counterattack by redbaiting. He is, as James Reston has written, "a man of the cold war and the 'Communist conspiracy.'" In this respect he has been consistent; in this respect he has not changed and will not change. Politicians who acknowledge past mistakes or who change their views in response to changed circumstances are to be commended; consistency in itself is no great thing. But one cannot take Nixon's new "peace" line seriously because one knows that with him any change in position is purely tactical. Not only would he turn hawkish in a second, if he thought it expedient, but one has an uneasy feeling that, on balance, he would rather be hawkish than dovish.

In this campaign he has been on good behavior, but even so there have been occasions when he resisted the old quick redbaiting riposte only by a measure of self-control that required, visibly, the most strenuous effort. For all his surface coolness, he is a man with an inordinate lust for power; what else could have prompted him to attempt a comeback after the humiliating defeats of 1960 and 1962? And there are, one feels, elements of instability in his make-up; after all, he has had one nervous breakdown in public—the disastrous press interview in California—and the memory of it cannot be erased.

A book dealer in Chicago, close to the Blackstone Rangers, recently told Thomas A. Johnson of *The New York Times*: "Black people know this convention [the

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 4

Democrat] doesn't really mean anything to them. It's just Daley bringing his gangster buddies into town for a little funning—a big Appalachia, legal this time." One can hardly blame the Rangers for feeling that way about the Democrats. The other "mob" has just concluded another Appalachia in Miami, the well-to-do mob, largely white, largely Protestant, middle-class, comfortably insulated from all unpleasant realities, foreign and domestic. (See "Comfortable with Nixon" by Karl Purnell, p. 102, this issue.) Listening to the speeches, with one or two exceptions, one got the impression that we are as a people the finest, noblest, ablest, most compassionate that history has ever known; nothing wrong with us, our institutions, or our society that a simple "change of leadership" will not correct. The appearance of an attractive, not-too-dark Negro on the platform seemed to convince the Republican "mob" of its racial benevolence. Even so, there was some slight improvement over the 1964 Cow Palace "mob." The party has achieved at last the appearance of unity. It has adopted a slick platform. And the liberal-moderate element is, in some respects, more potent than the count of delegates would suggest; given competent leadership it might have prevailed.

So the spotlight now shifts to Chicago. Will the Democrats have the wit to counter the Republican gamble in the only way open to them—by the nomination of McCarthy—or will they cooperate with the Republican strategists and nominate Humphrey? If they do, then *Look* magazine may well be right in suggesting that the two-party system is about to break up.

Old Man's Bluff

Every time we look (see editorials in issues of April 8 and April 22), Spain has raised its price for renewing the lease on the U.S. military bases which expires on September 26. The deal now, according to discreet murmurs from Spanish diplomatic sources, is to include an increase in the already very high level of our direct military aid, a full-fledged defense treaty (Spain is not in NATO, and England and the Scandinavian countries will not let it in), exemption from President Johnson's restrictions on capital investments abroad, and the right to try American personnel who commit crimes off the designated bases.

Franco argues that his "services" have become more valuable to the United States, what with the Russian navy curvetting about in the Mediterranean, de Gaulle's withdrawal from NATO and his ban on military overflights, and the transfer of a large French naval base in Algeria to the leftist government of that country. He also urges (at least by indirection) that he no longer needs the prestige of American bases to lend "respectability" to his regime; Hitler and Mussolini are long dead and the "jakkal" epithet has lost its sting.

Perhaps so. But Franco is nevertheless not in a position to bargain with bared teeth: His economy is in fearful shape, his students are openly rebellious, his workers are finding ways to organize outside his notorious National Syndicates—and he is 75 years old.

This last fact is the one that the State Department negotiators should keep in mind. A bargain can un-

doubtedly be struck somewhere between the present agreement and the hungry goals of the Spaniards. But granted that we want to keep our Polaris base at Rota (the air bases become less significant every year), are we willing to rent it at the price of hostility from Franco's successors?

American spokesmen talk of humanizing the regime from within—which is what people always claim they are doing when they cannot otherwise justify a distasteful alliance, and which in this case does not seem to have been a conspicuously successful instance of benign infiltration. Meanwhile, month by month, the voice of freedom in Spain grows bolder. Franco can doubtless continue to shout it down, partly because it is not worth spilling blood to destroy a 75-year-old enemy with no apparent heirs. A great many Spaniards, a constantly growing number, are awaiting the old man's funeral. The question, as one highly placed Spanish official said to Richard Blumenthal of *The Washington Post*, is whether they will decide to bury the United States in Franco's coffin.

The Undiscussed Issue

"For 27 years now," *Business Week* writes (July 27), "national defense has been taking by far the biggest single chunk of the federal budget. This year, the military's share runs to \$80 billion, nearly as much as the pretax profits of all U.S. corporations and close to 10 per cent of the gross national product." But the editors add what everybody now knows: "Neither peace in Vietnam nor a braking of the arms race with the Soviets is going to release any sudden bonanza of dollars for domestic use."

Quite the contrary: the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as well as individual viewers-with-alarm like Admiral Rickover, complain that, partly because of the Vietnamese War, military technology has been semi-stagnant for almost a decade. The minds of the military prophets in the Pentagon, the think factories and the universities are gestating new families of weapons systems: missiles, spacecraft for fighting and reconnaissance, deep-diving submarines for special missions, and the manned bombers temporarily shelved by Robert S. McNamara.

Yet the only way by which funds can be freed for the rehabilitation of the cities and even first steps taken toward meeting the needs of the poor is to bring the Vietnamese idiocy to an end and at the same time curb the Pentagon spenders before they make off with the funds theoretically made available for welfare.

Just because the death toll and property damage in this summer's rioting has been on a smaller scale than last year's, a great many people, in and out of government, are regaining their complacency. Maybe it will all blow over, they speculate. Thinking could not be more wishful. While some of the Negro militants may be bought off and some may be killed, hell is only postponed, not averted. Within a few years we may see armed helicopters firing at snipers on rooftops.

"Crime in the streets" (code for mob violence) is discussed, if not very intelligently; but averting it by social action—using funds now allocated to "defense"—is scarcely discussed at all. Insofar as there is such discus-

sion, it is mostly by intelligent sections of the business community, such as McGraw-Hill (publishers of *Business Week*) and some Congressmen, not all of them liberals by any means. (Senator Symington, for instance, is all for new weapons, but he joined the Congressional doves in opposing anti-ballistic-missile construction.) Sens. Gaylord Nelson and Joseph S. Clark can always be relied on for sanity in such matters, together with a few others, but decisive action rests with Rep. Mendel Rivers, Chairman of the Armed Services Committee.

A few weeks ago, as *The Nation* (July 22, page 37) pointed out, the *Congressional Quarterly* quoted Pentagon officials to the effect that \$10.8 billion could be trimmed from the "defense" budget with a gain rather than a loss in efficiency. Even Defense Secretary Clark Clifford said publicly that the "defense" budget could safely be reduced by \$2 billion to \$3 billion. But Rivers would have none of it. He allowed two hours of discussion, then rammed through a \$21 billion Defense Department budget, a mere down payment on the \$80 billion or more that the Department will, by all indications, continue to receive.

The mechanics of these procedures, and the underlying psychology, are the principal problem before the country today—and the most ignored. Not that anybody is visited by the FBI at dawn or thrown into a detention camp if he feels like speaking what is on his mind. Ours is not in that sense a "garrison state"—not yet, anyway. The situation is that neither party dares to initiate cuts in "defense," although there are those in both parties who know that cuts could and should be made. "Defense" has become the sacred cow of the society as well as its economic mainstay. It is the great stabilizer, the flywheel of prosperity, which must not be allowed to slow down.

What would take its place? Many high-powered businessmen talk about possible profits in cleaning up the slums, training the hard-core unemployed, etc. But they are wondering who the customers would be, just how systems engineering would be applied to a job so different from space technology, and who would coordinate the thousands of small problems and conflicts of interest that would arise. "Defense" is so much safer.

In all this the general public concurs. Congress, and even the Pentagon, is ahead of popular thinking in this respect—or rather ahead of popular non-thinking. Such are the fruits of twenty-seven years of cold war and affluent materialism. Only Eugene McCarthy, among all our Presidential "hopefuls," has had the courage to make a head-on attack on the system which produces those \$80 billion "defense" budgets. He has awakened a considerable number of citizens to the issue, especially among the young. How many, and to what effect, we shall see at the end of the month.

The Rubber-Stamp Experts

The American Bar Association, which has been holding its annual convention in Philadelphia, numbers among its various committees one on the Federal Judiciary. While the contribution of some A.B.A. committees to the commonweal may be questioned, the Committee on the Federal Judiciary is not without power. If it finds a candidate

for the lower judgeships "not qualified," that usually ends the matter.

An article by Fred P. Graham in the August 3 *New York Times* throws some light on how the Committee on the Federal Judiciary goes about its business. Mr. Johnson has nominated Justice Abe Fortas to be Chief Justice of the United States, and Homer Thornberry, a member of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, to take Justice Fortas' place on the Supreme Court. Judge Thornberry, who was first appointed a District Judge by President Kennedy in 1963, was found by the Committee on the Federal Judiciary to be "highly acceptable" to serve on the Supreme Court. Very likely he is, but the decision was reached with amazing celerity, and the procedure was even more amazing. It seems that Leon Jaworski, a former long-time attorney for President Johnson and also a former member of the twelve-man committee, was designated to pass on the qualifications of Judge Thornberry. From his home town of Houston, Mr. Jaworski held an hour-long telephone conference with the current members of the committee, beginning at 7 A.M. on the day President Johnson announced the nominations. Questioned by the press, Mr. Jaworski explained that the A.B.A. had assigned him to head up the investigation of Judge Thornberry "because I knew him better than the others." The committee then voted unanimously to approve both Judge Thornberry and Justice Fortas for their respective offices.

Such a cursory procedure does a grave injustice to the nominees, in that it tends to support the charges that the nominations were "rubber-stamped" by the A.B.A. and to reinforce the opposition to both men in the Senate Judiciary Committee. It is the most unwelcome procedure imaginable, yet it is just about what one would expect from the A.B.A. It purports to represent the American bar, but it does not and never has. It represents the big law firms—the legal Establishment, which for the most part is conservative, if not reactionary. Why not stop this travesty? Either the A.B.A. should conduct impartial, painstaking investigations or it should get out of the picture. Or, in conjunction with other legal groups, such as the Decalogue Society of Chicago, the National Lawyers Guild, the Negro bar, etc., should set up a standing committee which, with the aid of foundation funds, could conduct meaningful investigations of judicial appointees.

A Sad Month

The Nation records with sorrow the death in late July of two people who had contributed materially to the magazine and given their friendship generously to its editors. The first of these was Jane Kirstein, wife of the former publisher, who died in her sleep on July 25. Mrs. Kirstein was *The Nation's* first regular UN correspondent, under her maiden name, Jane Stolle. She served in that post from 1958 to 1962, where her sound grasp of international affairs (Mrs. Kirstein had earlier reported to *The New York Times* from Mexico and Italy) and her journalist's flair for tracking down the stories that would be most meaningful to her particular readership were of immense value to the magazine. Her former colleagues also recall vividly how her quietly impressive demeanor—her

presence as a woman of startling beauty possessed of ■ strong intelligence and the power of quick and sympathetic understanding—won for *The Nation* a respect and confidence at the United Nations that is one of its most valuable assets today. As all who remember the Andrea Doria disaster know, Mrs. Kirstein rebuilt her life from the ashes of an indescribable personal anguish. Her gallantry, entirely unstressed and indeed unperceived by the world at large, was an enduring wonder to her friends.

On July 27 died James Desmond, Albany correspondent for the New York *Daily News*. Mr. Desmond con-

tributed to *The Nation* articles on the politics of New York State and the fluctuating career of its governor, written with a succinct authority amounting to wit. However, Mr. Desmond's assistance to the magazine was not confined to what appeared there under his by-line; as a busy and strategically placed professional, he was unfailingly available to the editors for background analysis, late information and brilliantly informed guesses.

Magazines do not mourn, and editors must cope with their private griefs in private. For the editors of *The Nation*, July was not a good month.

Comfortable with Nixon

KARL PURNELL

Mr. Purnell is a former Republican member of the Pennsylvania legislature and publisher of The Union County Journal of Lewisburg, Pa.

Miami Beach

Miami Beach was the perfect location. The 15-mile strip of sand and asphalt, with its giant pleasure palaces framed against the warm Atlantic, had been dredged up from a hopeless swamp in a remarkable display of capitalist power and innovation. Here, among the sauna baths, the massage parlors, the air-conditioned bars and gourmet restaurants, rich America is invited to relax and forget the problems of the world. Which is precisely what most of the 1,333 delegates to the Republican National Convention of 1968 did. In still another desperate attempt to turn back the clock and smother the problems of a troubled country, they nominated Richard Milhous Nixon because he had assured them that old friendships, old solutions and old politics still counted for something in these turbulent times.

For those worried about the ghettos Nixon advocated ■ good old-fashioned dose of private enterprise and individual initiative. The rebellious youth? There were Julie and Tricia and David Eisenhower, smiling and minding their elders the way young people should. As for Vietnam, it was closed to discussion while peace negotiations were under way.

If all of this seemed little more than a remarkable sleight of hand, the delegates were willing prey. They came from Boine, Ida., Little Rock, Ark. and South Bend, Ind., and they wanted desperately to believe that Nixon was right. They were 48 per cent businessmen, 98 per cent white, 82 per cent Protestant, and they wanted the world to come back into focus. These were not the hard-core, conservative ideologists who had backed Barry Goldwater in 1964. Less than 15 per cent of the delegates had attended the San Francisco debacle four years ago. They were "good Republicans" who realized some changes had to be made—but not too many.

A. I. Habersham, a Negro delegate from Georgia's Sixth District, smiled proudly as he talked of his delegation: "They been treatin' me real good. Take me along to the restaurants—no trouble, no sir, no trouble at all," he

said as he surveyed the convention floor just before the balloting began. "The Republicans this year know they got to recognize my people. You know, Mr. Charlie actually came to me and asked me to run as a delegate."

Habersham, an insurance salesman and Baptist minister, was starry-eyed that a Negro would be brought along by the Georgia delegation. If it was a small, even meaningless, concession, it was still a change for the better.

Admittedly, the Republican delegates gave John Wayne a standing ovation when he talked about the importance of teaching his daughter the Lord's Prayer. And they screamed with nostalgia when Barry Goldwater once again defined his brand of freedom. Yet they also gave John Lindsay a thunderous reception, following his remarks. Clearly these were not people who would boo a Nelson Rockefeller as the Goldwaterites of 1964 had done. Ideology, carried to extremes, could be a dangerous thing for these unity-minded Republicans.

In fact, if there was one remarkable characteristic of the conventioners it was their near apathy toward the former Vice President. They like Dick Nixon, but many questioned whether he could win. No one doubted Rockefeller's ability to win. But they felt more comfortable with Nixon and simply hoped he could pull it off in November.

Delegates who openly doubted Nixon's vote-pulling power, or who took James Farmer at his word when he predicted Nixon would never get the black vote, were given a "tail-that-wags-the-dog" approach.

"Of course Nixon can't win on his own," Arlin Adams, Nixon's Pennsylvania manager, confided two days before the balloting. "But don't worry about that, because we'll get an attractive young liberal to carry the cities, the Negroes and the young people for him," Adams, an able secretary of welfare during the Scranton administration, said. This argument, astounding for its bluntness as to Nixon's inability to win, worked like magic.

Adams was able to crack the Pennsylvania delegation, picking up twenty-two votes for Nixon and leaving Gov. Raymond Shafer with forty to deliver to Rockefeller. In New Jersey the same play, plus several patronage offers, became the decisive factor of the convention. Ten hours before the balloting began, ■ wave of hope spread through the Rockefeller camp at the Americana Hotel when it was

learned that the Garden State would hold behind Sen. Clifford Case. An extraordinary blitz by the Nixon camp finally buckled the delegation a few hours before the roll call, thus signaling the end of the Rockefeller efforts.

While the large Eastern industrial states were cajoled with the magic image of a Lindsay, a Percy, or a Hatfield, Nixon's Southern managers were using the same approach with a different name. Reagan supporters were told that they could have their man on the second spot if they stayed with Nixon. If they didn't hold, the nomination would be thrown to Rockefeller.

By eight o'clock Wednesday night word spread through the convention that the fight was over. There remained only the cliché-ridden nomination speeches and the demonstrations. There was little bitterness about the outcome. William Scranton, former governor of Pennsylvania, now obscure and unnoticed as he worked for Rockefeller throughout the convention, turned to a Nixon delegate and laughed: "Well, at least our spontaneous demonstration is more spontaneous than yours."

Gov. John Love of Colorado, also a Rockefeller supporter, sighed with resignation as the howling Nixon demonstrators jumped up and down in the aisles: "They keep supporting the same little group of people, and the group keeps getting smaller every year."

When it was all over and the delegates dispersed into the neon glow of Miami Beach's garish Washington Boulevard, a taxi driver muttered as he weaved through the early morning traffic: "Mister, I'll tell you one thing: Nixon can never win. I don't know what's wrong with you Republicans."

Yet the real blow was not to be scored until the next morning. At a long-delayed press conference, before which reporters speculated that it would have to be Lindsay, Nixon stunned much of the convention city with the announcement that Gov. Spiro T. Agnew of Maryland would be his running mate. Unpopular in his own state and a politician of the old school, Agnew is a suicidal choice whose selection was received with disbelief in the Rockefeller camp. It is likely that Lindsay might have picked up much of the New York Governor's support. Nixon, true to form, had chosen another Bill Miller, who

might placate many of the Southern states, but would hardly help in the all-important industrial Northeast.

Bad as it all seemed, there was an air of hope among some delegates, who saw the Nixon nomination as the last gasp from the old politicians who have been ruling the Republican Party. "Sure Nixon will lose, but it doesn't mean the end of the Republican Party. Don't forget we lost in 1964 and it didn't kill us," one delegate stated.

Robert Porter, a 26-year-old peace delegate from Williamsport, Pa., spoke about the future of the Republican Party. A drama teacher who was elected by an anti-Vietnamese War organization in his Congressional district, Porter said: "Maybe the liberals in the party have finally learned their lesson. We have got to start early. I think a lot of people are going to begin working now for John Lindsay."

If the Republican Party has once again forfeited an excellent chance to win the Presidency, it should not be surprising. For whatever else the lessons of 1964 and 1968 can teach, it should now be amply clear that the GOP is not a national party. Gov. Tim Babcock of Montana stated this very well when he explained why he was supporting the Nixon candidacy: "You have to get someone who can help you in your own state. The local elections are the most important."

What Babcock was saying publicly is what many of the Republican delegates admitted privately throughout the convention. Winning national power is secondary to regional victory. Almost to a man, members of the Southern delegations admitted that George Wallace would sweep their states in November.

"We can't win with any of these candidates, but we can pick up some local offices with Nixon or Reagan," one Georgia delegate claimed. To him, it was immaterial what happened in Washington. In state after state it was apparent that this concern for regional problems exceeded by far any concern for the national crisis.

During a noontime champagne party given for members of one delegation beside the palm-bordered pool of a Miami Beach hotel on the day of the balloting, a loud-speaker announced: "Will all delegates please arrange to attend a caucus. It is important that all delegates attend this meeting." No one moved from the pool.

Lobster Land: A Traveler in China

ALBERTO MORAVIA

This essay by the renowned Italian novelist is taken from his The Red Book and the Great Wall: An Impression of Mao's China, to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in the early fall. The English translation is by Ronald Strom.

Our program for the day was the Great Wall. It runs along the mountains between China and Mongolia more than 3,000 miles. But we visited a section that was about 50 miles from Peking and saw only a few hundred yards of it. We went by automobile and sat in our usual places:

Dacia and I in back, and the driver and Mr. Li, our guide, in front. The car left Peking and went into the countryside, toward the Western Hills.

It was a magnificent day. Large white clouds, gold around their edges, lazily crossed the sky. The plain of Peking was of a springtime green, bright and clear, as far as the dark blue of the hills.

The Great Wall stimulates thought. It is one of mankind's myths and not merely because of its astonishing length. There is an ideology of the Great Wall—there is a message. There is also a psychology of the Great

Wall or, if you prefer, a state of mind. And finally there is a lesson of the Great Wall—aesthetic, political, military, social, philosophical, economic.

The Great Wall is also the Chinese myth par excellence. An idea that has been transformed into a concrete object, visible, enduring, perhaps eternal. In a moment of Chinese-style conservatism, the French tried to construct their own Great Wall: the Maginot Line. But the Maginot Line did not last more than a generation; it was stormed from the flank. Now its little fortresses are auctioned off to amateurs of military ruins. The Great Wall functioned uninterruptedly from 200 B.C. almost till yesterday. And the Chinese have no intention of dismantling it. They have restored the sections near Peking, and it has become the object of tourist pilgrimages. Other countries have their churches, palaces and museums, or their Niagara Falls or Vesuviuses to show. In China they have a wall.

So much has been said about the Great Wall that one is almost ashamed to mention it. One is tempted to say the only thing that probably has not already been said—the tautology that the Great Wall is the Great Wall. But after all, the fear of uttering the commonplace is very common. So I too will have a go at the myth of the Great Wall. Let me begin by saying that the Great Wall obviously has two sides to it: the inner side facing China, and the other one facing Mongolia.

On the Chinese side was, and still is, China—an

immense country that, depending on the period of history, teemed with activity, prosperity and fervor, or was depopulated and ran wild in civil wars. Thus one's idea of the Great Wall is noticeably modified. The Great Wall was not always and invariably like a strong safe protecting a treasure. Sometimes there was a treasure and sometimes not, according to the times. The Great Wall actually served to protect, in a purely existential sense, the Chinese people. But from what? For that question we must consider the outer side of the Great Wall.

The Great Wall was built to prevent barbarian invasions. But who were the barbarians? One might answer that they were the Mongols, the Huns, but that would not be exactly right. The barbarians were any peoples who were not Chinese.

On the other hand, there was not, there could not be, as far as the Chinese were concerned, any people, even barbarians. There was simply the void. This void had been created by the Great Wall itself, by the Chinese, from the very moment they began to build the Great Wall. Without the Great Wall, there could be no void.

Thus, coming closer to a true definition, the Great Wall defended and protected China from the void, from nothing. China was what was, what existed, what was important. Outside China there was nothing, nothing existed, nothing had any importance.



The Great Wall of China

The message of the Great Wall and its ideology, then, are strictly Chinese. They are the message and the psychology of a conservatism that is rather special. It is not political, not military, not social and not economic, though there is something of all those in it. One might almost say it was biological and aesthetic. The Great Wall was built against the barbarians because the barbarians might have introduced new blood and new ideas into China. But new blood and ideas unleash evolution and revolution. And China's aim was not to develop or change but to endure. Endure, perhaps to age, perhaps to grow decrepit, but to endure. But biological duration demands orthodoxy, immobility, etiquette, ceremony and ritual. The Great Wall guaranteed the unending continuity of these things. It allowed the Chinese people to endure, with or without culture, in order and tranquillity, or immersed in the chaos of civil war, rich or poor. All this as far as the aspect I have called biological is concerned.

But there was also an aesthetic aspect. Every conservatism results from pushing to its extreme the idea of form as a victory over time. Only perfect form can put the object that reproduces it outside time; only through perfect form can it be expressed for eternity. Artists are conservatives par excellence, even when they claim to be revolutionaries. They want their work to endure forever.

In an artistic sense, let us say, the Great Wall was intended to maintain the form of China unchanged for eternity. It had the same function as the shell of a crustacean. It would not have the form it does if it were not for the shell. One could extend the metaphor. Like crustaceans, ancient China was hard outside and soft inside—unlike men and vertebrates in general, which are soft outside and hard inside. But isn't the crustacean perhaps the best symbol for a conservatism so rigid and so plated with laws, norms, etiquettes, ceremonies and rites that it has no content or is a mere shell for soft interests? Conservatism is a lobster. Ancient China was a lobster. The Great Wall was the expression of Chinese conservatism, just as the shell of the lobster is the expression of the lobster's exquisite softness.

Perhaps then the barbarians were not as barbaric as the Chinese pretended they were. Or, indeed, they may have been barbarians, but they were barbarians on the order of those who invaded the Roman Empire at the time of decline. They were bearers of that particular kind of destruction which is a result of ignorance and youth.

And it was precisely because they were young and ignorant that they provoked new developments and injected new blood. Perhaps it would have been better if the Chinese had been as thoughtless or incapable or irresponsible as the Romans, if they had not built their Great Wall and had let the barbarians enter freely.

All that Europe had in the way of Great Walls at the time of the barbarian invasions was a little Roman revetment between England and Scotland. The barbarians went everywhere. But the Chinese, with their Great Wall, managed to keep the barbarians outside China for a very long time indeed. Thus when the barbarians finally came, civilized by now, it was an easy matter to make them

Chinese, to make them part of Chinese corruption and decrepitude. The Great Wall, as I said, was the Chinese view of the world, their way of existing in the world. Since they could not build a Great Wall on the sea, they did the next best thing by closing their ports to the barbarians of the Western world. It was a great wall of prohibitions, and it lasted as long as the Great Wall of stone. Then all of a sudden, in less than a century, all the Great Walls of China fell, one after another. The void was suddenly revealed then as difference, and China discovered the void within itself. Thus China has absorbed into its inner void the outer, barbarian difference. This is the history of modern China, from the Taiping Rebellion to Mao.

Nevertheless, the problem of Chinese communism today may again be that of the ancient celestial empire. Will China go back to the system of the Great Wall, that biological and formal immobility guaranteed by an ideological orthodoxy, a philosophical dogma? Will it again become a lobster land? Or will China give up the idea of the Great Wall once and for all? Will dogmas and orthodoxies be hurled down, and will China become a vertebrate land, hard inside and soft outside, a horse land (or a man land)?

These were my thoughts as the automobile drove through the well-cultivated countryside at the foot of the Western Hills. Then the road began to climb a bit. There are stupendous mountains in China, in Sinkiang and Tibet, under the Himalayas. But the so-called Western Hills are only hills. Here the Great Wall seems to be justified also by lack of natural defenses.

The road runs along the bottom of a narrow valley, green and flourishing. The stony river bed with shallow limpid water is visible between the bushes. Then the hills gradually close, and while they do not grow higher they become steeper. And the valley becomes a gorge.

We arrived at a small group of peasant houses, low yellow constructions with dried-mud walls and straw roofs. The car stopped and we saw a kind of arch or bridge of white marble, a massive and elaborate structure, a veritable work of art planted there in the middle of the unchanging countryside. It was one of the gates of the Great Wall, and soldiers and excise officers probably once stood guard there. It must have been an inner gate, part of a system of lesser walls that defended the nearby capital. The authentic Great Wall is much farther away.

We got out of the car and looked at the gate. Like all Chinese monuments, it was both massive and ornamental. The idea of solidity was oddly blended with that of refinement. The gate was covered with fine low-relief sculptures on both sides. The subject was exactly what one would have expected, given the place and function of the monument: this was civilization, as represented by heroes, sages and emperors, bending the neck of barbarism, depicted in the form of dragons, serpents and monsters. Anyone entering China would have understood at once. He was leaving the void of barbarism and entering the realm of civilization. Albeit this realm consisted only of ceremony and etiquette; that is, a void like any other.

We climbed to the top of the gate. It had been aban-

done, like so many artistic creations in China today. Weeds were growing between the bricks, there were cracks in the marble, and the sculptures were scratched, darkened and defaced. The gate ought to be restored, but there is slight chance that it can be done in the near future. Mr. Li's tone was dry and slightly bored as he explained what this gate was. The Chinese today are not interested in the Great Wall, for it no longer serves any purpose. Other times, other Great Walls. The most one can hope for is the restoration of some section of the fortifications, designed in harmony with the times, to be educational and scientific. But the marble arch is too beautiful to be restored.

We returned to the automobile and drove on through the valley, or rather the gorge. Finally, at the point where the gorge is narrowest, we saw the Great Wall, the real one, the one that traverses 3,000 miles of mountains. I recognized the presence, the efficacy, the power of the myth in the emotion that suddenly took hold of me. It is true, of course, that the place itself is indescribably evocative. On both sides of the gorge, the mountains seem to withdraw, as if they were fleeing from the gorge from one peak to another. And along the edge of these two continuous ridges, standing out against the blue sky, the huge gray stone serpent, sinuous and soft, embracing the tortuous turns of the mountain range, also takes flight.

The beauty of the Great Wall is in its faithful pursuit of the meandering mountains. A squared-up wall in the middle of a plain, like the Escorial, for example, has something dismal, abstract and lifeless about it. But to look at the Great Wall is to experience a serpentine vitality. The reptile may be decrepit but it is alive. One is almost surprised that it does not move, slithering off, curl around the mountains, and finally disappear on the horizon. Its vitality is subtle, insinuating, resilient, sly, tenacious, parasitic and symbiotic. There is a kind of marriage between ivy and the tree trunk around which it twines. And this marriage is also very Chinese; it is designed to endure because it is bound to nature, a natural fact, a natural situation.

We walked up to the wall. The way in which the Chinese military engineers went about constructing the Great Wall is clear. The wall winds up and down the mountains like an amusement park roller coaster. Where the mountain forms a peak there is a guard tower, and between one peak and another, i.e., between one tower and another, the wall descends and rises again over a distance that is never too great to prevent a clear view of anything that might happen along that particular section

of wall. In other words, one has a clear view of the wall from one tower to the next. Thus the barbarians were effectively held at bay. As soon as they would appear, the soldiers stationed in the towers at the ends of the threatened section of the wall would leap to the defense. And a system of signals from tower to tower could warn Peking of an imminent attack.

Probably the greater part of the Great Wall has been abandoned, as have so many monuments in China. Overrun with weeds, its battlements crumbling, its parapets fallen down and its towers mutilated, the Great Wall must be merely a shapeless ruin of stone and brick in many places. But in that gorge so near Peking, the Great Wall has been restored with the greatest attention. There is even a restaurant. And in the open area before the restaurant several tourist buses and many cars were parked. Dense groups of Chinese tourists were climbing up the wall, toward the towers. They climbed slowly, looking as small as ants in the distance. They carried picnic lunches and bottles of beer wrapped in handkerchiefs. The Great Wall seemed to move them and delight them more than any other monument in Peking. It is "their" monument, the only Chinese monument that has something universal to say—a myth of mankind in general.

We picked out what seemed the shortest and least steep section of the wall and started to climb ourselves. One can go up the wall by broad steps or by extremely steep inclines. These ramps are so steep that one must crawl up them, and to come down again one must lean far back. It was a calm clear day, but oddly enough a wild cold wind was blowing on top of the wall—evidently the wind that whirls in the void beyond the wall. And there was the void: we looked out at it between the battlements. Beyond the gorge, past a kind of ridge of shrubs, was an immense green plain, bright, golden in the sun, mysterious and thriving. And the idea came back of the void from which the wall was intended to protect China. All it was was something different and perhaps, who knows, something better. Perhaps the Great Wall was not only intended to defend and to protect but to prevent comparisons and confrontations.

Moreover the revolution that has renovated China came from there, from that immense plain, mysterious, green and golden in the sun. Over there, in a straight line running thousands of miles, is Lenin's Russia and Marx's Europe. Over there is the homeland of the barbarian ideas that have rejuvenated the decrepit old lady with her tiny feet and age-old etiquette. But the danger now is that these barbarian ideas will be bound up, like ladies' feet, in orthodox dogma, that they too will become matters of etiquette, ceremony and ritual.

We climbed several steps and then began to clamber up a tremendously steep ramp. We climbed into the wind that struck from all sides and seemed to want to hurl us down. We finally reached a guard tower. It was three stories high, with rooms and stairs and passageways. There were crenels for shooting arrows, and projectiles and small windows for the mouths of culverins. Everything had been marvelously restored. Everything was brand

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new and dead. I turned to our guide. "I suppose the Great Wall at least served some purpose."

"It protected the empire for centuries against barbarian invasions."

"But what happened in China during all those centuries?"

"Well, it's clear what happened. First the empire grew and prospered, and then it went into decline."

"So the Great Wall at some point no longer managed to protect China from its own decadence and corruption."

He shrugged his shoulders, and inside me I knew he was not wrong to do so. My remark was a sophism. "There is no relation between the two. On the one hand, the empire built the Great Wall for purely military reasons. And on the other, China went into decline."

"Let's have a closer look at this. Try to understand me. If China had not built the Great Wall and had remained open to foreign influences and ideas and innovations, perhaps it would not have gone into decline."

"There was no chance of beneficial ideas or influences or innovations coming from Mongolia. Just armed war-

riors on horseback."

"I haven't made myself clear. For the Great Wall is chiefly a symbol."

"A symbol of what?"

"The symbol of invincible Chinese conservatism."

"There's nothing invincible. China today is a revolutionary country, the most revolutionary country in the world. And the Great Wall is a great work of Chinese military engineering."

When our visit was ended and we returned to the car that was to take us back to Peking, I couldn't resist quoting Lao Tzu's words of the Tao. "The court is corrupt, The fields are overgrown with weeds, The granaries are empty; Yet there are those dressed in fineries, With swords at their sides, Filled with food and drink, And possessed of too much wealth. This is known as taking the lead in robbery. Far indeed is this from the way."

These words were written before the Great Wall was built. What can Great Walls protect except that which should not be protected? Life, at its fullest and most mature, has no need of Great Walls.

URBAN FARMERS

The Green Belts of Cuba

TIMOTHY F. HARDING and DONALD W. BRAY

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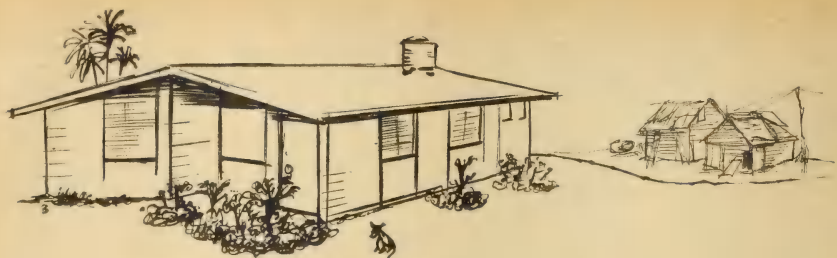
In Cuba today, Hispanic visionaries can work in an atmosphere of down-to-earth effectiveness. Don Quixote has found discipline. Yet the new work ethic has, if anything, enhanced the traditional Latin dream ethic. The current Havana green belt project is a case in point.

A few months ago near Havana, Fidel Castro talked with a small farmer who was about to join the stream of exiles leaving for Miami. The revolution had helped him little; he lived in the same old shack and could not find or afford labor to clear and plant most of his acreage. Castro asked the man whether his attitude would change if the government cleared his land of scrub brush, provided him with a new furnished house, livestock and field hands, and gave him all necessary technical and financial support to make his farm profitable. The suspicious farmer responded that he could never repay the government for these services. Fidel replied that the revolution asked only for his cooperation, not for repayment. The man's eyes widened and the Havana green belt—"Cordón de La Habana"—was born. That was in April, 1967. The farmer's land was cleared in one week. An access road was built to his property. His land was seeded and a water reservoir constructed. Today, the man is the local president of the National Association of Small Farmers and one of the leading spokesmen for the Cordón.

The Cordón idea has overnight become a massive socio-agricultural undertaking. A belt around the capital (almost 7 per cent of the Province of Havana) is being converted into a vast forest of millions of productive trees. This was formerly an area of mostly open, under-utilized land, left in scrub or unimproved pasture.* At a forced-march pace, climatological, soil, hydrographic and land-use studies were made and a master plan was drawn up for the Cordón. In addition to the expanse of coffee, fruit and beans, the plan calls for a new botanic garden and zoo in a large park, a recreational forest, many zones of ornamental plants and sizable areas for dairy stock and sugar cane cultivation. Eighty reservoirs are being constructed to provide water for irrigation and recreation throughout the Cordón.

The Cordón is not an isolated effort but the first experimental stage of what will become a series of belts stretching from one end of the island to the other. In Havana Province a dairy belt will be added around the south edge of the present Cordón and that will be followed by a 330,000-acre vegetable Cordón, around the dairy belt. These plans are made by region with little attention

*This was one sign of the irrational use of resources in the days when Cuba, an economic dependency of the United States, imported its urban food supply from abroad although most of the population worked in agriculture. The existence of uncultivated land all over the island is, on the other hand, a great advantage Cuba has over such areas as Haiti or El Salvador where the top soil has long since been overworked and eroded. The ingredients which the Cubans are adding in the Cordón are urban labor, technology and efficient overall planning.



paid to whether the land is in private, collective or government ownership except for the right of the small landowner to cultivate a portion of his land as he sees fit.

Like all the important, large-scale projects in Cuba, the plan is directed by the consolidated revolutionary party, now officially called the Communist Party of Cuba, though it contains only a small minority of pre-revolutionary Communists and is universally referred to simply as "the party." It was placed in charge because the massive mobilization of urbanites for agriculture at no extra pay is seen as a basically political undertaking. The campaign succeeds only if it can be made meaningful to enough people so that they take upon themselves individually and collectively the responsibility to meet the goals.

Moreover, as the best-organized civilian institution in the country, the party was clearly the proper organization to coordinate a complex task in which all government ministries play a part. Heavy, army-operated equipment was dispatched for land clearing. Enormous plant nurseries were established, the work of 2.5 million man-days, with labor brigades organized to plant seedlings. Elementary and secondary students were mobilized for lighter jobs. Playgrounds, brightly colored, beflagged shade tents, field kitchens and toilets were spaced throughout the Cordon area. More than a million men, women and children from hundreds of schools, government agencies and work centers had to be given specific tasks at designated times and places. Some stores and agencies in Havana were closed periodically to free people for planting, but employees who stayed behind in stores and factories that did not close guaranteed to maintain output levels despite the absence of those who had left for the Cordon.

The authors of this article were moved to join the parade out of Havana to plant coffee trees. The supervisor of the all-male group of planters who agreed to accept our unexpected services was a woman who six months before had been a statistician in a government office. She seemed genuinely pleased by our offer to help. At first our co-workers assumed we were Canadians. They were only mildly surprised to learn our true nationality. Struggling together in sticky soil under a tropical sun, what did it matter? We were *compañeros*. Music from a nearby mess tent lifted the spirit. When break-time came, French pastry unavailable in Havana shops was distributed to the field workers. In contrast to the food shortages in city markets, the trays in lunch tents were loaded with meat, rice, sweet potatoes, beans and soft drinks. The food available in

Cuba is distributed more generously to places where hard physical work is being done.

An unmistakable *elan* is created by the joining of city dwellers and peasants, working the soil for a common cause. The seriousness of city people gives way to smiles and joking in the fields. Office workers are astonished to find themselves concerned about rainfall, drought, seed varieties and grafting techniques about which they (and the party officials) have become expert. It may be that the peasants are even more astonished to be sweating side by side with librarians and cabinet ministers in a kind of work where they have a real skill advantage. The barriers between urban and rural people and between social classes and occupations melt under the baking sun. People seem to be taking care of one another, protecting this one's bad back, giving the best hoe or smoothest handled shovel to the least experienced worker, gently correcting any blunders in technique.

We talked for three hours with some of the party officials who organized the Cordon enterprise at their "command post" in Havana. They were, like most Cubans who hold positions of leadership, in their 20s. These young politicians are at once hard-boiled organizers and fearless dreamers about the construction of a moneyless society. They described their sociological vision of the Cordon. Besides tying city and country together and dramatizing the agricultural priority of the revolution, it will, they hope, ultimately transform the Cordon small farmer into a non-materialist, a person motivated by moral instead of monetary incentives. That being the case, we asked, why were they leaving 60 per cent of the Cordon in the hands of private farmers and not establishing collective farms? "Our immediate concern," they answered, "is not the form of ownership but production. Schools, stores, electricity and recreational facilities could be provided more cheaply if we grouped families in large settlements, but the farmers of this area prefer to live an independent and isolated life.

"To tamper at this point with that preference would jeopardize the whole undertaking. However, we are going to change their outlook by breaking their isolation through community action. We will give them everything they need free: a new house, furniture, clothing, education for their children, medical care, etc. Students and other volunteers will plant their coffee trees and other valuable crops. Volunteers will help cultivate and harvest their crops with-

out charge, yet the farmer will be allowed to keep the profits from the harvest. After all, what can he do with these profits? He cannot buy land, he cannot hire labor. The use of machinery is supplied free of charge. Any crop loans he receives are canceled if drought or hurricanes ruin his harvest. No automobiles or luxury items are available, even if he wanted to buy them." (As they do become available they will be so rationed that people with large amounts of money will have little advantage.)

These young revolutionaries were fully aware that the small farmer was the person in Cuba least likely to develop a revolutionary consciousness but, they pointed out, the Cordón campaign had so impressed certain farmers that they had already pledged to donate to the government crops which were planted for them by others. It is by this kind of exchange of faith and work that the young Cubans dare to conceive of the rapid abolition of money in their society. By 1970 they plan to furnish free eggs and coffee, and to abolish rent. (Already rents are very low or canceled, since in 1959 all rent payments were halved and converted into payments toward purchase.) Sooner or

later the farmer will develop a collectivist spirit and perhaps even move voluntarily to a new settlement with better services; but if, despite everything, he keeps his old mentality, then his children, who cannot inherit his land, will want to leave the farm anyway because they will have been educated for technical and professional careers.

The Cordón officials explained that the use of urban labor in agriculture made sense to them, not only because of its sociological implications but also because, once the land is cleared and agriculture becomes more mechanized, less labor will be needed in farming each year. Thus there is no reason to prepare for large numbers of permanent agricultural workers.

In return for free agricultural produce in the future, the urban population is working today in agriculture without compensation. They are working for Havana's abundant food supply of tomorrow without calculating individual reward. And insofar as the Cordón campaign has been a triumph of moral incentives, it is a monument to Che Guevara, for it was he who championed that position in Cuba before he left to promote revolution abroad.

PENNSYLVANIA FOR HUMPHREY

The Party Vetoes the People

JAMES HIGGINS

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FACT: Four years ago, on April 28, 1964, Lyndon B. Johnson received 209,606 votes in the Democratic Presidential primary election in Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania delegation to the subsequent nominating convention, after New York and California the third largest delegation, could hardly be criticized for supporting, as it did, the people's choice. In this year's primary, on April 23, Sen. Eugene McCarthy received 428,259 Democratic votes. (The Johnson-Humphrey combined vote was 72,263 and Sen. Robert Kennedy got 65,430.) But when the 130 Pennsylvania delegate votes are cast at the Chicago convention on August 28, the chances are—I am writing this on July 30—that Humphrey will receive on the first ballot about 100 votes and McCarthy, if he's lucky, the rest.

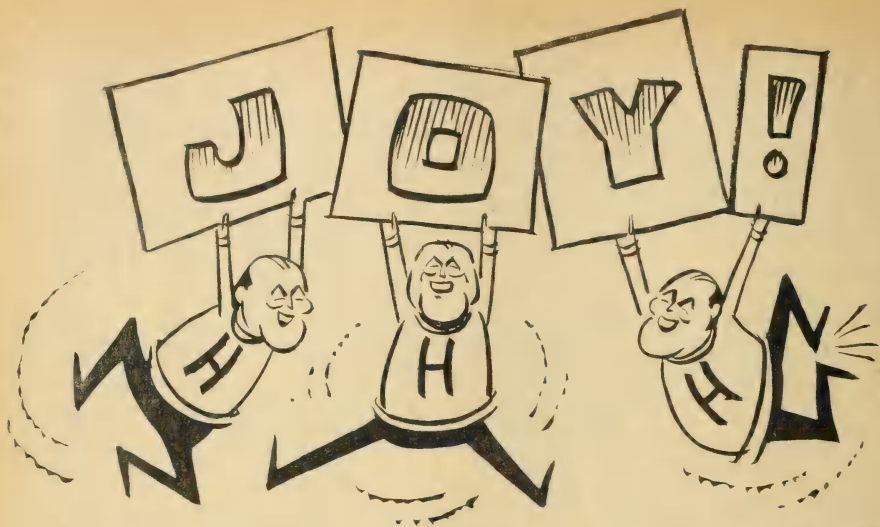
QUESTION: How can it happen that, four years ago, the Pennsylvania delegation to convention reflected voter sentiment expressed at the primary polls, whereas this year most of the delegation is ready to reflect exactly the opposite of what more than twice as many voters indicated as their political feeling: namely, that they oppose a Johnson Administration candidate and prefer somebody else, particularly Senator McCarthy?

ANSWERS (More or less; I attach that "more or less" because it has become almost impossible, it seems to me, to make sense out of the American political system or to obtain reasonable explanations of its processes and of the decisions, if you can call them that, of its practitioners):

I have talked recently with eight persons involved in Democratic politics in Pennsylvania—two on the national level, three on the state level and three on the county level. To one degree or another they are all "leaders." The general impression I got was of men wandering in a wilderness trying, sometimes desperately, sometimes good-humoredly, to convince themselves that they're getting somewhere. It struck me once or twice during my chats that, valuable and instructive as the Bolivian diary of Che Guevara may be, the journal I'd like to read would be the candid daily record of a man whose life experience is that of conventional U.S. politics.

I posed two general questions to the politicians: *Why* were the Democratic Party executives in Pennsylvania determined that as many convention delegates as they could control should vote for Hubert Humphrey? And *how*, given the primary indications of popular Democratic hostility to Johnson-Humphrey policies, and of favor for the candidacy of Senator McCarthy, could the party executives exercise majority control of the delegates?

As for the first question, nobody really seemed to know, except that Humphrey happened to be in the national line of succession and, well, there he was, you had to make the best of it. Professional Democrats in Pennsylvania, operating an organization that had lost the last two gubernatorial elections and its state-wide registration edge over the Republicans, received two stunning blows this year. Their effect was increased by the fact that former Gov. David Lawrence had died in 1966 and was no longer around to guide, manage and oversee the deliberations of



Ivey

the state party's policy committee. The first blow was the announcement by Johnson that he would not run for reelection. This March 31st announcement, coming about three weeks before the Pennsylvania primary, was followed by the second blow—the amazing size of the vote for McCarthy, whose supporters would have been gratified by even half the number he received. The party professionals, I was informed by a politician who knows them well, were “flabbergasted” by the primary.

Under the circumstances, I asked a young Democrat who, in his recent commitment to full-time politics, has proved himself as both campaigner and candidate, wouldn't it have been logical for the professionals to have decided that the primary vote warranted an endorsement of McCarthy? He said politely that the logic of politics was something else again. To the professionals, he said, the logical conclusion to be drawn from the primaries was that they had to work harder for Humphrey, since he was “the choice.” But “the choice” of whom?, I persisted. Is he, for example, the choice of the kids in their 20s who were with you when you ran for office last year? Hell, no, he said, all those kids are out campaigning for McCarthy.

He had just finished telling me that the major problem of the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania was to undo its “image” of a boss-directed machine, with the main levers in Philadelphia (in the hands of Mayor James Tate) and Pittsburgh (manipulated by Mayor Joseph Barr, who is also one of the state's two national committeemen and chairman of this year's convention delegation), and to develop a party oriented to issues represented by attractive, convincing candidates. He also told me, at various points in the conversation, that he thought we were in for at least ten years of conservatism or reaction in the administration of the federal government, that it was the “white-law-and-order” vote which preoccupied profession-

al politicians no matter what their social philosophy, that Humphrey would be the next President, that there was absolutely no chance that the state's party executives, or more than two or three of the delegates not already pledged to McCarthy (unofficially, since delegates to national convention are by Pennsylvania law prohibited from prior public promise of their vote), would change their minds. Humphrey's the man, he said, that's it.

I made one last try to get from him some kind of practical reason for this position. I suppose, I said, that with 60,000 state jobs available to members of whatever party runs the government of Pennsylvania from Harrisburg, there must be a connection between hoping for the election of Humphrey as President and hoping for a Democratic governor in 1970. No, he said, he didn't think so. The jobs don't mean anything any more, if they ever really did. Only a few of them pay anything worth while; and these have to be filled with competent persons, not just anybody who's a friend of a county chairman, so that actually there are a lot of holdovers no matter how the administrations change politically. And as for the peanut jobs, the problem is to find people to take them. I said that since state patronage didn't seem to count, could it be that federal patronage and contracts had something to do with the determination to back Humphrey. Federal patronage, he told me, adds up to a few judgeships and, you know, some housing jobs, poverty jobs. As for the road and building contracts, the defense contracts, the guys in those fields are pretty well insured with both parties; there are exceptions, of course, but not enough to build a case for discovering why Humphrey is the candidate. He just is, that's all. He's the candidate and perhaps the best way to put it is that when Johnson withdrew, Humphrey automatically became the candidate, which means that you

find reasons for supporting him and getting him elected. It's a simple political organizational thing.

I had already observed the workings of this process in the person of an older Democrat, a prominent one, whose ideas about the U.S. role in Vietnam were close to those of McCarthy and certainly greatly different from those of Johnson and Humphrey. Nevertheless, he was preparing himself to accept Humphrey as the candidate. He had begun, he said, to see the two men, Humphrey and McCarthy, as reflecting the Boy Scout style and the Jesuit style. He had just about persuaded himself that a Boy Scout was preferable in the White House and more generally representative of the American ideology, if there was one.

I did not mention, since I was there not to argue but to listen, that Nixon might prove to have a Boy Scout appeal superior to that of Humphrey. While I was thinking thus, the older Democrat was telling me that the sensible method for approaching the Presidential political question was to "imagine" a man not as a candidate but as a President in office. He said that on balance Humphrey projected into that spot more definitively than McCarthy. It reminded me of what I had heard, in less abstract language, from a sharp Democratic functionary who is at home in both state and national circles. McCarthy, he said, would make a lousy President, so it's up to us to educate the people who might have voted emotionally for Gene in the primary to get with Humphrey for President. You mean, I said, he's already nominated? Oh sure, he said, we have the delegates.

Which brings up question number two. *How* do "they" get to have the delegates when more than 400,000 Pennsylvania Democrats voted for Senator McCarthy on April 23? The explanation lies in the manne, oy which delegates get to be delegates in Pennsylvania. It is, to say the least, a curious system, and the more so because when you start to look into it, you immediately receive the news that what you are about to study constitutes a model of democratic intent and form.

On the day before a prospective candidate in Pennsylvania is permitted by law to circulate nominating petitions, the Democratic State Committee announces the appointment of a number of convention "delegates at large." This year the date was January 22 and the number fifty-two. The theoretical basis for selecting these delegates at that particular time is that they can be presumed not to know who might be a candidate and can therefore be further presumed to have free and open minds when chosen. Which, of course, is nonsense. I am sure that the few persons responsible for appointing the delegates, and the delegates themselves, assumed on January 22 that Johnson would be the Democratic nominee—and that they assumed so up until March 31. The true political character of the appointed delegates at large, is revealed, however, not by what probably was in their minds between January 22 and March 31, but by what they have done—or, rather, not done—since the flabbergasting April 23rd primary.

Only one of the fifty-two, to my knowledge, has announced that the primary vote for McCarthy, and for McCarthy's program, will lead him to cast his vote for McCarthy at convention. This delegate is Milton Shapp, who

strayed from a highly successful business career into politics several years ago, when he secured the Democratic gubernatorial nomination and was defeated by the present Republican Gov. Raymond Shafer. Shapp has maintained something of a political organization of his own in Pennsylvania, but his defection from the Humphrey ranks has not even slightly shaken the party professionals. One of them said to me, "Miltie's a party of one, strictly speaking, for and to himself in this present ball game." Had Sen. Robert Kennedy lived, there might have been a few more breaks in the delegate-at-large solidarity. But not many, chances are; they were picked too carefully.

Among them, for example, are the persons who no doubt did the picking: the aforementioned James Tate (Joseph Barr gets to be a delegate by virtue of having succeeded David Lawrence as a national committeeman); state party chairman Thomas Minehart (who is also one of Pennsylvania's five elected executives, holding the office of State Treasurer); former Gov. George Leader, now directing the Humphrey build-up in the state; and Congressman William Green of Philadelphia, son of a one-time Congressman of the same name.

A more extensive sampling from the list of delegates at large illustrates the safety of the system. For instance: I. W. Abel, president of the United Steelworkers union, is, like most of Pennsylvania's labor chiefs, a Johnson Administration stalwart. Last fall the AFL-CIO passed the word that any Democratic candidate for any office had to go all out for Johnson or forfeit labor support. The Pennsylvania AFL-CIO has "unanimously" endorsed Humphrey and the state's two top union officials, Harry Boyer and Mike Johnson, are convention delegates at large.

As are Genevieve Blatt, former Pennsylvania Secretary of Internal Affairs, unsuccessful candidate for the U.S. Senate, now a deputy director in the Johnson Administration's Office of Economic Opportunity, secretary of the state committee; Grace Sloan, Auditor General of the state, first brought into state government as an appointee of former Governor Leader; Andrew Bradley, Secretary of Property and Supplies in the Leader and Lawrence administrations, now treasurer of the state committee; Louise John, vice chairman of the state committee; A. D. Cohn, chairman of the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board in the Lawrence administration; Joseph Lawler, Secretary of Highways in the Leader administration, now chairman of the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission; John Rice, former chairman of the state committee, and Matthew McCloskey, once fund-raising chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

The other delegates at large, and the sixty-nine alternate delegates at large, are mostly county chairmen, state legislators, secondary labor leaders, job holders in Thomas Minehart's or Grace Sloan's Harrisburg offices, or businessmen whose contributions, presumably, have entitled them to a space on the convention floor. All in all, the appointed delegates compose a force under the command of the Democratic powers-that-be in Pennsylvania. And they are selected, especially the alternates who may have a lot of free time on their hands in Chicago, not only for their voting fidelity but for their lobbying capacities among the

108 delegates elected at the April primary on a Congressional District basis.

Here a word about arithmetic is in order; being political arithmetic it is a little complicated. The Democratic National Committee has a formula for assigning to each state the number of delegate votes and the maximum number of delegates who may cast those votes. Early in January, Pennsylvania was assigned 130 votes and a maximum of 160 voting delegates. (The maximum total delegation, alternates included, was set at 290.) The National Committee lets each state committee decide whether the allocation of votes shall be on a "Congressional District, at-large or other basis." The decision in Pennsylvania was to appoint fifty-two delegates at large, forty-two having full vote and ten a half vote each. Four delegates were to be elected, according to Pennsylvania law, from each of the state's twenty-seven Congressional Districts. Therefore, a mere eighty-one convention votes would somehow have to be distributed among the 108 elected delegates. I am not sure just how the full and half votes are distributed among the appointed and elected delegates, but I am confident that it is done thoughtfully and by the same people who thoughtfully appointed the delegates at large.

Of the 100 delegates elected on April 23, twenty-four ran as supporters of McCarthy. These twenty-four were among a total of ninety-three delegates in twenty-one of the twenty-seven electoral districts who identified themselves with McCarthy in their campaigns. The disparity between the popular vote for McCarthy and the relatively small number of McCarthy delegates elected seems puzzling, but really is not. It is a result which the "system" is almost bound to produce.

The names of the candidates for the Presidency and of the candidates for the party convention appear as two separate ballot items. There is no indication on the ballot that a particular delegate candidate will, if elected, represent a particular candidate for the Presidency. The chances are that many voters who cast preferential ballots for McCarthy on April 23 believed that this in itself had a nominating significance; all unknowing, they may well

have voted for organization delegates or, since the delegate names are at the tail end of the ballot, skipped the delegate voting altogether. (The total vote cast for delegates was about one-third less than the total vote cast and written in for Presidential candidates.) Thus eighty-four of the 108 elected delegates are, like the appointed delegates at large, mostly guaranteed organization folks: county chairmen, vice chairmen, committeemen, committee-women, county and state job holders, and so forth. Some of them at primary time may have been inclined toward Kennedy. Twelve, at any rate, according to McCarthy's state campaign committee, have promised to support the Minnesota Senator at convention, and the committee hopes to persuade about nine more to do the same before the first nominating ballot is taken on August 26. Even if this optimistic prediction is realized, it will still leave Humphrey with more than two-thirds of the delegate votes from a state where McCarthy—figuring votes conveniently uncounted and write-ins at the Republican primary—probably was the Presidential choice of more than a half million Pennsylvanians.

Of course there is always the possibility that *something will happen* to change or upset the present calculations of those in charge of the Democratic Party of Pennsylvania. But it appears now that even the danger of losing the state to the Republicans in November—which would mean that one autocratic political organization had triumphed over another—seems less frightening a prospect to the Democratic professionals than losing the party organization to the fresh and energetic people who would become deeply involved if McCarthy were the candidate. My guess is that, rather than support or vote for Humphrey, such people will join the more than 2 million eligible Pennsylvania voters who are unregistered in any party—a bloc equal to the registered voters of each major political party. This strikes me as the most significant political fact in Pennsylvania. This and the July polls, showing that George Wallace's potential Pennsylvania vote in November has climbed to 16 per cent of the estimated total—and is still climbing.

STUDENTS OF NEW PALTZ

A Nice Little Revolution

WADE THOMPSON

Mr. Thompson is the author of *Egghead's Guide to America*. He teaches English at the State University of New York at New Paltz.

New Paltz, N.Y., is an ancient and tiny community (3,000) nestled in the mid-Hudson valley, halfway between Albany and New York City, just beyond the range of commuters to either city. Its chief attraction consists of a number of old stone houses built by early Huguenot settlers, and its chief desire in life is to retain a kind of old-stone attitude toward everything beyond its town limits. Right in the center of this quaint community there

is a huge branch of the State University of New York—so huge indeed that whenever school is in session, the population is more than doubled. Many of the students come from the hippie and yippie sections of New York City, and have learned to wear tribal costumes which quite bedazzle the burghers of New Paltz. The burghers, in turn, wear tribal costumes which quite bedazzle the students.

This, then, is the improbable setting for a revolution—college style, 1968—which took place during the past school year. It didn't quite match Columbia's in convulsiveness, nor the Sorbonne's in profundity but it came close. It began, naturally, with the war in Vietnam. From

the very outset of the school year, it was apparent that hundreds of students were failing to see any point to the war, and some of them were getting downright nasty about the matter. In order to explain the benefits of the war to the students, the local Congressman, Joseph Y. Resnick, agreed to engage in public debate with Dave Dellinger, editor of *Liberation* and eloquent spokesman for peace. Congressman Resnick had been to South Vietnam, where he had noticed several things that had escaped other visitors. He had noticed, for example, that the military picture was splendid, that our fighting men were happy and raring to go, that General Westmoreland had a realistic grip on the situation, and that it would take only another year to get the whole job mopped up. "We are winning this war and winning it big," he announced joyously—to the most incredulous audience I'm sure he had ever seen.

I don't propose to go into bloody and unpleasant detail. Suffice it to say that Congressman Resnick departed New Paltz abruptly, and hasn't been seen here since. Nobody expects him, either. Every time he's asked what happened in New Paltz, he can only sputter something about how biased the moderator was. (Resnick has a point here: I was moderator on that occasion, and could not contain myself. Accordingly I have given up moderating for good.) But the latest and best word is that Resnick has given up politics for good.

No sooner had Resnick been routed than the peaceniks decided to take to the streets. You must understand that the streets of New Paltz are not the kind of things you take to lightly. Believe it or not, New Paltz has a Village Ordinance (§538, a) which prohibits any person from participating in any public assembly whatsoever without first getting permission from the town clerk. Never in its 278-year history has a single citizen of this village been known to protest the slightest thing—much less a war—on the sacred streets of New Paltz. And so help me, even today the village attorney is prepared to advise anyone that, if he must protest the war, he should do so on private property where he will not make a public spectacle of himself.

Backed by their ordinance, the village fathers threatened the peaceniks with wholesale arrests if they tried any monkey business. The American Civil Liberties Union valiantly tried to explain to the fathers that there was such a thing as a Constitution, and that even people in New Paltz were supposed to live by it. Hell no, said the fathers. Hell yes, said the ACLU. Finally, on a dark day last November, under an ominous sky, a tense and stealthy band of outcasts—twenty-one in all—gathered at high noon, directly opposite the Huguenot Bank, hoisted their picket signs (saying PEACE NOW), and began a vigil. And down the street about two minutes later came the Mayor of New Paltz himself, leading a contingent of New Paltz's Finest, and all keyed up for the greatest arrest since the last roundup of Redcoats. I was in charge of the demonstrators on that occasion, and I could not believe, until the very last moment, that we would actually be arrested. But damned if we weren't. Not only that, we had to gouge out more than \$1,000 for bail. It's like, man, they really crack down on crime in the streets around these parts.

The District Attorney of Ulster County, charged with the task of prosecuting, went almost cross-eyed trying to figure out what to do. A rational man with some grasp of the law, he had conjectured that Village Ordinance (§538, a) might be unconstitutional under a line of Supreme Court cases stretching from here to out of sight. But how explain that to the voters? If you do prosecute you'll surely lose, and if you don't, those damn peaceniks just might sue the village for false arrest. Oh Lord, give me a sign.

Just as the D.A. was scanning the horizon for a sign, the community of New Paltz sustained another terrible jolt. The police on Long Island had staged a middle-of-the-night dope raid on the students of Stony Brook (also a branch of the State University) and had done it with such slam-bang, cloutish melodrama that hackles were raised all over the nation. Immediately, rumors began roaring around New Paltz that we were about to get the same treatment. Lots of students here experiment with drugs—primarily marijuana, if you call that a drug—and the suspicion that the fuzz is about to roust you from bed at 3 o'clock in the morning is paranoia-inducing, to say the least.

Hoping to alleviate the situation, I wrote a mild letter to the student newspaper, in which I said that (a) the raid on Stony Brook was disgraceful; (b) cops are a lot bigger problem than pot, which probably doesn't hurt anybody; (c) laws against pot are unenforceable, the stuff being just too plentiful (bales of it, I said, are available right on Main Street in New Paltz).

As it turned out, no police raid, comparable to the one at Stony Brook, took place in New Paltz. Maybe none had been scheduled; more likely, the police were afraid that, with the students alerted, they would not be able to come up with a respectable amount of contraband. But the blood pressure of the entire mid-Hudson valley rose ominously. Newspapers in Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, Middletown and Kingston began calling for action against that guy who was baling marijuana on Main Street. The village fathers—already apprehensive about their security after that disastrous arrest—first ordered the police department to equip itself with MACE (honestly!), and then wrote to the president of the college demanding that *something be done*. Hundreds of parents had their worst fears confirmed: college professors *do* give aid and comfort to the enemy; they *do* encourage riots in the street, and now *dope addiction!* The screws on the D.A. were given another powerful twist.

Meanwhile the faculty at New Paltz had become alarmed by something known as the Hershey memorandum—a public directive from Gen. Lewis B. Hershey advising draft boards, in effect, to use the draft as a club against student troublemakers, and to hell with due process. This meant that whenever a military recruiter came on campus, his very presence would place any number of protesting students under a threat of punitive draft reclassification, even if the students were exercising their legal rights. What to do?

The obvious move was to ban all military recruiting on campus until the Hershey memorandum was withdrawn. And to the eternal honor and glory of higher education in

New Paltz, the faculty perceived the obvious. (If you think that doesn't represent progress, you don't know modern academia.) The faculty petitioned for an immediate halt to all military recruiting, and one faculty member even announced publicly that if we didn't stop the recruiting, "this college would not have the moral integrity of an old whore."

Guess what happened? For years this old whore of a college had yielded herself supinely to the depredations of her military-industrial clientele—"servicing the community," she called it. But now old Alma Mater rose, and announced in a quavering voice to an unbelieving mid-Hudson valley audience that she indeed would refuse to service her military clientele as long as they threatened her own true sons.

And for a few days this seemed to be the best college in the best of all possible worlds. But then about a week later, for reasons never explained, the old whore flopped right back into bed. Who knows what pressures were used to get her back? Whatever they were, they worked. When the next recruiters came, they appeared not to notice that the slightest thing had happened. And the sons of Alma Mater wept for shame.

But not for long. Even if we couldn't get the recruiters ousted, we could still do something. Back to the streets. And this time there would be no dillydallying with nutty ordinances or threats of MACE. The streets were just as much ours as anybody's, and we intended to use them. At two o'clock in the afternoon of April 27, the villagers stared aghast to see Sheriff Martin and the whole New Paltz police force politely escorting hundreds—yes, hundreds—of peaceniks up and down the sacred streets of New Paltz. At the head of the parade was this writer carrying an American flag, and behind the flag were dozens of signs—some calling for an end to the war, others calling for black liberation. The revolution was finally getting into gear.

Three weeks later it reached a climax. This time the students—a thousand strong—conducted a sudden uprising that forced the whole State University to reel back as though it had just got hit by a whiff of MACE. Doubtless inspired by their compeers at Columbia and the Sorbonne, as well as by local action, our rebels decided that they had had their fill of shadow democracy. To get their muscles in shape, they decided first to overturn their current student government—a milk-run operation, said "government" having been more or less quislingesque in composition.

Then they went after the big, real-life government. They invaded official meetings. Students at New Paltz actually intruded themselves upon meetings that were duly convened to deliberate upon official college policies! They did so, not quite obstreperously, but yet not so demurely that they could be dismissed. They demanded a voice. And they demanded it in such a way as to convey the unmistakable message that if they didn't get it, they would have to be dispersed by force.

Surprisingly enough, the strategy worked (very much aided, incidentally, by a hunger strike on the part of one Roger Knapp). It didn't work perfectly because, for one thing, there was no concrete symbol (like Columbia's gymnasium) that everybody could point to and say "shame, shame." For another thing, the students had waited too long before starting their action; the school year was almost over. (Much as I sympathized with them, I advised against anything extralegal: there was no time, and too much danger of losing everything.) On the whole, though, the uprising accomplished quite a bit. The State University conceded the big point: henceforth the students at New Paltz shall have a major voice in the policy decisions of the college—including the hiring and firing of faculty. Not bad for a minor revolution. And in a couple of weeks, the students will be back, with who knows what further surprises for the burghers of New Paltz?

HARRY GOLDEN

MY father came from the little town of Mikulinca in Galitzia, a province in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, now Poland. After emigrating to America—and until the advent of Hitler—he never lost touch with the relatives he left behind. He wrote them with a punctuality Emily Post would have admired.

When he forgot the addresses, he used to describe the location of the house. "Four streets in from the river, two houses up from the police station." (One of the ways I came to realize that there was a relationship between different languages was by guessing that *Polizei* meant police.) Not one of those letters ever went astray. Nor did either my father or his correspondents dream they ever would. Mail had a sanctity.

Veteran postal workers remember when Italian immigrants used to send home gold. These workmen would purchase gold dust or ingots, the weight and destination revealing the contents. The Italians sent gold to Genoa or Palermo where it was banked for their retirement. I suspect Mussolini put a fast end to these dreams, though the packages unfailingly reached their destination.

But now I read in this age of jets and superservice that we are not to get properly addressed, innocent letters and bills. Congress is balking at the appropriation the Postmaster General has requested. As a consequence, Marvin Watson, who runs the postal system, has ordered 347 small stations to close up, and has informed the tenants of new building complexes that they will have to pick their

mail up at the post office. There will be no deliveries for any of us on Saturday and for a great many of us no deliveries on Friday either.

This government will subsidize everything except the letter. The South is virtually a federal preserve with the money that flows in for the soil bank, for the dairyman, for the peanut farmer, for the cotton grower. A man who owns an oil well is excused from taxation by way of the oil depletion allowance. But our elected representatives are chary about appropriating the money so that we can get our mail.

Frenchmen enjoy four mail deliveries a day. Not to get his daily mail is inconceivable to a Romanian. Disturbed

cynics the world over write to the editor or the deputy or the commissar. Getting a letter is a kind of minor Christmas for the folks. It is true that bills also come in the mail, but the really bad news invariably arrives by telephone or telegraph.

The tragic aspect to the whole situation can be summed up by reminding the constituency that some of the towns that will have to surrender their post offices are Adamant, Vt.; New Russia, N.Y.; Seven Mills Ford, Va.; and Nine-points, Pa. Think of the postmarks that have surprised and delighted people the world over during the many years when the United States had what might be called a postal service.

Guns, Congress and the Networks

MAURINE CHRISTOPHER

Mrs. Christopher is radio and television editor of Advertising Age.

Some of the best admen in the country have been putting their skills to work on a radio-TV-press campaign to stir up the public support needed to force a meaningful gun-control law out of Congress this session. These image makers, adroit at consumer persuasion, are having much less success convincing Congressmen that the United States needs a strong national firearms law or inducing the TV networks to sell them time.

All the polls, particularly those taken after this country's two 1968 assassinations, indicate that Americans by a large percentage want gun legislation, but Congress continues to talk of the citizen's constitutional right to arm himself, and is acutely aware of the sportsman's paranoia about having his rifle taken from him and of the danger of passing legislation in a time of high emotion.

Nor has the public outcry for closer supervision of guns much impressed the television networks. The broadcasters, operating "publicly owned" air waves, have been criticized for their willingness to make instant celebrities out of such raucous figures as Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown. They have been less eager to give a platform to spaceman John Glenn, the official spokesman for the Emergency Committee for Gun Control. This committee was organized by a group of prominent citizens, who think 6,500 gun killings a year are too many.

In New York, the firm of Papert, Koenig, Lois, which handles Piel's beer, Dash detergent and National Airlines, and which was the agency for Robert Kennedy's campaign in the primaries, is coordinating the drive for the emergency committee on a volunteer, public-service basis. The Columbia Broadcasting System, American Broadcasting Company, and the National Broadcasting Company have all turned down Papert's order for five minutes of paid time during which Colonel Glenn would present the case for gun control to the American people.

C.B.S. told the agency it does not sell time for controversial issues. A.B.C., which feared the National Rifle

Association might ask for equal time, held that the topic had already been covered adequately in talk and news shows. N.B.C. said it wouldn't sell less than fifteen minutes for a program of this nature. All the chains have taken similar positions before on matters of bitter controversy.

Papert, Koenig, Lois has been disappointed by the sparsity of free public-service spots devoted to the campaign by radio and TV. Nor have newspapers been liberal with free space. But the agency has had no trouble buying space in the press. Full pages have run or will run in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, and in papers in Indiana, Missouri and Nebraska. Messages in the last three states are aimed at three of the most outspoken opponents of gun legislation—Sens. Roman Hruska, Edward Long and Birch Bayh. "You say you want stronger gun-control laws, but have you said it to Senator Bayh?" one headline asked.

As the lines of opposition hardened in Congress, the ads became more belligerent. On a day the House debated the Administration bill with its 100 amendments, a *Washington Post* ad signed by students warned of retaliation at the polls. "It's not now or never. It's now or November." Congressmen may have read it, but they weren't moved. The vote against licensing guns was by a 2-to-1 margin. The outlook is equally gloomy in the Senate where a strong Tydings bill was emasculated by amendments in committee. Nothing is hoped for now—except possibly the extension of the mail-order sales ban to cover long guns.

Part of the impetus for the use of advertising skills to help reduce the gun slaughter comes from *Advertising Age*, the biggest journal in the field, which has never before taken a position of leadership in an area outside advertising and merchandising. The paper obviously feels that domestic peace is essential to business health, and has called on the media of the country to join an all-out effort to make Congress act.

The newspaper has served as a clearinghouse for hard-hitting, shock-approach ads prepared by four volunteers from North Advertising in Chicago. Most of the ads include this tag line: "Write your Senator . . . while you still

have a Senator." More than 500 requests for the ads have come in from newspapers, radio stations, business papers, company house sheets, newsletters, universities and outdoor poster companies. Among the magazines expected to run some of the ads are *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Coronet*, *Teen Screen* and *Catholic Transcript*.

No backing came from the richest trade group in the field—The American Association of Advertising Agencies. Its president, John Crichton, said the organization had no official policy on guns and there were "other parts of the problem of violence where agencies might be more effective." Howard Bell, the new president of the American Advertising Federation, a grass-roots group with 40,000 members, urged ad clubs throughout the country to support the drive and individual members to write their Congressmen.

In a related development, the TV networks, their major sponsors and their ad agencies have been consulting one another on the matter of excessive violence on TV. When violence and slam-bang action comes under heavy criticism from Washington or elsewhere, telecasters perforce agree that there has been a heady dose of this type of fare, but they always insist that no one has proved any relationship between violence on the home screen and the increasing unrest in the streets, particularly among the young.

The first tangible evidence of their new concern was the rescheduling of shows considered unsuitable for viewing in the raw-nerved days following the murder of a murdered President's brother. A.B.C. postponed two assassination stories—one on the *Flying Nun* and the other on *Big Valley*—and an "unusually violent" episode of *The Avengers*. C.B.S. switched episodes of *Wild, Wild West*, *Gunsmoke* and *Cimarron Strip*, as did N.B.C. with *Get Smart*, *Mothers-In-Law*, *Tarzan*, *Bonanza*, *High Chaparral* and *The Champions*.

Advertisers advised their agencies to check scripts more closely for unnecessary physical violence and some scripts were revamped. In no case, however, did any advertiser attempt to cancel contracts for the blood-and-breakage strips set for fall; nor did the networks drop any of the violent series from their 1968-69 line-up. Hard-hitting action is still the single biggest ingredient in the new season's pot—with almost half the offerings at A.B.C. and N.B.C. falling into the crime-spy-space-Western-action-adventure category. Titles are not available for the seven weekly feature movies, but some of them are sure to develop violent conflict.

Long before the deaths of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Senator Kennedy, many parents and video critics had protested the knock-'em, sock-'em Saturday morning network cartoon strips. Come fall, all the networks promise to move toward lighter stories stressing "more positive aspects of behavior," as one source put it. Off the network screen—but probably into local syndication—will go such combative heroes as Atom Ant, Secret Squirrel and Cool McCool, the secret agent.

Network censors are cracking down on shooting in commercials. Three of four gun close-up scenes were taken out of a Master Lock Company spot on C.B.S.-TV's Ed



Picha—The Special, Belgium

Sullivan show. In the one that was retained, the original film showed a gun being fired toward the screen and talked about the owner of the .45-caliber pistol. In the approved version, the gun fires into the lock to demonstrate how well it holds up under such a blast.

Faced with the growing tendency to associate television with the general American unrest, the National Association of Broadcasters, through its board, passed a resolution defending TV's handling of the riots: "Along with all media, TV must continue to present the world as it is, not as we might like it to be." The board reaffirmed its stated code policy against the "depiction of violence as a means to dramatic effect for family viewing," and ordered the code authority to intensify its surveillance of dramatic program content.

This order had a meaningless ring. The code authority, with its small staff, has traditionally confined its scrutiny primarily to commercials. It never has had and does not now have a procedure for pre-screening entertainment programs. When a former code director, who was concerned by the amount of blatant sex and violence on TV—particularly on some feature movies which were made for theatres—sought to check shows in advance, two of the three networks refused to cooperate with the boss of the industry group to which they all subscribe. If the mood of violence in time subsidies, TV will be able to take little credit for the improved atmosphere.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Brecht vs. Brecht: His Reception in Poland

ANDRZEJ WIŃNII

Mr. Wirth is a Polish drama critic, currently visiting professor in the Drama Department of Stanford University. One of his books is *The Structure of Brecht's Plays (in Polish)*.

An analysis of the reception of the work of Bertolt Brecht in the East and West reveals a paradoxical situation. For the West, Brecht's political views were questionable—his literary originality, on the other hand, fascinating. For the East, Brecht's aesthetics were questionable; while his ideology and political reputation could be more easily accepted, though not without some reservation. That Brecht was accepted at all, however, filled a gap between Western and Eastern intellectuals. With the help of Brecht, the East examined the concepts of social realism and formalism, and the West understood that political commitment can also have an aesthetic advantage, paving the way for the recognition of such writers as Rolf Hochhuth and Peter Weiss.

Shortly before his death Brecht complained that in East Germany his plays were presented almost exclusively on his Berliner Ensemble stage. This was not true for Poland where even plays not yet performed in East Germany had been produced—including the world premiere of his play *Schweik in the Second World War*. In Poland Brecht soon became an integrated element of the national culture. But first he had been made fit for "domestic use."

The Polish theatre encountered Brecht in 1952, during the peak of the Stalinist period when the Berliner Ensemble visited Warsaw with three plays. These were *Mother Courage, The Mother and Kleist's The Broken Pitcher*. For the Polish theatre, which had become paralyzed by the use of Stanislavski's naturalistic doctrines, this visit was a revelation: within the framework of officially accepted art, greater possibilities seemed to exist. The visit provoked a heated discussion of Brecht's work, with the official criticism taking a strong stand against him, designating him an expressionist-symbolist-pacifist. There was no need to strive for a precise definition of these concepts; they were considered interchangeable invectives. "Suspicious" aspects of his work were denounced immediately as so-called "formalism," although the function of these formal elements in Brecht's plays weren't understood.

A few critics courageously interceded for Brecht, recognizing from the very beginning that he would have a shattering effect on the too narrowly confined aesthetic rules of the Zhdanov poetics. These people, however, had no influence on the centrally controlled cultural policy. The discussion was officially ended with the edict: Brecht on stage does not represent the art of Socialist realism. It is significant that this criticism "from the Left" remained completely indifferent to the working-class content of Brecht's works. The objective function of the leftist and rightist criticism proved identical! The rightist criticism was prepared to accept Brecht's style, but remained aloof to his social criticism and revolutionary tendencies. The leftist criticism accepted, not without hesitation, Brecht's ideas but not his specific adaptations and style. In both cases Brecht was either neutralized or rejected.

Two years had to pass before it was possible for Brecht's followers in Poland to stage his plays. In 1954 *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* opened in Cracow. It was, however, still a time when as harmless a sentence of Brecht's as "New plays have new forms," sounded like a provocation.

In the first phase of his reception, 1954-1956, Brecht was used as proof that the contradiction between tendentious and independent thinking could be overcome: a recognition of immense importance for the arts and politics in Poland. At the same time Brechtian theatre became a new form to be mastered in order to undermine the Zhdanov aesthetics.

In these productions—*The Caucasian Chalk Circle* in Cracow, *Puntilla and his Servant Matti* in Gdingen, and *The Good Woman of Seizuan, Schweik in the Second World War, and Fear and Misery of the Third Reich* in Warsaw—the most important factor was the mastery of the new method of acting. However, dominating the form also brought about a recognition of new problems with regard to content, calling for an expansion of the tightly laid down aesthetic rules of Socialist realism. The dilemma became apparent: how to arrive at one's own mode of expression within the strict framework of Brecht's aesthetic orthodoxy?

The dilemma was solved very well in

Cracow. The director, Irene Babel, strove for mastery of the alienation-effect method of acting. The set designer, however, ignored the directions of the model for a stylized Georgian milieu, transferred the action of the play to the Polish Tatras Mountains, and furnished it with motifs from the local folklore. Thus the action no longer took place in Caucasia but somewhere in the vicinity of Cracow in legendary times. Here we have an example for an imaginative interpretation of the model, which still left the interpreter freedom for his original expression. Brecht afterward deemed this extension of the model legitimate.

Brecht's concept of indirect didacticism was also new to the Polish stage. Didacticism in the Zhdanov form of Socialist realism used the direct method, demonstrated the conclusions of a thinking process, and considered the audience to be passive consumers of the teaching. Brecht's methodology directly contradicted Zhdanov's realism and in this the Polish theatre found hope. Brecht saved the Polish theatre from ideological and artistic paralysis. Without meaning to, he played the role of a Trojan horse which Poland knew how to use in the fight against the rigid rules of Zhdanov realism.

The second phase of Brecht's reception beginning in 1956 was a period of spontaneous reception of Western art. Brecht was no longer the only representative of innovation in the theatre. Since this was a time of re-evaluation of the compulsory values of Stalinism and a time in which the masses were able to openly express discontent, Brecht's plays became a *score* (in the musical sense) for the attitudes of the day. Long restrained dissatisfactions sought possibilities of expression in various art forms, including the theatre, where if no new texts were available, existing works were employed to express political tensions.

In Wrocław (Breslau) Jakob Rotbaum's production of *The Threepenny Opera* sharpened the social criticism of the play by using *The Threepenny Novel* as a quasi-commentary for the opera. This procedure weakened the satiric-parodistic character of the opera, and shifted the accent from the typical to the individual. But the reception to the performance proved that the fanatic and stern Peachum, and the clever specialist for legal murder, Macheath, were no longer considered historical figures. The song

in the finale ("Erst kommt das Fressen, dann kommt die Moral," translated in the Blitzstein version as "First Feed the Face, then Talk Right and Wrong") sounded like an attack on the official morality of Stalinism. (Peachum, whose Protestant psychology was difficult to understand in a country with a Catholic tradition, was interpreted as a Stalinist ideologist.) The subject of criticism was the pragmatic humanitarianism of these times, in which a popular official slogan proclaimed: "Fight tuberculosis, since it delays the realization of our Five Year Plan."

In Poznan *The Baden Didactic Piece of Acquiescence* was understood as a commentary on a current discussion about the social costs of the revolution. The official censorship, perhaps rightly considering the difficulties in the meat market of that time, was worried about the sentence: "Our planes fly 150 [sic] kilometers an hour, but bread isn't any cheaper for it." The ideological reinterpretation reached a pinnacle: a play demanding a revolution was dangerous for the completed revolution. Brecht obviously hadn't anticipated this effect.

In this period, Brecht was played on almost every Polish stage and became one of the most performed authors, second only to Shakespeare. The center of Brechtian theatre was the Dramatic Theatre (Teatr Dramatyczny) in Warsaw, which defined and coined their own style of acting on the basis of Brecht's texts, and provided the model productions for other Polish stages.

The final phase in Brecht's reception began in 1959; it still prevails today and is probably the most interesting one. We could call this time in the words of the Polish poet Rozewicz "our little stabilization." In this period Brechtian theatre is no longer understood as a formal model (which had already been mastered), nor as a score for social criticism. In the time of "our little stabilization" Brecht emerged as a new classical writer. Brecht's thinking had become universal, his art of acting mastered. Brecht was now being interpreted from the viewpoint of individual experience. Brecht had gained universal value but within the framework of Polish culture. One began to read his texts as open texts without bearing in mind Brecht's own orthodox interpretation. It is striking that Brecht's influence is almost completely limited to production techniques and that he has left no traces on modern Polish playwriting.

In his essay *Einschüchterung durch die Klassizität* (Intimidation through a Classicist Attitude) Brecht encouraged directors to adjust the classics to the experience of their own times. He himself offered examples of ruthless adjustments

NIGHT LETTER

Dear ancient liberal:
how remote you are by my side at night.

Too worn to rage against a war,
you lie so huddled in your dreaming,
as if you made revisions in your heart
you do not wish me or your self to fathom.

Yet when I think of our lives tonight,
falling in rings of applied light,

our own dark wet walks for peace,
the children gone, the phones quiet, this weird release,
the sun embalmed on their empty beds,
our meals brief (complaining to the cat instead);

I'm not unhappy in my reticence,
or in the distances we've learned to keep.

Hell, that's always love: one sleeping,
and one awake forever.

MARTHA FRIEDBERG

of classic writers with his adaptations of *Antigone*, Lenz's *Hofmeister*, and *Coriolan*. On the other hand, he demanded an orthodox interpretation of his own pieces.

Brecht's work became of aesthetic, no longer of didactic value—another danger which Brecht hadn't anticipated. He had wanted above all to instruct, to propagate a new if not a completely pretty concept of the world. In Poland today one speaks of Brecht as of a Shakespeare: *Mother Courage* is analyzed as *The Merchant of Venice* would be. One no longer discusses his concept of the world: this concept appears today simply Brechtian, exactly as Shakespeare's world appears Shakespearean. Arturo Ui and *Mother Courage* are great roles for great actors, whose right it is to express their own national experience.

The new trend culminated in two important productions in 1962: the Warsaw productions of *Arturo Ui* in the Contemporary Theatre (Teatr Współczesny) under Erwin Axer's direction, and *Mother Courage* in the National Theatre (Teatr Narodowy).

A comparison between Helene Weigel as *Mother Courage* and Irene Eichler in the same role leads to an interesting confrontation. Irene Eichler tries to interpret Brecht from the Polish point of view. She is not the war hyena of Brecht's intention, and as played by Weigel but an indestructible saleswoman, as in the poem of the Polish poet Tuwim. In the moon landscape of the totally annihilated Warsaw this figure appears first in his poem on the ruins of the city, void of people, with the absurd cry: "Come to tea! Come to tea!" Irene Eichler is acting contrary to the text in interpreting

the canteen woman as a positive figure. At the same time, however, she is acting with—not against Brecht—in that she is an allusion to figures in other Brecht plays, to Schweik, Matti, Azdak, Galy Gay and to Baal's vitality.

Like Herr Keuner, the anti-heroic hero of Brecht's aphorisms, Eichler's *Mother Courage* decides to survive violence and the war with her children. She decides to survive on the smallest scale of a folk-hero who has been overcome by superior power. She is a black-market dealer, but she feels like a folk heroine. She appeals to the specific experience of the last occupation of Poland, the time in which smuggling food was punished by death, and chooses the heroism of dealing on the black market as a method of survival, thus playing a positive figure, that of a folk heroine in a time of violence.

Were the limits of the freedom of interpretation exceeded? Is such an interpretation only possible on the basis of another text? That was the main problem which was discussed in Poland in 1962 when the Berliner Ensemble presented their second guest performance after an absence of ten years.

That discussion resulted in the view that one must arrive at the same conclusions about Brecht at which he himself arrived in viewing the classics. Brecht had made intimidation by the classics appear ridiculous; he had called for changing the function of the classics in accordance with the times. Why should Brecht be spared the fate that the classic writers from Shakespeare to Schiller and Lenz experienced? The new criticism of Brecht resulted paradoxically from the confrontation of Brecht with Brecht.

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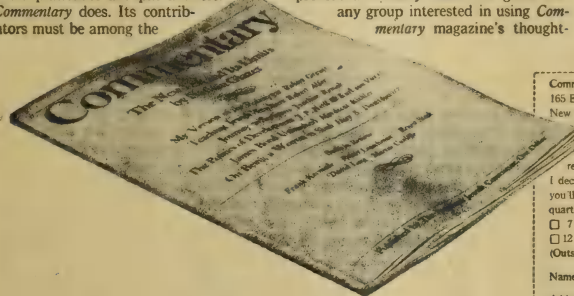
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Today we do not have one Brecht but many different Brechts. There is Vilar's French *Ui*, Lomnicki's Polish *Ui* and Schall's German model of *Ui*. There is a French *Mother Courage* played by Montero, the Polish *Mother Courage* by Eichler, and the model *Mother Courage* of Weigel. The universal character of Brechtian art finds expression in the mul-

tiplicity of the various national interpretations.

Only yesterday, Brecht was for the philosopher presenting an ideological proposal for the art of socialism; today he has become a dramatist. Not for the first time has the theatre proved itself capable of living longer than the ideology of an author.

Revolution of Merit

THE ACADEMIC REVOLUTION. By Christopher Jencks and David Riesman. Doubleday & Co. 580 pp. \$10.

ALLEN LACY

Mr. Lacy teaches philosophy at Kirkland College, a new women's college coordinate with Hamilton College.

In *The Academic Revolution* Christopher Jencks and David Riesman have undertaken the enormous task of writing a historical and sociological analysis of American higher education. On most counts, they have succeeded in their undertaking. *The Academic Revolution* is a delightful book, observant, richly detailed, and larded with grace and wit. It is also an important book, one which will probably shape for years to come both the academy's consciousness of itself and the larger society's understanding of its educational institutions.

As Jencks and Riesman describe it, the present educational establishment in America is, in its higher reaches at least, the product of a successful and fortunate revolution. The value-preferences of the great universities (and of their sublimary colleges) are meritocratic. Local and parochial concerns; traditional eccentricities inherited by particular institutions; accidents of geography, sex, religion, ethnicity and social class—all these things Jencks and Riesman see as subordinate to one overriding purpose: identifying, admitting, and eventually certifying students of potential achievement. The universities see themselves as gateways to success and prestige, and since their self-image is accepted fairly uncritically by the general population, it becomes an authentic fact.

It was not always thus. In an earlier day, institutions of higher learning worshiped other gods than the gods of merit and ability. The early college in America was largely a pillar (more decorative than functional) of society at large. With the Jacksonian era, colleges proliferated recklessly as instruments of various special-interest groups, thus expressing developing subcultures within American life, and serving their values, whether local, religious or ethnic. A college pro-

fessor was not, until fairly recent times, a man with "a mission transcending the college where he happened to teach"; he was, rather, an employee of a local shop, whose values he was himself fairly likely to espouse. Furthermore, during the first 100 years of our existence, higher education had very little influence on national life. "Colleges probably played a far smaller role in nineteenth-century America and did far less to define people's attitudes toward themselves or one another than nineteenth-century churches did. . . . Taken as a group the nineteenth-century colleges portrayed in institutional histories strike us as depressing and sterile places."

In their account, Jencks and Riesman identify the American graduate school, from the late 19th century on, as the subverter of the earlier order. Educational institutions change because they fail to attract only those students and faculty who are entirely committed to the institution's goals . . . or who at least are content to leave these goals unexamined and unchallenged. But with the development of the university graduate school, primarily from the 1890s onward, a powerful force making for change on many campuses was comprised of faculty trained at Chicago or Columbia or Johns Hopkins, and nursing none too secret notions of remaking their employer in the image of one of these national institutions. Furthermore, as graduate school became increasingly the ambition of many undergraduates, a number of undergraduate colleges became transformed into what *The Academic Revolution* calls "university colleges," colleges such as Oberlin and Amherst, "de facto prep schools for a small number of graduate professional schools." Thus even though much of the educational framework of earlier years was preserved, its substance was changed from within by agents (often agents unaware) of the meritocratic values of the graduate schools.

The "revolution" of which the authors speak is the transformation of older special-interest institutions as a result of forces flowing from the gradu-

ate professional schools. To this transformation Jencks and Riesman trace much that is good in American higher education. College faculties today, even undergraduate faculties, are far superior to their predecessors in both training and interest. "Today's BA's know more," they write, "than their predecessors in any earlier era." They are better prepared when they enter, and they learn more during their undergraduate days, in part because the tone of academic life is increasingly set by those students who desire to prove sufficient academic competence to enter graduate school. Furthermore, there are broad human benefits, as well as strictly academic ones, flowing from the revolution: the emancipation of the young, for one, and great increased social mobility, for another.

Not all of the effects of the revolution, and of the subsequent hegemony of the graduate school, are benign, of course. Riesman and Jencks fault the separation of the scholar's work from his life, the occasional marked inflexibilities of departmental and disciplinary structures of organization, the common neglect of effective pedagogy in favor of sometimes arid scholarship, and the brash colonialism and imperialism of graduate schools toward the undergraduate colleges in their own universities, to name several of their criticisms. Still, they are on the whole confident of the system, and they believe that its more grievous failures can be remedied by minor tinkering—by instituting, for example, postgraduate internships in teaching, and by setting up programs whereby students can be encouraged to take their undergraduate and graduate training in different fields, through an intermediate year of study between the A.B. and the professional degree.

In almost every way, *The Academic Revolution* is a valuable reference for the development of American society in the 20th century. The chapters on Roman Catholic colleges and Negro colleges alone are sufficient to establish the book's importance. If read with Riesman's earlier *Constraint and Variety in American Education*, it provides a good basis for comprehending the transition from the 1950s to the 1960s. (Many of the themes developed in the later book are present in the earlier, even if the ambience is strikingly different: *Constraint and Variety* was written in 1956, when academic prophets were bewailing the passivity and conformity of college undergraduates, their uncritical willingness to accept their parents' goals for themselves and to substitute the cultivation of personal relationships for social and political concerns.)

One may question, however, the complete adequacy of *The Academic Revolution* as a handbook for the present

moment. It may well be that the immediate future development of the American university will be discontinuous with much of the past. Riots are neither panty raids nor pep rallies, but there is very little in this book about the present turmoil on American campuses . . . for obvious reasons: one must, after all, stop writing a book at *some* point in order to send it to the printer. In fact, except for occasional comments near the ends of chapters, there is very little reflection on events since Berkeley.

It is very clear, in any case, that once the students have ransacked the president's files, smoked his cigars and drunk his sherry, things can never quite be the same again. Jencks and Riesman view the university from a rather confident stance: to read their book in one sitting is rather like reading all the back issues of the *Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors* for the past ten years. But the most formative force in American education today is probably not

the AAUP but SDS, even if indirectly. Recently, a high official in one of our largest state universities told a group of faculty that the single question on his mind was what he should do when his office was occupied by 1,300 bearded revolutionaries. His concern, so alien to the 1950s, is not today pointless. (And just recently, a friend, teaching in a small teachers' college in rural Virginia, told me that *his* president believed that "the next Columbia will take place in my office." His concern, of course, is unwarranted, since the school in question is rather near the end of the academic procession, attracts uniformly docile young ladies of minimal revolutionary skills, and is thus no doubt near the bottom of whatever list SDS may keep of possible candidates for confrontation. Still his opinion is instructive, and his unfounded fear indicates that there are elements in the present academic situation in need of more examination than they receive from Jencks and Riesman.)

A Blast at Everyone

THE RICH AND THE SUPER-RICH.
By Ferdinand Lundberg, Lyle Stuart.
812 pp. \$12.50.

G. WILLIAM DOMHOFF

Mr. Domhoff teaches at the University of California, Santa Cruz. He is the author of *Who Rules America?* (Prentice-Hall), co-editor and contributor to C. Wright Mills and The Power Elite (Beacon Press), and is at present working on a book of essays to be published by Random House on the American power structure.

As a researcher who has just written a book that covers the same ground and comes to much the same conclusion (but who still learned a lot from this one), and as a reader who enjoys in others bombast, sarcasm and polemic, I very much liked Ferdinand Lundberg's belated second book on America's big rich, and I heartily recommend it to anyone with the time, patience and disposition to make it through 812 pages of raw data, biting humor and purple prose. For those lacking one of these requisites, the first and last chapters will suffice: the book could have been shorter and better organized.

After an unforgetable thirty-year absence from the topic (during which time he could have been fighting the good fight for the views put forth in his *America's Sixty Families* in 1937), Lundberg has reappeared with a vengeance. Now he not only rakes the big rich over the coals; he also takes out after C. Wright Mills (who was a little unfair to Lundberg in a footnote), Marxists (who

love Russia and the masses too uncritically and blame too much on capitalism), academics (who are innocents and apologists, feeding from foundation troughs), and the stupid masses (the suckers, the boobs, the dependent, the handicapped).

The thesis is that the control of this country lies in the hands of a few hundred thousand wealthy families, probably with the 200,000 households (.2 per cent of the total) who hold 22 per cent of the wealth. Lundberg laughs at the "managerial revolution" thesis, piling data upon data and example upon example to show that the big stockholders still control the corporations even if they do not always run them. As for political control, that is accomplished through campaign donations, gifts by lobbyists, and by paying fat retainer fees to the law firms of Congressmen. (Lundberg here relies on journalists and says nasty things about political scientists.)

Mr. Lundberg does not insist that the corporate rich be called a ruling class, even though in one place or another he emphasizes intermarriage, private school attendance, club memberships, a plushy life style and a different psychology (they think they are better than we are) as concomitants of their great wealth. While he finds them generally objectionable as a group, they are not all bad: some are even clever.

But it is not primarily their cleverness that leads to their rulership—they actually rule by default because the masses are too dumb to act in their self-interest. The cleverness of the rich consists in good measure of the ineptitude of the

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masses. We are so dependent and handicapped that we don't even deserve the vote, Lundberg throws up his hands in dismay: "What can one do for people who believe their true friends are characters like the Reverend Billy Graham, Norman Vincent Peale, Archbishop Fulton Sheen, and Francis Cardinal Spellman?"

For those who are not satisfied with mere description the book contains a detailed indictment of the corporate rich and their feudal system, although it loses a little something by being scattered throughout. Then too, the book's occasional overstatement and hyperbole may allow apologists to call it "unbalanced."

In general, the corporate rich and their corporations fit Edwin Sutherland's definition of habitual criminals, mostly for conspiracy and fraud in business, even to the point of using "mouthpieces" to get off the hook; they have made a joke of the tax structure, putting the burden of their state on the backs of the people; they use their so-called charitable foundations illegally for business purposes and for self-serving projects; they do all sorts of shady things in their dealings with government and politicians; and they use their economic resources for selfish and superficial ends "rather than in socially and humanly needed public directions."

However, since in this space I can't

say the many things I'd like to about Lundberg's huge book, my comments will have to be unduly selective:

(1) He has titillated the believers and perhaps shocked the innocents, but he probably has not won us any new converts from among the skeptics. This is not merely because of the inevitable minor errors and questionable historical interpretations that they will gleefully pounce upon. It is also because they will want more discussion of the "nature" of "power," and more detail on how the corporate rich supposedly control the government. (Analyze a few decisions and show us how they do it.)

Actually, an excellent conceptualization of power is implicit in most of his remarks. In theoretical terms, I think it can be said he usually uses "power" as a "disposition" or "inferential" concept, inferred from certain social indicators—in this case wealth distribution, fancy mansions and the tax structure. Unfortunately, though, he does not always sustain this view, and when he repeatedly says (wrongly, I think) that Harry Truman alone decided to drop the A-bomb, and Lyndon Johnson (with only military advice at best) to escalate the war in Vietnam, he switches to another way of studying power and concedes to his critics the very points they made in rejecting Mills's *The Power Elite*.

(2) Lundberg sometimes overemphasizes the few really big wealth holders like the Rockefellers at the expense of the corporate rich as a whole. This plays down the importance of "system" that he elsewhere emphasizes. Louis Auchincloss, for example, is not in my opinion a member of the upper middle class but one millionaire member of a multimillionaire family that interlocks with dozens of old, major and very wealthy families of the ruling class, including the "Greenwich" Rockefellers.

(3) Social clubs are not the key places where policies are discussed and a measure of consensus reached. They are one part of a system that includes corporate boards, foundations and a set of institutional links to the government that Lundberg does not discuss—e.g., the Council on Foreign Relations, the Business Advisory Council, The Committee for Economic Development and the Brookings Institution (wherein the corporate rich learn from hired academics and prepare for government service).

(4) I am impressed by Lundberg's data on the influence of specific corporations and industries on certain Congressmen, but I think the Executive branch more important and more directly controlled by the biggest and most farseeing cliques within the corporate rich (who have quite a time with the NAM and other cautious—or isolationist—brethren who

have influence in Congress). While in places acknowledging corporate rich appointments to the Executive branch, he downplays its importance and concedes it too much independence from them. I believe the Executive branch is indistinguishable in its decision-making personnel from the corporate boards, foundations, associations and institutes noted above, and that various of these corporate rich organizations are intricately and complexly involved in its functioning.

Two quick examples. Lundberg calls the withholding tax a politician's stroke of genius. In fact, it was thought up by Beardsley Ruml of the Council for Economic Development, discussed and agreed upon within CED, and then taken to the government. Nor is it true that no corporate masterminds helped with the New Deal. They did, and in large

part through the Committee on Foreign Relations, the American Association for Labor Legislation, the Twentieth Century Fund and the Business Advisory Council, among others.

What is to be done is the question always asked of such a book. Lundberg has one small hope, that the "new class" of experts and intellectuals, imbued as they are with the secular-scientific spirit, and armed as they are with its methodology and technology, will get tired of the mentality of their rich masters and gradually change the system over the next several decades. For myself, I don't know, but I was struck by the author's earlier quote from an ancient Greek concerning whether it is better to grow rich or wise: "Why rich," he said; "for I see the wise men spending their days at the rich men's doors."

'Quick Watson! The Footnote'

THE ANNOTATED SHERLOCK HOLMES. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Edited, with introduction, notes and bibliography by William S. Baring-Gould. Clarkson N. Potter. 2 boxed vols. 1513 pp. \$25.

THEODORE ROSZAK

Mr. Roszak teaches British history at California State College at Hayward. His book, *The Making of a Counter Culture*, will be published by Doubleday later this year.

There is a story that during the First World War, when the forces of the Entente were in dire need of expert espionage, a French military attaché appealed to Lloyd George—in all seriousness—to call upon the services of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. If there are any around who think this is a somewhat unrealistic proposal, it is no thanks to the gallant band of Sherlockian scholars who, for more than thirty years now, have been doing battle with the incorrigible skepticism which insists that "the best and wisest man who ever lived" was merely a fictitious character.

Since Christopher Morley inaugurated the "Baker Street Irregulars" in 1934, these engaging pedants have exercised themselves tirelessly to demonstrate the historical authenticity of the four novels and fifty-six short stories which they refer to as the Holmesian "canon" (or Conan). They have filled their own learned journals with articles on "Holmes and the Telephone," "The Cab-Rank in Baker Street," "Holmes as a Bee-Keeper" and "The Medical Career and Capacities of Dr. J. H. Watson." (There is even one rather eccentric effort by Rex Stout

which attempts to prove that "Watson Was a Woman.")

They have waged heated debates at chapter meetings as to whether the Sixth Duke of Holderness who appears in "The Adventure of the Priory School" was meant to represent the Sixth Duke of Northumberland or the Eighth Duke of Devonshire. (The literature on this point remaining indecisive, there still is room for further research.) They have given us monographs on "The Iconography of Sherlock Holmes" and "Sherlockian Heraldry." They have even provided us with book-length biographies of Holmes and Watson. Under their inspiration, the famous Baker Street sitting room has been preserved in all its cozy detail at the Sherlock Holmes Pub opposite Scotland Yard—along with a library of Holmes's criminological treatises and a small museum of treasures, including the very paw prints of the hound of the Baskervilles, embedded in plaster.

The Annotated Sherlock Holmes is undoubtedly the supreme monument of this antiquarian whimsy. All the stories are there, fully equipped with maps, diagrams, the original pulp magazine engravings, hundreds of photographs of Victorian settings, artifacts, dress and personalities, and copious notes drawing upon the vast body of Holmesiana. Nothing that could be illustrated, elaborated, explained or complicated has been left without its exhaustively conscientious exegesis. The notes review, for example, the nine papers that have been written on Holmes's obscure reference to a Chopin composition in *A Study in Scarlet*—each coming to a different conclu-

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sion as to the piece the great man had in mind. The 100-page introduction is, as they say in the learned professions, "a magisterial survey of the field": biographical sketches of the Master, Moriarty, Watson and Watson's shadowy collaborator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; treatises devoted to the Baker Street residence, to Holmes's career on stage, screen and radio, and to the innumerable Holmesian parodies. Thereafter the tales follow in a chronological order painstakingly dated to the day and month. Finally we have the 17-page bibliography of Sherlockian studies—in triple column.

I suppose one could set all this down as one of the more baroque excesses of Pop or camp . . . or some such. But if so, it is the original and longest running manifestation of Pop enthusiasm. Its practitioners refer to it all quite humbly as "the lower criticism." In these handsomely designed volumes, their precious labors make for a grand rereading of all the familiar old stories.

But the delight I find in this mock scholarship is that it turns out to be such

an impudent and well-deserved parody of what passes, alas! for "real" scholarship on the academic assembly line. Here, for example, are a few doctoral dissertations recently processed through some of our better universities: "William Egon von Fürstenberg and French Diplomacy in the Rhineland Prior to the Outbreak of the War of the League of Augsburg," "Military Administration in Thirteenth Century England: A Study Emphasizing the Contributions of the Wardrobe in the Wars of Henry III and Edward I, 1216-1307," "Archetypal Elements in the Faerie Queen, with Special Reference to Book Six."

Such is the typical busy-work over which our graduate schools keep the apprentices sweating and fretting. In view of the zest and expertise with which the Sherlockians flourish their pedantic niceties, I am not at all certain why the run-of-the-mill real thing that goes on in our academic professions has any greater claim to constituting a "significant contribution to knowledge." And it certainly isn't as much fun to do or read.

suburbia already beautifully conveyed in an earlier novel, *An Impossible Marriage*. Miss Hansford Johnson is as much the poet and chronicler of this area as John Betjeman is of his; the "soft, violet evenings" on Clapham Common; the houses, "mean and flashy"; the grayly facetious quality of its social occasions. No wonder the young men long to escape. Both have literary ambitions, both are in love with the idea of Bohemia, Chelsea, Soho pubs. Undergraduates *manqué*, not untouched by sophistication, they nevertheless pursue with an absurd and touching innocence, "the wild time."

Jo lives at home with his mother (a wonderful, complex study of that usually oversimplified figure, the possessive, invalid parent) and brisk, unmarried sister.

Kit, who has real talent and is already beginning to publish, plans to marry Alison, a young, unexpectedly famous first-novelist. He introduces her to Jo who falls deeply and permanently in love with her. Kit drifts away and finally marries Polly, a well-born, demure miss with a will of iron. (One knows these demure, brass-bound misses!) Jo nurses his unrequited passion, Alison her pain. They cannot help each other.

Around this nucleus gather the rest of "the crowd"; a sparring, lively couple, the unfaithful, handsome Georgina and her journalist husband; Piers, the intellectual military man Alison eventually

THE POET AT SEVENTY

I did

Not think I had been followed
Into this room; but the dull
Glaze of each afternoon has
Filled my curtains; their yellowed
Gauze is a dead skin I can
Not shed. Yet, I can recall
Nothing but words—the slow soft
Sounds I used to shape the hands
And legs and eyes of this earth
Into one sound, one air, and
One blood. It was enough, I
Thought, for the night. This would do;
I was content. Then a door
Opened to another room
And the silence of the cold
Morning light swelled around me
And broke across my crooked
Back. I could not move or see,
And I dreamed a dream of me
As a child, swinging on a
Brown porch swing high into trees
That I could not come down from
Until the blue sky had twirled
Me into it. My body
Was light entering the world
As flesh burning until I
Was only light; and when I
Fell to earth and made a shadow
Behind every tree and rock
I struck, I screamed until I
Woke and moved into any
Dark corner I could find.

Like

An old dog who has scouted
The woods for a place to die,
I have come here, unable
To shake away even the
Sight of a bowl of fruit that
Sits near me on my table,
Darkening under this light.

R. PAWLOWSKI

The Moderately Content

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.
By Pamela Hansford Johnson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 468 pp. \$6.95.

GERDA CHARLES

Miss Charles is a British novelist. Her latest work is *A Logical Girl*. (Knopf).

As the man said . . . all criticism in the end is subjective. Bend over backwards as he may, the critic's judgment ultimately depends on whether his personal experience, temperament or vision chimes with that of the artist. A writer who for me possesses this precious, chiming quality is Pamela Hansford Johnson. She notices and tells precisely what I would wish to be noticed and told.

The Survival of the Fittest is a long novel, spanning the last thirty-odd years, but though it traces much of the history of the period it is really a study of a group—in the more enclosed sense of the word. It is a fascinating theme. The group, the gang, our lot . . . how much of human destiny, one wonders, depends on the particular set one chances to find oneself in; college, rooming house, relatives—or simply street? One hard glance at this question is almost enough to make fatalists of us all.

The group in this novel are primarily linked by neighborhood. Two young men grow up together in the narrowly respectable district of Clapham in South London. It is a region of Edwardian

marries; Fay, a nice, gay, good-natured girl who loves Jo but marries someone else when he won't have her. Against the background of a darkening world, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Munich, the war and then the peace, the group waxes and wanes, disperses and unites, changes partners . . . Kit's Dylan Thomas-like fame as a writer, drinker and lecturer grows; so does Alison's reputation as a novelist. In a late chapter some of the group meet for an elegiac, strange, sunlit afternoon in Richmond Park. Their children are growing up, they themselves fattening, mellowing, their "wild times" not only gone but seen for what they were: beer not champagne, a remote, suburban imitation of the high style.

Toward the end of the book Kit dies drinking vodka—appropriately enough in Russia (this exquisitely observed Russian chapter is an enormous pleasure to read)—and at the very end Jo is dead too. He has never married, has accomplished nothing, lived moderately content but seemingly to no purpose.

In this long novel, never less than supremely readable, often shot with pure and marvelously fresh perception, it is the character of Jo which, standing at the center, holds (or should hold) the moral heart of the book in his hands. Always courageous, Miss Hansford Johnson in this as in other fields has chosen to illuminate and indeed to bless such unfashionable virtues as endurance, acceptance, the settling, without screaming, for less; the not-so-bad-after-all. Yet it must be admitted that this fine purpose does not quite come off. For all the deaths and disgraces, the minutely observed bliss and anguishes of love, what is lacking (and what, perversely, the reader wants) is the sense of tragedy. As Belpheoe says (Belpheoe is the gorgeous name chosen for a most charming and affectionately drawn little portrait of Edith Sitwell): "Be grandiose. It is a great shield, grandiosity."

But if grandiosity is missing it is the only real flaw in this otherwise witty, melancholy, beautiful and generous novel.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

San Francisco

The American Conservatory Theatre (ACT) is the biggest and the busiest repertory company in America. Its annual budget amounts to a whopping \$2.3 million, which must certainly be an all-time record for a noncommercial American legitimate theatre. ACT maintains a company of about fifty actors (this figure fluctuates somewhat), who perform rotating repertory simultaneously in two theatres in downtown San Francisco, and make guest appearances all over California and elsewhere. This year's repertory includes some twenty-five plays; a determined spectator can see seven different productions in a single week.

Moreover, ACT appears to take seriously the claim implied in its title that it is a conservatory as well as a theatre. Under the rubric "Conservatory Training Staff," the program lists thirteen names: a good-sized faculty, especially as a number of the company's directors and actors also do some teaching. The idea is that every member of the company should be constantly in

training, constantly perfecting his old skills and mastering new ones in the intervals of running from rehearsal to rehearsal and from performance to performance.

The company's talents are expended on a highly eclectic schedule of plays. Except for Shakespeare and Molière, ACT has never acknowledged the existence of any playwright who flourished before about 1890, but it does manage to offer a little of a great many things: naturalism, documentary theatre, poetry (dramatic and lyric), prose-poetry, satire, absurdism, tragedy, comedy, farce and revue: old chestnuts and new works. If the company should turn out to have a tragical-comical-historical-pastoral or two up its sleeve, I should not be altogether surprised.

One thing that living in America has taught us all is that biggest and busiest and most expensive does not necessarily mean best. But the American Conservatory Theatre is good: unquestionably one of the half-dozen foremost resident professional theatres in the United States. Its founder, general director and animating spirit, a slim, bald, mad young man (in his 30s) named William Ball, has a flair for theatrical effect that is almost as apparent in the productions he directs, and in the way he runs the company, as it is in his own appearance and manner.

The acting company includes a number of good workaday professionals, and a number of highly talented artists. The work of the designers, on the other hand, is not particularly interesting, probably because of the fierce demands of such a copious repertory. But at least nobody can accuse ACT of seeking to divert its spectators with flashy, expensive décor.

On this visit I was able to see only seven of the company's productions (plus one outside production, of the musical *Your Own Thing*, presented under ACT sponsorship), and thus my impressions are based on a rather small random sampling of the company's work. I was able, however, to see two of the four new works that the company has presented this season. One, written by Brian McKinney, ACT's press agent, bears the endearing title, *Deedle, Deedle Dumpling, My Son God*. It is a sort of modern *Candide*: the story of an ingenious youth and his attempts to make his way in a bewildering world. All the men Johnny meets are played by the same actor (Peter Donat), and all the women by the same actress (Michael Learned); at the end, the entire action is briefly recapitulated and explained as a test imposed upon Johnny by his parents.

But a play cannot be unified retroactively. *Deedle* seems to begin all over again with nearly every scene; it functions as a heap of fragments (some of

them, however, quite interesting). Mr. McKinney is a somewhat self-consciously literary writer, careful to leave hints that he is making a series of variations on the old Quest myths; he alludes also, in veiled terms, to Adam, Cain and Abel, Tiresias, and other ancient worthies, which makes for pleasant guessing games. Fortunately, the play is saved from pretentiousness by Mr. McKinney's comic gifts, and by the performance of David Dukes in the leading role. Gangling, hoysish and bewildered, Mr. Dukes locates the part somewhere between Anthony Perkins and Dustin Hoffman.

The other new work I saw in San Francisco was *Long Live Life*. Jerome Kilty's adaptation of Chekhov's letters into a mosaic of monologues, staged by Mr. Kilty to look as much like a play as possible. It is pleasantly playful, full of plaintive Chekhovian whimsy ("I'm fine, except for one trifle—my health"), and it rises at the end to a very pretty

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melancholy. But it is a bit thin, even a bit tedious, and notably short on direct confrontations. It deals mostly with Chekhov's love affairs, and these seem to have been interesting enough in themselves: but the letters, which are the matter of the play, are too reticent to convey much of what went on. There is something effete about *Long Live Life*; every time Ramon Bieri as Maxim Gorky stomps onto the stage with a burst of rude energy and noise, he shows just what is lacking in the production as a whole.

Fortunately, the ACT productions of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Long Day's Journey into Night* are considerably more robust. In *Streetcar*, the important supporting roles are not well played; Stella tends to fade into the woodwork, and Mitch seems uncomfortable with the way he has elected to pronounce his words. As Stanley Kowalski, Ray Reinhardt is not so much a phallic symbol as an ordinary, selfish, somewhat comic slob, more Eli Wallach than Marlon Brando. This characterization works well enough right up to the rape scene at the end; but surely Stanley should not get laughs when he emerges menacingly from the bathroom in those famous red silk pajamas. The production is justified, however, by DeAnn Mears's performance as Blanche DuBois. Except for a few moments when Miss Mears cheapens the character by overdoing her flirtatiousness, Blanche in her celebrated aching fragility is, quite simply, *there*.

I had seen and been thoroughly bored by *Long Day's Journey* on my previous visit to ACT, but the current—and quite good—production is entirely new. Its most notable feature is the performance of David Dukes as Edmund, O'Neill's portrait of himself as a young man. Droopy, withdrawn, driven to taking refuge behind a book, this Edmund is sick to death of the family hatreds and quarrels though he never can resist getting drawn into them all over again. An edge of irony in his voice, as he talks to his hovering mother and father and brother, shows that he understands them all, and himself as well, and suggests that some day he will be able to write their story; he becomes the most intelligent and the most interesting character in the play.

Most of the ACT productions are staged by various staff and guest directors, but I was able to see three that had been directed by Mr. Ball himself. *Under Milkwood*, the senior among them, is a lineal descendant of the production of Dylan Thomas' rhapsodical prose-poem that Ball staged Off-Broadway in the days when he was still a free-lance director. It is a lovely piece of work; Ball's gracefully fluid staging of what was

While I was writing this article, the American Conservatory Theatre announced that it would "cease to exist" unless it could raise \$104,000 within two weeks. Thus by the time you read this ACT may be defunct. That a theatre which has played to so many hundreds of thousands of people, and been the focus of so much attention and admiration, should find its existence in such immediate jeopardy, is an indication—one of many—of how dangerously shaky our noncommercial legitimate theatres are. In spite of what I consider to be its shortcomings, the closing of ACT would be a sad loss as well as a grim portent. J.N.

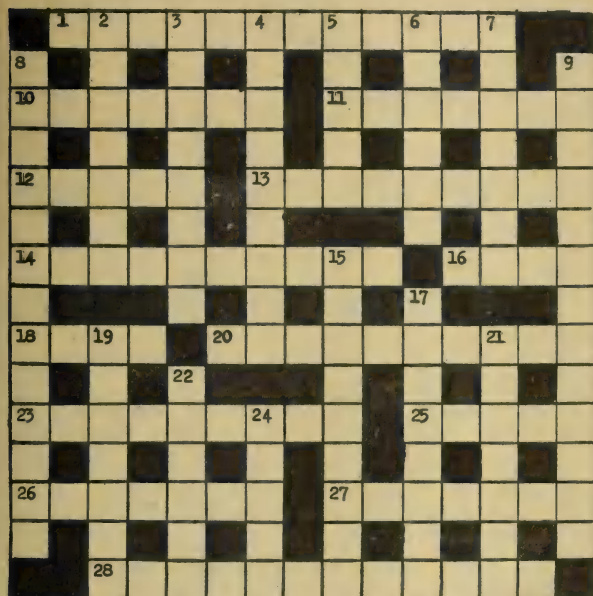
meant as an essentially static "play for voices" is always an embellishment, never a distraction. *Tartuffe*, another old production, is also beautifully staged, but gave me the feeling that Ball is more interested in making pleasing patterns and ingenious routines than in coming to grips with the hard core of the play.

Ball's *Hamlet* is new this year: a very oddly old-fashioned production, full of fine elocution and swirling capes; the actors keep striking attitudes that make them look like Garrick or Mrs. Siddons. Paul Shenar is a handsome, blond, storybook Prince of Denmark, polished and dignified, but scarcely impassioned or spontaneous. The best performance of this elegant but tame evening, to my mind, is Scott Hyland's Laertes. He makes Laertes an appealing, lost little boy, instead of the usual interchangeable juvenile. But surely there must be something wrong with a production in which Laertes is more sympathetic than Hamlet.

In spite of all my admiration for ACT and its work my final feeling is one of slight disappointment. The idea of the company—the copious repertory, the training program—is somehow more exciting than any actual production. In spite of all the good intentions and all the publicity, I felt no real sense of innovation, of discovery, no sense that ACT was about to become an important source whereby the American theatre might regenerate itself. To complain thus is to ask a great deal, but ACT encourages us to ask a great deal. What I am asking for may come in time; the company is, after all, just three years old. But I find something uncentered in its smörgåsbord eclecticism, an emphasis on means instead of ends, a lack of urgency. ACT seems interested only in theatre for theatre's sake; but the greatest theatres have always been vitally interested in making statements about the real world, in what they could communicate as well as how.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1259

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Music box lines for the fringilline types. (4, 8)
- 10 South American flower. (7)
- 11 Defy, as an example of acute misbehavior. (7)
- 12 and 15 down How one usually holes out? Definitely no! (3, 2, 1, 4, 4)
- 13 Two vessels the hack might be responsible for. (9)
- 14 The old farmer proves to be both mate and valet. (9)
- 16 Real precise! (4)
- 17 Put some spirit in what may be mainly ornamental. (4)
- 20 A VIP poet in office, as it might be. (10)
- 23 The best way of doing it reputedly is to attack the finale after the passage between C and G. (9)
- 25 A relatively long time to get one of 9. (5)
- 26 Old-fashioned before a little bit of solitary. (7)
- 27 It goes forwards and backwards in the sort of cuneiform records found in Asia Minor. (7)
- 28 Should they involve low-ceilinged rooms with brief romances? (5, 7)

DOWN:

- 2 A poet is the sort that can put you to sleep, perhaps. (7)

- 3 Tires because of his work? (Not one of the lean kind!) (8)
- 4 Descriptive of things having a shore? (7, 2)
- 5 Stage a sit-down, in case you're chicken! (5)
- 6 It might involve putting some money down, but work shortly into some change. (6)
- 7 and 8 An old-fashioned after-dinner speech, antithetical to what the doctor might have said concerning the girl Siamese twins. (5, 2, 4, 3, 6)
- 9 Well-thought-of opening for the minister. (6, 7)
- 15 See 12 across.
- 17 In such as Durante, a terrific specimen with a long nose? (8)
- 19 Chests of heavy smokers, perhaps, when listened to? (7)
- 21 Fancy. (7)
- 22 Shade of bunting. (6)
- 24 Not an active compound of nitre. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1258

ACROSS: 1 Colic; 4 Batteries; 9 Esmeralda; 10 Raven; 11 Interfere; 12 Ionic; 13 Springboks; 17 King George; 21 Names; 22 Fire drill; 23 Ernie; 24 Ernestine; 25 Peccolates; 26 Nones. DOWN: 1 Credit; 2 Limits; 3 Curare; 4 Bullet-proof vest; 5 Traveling cranes; 6 Earnings; 7 Inventor; 8 Sinicisms; 14 Skin-deep; 15 Mnemonic; 16 Eggshell; 18 Edison; 19 Simian; 20 Sleeps.

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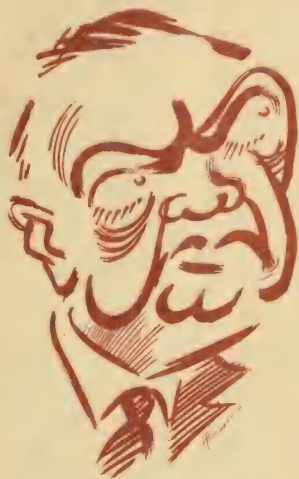
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New Lease for Liberalism RONALD RADOSH

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LETTERS

rights for radicals

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR: This year dozens of university and college faculty have found themselves fired or with unrenewed contracts as a result of their radical scholarship and/or advocacy of radical positions. . . . Rights assured by the First Amendment seem not to hold for scholars. Often they are told they may speak of radicalism, but are fired when they act. There is a scandal . . . which is overtaking the higher education in America.

In the effort to analyze, expose and oppose this trend, the New University Conference invites victims of political discrimination or those who know of such cases to send us particulars. . . . We need to know what form of radicalism is most likely to evoke suppression . . . and what kinds of institutions are most repressive. . . . We are interested in discrimination against faculty in such ways as failure to hire or renew, failure to promote (or to give raises), or outright dismissal; we also seek information concerning discrimination in the granting of fellowships and assistantships to graduate students. We want to know what scholarly and/or political activities of the aggrieved individual are believed to have prompted administrative action, and the reason offered by the institution for its conduct. (Please specify if confidentiality is desired, and if so to what extent.)

The example of the mass student movements has inspired many groups . . . to organize themselves to work for radical transformation of the institutions within which they work, and of the society. . . . University and college teachers and graduate students have formed such an organization—the New University Conference. It is a national membership organization of radical scholars, students and intellectuals: we invite your inquiries and membership (5810 S. Woodlawn, Chicago, Ill. 60637).

Robert Ross
Jesse Lemisch

trail of the Panthers

San Jose, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Michael Harris' story on the Black Panthers ["Black Panthers: The Cornered Cats," *The Nation*, July 8] characterizes them more as a bunch of thugs with bad marksmanship than as a group of citizens protecting rights of the Second and Third Amendments to the Constitution of the United States. No wonder: he omits a number of relevant facts.

For example, when he describes Bobby Seale as a near fugitive almost always on the move, as though he were guilty of a crime, and says that police "walked into his apartment" on January 25, Mr. Harris does not mention that the police had no warrant, that they did not walk in but crashed in, that they ordered Mr. Seale and his wife about with weapons leveled point-blank at their chests, and that they searched the premises with the delicacy for which police have come to be known when dealing with black people.

Mr. Harris' article might have been written too long ago, for he fails to point out that Eldridge Cleaver had his freedom curtailed by the California Adult authority for engaging in political activities, not for violating his parole as the Authority alleged, which Solano County Judge Raymond J. Sherwin stated on June 11 when releasing Mr. Cleaver from jail.

As to the trial of Huey P. Newton, it would seem pertinent to mention that several times previously Newton had been arrested by the Oakland police on trumped-up charges. Why does Harris not reveal that the grand jury indicted

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EDITORIALS

Behind Nixon's Grin

The media agree that Miami was Nixon's finest hour, but an hour is all it was. As soon as he had reached the peak, he skidded down the other side and demonstrated that the old Nixon remains unchanged. Almost up to the moment of victory, his manner was relaxed and ingratiating and his political performance superb. Memories of the loss of control after Nixon's defeat by Pat Brown in 1962 were almost forgotten. But the stress under which this tireless climber labors shows up in a crisis, and he lost most of what he had gained. Again the image he wants the public to accept was revealed as nothing more than a mask, hiding the man he does not want the public to see.

The tape of Nixon's talk with the Southern delegation—which was made without his knowledge or permission, and no doubt to his mortification and that of his staff—is a most revealing political document. Thinking himself alone with cronies, he created a credibility gap even before winning the nomination, since what he said to the Southerners was not what he had been saying publicly. He clearly gave Strom Thurmond the power to reject any Vice Presidential candidate not to his liking.

Nixon could not have won on the first ballot without the support of the South; he could not risk a second ballot, and for that support he was willing to pay almost any price. He had said that the first requisite of the Vice Presidential candidate was fitness to exercise the powers of the Presidency, should the occasion arise. He then chose Agnew, a nonentity. It was a classic instance of the "politics of accommodation." Agnew would displease the North, but not to the point of rebellion; he would placate the South and make its delegates feel that further appeasement might be in store.

The image that Nixon had been trying to project was that of a mature, confident conservative who, over the years, had become mildly liberal and tolerant. Mary McGroarty quotes a "young moderate" who said hopefully during the balloting: "I don't think his administration will be so bad. He's bound to be liberal—the country is." Some say the country is in a conservative mood; others think that, because the times demand tolerance and social justice, it must be swinging liberal. Who is thinking wishfully we shall find out in November.

But of the falsity of Nixon's liberalism we already have proof. He gave short shrift to Rockefeller, Romney, Percy, Hatfield, Lindsay, Evans, Chafee, et al. He doesn't trust them, and when it comes to campaigning he reverts to the style with which he began his political career more than thirty years ago. He thinks he can win by stressing crime in the streets, with injections of redbaiting and a soap-opera sentimentality to tickle the lowest common denominator among the voters.

Often an outsider can see through a political phony more clearly than can his fellow countrymen (although it must be said that few American commentators have worshipped at the Nixon shrine). In the August 11 *London Observer*, Anthony Howard discusses Nixon, without

malice but with devastating effect. Nixon is the local boy who made good and who, as far as one can judge by his utterances, never had a poetic or decently cultivated thought. Whatever his faults, John F. Kennedy at least did not lack style and grace, and his English was that of a man who respected the language. Nixon, though he is not obscure except when he wants to be, somehow makes everything sound banal. While Howard does not remark on that particular characteristic, he says that the candidate's tastes are mundane and predictable: his church, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's "Temple of Positive Thinking"; his favorite delicacy, cheese covered with ketchup; his only interest outside of politics, his family. And all the grinning photographs of the gregarious, democratic American are a fraud—a fraud that becomes palpable whenever his fears are aroused, which is every time his political ambitions are in jeopardy. His choice of Agnew as a running mate reveals him, Howard finds, as the selfsame secretive, scheming politician he has always been.

Daley Asks for Trouble

It is quite true, as the politicians say, that only one man makes decisions in Chicago; it is unnecessary to add that Mayor Richard J. Daley is the man. But sometimes the toughest guys make the biggest mistakes, and it looks as if His Honor is headed for one.

He began preparing for it in the spring, as described by Joseph L. Sander in "Battle of Chicago: A Study in Law and Order" (*The Nation*, May 20). To summarize the account: Lengthy arrangements had been made by the Chicago Peace Council for its annual parade-demonstration, which ended with beatings, people being struck by vehicles, assaults on the press, and sixty-three arrests. "It was the feeling of at least one member of the parade committee," Mr. Sander concluded, "that the city government is trying to get across the message that it will not tolerate peaceful demonstrations by local citizens and that any who try to make their grievances known to the public will be made to wish they hadn't." Furthermore, that the citizens of Chicago have entered "a new period of a general suspension of constitutional guarantees."

This view of the events has now been irrefutably confirmed by a report on "Dissent and Disorder," issued under date of August 1 by the Roger Baldwin Foundation of ACLU and prepared by an independent citizens committee, for which Elmer Gertz, well known to *Nation* readers, and David Kahn acted as counsel. The chairman of the investigating body was Dr. Edward J. Sparling, president emeritus of Roosevelt University; all the other members were prominent religious, industrial and academic leaders. There are photographs, a full account of what occurred, and an appendix of evidence and testimony in federal court. One conclusion is that "Mayor Daley's 'shoot to kill' order of April 15, regardless of its technical legality, could not help but encourage an 'anything goes' attitude on the part of the police force." It was just another case of one man making the decisions in Chicago.

Of course, when only citizens of Chicago—and peace-demonstrating ones at that—are concerned, Mayor Daley has little to worry about. Though civil libertarians and the

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 5

like may exonerate him, they never had much use for him nor he for them. But if, as now appears, he should be planning to impose his version of law and order on Chicago during the Democratic convention, he will find himself in hot water, and the Democratic Party with him. The eyes of the nation will then be on Chicago, and if the Mayor tries to operate during the week of August 26 as he operated on April 27, he is likely to trigger a reaction he may come to regret.

The choice of Chicago as the convention city—apparently an arrangement between President Johnson and Mayor Daley—was unfortunate to begin with. An opportunity was afforded by the telephone strike to switch the convention to Miami Beach, where all the communications facilities were already in place and ample hotel space was available; but Daley insisted that the Democrats stay in his beloved bailiwick. His powers as Mayor are subordinate to his powers as Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of Cook County; it is the latter that makes him one of the old-line big-city bosses.

Racial disorder has been endemic in Chicago, complicated by the spasms of the ethnic groups, each of which is equally loyal to the customs of the old country and to white supremacy. It is probable that there will be both Negro and peace-group protests at the convention site. It has been surrounded by a barbed-wire fence, and measures for strict security have been instituted. Apparently live TV coverage will be confined to the interior of the auditorium. If disorder occurs outside, video tape will have to record it. The media should make every effort to show whatever happens, when and as it happens. Daley is not above the law; if he thinks he is, that is his second big mistake.

Pomp or Carnage

Nairobi, Kenya

Little can be done to save the lives of those bloated children of Biafra until the civil war in Nigeria is over. That is the heart of the matter; all else is peripheral. The pitiable pictures in the London press, the stricken conscience of the British people, the rush of volunteers to feed and nurse Biafran babies, the American powdered milk piling high on the docks of Lagos, the mad scrambling of relief workers to crack Nigerian inefficiency and push the supplies somewhere, somehow—all mean little as long as the war goes on.

Some idealists believe that the world's indignation, outcry and shamed anger over the thousands dying in Biafra will force the two sides to end their war, in the name of decency and humanity, but that is doubtful. "No group can stop a war because people are dying," said Alison Ayida, an influential Nigerian civil servant, in a meeting with foreign newsmen in Lagos recently. "It's never been done in a war before, and it won't be done in Nigeria—unless you stop the cause of the war. That's what war is all about." The federal government feels that it is about to crush the rebellion in Biafra, and it is in no mood to be cheated of this victory by pictures of starving children.

There is some hope that the war will come to an end through a negotiated settlement at the peace conference

that opened in Addis Ababa August 5. But the hope rests mainly on a belief that the Biafrans have faced the hopelessness of their position and are ready to surrender. The federal government seems prepared to do little more at Addis Ababa than accept that surrender. It offers no concessions of its own, except for a few devices to help the Biafrans save face, and a few humanitarian gestures toward a defeated people.

If the Biafrans refuse to surrender, the federal armies are ready to march into what is left of Biafra and crush the heartland of the Ibo people, the main tribe of the secessionist state. Nigerian officials maintain they have been restraining their forces because of the world demand for a last try for peace. In the Nigerian view, Addis Ababa is the last chance; if it fails, slaughter begins.

Some Nigerians even insist that an invasion would be more merciful than all this talk and delay. They say that fewer people would die in a federal onslaught on the last three towns of Biafra than would die of starvation during weeks of negotiations. (The federals want to kill thousands of Biafrans in order to save thousands—a neat, simple and horrifying formula.)

There is a possibility that the invasion may come before the peace conference reaches any conclusions. The Nigerian field commanders, who are chafing under their restraints and disdainful of humanitarian do-gooders, are a powerful lot who sometimes act independently of their commander in chief, Major General Yakubu Gowon, the federal military ruler. These commanders, impatient with federal deliveries, have at times gone off to London and bought arms on their own. It is conceivable that they will go ahead and slaughter Ibos on their own.

In short, the Biafran rebellion is nearing its end, which will come either in the pomp of the Addis Ababa conference or the carnage of a federal onslaught.

In the name of a mythical Nigerian nation, the federal armies, equipped by the British, marched off more than a year ago to subdue a tribe that had suffered so greatly within this so-called state that it wanted to leave. Nigerians and the British (and, as a matter of fact the American embassy officers) saw this as a police action which would straighten matters out in a few weeks. Instead, it has taken all these months and cost thousands—some say 100,000—dead of bombs, bullets and starvation. All for a fervid nationalism based on some lines that British imperialism drew arbitrarily on a map less than a century ago.

STANLEY MEISLER

Dogma Number Two

Prior to March 31, 1968, there was almost universal acquiescence in the near-axiom that "you can't deny an incumbent President renomination." *The Nation* did not accept this assumption, partly because renominations had been denied, though not in recent times, and more relevantly because circumstances alter cases and it seemed to us that current circumstances had completely undercut the hoary assumption.

Now the land is plagued by a second dogma, stating that it is utterly unrealistic to expect a party to repudiate a major policy of an incumbent who belongs to that

party. The argument is that the party must, willy-nilly, nominate candidates who will back up and justify the record of its preceding administration. It may prove to be so in Chicago, but we see no better inherent reason for accepting this dogma than for bowing to the preceding one (of which it is in fact a variant).

Specific evidence against the never-admit-a-mistake doctrine is the strong showing made in the primaries by the combined vote of Eugene McCarthy and the late Robert Kennedy, not to mention the 53 per cent margin by which Senator Fulbright won renomination in the state of Arkansas, despite the feeling that he has been too much preoccupied with issues of foreign policy and pays only lip service to segregation. Then there is the steady accretion of support that McCarthy continues to pick up: Patrick Lucev of Wisconsin, a strong Kennedy supporter; Senator Yarborough in Texas; in Ohio, Senator Young and Edward Lamb, and the pro-McCarthy trend in the California delegation. As a straw in the wind, at a recent very large lunch of the American Management Association, when the industrialist Martin Stone was unexpectedly introduced as co-chairman of the McCarthy campaign in California, the audience in the ballroom of the New York Hilton burst into loud, sustained applause.

The unexpected can always happen. If, for instance, an understanding were reached in Paris and a cease-fire followed in Vietnam, the situation would be radically changed. But short of such a phenomenon, Dogma Number Two is fallacious, because patently the Democratic Party cannot be unified on the premise of a rousing endorsement of the record of the Johnson-Humphrey Administration; the Democrats cannot hope to outdo the GOP in tomfoolery. Perhaps it cannot be unified completely through the nomination of a critic of Vietnam policy, but the prospects of unity are much better in that direction, and it would give the American people a choice. Above all, it would inject an element of morality into our politics. Dogma Number Two deserves no more respect per se than Dogma Number One—and, these being special times, it is reasonable to be hopeful.

Difference Between Generals

In *West* (July 28), the Sunday magazine of the *Los Angeles Times*, James Real has an enlightening and lively article on Generals Curtis LeMay and David Shoup, both of whom he interviewed to elicit their present views on Vietnam and on U.S. diplomatic and military policy in its broader aspects. LeMay, it will be remembered, attracted world-wide attention with his recipe for victory in Vietnam: "Bomb them back to the Stone Age." Talking to Real, he "guessed" he wouldn't put it "quite" that way again, but any change seems to be in the phrasing, not thinking. He now says: "We must be willing to continue our bombing until we have destroyed every work of man in North Vietnam, if this is what it takes to win the war."

There are two kind things that can be said about LeMay. For one, *The Christian Century* praised his "utterly frank, non-nonsense language," with the qualification that

what he proposes "would make a Hitler envious and a Genghis Khan blush." The other comes from the late Walter Millis who, reading LeMay's memoirs, found a "repellent fascination" in the brutalizing process which brought LeMay to the top of the Strategic Air Command. LeMay's justification for the massacre of civilian populations, he remarked, may be brutal logic but it is logical. LeMay does not shrink from the utmost in brutality if that is what it takes to win a war—any American war.

One gets the impression from Real's story that if it weren't for his four stars LeMay would be generally regarded as a conspicuous political nut. His continued fury against Robert McNamara borders on pathology, and his denunciation of the movies oversteps it. "I happen to be one of those people," he says, "who think that the movie industry is pretty well infiltrated by Communists." He bases this on *The Blue Max* and *The Night of the Generals*, in both of which German officers are portrayed in an unflattering light. (Only partly; they are heroic, but they sleep around.) This, LeMay says, "fits right into the Communist master plan of taking over a country It cuts down the public's confidence in their military and police forces. The rest of it's easy They had a big flap once about Communists in the studios. Seems like a lot of them are still there."

General Shoup, retired commandant of the Marine Corps, and General LeMay are old colleagues. They got along well when they served together on the Joint Chiefs, but the two could hardly be further apart in their present views. Shoup is a man of broad culture as well as extensive military experience. He served for many years in China and speaks with affection of "the great and wonderful Chinese people." He feels that the moment negotiations between the North Vietnamese and the United States began we should have stopped all offensive operations. He would have taken this step unilaterally, and he is confident that Ho Chi Minh would have reciprocated—if it had not been made a condition.

Shoup is against not only our operation in Vietnam but all ventures of the kind. "People keep honking about four Presidents having made commitments," he says. "We never made commitments, legal or otherwise, to furnish combat-type forces to anyone We've given the same 'word' to forty-three nations. At some point you have to say 'no.' Why can't we let people *actually* determine their own destiny?" (Italics in original.)

Reason Dethroned

At the time of the carnival-trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the murder of the Lindbergh baby, a Canadian newspaper exclaimed: "What a press! What a police! What a country!" Similar jibes were in order when Lee Harvey Oswald was shot under the noses of the Dallas police, overeager to oblige the press and TV photographers, and at the subsequent farcical trial of Jack Ruby. After the assassination of Robert Kennedy, Art Buchwald wrote: "The United States must look like a gigantic insane asylum where the inmates have taken over." The exaggeration is pardonable.

Now we witness another kind of spectacle, quite as

bizarre but deviating from reason in a different fashion. At the Millington Naval Air Station near Memphis, an Air Force C-135 touched down at 3:08 A.M. on July 19 and a "strange tanklike vehicle" was driven alongside. Amid a throng of armed policemen a man—his wrists manacled, his legs in irons, and a bulletproof vest over his shirt—was hustled into the armored car, which tore off toward the Criminal Court building. There the courtyard was filled with heavily armed police and sheriff's deputies, and sharpshooters were stationed at vantage points nearby, as if in preparation for an invasion by a foreign power. Thus was James Earl Ray, accused of the murder of Martin Luther King, transferred to the custody of the Memphis authorities.

A few days earlier, in Los Angeles, Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, charged with shooting Robert Kennedy but presumed innocent until proved guilty, made his fourth courtroom appearance, but not in an ordinary courtroom. At first, while he was still incarcerated in the county jail, he was arraigned in a chapel turned into a courtroom, close to his quarters. Subsequently he was moved to the Hall of Justice, where he pleaded not guilty in another improvised courtroom, with panels of armor plate installed across the windows. When he is eventually tried, it will be in a regular courtroom on the eighth floor, with his route sealed off in a kind of tunnel, all windows armor-plated, and Sirhan, the judge, jury and attorneys protected by a shield of steel and bulletproof glass. The reporters outside the shield will be unable to shoot one another, since all will be searched for weapons before being allowed to enter.

While it is certainly proper for the Memphis and Los Angeles authorities to have learned the lesson of Dallas, some of these precautions seem designed more for drama than for security. Moreover, such spectacles tend to support the question raised by Jerry Landauer in *The Wall Street Journal*: is there not substance in the belief of some authorities that the news media are glamorizing assassination? For an obscure person there are two quick routes to fame: martyrdom or assassination. Landauer quotes Nicholas N. Kittrie, professor of criminal law at American University: "Men like Oswald and Sirhan primarily seek some identity, some achievement. The media are their reward and what the criminal law does to them afterwards is quite secondary."

If such personalities cannot climb to transitory fame over the bodies of prominent men, ordinary people will do, but in that case quantity is necessary: eight nurses strangled in a Chicago dormitory, fourteen people shot dead by a sniper at a Texas university, five women murdered in an Arizona beauty parlor, etc.

The newspapers, and radio-TV, are obliged to give the news, but are 125 reporters really necessary for a nine-minute court appearance by Sirhan? And are the security precautions so out of relation to any reasonable assessment of the risks as to create the possibility of a successful motion for change of venue on the ground of general community bias?

Ideally, the media and the law enforcement agencies should exercise the rule of reason, for which there is no substitute in the sane conduct of human affairs.

Pressed far enough, a perfectly sane principle, such as the right of the people to be informed can be turned into an absurdity, or worse. If a decent self-restraint is too much to ask, the media managers might, as a matter of prudence, curb their impulse to go overboard on the lives of assassins, lest the current reaction against violence in TV entertainment should extend to reportage as well.

Damyantees

A lady we know in Atlanta (to borrow a convenient journalistic device from *The New Yorker*) came home from a year in England in August, 1965, to find her country at war and the papers reporting daily on the villainies of "the enemy." To find out why we had gone to war, and with whom, she appealed to her Congressman, who replied that he was sure she didn't want his "opinions" and that he had forwarded her letter to the State Department for the true word.

Soon thereafter, she received a parcel of booklets and stapled documents, the most impressive of which was a pamphlet, printed on heavy stock and bound in a dark blue cover on which the title was emblazoned in gold: "Aggression from the North."

Being an Atlantan, our friend began on the instant to feel her blood roil. As she says, "Southerners respond to that phrase like Pavlov's dogs to the bell. Any aggression from any north must be resisted" by any loyal liegeman of Jefferson Davis. To resist unsuccessfully—but "with honor"—does still greater service to his wraith.

The President and the Secretary of State, she observes, are both Southerners. The war in Vietnam is no topic for laughter, but the Atlanta lady insists that there is very little jest in her speculation as to how the war would have looked to these gentlemen if the geography had been reversed, if Ho Chi Minh had been the master of Saigon and had launched his forces against General Ky, away up north of the Mason-Dixon Line, in Hanoi. Can it be that Johnson and Rusk have been whistling *Dixie* all this time?

First-Hand Knowledge

State Sen. John G. Schmitz of California is a conservative who believes that government has gone past the point of no return down the road of the welfare state. So strong are his feelings that Gov. Ronald Reagan has become too liberal for him to tolerate.

Schmitz recently had another of his many skirmishes with the welfare state; he lost again—this time to himself. It seems he was listed in the Senate Journal as absent on "legislative business," which enabled him to collect a \$25-a-day living allowance. The Senator was indeed absent, but the "legislative business" consisted of driving his family, in a state-leased car, to Virginia, where he went for a two-week tour of duty with the Marine Corps. During his absence, he collected his per diem allowance from the state, plus his Marine pay and travel allowances, plus his regular \$16,000 annual salary as Senator.

When Schmitz talks about the welfare state, he speaks with authority; there is no substitute for personal experience.

WHO SPEAKS FOR MISSISSIPPI?

CURTIS WILKIE

Mr. Wilkie is city editor of the Clarksdale (Miss.) Press Register. He won this year an American Political Science Association award for reporting of public affairs.

Clarksdale, Miss.

Four years ago the ragtag Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party put on a show that upset an otherwise harmonious convention at Atlantic City. Now a revival of that drama is about to open. Two Mississippi delegations are again prepared to appear at the National Democratic Convention, and the prospect of another fight over seating faces the convention's credentials committee.

The "regular" delegation, controlled by segregationist Gov. John Bell Williams and including a clot of Wallace sympathizers, is being challenged this time by a group calling themselves the "Loyal Democrats of Mississippi" and representing a coalition of blacks and whites who promise unqualified support of the national party and its nominee. However, their position is based on more than loyalty. With respect to the rival delegation, they charge "gross violations" of party standards involving the selection of grass-roots delegates in at least thirty of the state's eighty-two counties. They cite the "Hughes document," adopted as Democratic policy this year, which requires that state delegations be chosen without regard to race, and be pledged to support the party's nominee.

Race was certainly a factor in the selection of the state's "regular" delegation. Although three Negroes were named to the forty-four-man delegation—a precedent for Mississippi—their participation is in doubt. Charles Evers has already resigned and is siding with the challengers. Even if the other two remain, it is hardly proportionate black representation from a state 43 per cent Negro.

The Loyal Democrats charge that Negroes were systematically shut out of the first step toward choosing delegates when precinct conventions were held in June. For example, in the Coahoma County precinct of Mattson, it is alleged that thirty-eight Negroes showed up at the proper time and elected their delegate. During the proceedings, "some seven or eight white voters came into the building . . . and held a separate meeting and did not join the precinct meeting which was already in progress when they appeared." The white group was recognized.

Their plans thwarted to vote themselves into the delegation legitimately, the Loyal Democrats made plans to send a delegation of their own and are now in the process of holding local conventions for that purpose. The group that will go to Chicago will be led by Aaron Henry, president of the Mississippi NAACP and director of the Freedom Democrats' attempted coup in 1964. There are other veterans of that fight in the ranks this year, but there are also new faces—white faces. Hodding Carter III, head of the biracial Young Democrats and son of the Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, is serving as co-chairman with Henry. There are, somewhat surprisingly, white labor leaders; and much more surprisingly there are white

lawyers and planters—men from backgrounds traditionally bent on preserving the system in Mississippi.

The Loyal Democrats will be divided about equally between blacks and whites and their delegation will not be bound by the unit rule as is the "regular" delegation. The challengers are working carefully to include members for Senator McCarthy as well as for the Vice President. Indeed, they have enlisted the aid of a three-man national legal advisory committee of Joe Rauh, a McCarthy partisan and supporter of the 1964 MFDP challenge; Mayer Feldmann, a Humphrey man, and Ted Sorenson (many loyalists were Kennedy backers). "Who we're for must not be a part of the seating question," says Henry.

There is some dissension among the various factions of the Loyal Democrats, which include the remnants of the original MFDP (the nearest thing to the New Left in the state), the more moderate NAACP which claims Henry, the Young Democrats, the AFL-CIO and Negro Masonic and teachers associations. They hope, however, to present a solid front at Chicago, where their chances of ousting the state's power structure appear better than in 1964. The "regulars" have been on a *kamikaze* course for some time. In the past two national conventions they, successively, nominated Ross Barnett for President and peevishly quit town before business got started.

If such behavior did not outrage the national party, the antics of Governor Williams should. After being drummed out of his seniority position as a twenty-year Congressman for supporting Barry Goldwater in 1964, he went home and ran for governor on a platform of martyrdom, all the time sneering at the national Democrats, freedom riders, oddballs, et al. At this summer's state convention, the long-time chairman of the party, crusty old Bidwell Adam, had the audacity to say that he thought the Mississippians ought to be at least willing "to meet people halfway." He was deposed, and his place was taken by former Goldwater and Williams backer Leon Bramlett.

The governor did not welcome Humphrey when the Vice President visited the state recently, and he promoted his apparent death wish for the "regular" delegation by such pronouncements at the state party convention as:

We, the people of Mississippi, have shown already that Mississippi and her sister Southern states will no longer be taken for granted like a woman of easy virtue, suffering all the indignities and insults that could be heaped upon us and still return uncomplainingly to the boudoir of our masters. We want to remain in the house of the party of our fathers, but on one condition, and one condition only: That we be treated as full-fledged members of the family and not as unwanted political stepchildren.

TV viewers of the battle of Chicago may well be spared such oratory, since Williams will probably not deign to appear. But he has made sure that the bulk of his delegation shares his views, and he knows that rebukes in far-away places can build political capital at home.

BACKLASH OF TECHNOLOGY

WHERE POWER BELONGS

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN

Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P., is Minister of Technology in Britain's Labour government.

Just as technology is revolutionizing industry, so it is out-dating our political institutions as well. Our educational system, our system of local government, the civil service and the legal system are all now under critical examination because technology has made them obsolete.

But what about Parliament itself? Can we assume that it will go on, in exactly the same form as we now have it, forever and ever? I very much doubt it.

Much of the present wave of anxiety, disenchantment and discontent is actually directed at the present Parliamentary structure. Many people do not think that it is responding quickly enough to the mounting pressure of events or the individual or collective aspirations of the community. It would be foolish to assume that people will be satisfied for much longer, with a system which confines their national political role to the marking of a ballot paper with a single cross once every five years.

People want a much greater say. That certainly explains the student protests against the authoritarian hierarchies in some of our universities. Much of the industrial unrest—especially in unofficial strikes—stems from the resentment of workers and their sense of exclusion from the decision-making process. Frustration also provides much of the driving force for nationalism in Wales and Scotland among those who want to participate more fully in policy making. Even the Black Power movement is an indication that colored immigrants are not prepared to rely entirely on white liberals to champion their cause.

All these tendencies are indicative of a general—and inevitable—trend away from authoritarianism and toward personal responsibility. We are moving rapidly toward a situation where the pressure for the redistribution of political power will have to be faced as a major issue. The implications for our system of Parliamentary democracy are far-reaching. The redistribution of power by decentralizing it is of great importance. But it is much more complicated than an exercise in geographical fragmentation. It means finding the right level for each decision and seeing that it can be taken at that level. It also means transferring much more power right back to the individual.

Our Parliamentary system has changed radically over the centuries. At first it was little more than a means by which feudal landowners tamed the power of kings. In the 19th century landowners and industrialists were forced, by the emergence of the middle and working classes, to share their power. But these people were not content to be represented by anyone other than themselves. That is how the Labour Party came to be formed.

Looking ahead we must expect equally radical changes

in our system of government to meet the requirements of a new generation. I am not dealing here with the demand for the ownership or control of growing sections of the economy. I am thinking of the demand for more political responsibility and power for the individual than the present system of Parliamentary democracy provides.

I am thinking of a participating democracy under which more and more people will have an opportunity to make their influence felt on decisions that affect them. If that is our objective, as I believe it must be, what special characteristics would a popular democracy have that is now lacking in the Parliamentary democracy? It seems to me that there are six areas in which change is imperative:

(1) People must be given the right to know more about government and what it is doing. Nothing buttresses the established order so effectively as secrecy. The searchlight of publicity, shone on the decision-making processes of government, would be the best thing that could possibly happen. For centuries this was the only power the House of Commons had. The new Ombudsman, the probing of the specialist committees and the partial lifting of the old fifty-year clamp on public records are all moves in the right direction.

But I would be surprised if the process stopped there. In Sweden departmental and even cabinet papers are, unless they involve national security, named individuals or commercial secrets, available for public inspection. In this country there is considerable pressure to reveal exactly how the intricate structure of interdepartmental and cabinet committees actually works. The more light we throw on the workings of government the less we shall have of the obsession with personalities. While the public and the press are denied the right to know what is being discussed and how decisions are being arrived at we are bound to have columns and columns of personal titillating masquerading as serious political comment.

(2) Government should be allowed to know a great deal more than it does about the community it was elected to serve. This requirement is essential if we want to see decisions made on the basis of fact. You cannot manage an advanced society, which is a vast, complex, interconnecting system, unless the facts are available. That is one reason why we are now strengthening the statistical services and encouraging the publication of more data.

In the seventies, computers will be widely used for managing the economy by means of a sophisticated process control system not dissimilar from that now used in large automated plants. The value judgments will all be human and political, but we shall have a reasonable chance of achieving what we set out to do. All this depends on having information available to program the system. If we had this information at hand to guide us in social policy the present arguments about selectivity would fade away. The day will come, and probably soon,

The possibilities that are opening up are not without serious dangers. Processed information about individuals could be the basis for a police state, and a mass of new safeguards would be required. But on the positive side this information could and should compel government to take account of every single individual in the development of its policy. Just to exist will be to participate.

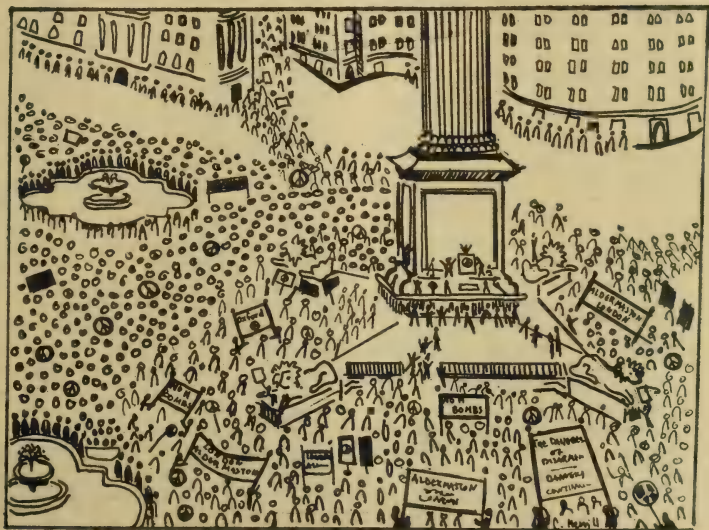
If some real issues were actually put out for a decision in principle by referendum, the situation would be transformed. This would involve genuine responsibility. We might not all like the result; at any rate, by sharing responsibility, an interest in public policy would be stirred in every household. Here, too, technology may ultimately help us. Electronic referenda will become feasible within a generation and with them could come a considerable upgrading of the responsibility and understanding of ordinary people.

prising how little thought has been given to the interrelationship between them and democracy.

Perhaps this is one explanation for the fact that protest is edging ever closer to violence. Persons with minority views—strikers, those who dislike immigrants or are immigrants, the ones who oppose the war in Vietnam or want self-government for Cornwall—have precious little access to the community through the mass media. Minority opinions do find an outlet in books and through relatively small circulation papers and magazines. But access to the microphone or TV camera is very strictly limited—both by the B.B.C. and commercial TV.

What broadcasting now lacks is any equivalent to the publishing function. At the moment it is controlled by editors with slots to fill and a few selected minority views get into some of the slots. But three minutes of cross-examination, while you are roughed up by a folk hero TV interviewer, or a sequence of film showing a protest march, is no substitute for the right to speak.

The day may well come when independent groups of publishers would be allocated so many hours of broadcasting a month and told to help those who have something to say to national audiences. Unless we make a move in that direction we shall simply be denying ourselves access to a



whole range of ideas which we ought, as responsible citizens, to be allowed to know about through the mass media.

(5) We must build up the strength of representative organizations of all kinds so that they can be consulted and as far as possible become self-regulating. The obvious model here is the professions which have been consulted and have for centuries regulated themselves. In the 19th century the trade unions emerged to represent working people and they too have been consulted and are being asked to take on new functions.

We shall also have to look again at the role of the pressure group. The function of government is to spot trouble before it becomes explosive, pick the brains of those who have thought the problems out, and evolve from these ideas a series of practical remedies. The more representative and professional pressure groups can be, the more government can work with them and the more responsibility can be devolved. This is one way in which power can be redistributed.

CONSERVATION FOR SURVIVAL

ROBERT and LEONA RIENOW

Mr. Rienow is professor of political science at the State University of New York, Albany. He is the author most recently, with his wife Leona Rienow, of Moment in the Sun: A Report on the Deteriorating Quality of the American Environment (Dial Press).

Conservation is no longer a "cause"; it is a crisis. Its features are drawn in taut lines by forces unprecedented in human history, like a human face contorted by foreboding and strain. Conservation today bears scant resemblance to the historic pattern of the familiar wallflower at the ongoing dance of material progress.

Under the impact of a rocketing population, an insatiable spiral of economic expansion, as well as a gargantuan and pitiless technology, the very character of the concern of conservation has shifted. Once preoccupied with the quantity of resources, its attention is now focused on the quality of environment. Once a question of supply, conservation is now an issue of survival—of species, of habitat, of mankind.

Daily, the country is, or should be, shocked by the brinkmanship of the exploitation we live by. Dr. Barry Commoner has reported that some tested baby food has been found to contain enough nitrogen fertilizer to endanger life. Dr. Lamont C. Cole warns the American Association for the Advancement of Science that had a ship the size of the Torrey Canyon, loaded with concentrated herbicides rather than with crude oil, sunk off our coast, it would have crased the photoplankton of the sea which produce 70 per cent of the world's oxygen, and man and beast throughout the Northern Hemisphere would quickly have found themselves gasping for breath. As for air poisoning, despite mandatory crankcase and exhaust control devices on Los Angeles automobiles, the amount of

(6) Much more responsibility must be shifted to regions and localities. This does not involve the fragmentation of society into mere geographical areas. It means identifying decisions which ought to be taken, in and by the areas most affected by those decisions.

It will be an agonizing and difficult task to separate from Whitehall powers that have been exercised there for centuries. But this sort of surgery is inevitable, and the machine that will be left will be all the more efficient for being free of detail it cannot manage, leaving it to concentrate on the immensely complicated job of reaching more scientific decisions on national matters.

The pressures for changes along these lines are inevitable, and are among the main political issues that will be argued about in the seventies and beyond. However unwelcome this pressure, adjustments will have to be made. Otherwise, discontent, expressing itself in despairing apathy or violent protest, could engulf us all. It is no good to say that it could never happen here. It could.

hydrocarbons spit into the air daily has leaped from 1,870 tons in 1960 (before controls) to 10,860 tons a day, and the mustard blanket wraps that city—and most cities—more tightly than ever in its choking embrace.

Secretary Udall comes up with the mournful list of seventy-eight American species of wildlife which we have pushed to the brink of the never-never land—among them the American bald eagle, the national emblem. In December, 1967, thousands of oil-blackened waterfowl washed ashore on Maine's sub-zero coast, there to starve and freeze to death, victims of an illegal oil spill.

In the next thirty years, says Russel E. Larson, dean of the College of Agriculture at Pennsylvania State, the world must duplicate all the progress made through agriculture since the beginning of time, if we would avoid world-wide starvation. And in 1967, eighty nations of the world were for the first time moved to meet in Washington, D.C., in "a massive cooperative international effort to find solutions for man's water problems," in the President's words.

All these calamities and crises which now tread on one another's heels are symptoms, environmental warnings. We are burdening the land with more people, production and machines than it can possibly sustain.

"The problem," observed biologist Hugh H. Ilits of the University of Wisconsin, "is one of a single species of animal who is making the earth unfit for habitation by conquering it." It is a problem unique to our age. Not until 1915 did the United States reach its first 100 million population. On November 20, 1967, an unthinking, if not an ignorant, crowd stood in the foyer of the Commerce Department and applauded wildly as the census clock registered the 200 millionth inhabitant. In thirty-five years, perhaps even in twenty-five, if bullish tendencies prevail, another 100 million Americans will appear on the scene. These are the increased hordes who will inundate the

parks, blight the landscape, crowd the beaches, destroy the air and make life unbearable for one another.

They are also compounded of an individual and collective appetite that is driving society to dyspepsia. Every "7½ seconds a new American is born," begins our *Moment in the Sun*. "He is a disarming little thing, but he begins to scream loudly in a voice that can be heard for seventy years. He is screaming for 26,000,000 gallons of water, 21,000 gallons of gasoline, 10,150 pounds of meat, 28,000 pounds of milk and cream, 9,000 pounds of wheat, and great storehouses of all other foods, drinks, and tobaccos. . . ."

"He is requisitioning a private endowment of \$5,000 to \$8,000 for school building materials, \$6,300 worth of clothing, \$7,000 worth of furniture—and 210 pounds of peanuts to pass through his hot, grasping little hand. He is yelping for a Paul Bunyan chunk, in his own right, of the nation's pulpwood, paper, steel, zinc, magnesium, aluminum, and tin. . . ."

This infant will grow into the world's most prodigious consumer, citizen of a nation that accounts for one-fifteenth of earth's people but consumes one-half of its total product (and aspires, by the year 2000, to consume 83 per cent of it). We wallow in statistics projecting a gross national product by the turn of the century that will be more than double our present GNP—and appear charmed by the vision of 244 million cars on the road in that same year. We plan on a building pace of five times present experience. It is this double threat of more people demanding more per capita production that makes the modern conservationist run scared.

Nor can he muster much hope to save the beauty and balance of man's surroundings when he considers the relentless, savage power of the forces of predation. The exploiters are armed with an artillery of modern machinery as to make the universe quake.

A "mechanical monkey," for instance, has been announced with cheers. It embraces a living tree in a death hug and climbs to the top, chewing off all branches as it goes. It promises to consume every last unprotected tree of our once vast forests. "We shake up the earth and make it tremble!" exulted one TV documentary on man's subjection of nature. In Florida, a land speculator has developed the giant "tree-crusher" which shaves a 27-foot swath through the region's great cypress swamps for more housing developments.

The replacement of the bulldozer with the immense earth-churning cats, plus powerful new chain saws, have enabled the lumbermen of the Pacific Coast to promise the extermination of *all* of the prehistoric coastal redwoods within this one generation. "The redwoods are commercially valuable," declared a lumber company spokesman, "and therefore *they must be cut.*"

True to their promised goal, as soon as the Senate, in November, 1967, cautiously approved a modest 66,000-acre park on Redwood Creek (with options for Secretary Udall to add to it the treasured "Emerald Mile," just upstream from its boundary) the barons acted. Overnight, the owners moved their mammoth machinery into the Emerald Mile, quickly felled a dozen of the 300-foot-tall

giants, and rigged up the skidroads to strip down this breathtakingly beautiful spot. The old imperiousness of the 19th-century lumber baron was resurrected from ghosts Americans thought long banished.

Indeed, the "climate of conservation," as far as the redwoods are concerned, has the stability of a wraith. After long-drawn-out hearings, the House Committee under Wayne Aspinall of Colorado shocked the entire nation by slashing the 66,000-acre park passed by the Senate to a miniscule 32,000 acres (more than two-thirds of it composed of already saved redwoods in two state parks)! Lest anyone think this figure respectable, Yosemite



ite claims, by comparison, 759,000 federal land acres, Yellowstone Park is composed of 2,213,000 acres and even little known Isle Royale National Park in Michigan contains 539,000 acres.

But that was not the worst. The committee thumbed its rather soiled nose at democratic procedures as well as at the desires of 95 per cent of the public polled on this special park proposal. The miserly 32,000-acre substitute was presented to the House under a suspension of the rules—a gag rule that denied more than fifty park proponents in the Congress any opportunity for amendment or debate.

Senate conferees Henry M. Jackson, Clinton P. Anderson, Alan Bible, Thomas H. Kuchel and Clifford P. Hansen now face a September confrontation in conference committee with House conferees Wayne Aspinall, Roy A. Taylor, Harold T. Johnson, John P. Saylor and Theodore Kupferman. The American people have this last-ditch

opportunity to make their voice heard by these conferring gentlemen, if they act at once. As it is, the face of conservation in California now wears a sardonic grin.

Surface mining alone has defaced 3.2 million acres of land, and with the aid of a monstrous machine equipped with 200-ton jaws, the rate of disfigurement is now 150,000 acres a year which, it is estimated, we shall soon come near to doubling. Thus it is that today the defender of the environment tries to stand up against these demographic and economic forces with the breath of catastrophe and despair blowing down his neck. And as the forces of destruction expand, the land shrinks. No longer is the conservationist operating in a framework of almost wicked plenty—our virginal resource abundance which both dizzied and corrupted. Now each assailed spot becomes a final battle for its kind.

When the Eastern New York Chapter of Nature Conservancy wrenched Great Bear Swamp near Westerlo from the path of the Army Corps of Engineers' bulldozers, they were saving the last northern outcropping of the giant rhododendron in New York State. When nature lovers rushed to stave off development of the Wild Buffalo River in Arkansas, it was the last such river left in that section of the country. When the Audubon Society and others joined forces to set aside habitat for the Kirtland's Warbler in Michigan and the Atwater prairie chicken in Texas, it was in each case the last such habitat available on planet earth.

Nor is the issue always confined so narrowly. The ecologist today worries about ecosystems. He sees us tampering with climates, willfully exterminating entire species, altering many thousand-year-old habitats. Says biologist Dan McKinley of the State University of New York at Albany in his colorful prose: "A broad ecological disaster will now be final, in a world where untapped frontiers no longer beckon us and temper our mistakes. . . . The man who burns his incense to an expanding economy must learn to investigate what is going up in smoke."

Today's conservationist must view the landscape not in spots and dabs as he once did but in its entirety. He must be concerned with a biotic community, with complete ecosystems. His vision has perforce come to encompass the whole web of life, including man. Thus he no longer sees just a poison bait carelessly planted here and there or an aerial spray drifting down on a field of cabbage, but bewails rather the systematic nation-wide saturation of the American environment with an annual 700 million pounds of biocides, herbicides and pesticides. He sees the predacious disruption of a whole watershed.

As a consequence he mourns not only a specific wildlife loss from an occasional chemical "spill"—but the blotting out of an entire species such as the Atlantic salmon, or the Great Lakes sturgeon. The California condor, the timber wolf, the grizzly bear, the roseate spoonbill, the southern sea otter and many more—even the Eastern bluebird—are struggling gamely against man's ingenuity in order to stay alive. Never before in history has there been concern over the ability of nature to defend herself, but Professor Itlis expresses the new attitude. "It is abundantly clear," he says, "that one of the most im-

portant jobs of the conservation movement today is to expose the fallacies of the indestructibility of nature."

Certainly no one who honestly confronts the assorted revolutions in population, in production and in expectations can ignore the limitations on resources. On this finite, raked-over little globe gluttony must soon have an end. Even the most optimistic find hope only in the "resources" of manipulation, foreign importation and scientific innovations—shaky piling indeed.

Lucky "breakthroughs" and scientific serendipity aside, however, the startling emphasis today is not primarily a statistical one. A qualitative deterioration is impoverishing and debauching our environment. Scientists no longer worry as much about the coal and oil supply as about the life-endangering contaminants their combustion throws into the atmosphere. Public officials have transferred their concern from the inventory of chemicals available, to septic rivers, the 100,000 defiled lakes, and the poisoned estuaries that have resulted from these products. The question as to whether we shall always have enough plastic and paper is blotted out of sight by the mountains of "discards" and trash we must wade over and through. Whether we have enough steel to make automobiles becomes secondary in urgency to the blight of junkyards and the aggressiveness of the motor vehicle.

Maybe the more visionary scientists are right when they assert that some day they will need "only mass and energy" in order to create anything; we can then stoke the stomachs of the most crowded population with tasty viands concocted of granite, industrial dust and kelp. But the modern ecologist must weigh against the satisfactions of fecundity and stomach stoking the losses in quiet, in health, in open space, in dignity, in sanity itself, and in the preservation of natural beauty.

This qualitative malaise is nature's backlash that, at long last, is beginning to raise some welts. "Committing that sin of overweening bumptiousness, which the Greeks called hubris," wrote Aldous Huxley, "we behave as though we were not members of the earth's ecological community, as though we were privileged and in some sort, supernatural beings and could throw our weight around like gods."

The crisis has come upon us suddenly; by the same token, the sting of the ecological backlash can be countered only with emergency measures while we buy time. Harsh and limiting expedients are justified if they will allow us to come to grips with the basic economic and social distortions. This generation is experiencing the convulsions of a dying nature. Only mouth-to-mouth resuscitation will revive her now.

For example: the seas of the world are suffering progressive deterioration and mindless abuse. Whole species are being fished to death by unregulated mechanical rakes that comb the ocean floor, by percussion, explosion, and the greedy rivalry of prowling fleets of scores of nations existing in feudal maritime disorganization. Until international law can regulate in some measure the exploitation of the world's maritime waters, holding actions must be adopted. If, unilaterally, this country can prevent the fatal destruction of the estuaries, breeding grounds for two-

thirds of the ocean's sea life within its jurisdiction, legislation to that end should be risked.

Again, 462 million tons of particulates are spewed into the air each year with catastrophes of deadly proportions impending when weather inversions press these masses of pollution too long and smotheringly over the metropolises. Any measures—restrictions on the automobile or tinkering with the smokestacks—are a boon.

If we would save the Emerald Mile, or the Northern Cascades, or the Grand Canyon from precipitant destruction, quick Congressional action is imperative. If we can stave off the rising tide of infectious hepatitis (50,000 new cases a year) and mononucleosis (resembling leukemia) by reducing the septic threat of the river sewers, we shall have to act boldly in this staying action. If New York Councilman Robert Low's bill to prohibit transistor radios in buses, subways and public places will aid in preserving the hearing, health of the heart and normalcy of the blood pressure (as Dr. Samuel Rosen declares), such a bill can hardly be tossed aside as "futile" or "immaterial."

However, to be realistic, it must be repeated that these holding actions are not solutions but expedients, and their most drastic implementation now promises, dismally, to offer little more than temporary relief. The real solution to this whole complex of civilized afflictions is a package of such cultural intricacy—it calls for revolutionary shifts in values and social goals—that time and intense effort alone can bring it about. In the long run, the conservationist cannot really save any natural wonder, any threatened species, any significant open space, breathable air, potable water, or the amenities of civilization unless he grapples with the self-destroying expansionism doctrine.

How can what Aldo Leopold termed "the ecological conscience" replace the ingrained American creed of unceasing growth? We denigrate the stature of our President by forcing him to become little more than a barker for the new jobs industry creates and the increasing glut of goods the market provides. How can we, in the words of Secretary Udall, "disentangle our minds and hearts from our purse strings?"—even to save ourselves?

By this time even the most crass and obdurate expansionist must face up to the pitiful incompetence of both industry and government to protect the natural heritage or

safeguard the future. Industry is profit oriented; government is power oriented. The nation needs a stewardship of our remaining treasure that is posterity oriented.

Of late, many suggestions are springing forth as to how to effect this new sense of values and at the same time protect what is left. Federal Power Commissioner Charles R. Ross himself brought to attention the idea (publicized by Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference) of the British National Trust—guardians of the public weal—whose duty it is to examine all proposed projects in the light of historical as well as environmental damage. Composed of the most prestigious and impartial citizens personally selected by the Chancellors of Oxford, Cambridge and the University of London, the Trustees of the British Museum and National Art Gallery, the presidents of the Royal Academy of Arts, the Youth Hostels Association, the Entomological Society and Royal Horticultural Society, as well as heads of the National Trust for Scotland, Ramblers Association, Government of Northern Ireland, Commons Preservation Society, Society for the Promotion of Nature, and one or two others, it has served well "to save the pleasures of England from the social and economic revolution which is threatening our landscape."

"With the wealth of organizations in addition to the Sierra Club, such as the National Geographic Society, the Conservation Foundation, and the Wildlife Federation, this Nation could easily establish such an illustrious and influential body whose opinion would normally carry the day." "At the very least," adds the Commissioner, "the advantages of any development would have to be clearly in the Nation's interest before this Commission or the Secretary would overrule the objections of such a body." In the same vein, Rep. John V. Tunney of California is pressing hard for a "Council of Ecological Advisers"—eminent citizens divorced from commerce—to speak out for the public interest. It is certain that bureaucratic heads and pressure-tormented officials would, as Commissioner Ross has revealed, welcome such a trust for it would take the heat off their own necks. Best of all, for the first time in American history, the suicidal effects of the growth fixation would lie nakedly and honestly exposed.

Prof. Nathaniel Wollman, writing in *Daedalus* (Fall, 1967), is convinced that our only hope lies in the power of such a board of environmental experts to reduce our reliance "upon a technical elite for making the correct



Drawings by Earl Thollander, Cry California

decision. . . ." And writer Robert Boyle restates the same idea in more earthy fashion when he says in *Sports Illustrated*: "Putting an engineer in charge of a resource such as a river is like hiring a plumber to design a fountain."

Always heretofore, when public agitation has risen to a head for some reform measure to save the land, the head has been neatly decapitated by the high-powered economists of the threatened interests (see the \$40,000 or so of ads placed in the biggest newspapers from coast to coast in January by the California Redwood Association to scuttle the proposed National Redwood Park bill). Public rights and desires are left headless and speechless, and usually bleed quietly to death.

For another instance of this one-sided propaganda: right now when public anxiety is at its height concerning our foul rivers, we are slapped in the face with the statement that the \$20 billion a year which it might cost to bring them back to a state of "pristine purity" is about as much as the nation spends for its public school education. Most people, we are assured, would find such an undertaking "ridiculous." The crusade falls on its face.

But if we had a public-oriented group of economists of the stature of Professor Wollman of the University of New Mexico, they might quickly tear such smug arguments to bits. Twenty billion dollars a year is "roughly one-third to one-half the amount by which one year's GNP exceeds the previous year's GNP. Should we decide, therefore, to restore our streams to purity," he concludes

tellingly, "the cost is a delay by four to six months of the expected increase in all other goods and services that we would otherwise enjoy." Here at last we have both sides of the coin. Would that we now had at hand a National Ecological Trust where the rebuttal powers of Mr. Wollman and others like him might be broadcast to the entire populace rather than be hid, as they now are, in the esoteric covers of that weighty little Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, *Daedalus*.

For the findings of such a trust would be broadcast. By its very prestige, if not by the shock of its disclosures, it would command all communication media instantly. There arises here, however, the ancient enigma of the irresistible force and the immovable object. Once again the inborn growth obsession lifts its formidable head. We have built a whole set of sturdy institutions, economic and social, on the annually accelerated gouging of the environment. But in the words of architect Robert W. Patterson, "You cannot multiply forever both people and the things that people want unless you plan to take over more territory than the sterile moon represents." As we have emphasized in *Moment in the Sun*, the tragedy of our times is that we have institutionalized the agents of appetite and victimized the advocates of deeper satisfactions. We stand sullenly frozen in the consequences of our folly—the doctrine of ever more people demanding ever more things—while our leader, standing before Congress, recites our phenomenal growth statistics and laments "Why are you not happy?"

NO MONEY FOR SAFE LANDINGS

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL

An airline pilot for more than twenty-six years, Mr. Ruppenthal is director of the Transportation Management Program at Stanford University.

Dramatically highlighting the congestion in the skies, ■ representative of the Professional Association of Air Traffic Controllers recently reported "losing" Air Force Two. "Of course I don't mean to say that the White House Jet was really lost," he said on a nation-wide television program. "What I mean was that we lost radar contact with the plane and had to actuate non-radar traffic control procedures." Then almost as an afterthought, he added that Airways Traffic Control personnel have no way of knowing whether the Vice President of the United States is actually on board any given flight. But they presume that he is, since Air Force Two is the number designation of any plane in which the Vice President travels.

The spokesman for the controllers then went on to state that his colleagues were not engaged in a slowdown, nor were they attempting to exert undue pressure for any reason. But, he said, they had recently reviewed the hazards in air traffic control and had decided to go by the book. Not that anyone had been ignoring the rules, you understand! But a careful reading of the rules would make any prudent man cautious.

He didn't actually say it, but he almost quoted the nostalgic Southern Pacific advertisement that once graced the congested highways of the West. Near the top of an incline, after fighting traffic for many miles, a motorist often saw an SP billboard breezily suggesting, "Next time try the train." Indeed, a few airline clerks have been suggesting that very thing to passengers in a hurry. "It takes too long to fly," said one impish blonde ticket clerk.

The skies indeed are crowded. Unable to remain in the New York holding pattern much longer, one flight from Frankfurt diverted to Boston and refueled. Again New York bound, it was again directed to the holding pattern. Once more low on fuel, it diverted a second time to Washington. By then the congestion had become so severe that the flight was canceled and the passengers taken to New York by a bus, which, incidentally, had a flat tire along the way! Total holding time for the flight far exceeded the flight time from Frankfurt to New York.

Other flights have suffered similar fates. A five-hour flight from Los Angeles to New York often takes seven hours. A two-hour flight from Chicago may be delayed for at least as long as the flight itself. A South African athletic team homeward bound from Fayetteville, N.C., was advised to take the bus to New York rather than risk missing their transatlantic flight. (Actually, its departure was delayed for four hours after they boarded it.)

Few passengers in recent weeks have escaped the impact of the congestion. Delays beget delays—once a flight is seriously late, it is difficult for the airline to resume a normal schedule until eventually an entire flight is canceled to allow the equipment to catch up with the schedules. Once-orderly airline terminals sometimes resemble refugee camps. Harassed airline employees are beginning to show signs of strain as long-suffering passengers voice their complaints.

So loud are their voices that they resound in the sacred halls of Capitol Hill. Long accustomed to the usual style of protest and almost impervious to run-of-the-mill complaint, Congress may indeed listen. And that, no doubt, is what the airways traffic controllers have in mind.

For some time highly trained and usually dedicated airways traffic-control personnel have been working long hours with a system that is becoming increasingly inadequate. Built basically to handle the DC-3, the system has managed somehow to keep pace with the much faster planes. But the attempt to cope with the situation has taken more and more out of the controllers.

Traffic Control procedures have been changed. Today it is not unusual for the final controller at an airport to clear three planes to land at the same time. It is true that the planes will be spaced behind one another on their final approach to the airport. If all goes well, the first plane will have cleared the runway before the second is ready to touch down. But should something happen—should the one plane be delayed in clearing the runway—it is incumbent upon the controller to tell the second plane to go around. Such constant attention to important detail is hard on any man. And the resultant strain is not reduced by the knowledge that hundreds of lives are in the controller's hands.

No single event brought about the controllers' reappraisal of their jobs and their decision to operate by the rules. Most conscientious controllers have been honestly concerned about safety. They have been well aware of the catastrophe that could result if their attention lapsed at a crucial moment. Morally responsible for the safe separation of aircraft operating under instrument flight rules (IFR), controllers also bear some legal responsibility. Some of them have been fined or otherwise disciplined for mistakes or errors in judgment.

The most immediate effect of rigorous adherence to the regulations is upon the airline passengers themselves. But for the airlines the delays may spell disaster. When a two-hour flight requires four hours, an airline's direct operating costs are doubled. The industry cannot afford cost increases of this magnitude—particularly in a year of declining profits.

Probably the most important cause of the air traffic congestion is the war in Vietnam. Vainly trying to keep federal expenditures within tolerable bounds while wasting billions of dollars on the war, President Johnson in his budget message asked government agencies to hold the line on expenditures. In spite of the fact that the Federal Aviation Administration had requested funds for advanced traffic control systems and additional traffic controllers, he requested that the agency be content with what



it already had. Faced with a balky Congress, he later agreed to additional budget cuts. In order to pass the 10 per cent income tax surtax, Johnson agreed to further domestic spending cuts. Like all nonwar agencies, the FAA was caught by the ax.

Acknowledging that the controllers were doing a difficult job and doing it well, LBJ admonished them to shoulder additional burdens with no increase in men. But soon the tension was too great; the rubber band could be stretched no more.

Of course it is true that not all of the U.S. airplanes should really be in the air. A large number of duplicating flights could be eliminated with little impact on the public convenience. In its desire to please all of its airline clients, the Civil Aeronautics Board has sometimes certified too many lines to serve the various routes. The result has been too many flights and too many empty seats flying in the nation's dense air traffic markets.

Another contributing factor has been Congressional reluctance to bestow sufficient power on the Department of Transportation. In this affluent but uncoordinated America, the federal taxpayer foots the bill for the interstate system of highways which so reduce rail passenger travel that federal subsidies are sometimes necessary to provide for the operation of essential commuter trains. Already federally subsidized, the local service airlines may have to ask for increased payments because of the costs of airways traffic delays. Yet the Department of Transportation has no authority to rationalize transportation or to insure that the taxpayers' funds are prudently used. It is all but powerless to prevent the growing congestion in the air.

Given no improvement in the situation, the U.S. airlines could conceivably grind to a halt. The highly skilled controllers have given the nation only a small taste of the chaos that could ensue should their legitimate demands be ignored. But while the action of the controllers is dramatic,

the situation that confronts them is not unique. It is representative of the fiscal starvation that faces most civilian agencies as a result of the emphasis on war.

Once again the Congress is on a spot. Having demanded a substantial reduction in nonmilitary expenditures as the price for approving the income tax boost, it has had to reverse itself and produce additional money for airways traffic control. And once it is acknowledged that the needs of the civilian economy cannot all await the end of the war, other civilian agencies are in a position to make their demands.

If it is obvious that airways traffic control cannot stand still until such time as war expenditures are reduced, it is

equally obvious that official exhortations to make do with inadequate funding will not suffice for the Post Office, the National Park Service, the National Institutes of Health, or other agencies. The problem for these other agencies is to find ways to dramatize their plight. Slow attrition of the Post Office or other agencies of government service does not carry a threat to the lives of the citizens. Nevertheless, the impact will be severe. In the long run all the civilian programs undertaken by the United States will pay some of the cost of the war. Like the system of airways traffic control, they will approach a state of collapse. And the ensuing damage will be so great that it will take more than Presidential exhortations to erase the scars.

PLANES OVER SAIGON

OPERATION SELF-DESTRUCTION

KARL H. PURNELL

Mr. Purnell has reported frequently from Vietnam for The Nation.

Just before Saigon's police chief, Col. Nguyen Van Luan, was killed by a misfired American rocket, he noted bitterly that U.S. air strikes in the city's suburbs were helping the enemy more than hurting them.

"The Vietcong has no Air Force of his own so he uses ours," he said a week prior to his death—a remark which must be classed as one of the most ironic of the war.

The continued use of American air and artillery power in the cities of Vietnam since the Tet offensive has created more refugees, destroyed more allied property, and killed more civilians in the urban areas than all the Vietcong rocket and mortar attacks during the entire war.

In Hue alone, U.S. jets and helicopters, plus Marine 106-mm. cannon, turned Vietnam's once most beautiful city to rubble and created more than 200,000 refugees. In Saigon, at least half a million Vietnamese fled their homes before U.S. planes leveled them. The number of civilian dead can only be surmised, but conservative estimates put the figure in the thousands.

When it became apparent in February that the United States would respond to Vietcong infiltration of the cities with the same massive fire power used for years in the countryside, many Vietnamese observers in Saigon were quietly crediting Gen. Nguyen Vo Giap with a new and shrewd tactical innovation.

"Giap realizes that the government's last refuge in Vietnam is the cities. Now he is out to destroy these havens by turning our own guns against us," a prominent Vietnamese Senator told me.

Its simplicity made Giap's new strategy seem all the more cunning. By infiltrating a handful of snipers into a few blocks, he induced U.S. and South Vietnamese military commanders to destroy entire areas. For example, it is estimated that only three snipers were firing from the An Quang pagoda before this symbolic home of thousands of Vietnamese Buddhists was leveled.

One source who should know claims that Giap did not devise this strategy a priori. "Giap never dreamed the Americans would dive bomb their own cities," Wilfred Burchett told me in an interview in Cambodia recently. He said that the decision to attack the cities was a resumption of tactics broken off in early 1965 when the National Liberation Front was prevented from winning the war by the massive U.S. troop buildup.

"By the beginning of this year, Giap had retrained and regrouped his main force units which he withdrew from



Falconer

Mauldin, Chicago Sun-Times

THE NATION/August 26, 1968

action in 1965." The Tet offensive, according to Burchett, indicated that Giap felt the countryside was under control and it was time to begin the final battle for the cities.

Whether the North Vietnamese or Vietcong leadership hit on the theory of using U.S. fire power before the offensive, or have simply seized upon a windfall since then, is of little help to the American commanders faced with the choice of how to combat urban infiltration. As the military see it, they must drive out the snipers either by house-to-house fighting or by leveling the area.

The disastrous outcome of the former tactic was proved in the battle of the Citadel in Hue, where 50 per cent of several companies of the First Battalion, Fifth Marines were killed or wounded during street fighting inside the walled city. The Marines spent three weeks advancing house by house for about fifteen blocks along the eastern wall of the fort. The thick masonry of the well-constructed homes plus the proximity of the enemy (two or three houses away in some cases) made air and artillery strikes impractical. The Marines had to run through the open streets to advance while the snipers fired from concealed positions. Those of us who were there estimated the kill ratio to be around 3 to 1 in favor of the North Vietnamese.

When it was over, a young Marine officer cursed the tactics which cost the lives of so many of his men: "We should have pulled back and blown the place apart." It was done in the main city on the far side of the Perfume River, where 80 per cent of the buildings were destroyed.

"Blowing the place apart" has been the normal strategy used in urban areas since the battle for the cities began early this year. If the price in American lives has been held down, the overall cost has been geometrically inflated.

Not only must an additional million refugees be fed, clothed and sheltered, and thousands of homes be rebuilt with U.S. dollars but a significant shift in Vietnamese attitudes toward the war has resulted. From the poorest peasant angered at the American planes strafing his home, to high officials such as the late Colonel Luan, a growing distaste for the war threatens to crack the fragile government structure now headed by President Thieu.

Dr. Phan Quang Dan, one of Saigon's most popular politicians, has recently been ousted as Minister of State for publicly stating what more and more Vietnamese are privately saying. Dr. Dan told an audience at the Hoover Institute in California that the Saigon government should be more liberal in agreeing to talks with the Vietcong. "Either you kill them all or you talk to them, and killing all of them is impossible," he said. For this suggestion, considered treasonous in Saigon, he was stripped of his portfolio only four weeks after becoming a minister.

The Vietnamese peasants have traditionally been pragmatic in their loyalties, giving allegiance to that side which offers the best protection. The Vietcong's new Air Force, complete with American markings and pilots, is not likely to stem a growing feeling in Saigon and elsewhere in the country that the best interests of the average Vietnamese will not be served by the Saigon government and its foreign allies.

THE OPTIMISM OF PRAGUE

VERA BLACKWELL

Miss Blackwell was born in Prague, and studied at the university there, in London (where she now lives) and at Radcliffe College. She is the translator of Vaclav Havel's plays; writes and lectures on Czechoslovakia.

Suddenly a major East European crisis which had been in the making for some time inside the "Socialist camp" erupted to the surface. Whatever the outcome, its reverberations will affect not only the Socialist countries but the whole world. As I write, the situation is changing almost hourly; however, the central issues are immutable. They will stay with us whatever happens in Czechoslovakia, or to it. They cannot be suppressed by force; suppression would only postpone their resolution.

The Czechoslovaks have confronted the world, East and West, with a fundamental question concerning the principal trends of present-day society: Can socialism be wedded to democracy, can social ownership of "the means of production" be squared in practice with all the democratic civil liberties? The Czechoslovaks have determined to make the experiment. They feel themselves particularly well suited to the task, since Czechoslovakia, alone among

the Socialist countries, was at one time a vigorous democratic state.

The experiment was mapped out in the Czechoslovak Communist Party's Action Program, approved by the April plenum of the Central Committee. Some of the democratic reforms contained in the program have already been put into effect: most importantly, the abolition of censorship, the granting of full freedom of expression to all the mass media and to the widely proliferating non-Communist interest groups. Substantial steps toward the separation of party, government and judiciary have been taken. A thorough investigation of the crimes committed during the fifties and a full rehabilitation of the victims of Stalinist terror have begun. Further reforms are to be ratified by the forthcoming Party Congress in September and codified in the new constitution which is about to be drafted.

Those are the moves that have produced the ideological argument between Prague and Moscow. The Soviets believe that the exercise of democratic liberties means an end to the leading role of the Communist Party and the rise of "counterrevolution." Their defeatism is coun-

tered by Prague's optimistic assumption that the essential truth represented by the party is strong enough to prevail in a democratic dialogue with any opposition group. Their position is defined in their Action Program: "The Communist Party depends on the voluntary support of the people. It is not implementing its leading role by ruling over the society but by faithfully serving its free, progressive Socialist development. It cannot impose its authority, but must constantly acquire it through its actions. It cannot enforce its line by order, but only by the work of its members and the veracity of its ideals."

We are witnessing, however, not merely an abstract ideological dispute. It is also a clash between the old interpretation of communism and the new. The Czechoslovaks are simply trying to suit Communist theory to the demands of a modern technological state. Modern technology cannot be squared with the intransigent dogma and strict controls that are still the bulwarks of the Soviet system. Similarly, the individual initiative and personal responsibility that are essential to its progress cannot be limited to a thin stratum of technocrats, managers, scientists and researchers, but must be spread widely among the people. Hence, a new economic model cannot be realized without an equally new political model.

What J. K. Galbraith once said about the Western dilemma aptly sums up its Eastern variety: "Ideas in social science always survive by a considerable margin the events that make them obsolete. After the foundations erode, the façade is still held up for a time by the vested interest of minds that do not wish to change." This is why the problem will stay with us, no matter how hard the inflexible minds might try to suppress, or perhaps even obliterate it. The Czechoslovak way opens a road to the future.

Far from trying to endanger the Socialist structure, the Czechoslovak party liberals launched their "peaceful revolution" last January precisely in order to create the non-existent prestige of the Communist Party, to build bridges between the party and the rest of the population (among the 14 million citizens, there are only 1.5 million Communists); and within the party itself, between the top echelons and the rest of the membership.

In the first "revolutionary" months their liberalizing program met with massive support. Later came doubts and hesitations. People became tired of all the speech making. Even the most outspoken and incendiary orations seemed unable to stop a creeping apathy which was the result of the previous twenty years of demagoguery and which was again beginning to immobilize the recently resuscitated "public opinion."

And then, almost literally overnight, the party achieved its goal. For the first time in history a Communist party acquired a mandate not by force but through the free and, what is more, enthusiastic support of the overwhelming majority of the people. How did it happen? It was a result of a combination of the party's liberalizing program, the freedoms it instituted, its purposeful reawakening of national traditions, the affronts all these gestures had received from the Warsaw Quintet, plus—most importantly—the uncompromising stand Dubcek and his team took

when faced with threats. Instead of caving in under the well-calculated, concerted menace of the Soviets and their four loyal allies, Dubcek faced it. He returned the challenge, not in the boorish manner in which it arrived but calmly, with dignity, with fastidious politeness. At that moment Alexander Dubcek became a hero to the people for whom he speaks.

Ever since Munich the Czechoslovaks have been resigned to seeing their leaders yield to threats, shamefully retreating under pressure. The last spontaneous gesture the nation had made was in 1938, when its volunteers and regulars defiantly rushed to defend the frontiers against Hitler. Then came their silent return, their silent rage, and finally just silence. The backbone of the nation had been broken. The resuscitation after the war was partial and short-lived.

Therefore, when the exchange of letters between the Warsaw Quintet and Dubcek's team appeared all over the Republic in special editions, people were at first stunned.



Behrendt—Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)
Communist Meeting

They could not believe their eyes. And then a great wave of enthusiasm began to swell, as the Czechoslovaks realized that, unbelievably, they had again become citizens of a sovereign state, that they could again trust their leaders and be proud of their country. Those under 40 felt this pride and this trust for the first time in their lives. There followed an avalanche of letters, telegrams, notes, postcards, resolutions, telephone calls from all over the country, expressions of loyalty to the liberal leaders and to Dubcek personally, and of unequivocal support for the democratization program. There were also messages from Czechs on trips abroad. They assured their leaders and their countrymen that they would return at once, if their presence was needed. For the last twenty years Czechoslovaks have been running away from, not back to, their country.

All this explains why, to the amazement of Western correspondents who have once more flocked to Prague, the Czechs and Slovaks are so relaxed and so supremely calm, in spite of all the angry saber rattling and the rumbling of the tanks at their very doorsteps. With the regained dignity and self-respect came outpourings of love. In the streets people beam at one another, they all look as

though they wished to fall into one another's arms. They even rather love their "misguided" neighbor. With an indulgent chuckle, they contrast the clumsiness exhibited by the Russian bear with the foxlike cleverness and grace of "their" Dubcek.

But over and above the gentle humor, there is acute awareness that Czechoslovakia stands at a crucial point of its history. Hence the urgent tone of the "Message," addressed by the writers to the Czechoslovak leaders on the eve of their confrontation with the Soviet Politburo. The message has now been signed by literally millions of people throughout the country, in a kind of "plebiscite" largely organized by students. Its aim was to strengthen the leaders by a massive show of support. This further demonstration of total unity created an astonishing mood. It can be almost physically touched, yet it is hard to describe. This is how Athens must have felt on the eve of Salamis. Comparison with a Greek polis is not too far off the mark. There is the same active participation of all citizens in the destiny of their country, the same familiarity of speech, the same intimate relationship between the

leaders and the citizens. All these animate the text of the message:

As many times before in the history of mankind, a few men will decide the fate of millions. It is difficult and we want to help you by expressing our support. The history of our country over the past centuries is a history of bondage. Except for two short intervals we have been condemned to create our national existence illegally. We have several times stood on the brink of disaster. . . . The moment has come when . . . we have found the beginnings of hope not only for ourselves, but also for others. . . . We expected the whole Socialist camp to be first to welcome with sympathy this development. Instead, we are being accused of treason. . . . All we are striving for can be expressed in four words: Socialism, alliance, sovereignty, and freedom. . . . Speak on behalf of the people who in these days have ceased to be merely an abstract term and have become a force creating history. . . . Act, explain, but unanimously defend the path on which we have set out and from which we do not intend to *depart alive*. . . . Keep us in mind. You are writing a fateful page of the history of Czechoslovakia. Write with deliberation but, above all, with courage. We trust you.

HARRY GOLDEN

IN 1964, Republican Sen. Strom Thurmond couldn't restrain himself from leaping from the sidewalk to join Barry Goldwater's parade wending through Greenville, S.C. The folks along the way cheered louder and longer for Barry and Strom than they would have cheered for Gen. Robert E. Lee had he defeated Ulysses S. Grant.

Before the Republican National Convention this month, Senator Thurmond said that the federal government is a monster which must be curbed. Here is what his South Carolina receives each year from the wicked federal government:

Veterans: All cash benefits	\$50,148,362.00
Public Service Activities	3,422,346.00
Employment Security Commission . .	5,013,098.00
Public Schools of South Carolina . .	7,445,706.75
Highway Department of S. Carolina .	42,000,000.00
ARA Funds	6,079,158.00
Federal Payments to Farmers	21,500,000.00

As of today, 264,361 people in South Carolina receive Social Security. A total of \$14,084,824 is poured into the South Carolina economy *monthly*.

For the past thirty years, not only South Carolina but the entire South has been a sort of federal preserve like Yellowstone National Park—only with people getting the goodies instead of bear cubs. Barry Goldwater, the Republican, had promised to turn the schools back to the states, and turning the schools back to the states to anyone born below the Mason-Dixon line meant preserving the Southern way of life, suh. Three weeks ago in Winston-

Salem, N.C., Gov. Ronald Reagan of California repeated that he wanted to do the same. A group of earnest Tar Heels turned somersaults.

During the Republican National Convention, Richard Nixon held a secret meeting with Southern delegates at which, it is reported, he proposed a special legislation without their consent, just like John C. Calhoun. Nixon told these awe-struck delegates that he personally did not like open housing, and was only talking about it to get it out of the way—to bury it in a coffin of rhetoric.

Harry Truman let the Southerners stamp out of the 1948 Democratic Party convention rather than withdraw the civil rights plank. What Harry said of the whole region was: "You can have it, I don't want it, it belongs to you." So Strom Thurmond carried some of the Confederate states and the South ceased to be a Democratic Party preserve.

The South will vote Republican or for Wallace because it is conservative, because it is only beginning to industrialize, and because it likes Republicans and Governor Wallace. Its largest cities are crossroads compared to the Northern industrial complexes of Detroit or Cleveland—or Buffalo for that matter. This year Hubert Humphrey is going to say to Richard Nixon and George Wallace, "You can have it, I don't want it, it belongs to you." And by doing so will make himself a better bet to succeed Lyndon B. Johnson.

A Presidential candidate should not have to make a deal with the guys on his side. Rutherford B. Hayes had

to make deals with the South or he would never have reached the White House. Dwight D. Eisenhower didn't, although he thought he had to when he waved his hands and shouted over the public address system, in Columbia, S.C.: "I always stand up when they play *Dixie*." Adlai Stevenson declared to the same audience, "I cannot

say one thing up North and another thing down here."

Richard Nixon thinks he can. Making a deal costs a man something. Making deals will probably cost the Republicans another election and the next time around the Democrats will again say the same thing to the South: "You can have it, I don't want it, it belongs to you."

LETTERS (Continued from page 130)

him in the record time of twenty-seven minutes without having seen the murder weapon, or having heard testimony that Newton had been seen wielding it, or having asked any questions? Why does he not mention that the grand jury was all white and that the United States Court of Appeals refused to quash the indictment that was challenged on those grounds?

It is regrettable too that Harris says nothing of the repeated harassment of the Black Panthers, by means of arrests, searches and provocations on the part of the Oakland police, a list of which would be nearly as long as his article and as germane as any of the innuendoes he casts. An examination of such facts might have led Harris to conclude not that "the Black Panthers seem to be a dead-end movement" but that the objective of the Oakland police appears to be to exterminate the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense. It is bad enough to try Mr. Newton in the newspapers. If he can't get a fair trial in *The Nation*, where can he get it?

Martin Birbach, Associate Professor
San Jose State College

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIR: If Professor Birbach wants to say there is injustice toward black Americans, of course I agree. In fact, I thought I made it clear that the Black Panthers were driven into their present state of mind by their sense of outrage against society.

I wonder how carefully Professor Birbach read my article. I wrote about the continuing legal challenge against "the right of a grand jury composed almost entirely of upper-middle-class whites to vote indictments on poor blacks." And I cannot see why Professor Birbach appears to find I failed to describe Mr. Seale's fear of police injustice when I wrote: "Seale is almost always on the move, showing up at rallies and then disappearing for the night to places where he hopes the police cannot find him."

I can go on point by point: the case of Mr. Cleaver's parole is being considered now by the District Court of Appeal; the question whether the grand jury had probable cause to vote an indictment can be raised in any criminal case and can only be answered by the trial itself, and the matter of whether the Black Panthers helped provoke the police raids is a matter on which people may differ.

I did not speculate on Huey Newton's guilt or innocence, but I did state briefly what the charges were, what the defense seemed to consist of and the curious fact that many of Newton's supporters regard his guilt or innocence as irrelevant. The place for the trial is not in the pages of *The Nation* but in the courtroom.

What distresses me is that those who profess to be supporting Huey Newton appear to be doing their best to inflame the community against him. He is on trial for his life, but pickets parade in front of the courthouse with signs like "Chairman Mao Says Free Huey." This may be exciting, but it underlines my point that the Black Panthers are engaging in suicidal tactics.

Michael Harris

reassuring Al Capp

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Eric Hoffer, the very loud and shrill voice of the so-called "silent center," regularly (in his *Los Angeles Times* column) makes common cause with George Wallace, the very loud and shrill voice of the vociferous extreme Right, in their continuous attack on intellectuals.

Hoffer, in a recent such column, quoted another ally of his as follows: "Al Capp said recently that although he has been for years a critic of American society it has only been since he began poking fun at pacifists that he has felt any fear for his life."

For Mr. Capp's and for Mr. Hoffer's edification—it wasn't a pacifist who murdered Robert F. Kennedy.

It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Martin Luther King, Jr.

It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Che Guevara.

It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Lee Harvey Oswald.

It wasn't a pacifist who murdered John F. Kennedy.

It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Malcolm X.

It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Medgar Evers.

It wasn't a pacifist who murdered Patrice Lumumba.

Pacifists are not behind the campaign to kill any effective anti-gun legislation.

Pacifists did not mastermind the greatest bombing in history—the one that sets new records in death and destruction with each new day and each new aerial sortie.

Jack Hughes

tip from the Irish

Rice, Minn.

DEAR SIR: Have any people anywhere kept their country out of war by resistance to their government's conscription laws? The answer is a resounding yes.

Ireland, alone of the British Dominions, escaped the madness of World War I by setting up the cry, "no blood tax" in answer to England's attempt to enforce the military draft of Irishmen. So fierce was the resistance to having their sons dragged into the holocaust in France that England chose not to try to enforce the draft in Ireland.

Is this the way, and possibly the only way, to stop the brutal, futile, stupid business of war?

Stewart Graves

trees and guns

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIR: When the Sierra Club campaigned against the proposed despoilment of the Grand Canyon area the Internal Revenue Service removed its tax-exempt status.

On the other hand, the IRS says it's O.K. for the National Rifle Association to lobby against gun controls and still remain tax-exempt. The NRA, for all practical purposes, is a mouthpiece of the gun-manufacturing industry.

All of which is a pretty good index of the mentality and morality of the IRS and/or its bosses higher up in the government. Thumbs down on the preservation of life and the living. Support for the merchants of death.

Ken Pagerin

BOOKS & THE ARTS

New Lease for Liberalism

TOWARDS A NEW PAST: Dissenting Essays in American History. Edited by Barton J. Bernstein. Pantheon Books. 364 pp. \$6.95.

THE CORPORATE IDEAL IN THE LIBERAL STATE: 1900-1918. By James Weinstein. Beacon Press. 263 pp. \$7.50.

RONALD RADOSH

Mr. Radosh teaches history at Queensborough Community College, City University of New York. He is editor, with Louis Menashe, of Teach-Ins U.S.A.: Reports, Opinions, Documents (Praeger).

Since historians are themselves affected by the time, place and circumstances in which they compose history, it is not surprising that in the 1950s they joined the Great American Celebration. "Believing that the nation had achieved affluence and that political power was widely distributed," Barton J. Bernstein writes, historians "affirmed the triumph of liberalism and often found in the New Deal dramatic proof of the success of non-ideological reform."

But with the birth of the civil rights movement, the new awareness of poverty, and the fruits of imperial intervention spelled out in Vietnam and Latin America, the old assumptions about America began to shatter. In *Towards a New Past* Bernstein has collected varied examples of how a new and younger group of historians are reassessing our heritage. Contributors were chosen who have a "series of approaches or interpretations," but who in Bernstein's eyes have broken with the general views of consensus historians.

The collection creates a somewhat uneven impression, ranging from the rather traditional essays by Staughton Lynd, Marilyn Blatt Young and James McPherson to the perceptive and radical essays of Michael Lebowitz and Christopher Lasch. (Lasch's essay on the cultural cold war appeared in a special issue of *The Nation*, September 11, 1967.)

Robert F. Smith particularly breaks new ground in his revisionist essay on the origins of World War II, refuting the theory that an innocent United States responded passively to the aggressive actions of other powers. Rather than being seen as "befuddled and defensive," the United States is treated as an "imperial-minded power with ambitions and goals" similar to those of most nation states.

Smith does not separate diplomatic and ideological issues from economic conflicts. While American leaders did not want war, they were willing to fight for an order in which "the fruits of an imperial position" would be preserved.

The most subtle and enticing suggestions are contained in the essay by Eugene D. Genovese. An avowed Marxist himself, Genovese departs from Marxist predecessors and insists that an accurate understanding of the slave South calls for a break with determinism, a narrow economic interpretation and an "insipid glorification of the lower classes." He berates Marx and Engels for failing to examine the origins, history and ideology of the slaveholding class, and asks American Marxists to acknowledge that "certain elements of the slaveholders' ideology deserve the attention and respect of those who would build a socialist order." Jefferson Davis is treated as a class-conscious, socially responsible leader who fulfilled the duties which his class and society expected of him.

Genovese thus raises the critical problem of how a ruling class maintains its hegemony. He states that a ruling class "must develop a comprehensive world outlook that transcends its immediate and particular interests and that, however partially, identifies itself with the values and aspirations of the people as a whole."

How the American ruling class has gained the loyalty of the populace, and made its own world view presentable as the general will, is the implicit theme in what is the most important book written by a radical historian since publication of William Appleman Williams' *Contours of American History*. Put alongside Gabriel Kolko's study of the progressive era, James Weinstein's *The Corporate Ideal in the Liberal State* challenges Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s assertion that "liberalism in America has been ordinarily the movement on the part of the other sections of society to restrain the power of the business community."

This belief, Weinstein argues, lies behind the false consciousness that liberalism was and is anti-big-business. Since many reformers did not understand how liberalism functioned, they inadvertently helped the corporations maintain their hegemony by furthering the belief that movements for regulation of the economy and social reform (Pure Food and Drug

Act, Federal Trade Commission, Workmen's Compensation acts, Social Security, etc.) were victories won by the people in a fight against the "trusts."

Weinstein carefully reveals that liberalism has been the favored ideology of American business leaders. While reforms developed impetus from the needs of those on the bottom of the social structure, few of them were enacted without the approval and/or guidance of large corporate interests. Weinstein's volume is, in part, a lengthy analysis of the activity of the National Civic Federation. Organized in 1900, the group was led by sophisticated class-conscious corporation leaders (men like Andrew Carnegie and Mark Hanna) in conjunction with "responsible" trade union leaders (Samuel Gompers) and noted professionals. While not entirely successful in its goal of gaining recognition for conservative trade unionism, the National Civic Federation began to change the consciousness of business leaders and to point out the need for a consensus between business and labor, to gain "accommodation to the large corporation system" so that business uncertainty would be ended.

Part of the reason business leaders favored reform was their strong fear of anti-corporation radicalism. When the American Socialist Party developed increased strength after 1911, it alone represented a challenge outside the framework of consensus. To deal with the Socialists, corporation leaders perceived that they had to make a distinction between reforms that were "socialistic and anarchistic in principle," and those which Socialists "would naturally favor," but which were "not necessarily in conflict with the underlying principles of the existing industrial order." Few were the radicals like Robert R. LaMonte, who understood that reforms were the job of progressives; that Socialists had to make only "impossible demands" which embodied what Weinstein calls "a vision of socialism" that raises "the question of control over fundamental decisions."

Given a commitment to use the power of the state to rationalize corporation capitalism, it is not surprising that National Civic Federation members like John Hays Hammond, a mining engineer close to the Guggenheim interests, came out for reforms that envisioned the entire New Deal. Hammond favored industrial peace and called for labor unions that were in the "hands of the best class

of labor leaders," in order to prevent formation of unions "of the radical stripe." He also favored a federal public works program, which he termed a prerequisite "to removing just causes of social unrest." Employers had to anticipate labor's demand, and avoid making unreasonable concessions "at the point of the pistol."

Such men did indeed have the sophistication "to move to the left in the face of real, imminent or anticipated threats" from anti-corporation radicals. How they did this is revealed by Weinstein in his discussion of the Commission on Industrial Relations. Sponsored by Presidents Taft and Wilson to investigate the causes of extensive labor violence in 1911, the commission was composed of representatives from capital, labor and the "public." The commission chairman, Frank P. Walsh, bravely condemned and exposed John D. Rockefeller's role in the Colorado coal massacre of 1914. His harsh attack on a leading man of wealth might have made future cooperation between capital and labor more difficult; it might even have made many workers lose faith in the system and turn toward socialism.

But Weinstein points out that though such a revelation might be damaging if left to the Socialists, when it came from an official government agency the effect was exactly the opposite. Attacking Rockefeller for "social irresponsibility" did not challenge the consensus in which the corporations remained dominant. In 1968, the Kerner Commission argues that white racism caused civil disorders, and tells us that America is a racist society. What appeared radical and threatening when voiced by black militants, becomes grounds for hope and faith in the existing system when stated by "responsible" Negroes and government officials.

World War I gave Wilson a chance to show that a liberal administration could respond to business needs without being anti-labor, and to solidify support by allowing reformers and pro-war Socialists to sit on government boards. In reality the era of laissez faire had passed. It had been replaced by a statist corporate capitalism that sought to enhance its legitimacy by merging into its structure potentially dissident groups. Workers, farmers and small businessmen had less real strength, but they had succeeded in gaining "recognition as legitimate social forces," while the reforms that were developed were limited to those which would make corporation capitalism more efficient.

What James Weinstein suggests is therefore of utmost urgency for those who seek to create a new humanist society. Reformers, "no matter how radical they thought themselves to be," found

themselves submerged in reform movements "whose underlying purpose is to reduce the inharmonies of the existing system." This occurred because of the "absence of a revolutionary party with a comprehensive critique of the existing society and a comprehensive vision of a new one." The corporate liberals have made (and continue to make) necessary modifications that create a façade of harmony, while propping up the corpo-

rate capitalist system. Many radicals accepted the changes, and shared the illusion that they had gained real power in society. By showing how liberalism works to maintain corporate capitalism, James Weinstein helps to shed false consciousness about the system's nature, and provides a tool for the possible creation of a revolutionary Socialist party that may challenge the social order of corporate capitalism.

Beyond Libel

LIBEL AND ACADEMIC FREEDOM:
A Law Suit Against Political Extremists.
By Arnold M. Rose. University of Minnesota Press. 287 pp. \$7.95.

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans (Ballantine).

In the sixties, the town-and-gown conflicts which have historically riven college campuses (especially in land grant college communities) have escalated as students and faculties have broadened their civic and campus concerns. But in contrast to the thirties and the cold-war era, the new *Kulturkampf* launched by the ultra right has, for the most part, resulted in a rout of *in situ* witch hunters and their legislative allies. One of these garden-variety, anti-subversive attacks on the faculty of the University of Minnesota took place in 1963-64, inspired by an ultra-rightist organization, Christian Research, Inc., headed by one Gerda Koch. The campaign, which ultimately led to a legislative investigation, was fused by two "exposés," pillorying a sociology professor at the university, the late Dr. Arnold Rose (he died in January of this year) as a Communist collaborator and security risk because of his association with Gunnar Myrdal (dubbed a "notorious Swedish Communist") in the writing of *An American Dilemma*. The attack on Dr. Rose was launched while he was a candidate for the Minnesota state legislature and continued after he was elected.

Dr. Rose responded in January, 1964, with a suit for libel of which this book is a lucid and absorbing account. In support of its case, the defendants introduced "documentary proof" (Miss Koch transported into the courtroom a library of more than 200 government reports, scores of research files and dozens of rightist texts on subversion in the United States) purporting to show the demonic goings-on of the Federal Reserve Bank and the role of the Council on Foreign

Relations as the invisible government for which the Communists served as a front, the whole liberally spiced with anti-Semitism. The jury was unimpressed and awarded Dr. Rose \$10,000 compensatory damages and an equal amount in punitive damages (to deter a repetition of the offending publications).

More instructive than the defendant's futile attempts to use the courtroom as a propaganda forum is the genealogy of the demonstration that Dr. Rose was subversive. Subsequent to the Supreme Court's desegregation decision in 1954 Southern legislators, both in the Senate and House, launched a co-ordinated attack on the Court. Senator Eastland, its leader and organizer, charging that the Supreme Court's desegregation decision was tainted with subversion because a footnote had made reference to Gunnar Myrdal's seminal study of the Negro problem, labeled a number of Dr. Myrdal's research aides (but not Dr. Rose) as "identified"—a talismanic term of authentication in rightist rhetoric—members of Communist-front organizations. Of Dr. Myrdal himself, the Mississippi Senator said merely that he was a "Socialist who had served the Communist cause."

During the debate in the House when it was the turn of Jimmy Davis of Atlanta to speak his piece, he was hard put to find something new to say. No intellectual grant, he proceeded to charge that Myrdal was a "notorious Swedish Communist."

In the August, 1957, hearings of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee on legislation to limit the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, the most spectacular testimony—if one could call it that—was a document submitted by a mysterious Col. Tom Hutton on behalf of an even more mysterious outfit, SPX Associates. ("SPX" refers to an alleged "Soviet principle No. 10"—the principle of paralyzing the countries of the free world into an abandonment of self-protection from Communist designs.) This "geopolitical" tract repeated the

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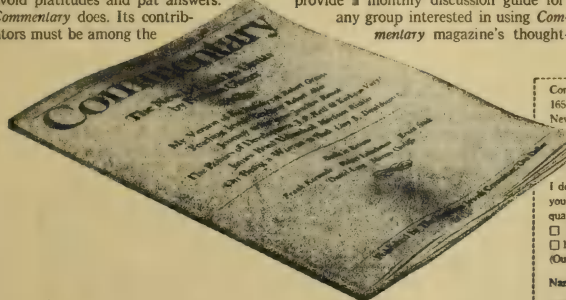
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Eastland and Davis charges against Myrdal and concluded that the Supreme Court's decisions "have done more for enemy forces and objectives than might have been accomplished by any other agency or form of paralysis short of actual overthrow of the American Government."

The product of a secret collaboration with the Senate committee staff and characterized by staff consultant Sourwine as "a work of some scholarship," it was launched by the committee as a dazzling piece of documentation—the Dead Sea scrolls of anti-subversion. The committee printed Colonel Hutton's dissertation separately as an appendix to the hearings, thus obviating the necessity for Senate permission to reprint and circulate additional copies. It was subsequently produced for mass distribution by the Government Printing Office as an official document under the committee's frank. The title of the reprint was cautiously altered from the "Supreme Court as an Instrument of Communist Global Conquest" to the "Supreme Court as an Instrument of Global Conquest," but with a superscription that the Communists had tried to suppress it.

The charges against Myrdal now doubly "documented" were made available for the elaboration by local rightist groups into anti-subversive "documented exposés"—a uniquely American political art form by which dossiers of "identified" subversives originating with legislative committees are reticulated and projected over huge areas of political expression. (*The Herald of Freedom* has just published an exposé of George Ball which establishes his subversion by a chain of proof which includes the fact that his former law partner was at one time a director of a publication the wife of whose editor was once a law partner of an "identified Communist.")

The functioning of the entire ultra movement is geared to this exposé technology. Rightists trade dossiers like postage stamps and many leading ultra groups were launched by purchasing libraries of files, dossiers and reports from older outfits. The bedrock of the entire system is the government publication (how much more "documentary" can you get?): the Government Printing Office is the ultras' principal publishing house. The grimly pedantic way the ultras preen themselves on their devotion to "facts" and "documentation" (Stormer's *None Dare Call It Treason* boasts 819 footnotes) is reflected in Miss Koch's choice of names for her publication ("Facts for Action") and its sponsoring organization, "Christian Research, Inc." This title which suggests scholarship anointed by evangelical authority is a Waughishly comic mask for a purveyor of potted political exposés.

Dr. Rose's verdict was reversed on appeal and a new trial was ordered on the ground that the instructions to the jury had failed to take proper account of the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the *New York Times* case, which ruled that the Constitution permits a state to afford a remedy in a libel action brought by a public official for criticism of his official conduct only when a false statement is made with the knowledge that it was false, or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not, a landmark decision because it significantly relates free speech to the imperatives of self-government. The Court subsequently applied similarly spacious standards to libel actions brought by "public figures." Since Miss Koch's charges were made while Dr. Rose was a candidate for public office or actually serving, he was plainly covered by the *Times* ruling.

As far as I know, Dr. Rose's is the first resort to a political libel suit as a means of vindicating academic freedom. Apart from the action's impact on free speech, its soundness and utility are highly debatable. And this would be so, even if Dr. Rose were not a candidate for office, an elected official and a public figure within the meaning of the *Times* case and its progeny, with full opportunity to reply to the charges, backed by the prestige of his reputation and community standing but also, for most of the period of the attacks, by his legislative immunity, an opportunity which he exploited with great power, skill and effectiveness.

Whether used as a shield or a sword, a libel action can acquire a symbolic importance, with civic consequences far beyond its literal reach. A favorable verdict supported by substantial compensatory and punitive damages may implicate a community judgment on a broad scale while the jury's thumbs-down may condemn not merely the courtroom gladiator but a whole body of principles and invite wholesale abuse of those who share them. The risks can be overwhelming.

For members of vulnerable and exposed minorities, libel is in any event a dubious means of redress. The trial itself is converted into an officially sanctioned instrument of smear as the plaintiff is pilloried by mountains of hearsay testimony and documents admitted into evidence not to establish the truth of the statement but to show how reasonably motivated the defendant was, a distinction few juries can grasp. The plaintiff's entire life is dredged for matters which are ventilated to prejudice the jury but which are ostensibly offered to show that damages were minimal because his reputation was already tarnished. His cross-

examination is frequently a saturnalia of obtusation, abusive baiting and endless inflammatory variations on the libel itself.

A libel lawsuit, of course, is not invariably ill advised but when brought for ideological or libertarian reasons may endanger the very principles it seeks to protect. The size of the stakes—the plaintiff must win big if he is to win at all—inevitably forces the plaintiff into a jury-pandering strategy which disowns his unpopular opinions or demonstrates that he is a more effective anti-Communist than the defendant. In restraining his adversary's freedom, he also diminishes his own.

The plaintiff may begin with a neutral assertion of the stigma (disloyalty, conspiracy, sedition) attached to the Communist charge, but he usually ends by endorsing it as well deserved. For example, Dr. Rose, in striving for a large jury verdict (an award of merely nominal damages might leave faculty freedoms under a greater cloud than before), adduced testimony from a colleague that his integrity as a scholar was justifiably compromised by the charge that he was a Communist collaborator and that his opportunities for employment would be deservedly impaired.

The testimony implicitly claimed that scholars in the social sciences among whom Dr. Rose had a formidable reputation (he subsequently became president-elect of the American Sociological Association) would be so impressed by the mere accusation that he was a Communist collaborator as to suspect his integrity: that they would not investigate the biased source of the charge and, finally, that even if they did, they would resolve the issue of truth in favor of his accuser. Such contentions are unworthy of the academic freedom in whose service they were advanced.

Dr. Rose's basic complaint against the defendants is not primarily that they lied about him but that they have removed themselves from the democratic process. And so they have: the ultras' anti-communism has increasingly moved from exposés to crank calls, harassment and anonymous letters (Dr. Rose received the full treatment) to vandalism, shootings and bombings by fevered activists. "Conspiracy" is no mere metaphor but an accurate description of the politics of the ultras. They see their enemies as a conspiracy of real people, each of whom must be individually identified, cornered and destroyed. The exposé is a form of action in the soft, an interim incitement to a deserved injury pending an ultimate accounting in the chilling eschatological politics of deferred reckoning. While the exposé is typically an attack through a publication on an identified individual and thus meets the basic requirement of

a libel action that the publication be "of and concerning the plaintiff," the evil of the exposé is not that it is false but that true or false it threatens the public order. The conventional libel action is about as appropriate a therapy for the exposé as an income tax evasion charge is for racketeering.

This is not to urge that sanctions be devised to deal with the ultras' exposé activities, such as the recent wholesale denial by the Internal Revenue Service of tax exemption, on the strained ground

that these groups are not truly "educational." Like a latter-day Loki, the ultra defies judgment because his condemned head cannot be severed from his constitutionally protected neck. But the ultras can be contained without impairing their constitutional freedoms simply by denying them the support of the security establishment which collaborates with them and supplies the "documentation" for the myth—central to their very existence—that the country is under a permanent threat of internal subversion.

of thousands and a Victorian proliferation of subplots, and the leisurely, old-fashioned movement of the story will not satisfy fans of Nathalie Sarraute. The title poses the question: what does a good man do in the world? In answering it, this fully realized, teeming, tough-minded novel reveals a structure of fable beneath its Dickensian richness; but its thesis resists paraphrase to a much greater degree than a number of these new stories.

An Hour of Last Things contains thirteen stories and they date from as far back as 1951. The precisely focused and meticulously observed title story examines the reluctant attempts of a recently widowed 38-year-old social worker to discover herself. It is a variation on the old theme of houses. Betty Hollander moves after the death of her husband from their severe Manhattan apartment to a Victorian house on Staten Island only to learn that changing one's life isn't going to be all that easy. "Into the

Private Responsibility

AN HOUR OF LAST THINGS: And Other Stories. By George P. Elliott. Harper & Row. 292 pp. \$5.95.

STANLEY POSS

Mr. Poss teaches English at California State College at Fresno.

Asked in 1962 whether he regarded himself as "an essentially Christian writer," George P. Elliott replied: "Ethically, a Christian writer, yes," adding however that he was not primarily inclined toward didacticism though he intended his books to be "morally instructive." Since then his line seems to have hardened somewhat. Certainly one can find in his new collection of stories, *An Hour of Last Things*, an increasing predilection for fable and "message," compared with his widely praised first collection *Among the Dangs*. Fortunately, his talent for giving a story its head puts a skin on almost all he says, so that the old bones implied by the formidably eschatological title of this new book are for the most part decently covered.

Elliott, as a leading contender for the title of most important WASP fiction writer of his time, has always inclined to statement and allegory; but his wit and passion, his intelligence and patient artistry (he worked "intermittently" on his second novel *David Knudsen* for eleven years) lift him clear of the ranks of those message writers who, as someone said of one of our cruder naturalists, produce books in which everything is taken seriously except the writing. He began shakily with *Parkliden Village*, the story of a young Berkeley sociologist and a math professor's daughter with a passion for Harley-Davidsons. He then turned to poetry with a long idiomatic verse narrative *Fever and Chills*, whose chief action (adultery and its consequences) was to become an Elliott trademark along with such other recurring preoccupations as photography, abortions, houses (very big on this: in a 1962 interview he remarks that "Our public,

social existence is nothing like as important as our private existence"), science and scientism, negative utopias, family romances, Chartres, academia ("the only world I have glimpsed more appalling than downtown Oakland seen at night from behind the wheel of a taxicab has been the English Department of one of the great universities"), perfect loveless sex, fathers, plain-song chant, and Christianity. *Among the Dangs* incorporates many of these preoccupations as does *David Knudsen*, the story of the photographer son of a Cal physicist who contracts fallout in the Pacific. Plainly a cautionary tale, it showed for the first time that, exotic appearances of some of the stories to the contrary (lost tribes in the Atlas Mountains or the "Eastern foothills of the Andes"), Berkeley/Oakland was Elliott's Yoknapatawpha; and as in that odd Southern kingdom, many of the characters from the separate tales either know or know of one another.

That remarkable collection of non-fiction pieces, *A Piece of Lettuce* ("Personal Essays on Books, Beliefs, American Places, and Growing Up in a Strange Country") followed. Its themes cast a wide net in whose folds one finds Orwell, Margaret Mead, Pound, autobiography, Pop art and mass cult and *Kirsch* and folkways of Southern California (where he grew up); Raymond Chandler and W. B. Yeats ("nonsensical, doubting, indecent, superstitious"); Leavis/Kenner/Fiedler/Winters/Frye versus the unreconstructed Common Reader, and Hyacinth Robinson (Henry James's improbably named anarchist from *The Princess Cassamassima*) and Tarzan of the Apes, together in the context of a failing California chicken ranch.

The fable element rather disappears in the next book, a bulky novel in which Elliott returns to his chosen place, Berkeley, and his chosen theme, the acceptance of moral responsibility, in the story of the coming apart of an academic family, a professor of law, his wife, and their three daughters. *In the World* has a cast

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Cone of Cold," the first story, is science fiction set in contemporary Berkeley, and the last story, "In a Hole," is a pure Kafkaesque tale. Together they frame and comment on the other stories. They reciprocate each other thematically as well. The first, a willingness of art and science, tells of a poet's willingness to enter "the cone of cold" past "absolute" zero (the science fiction machine of the physicist brothers at St. Anselm's, the poet's college, is called a "dynocryne") and of the physical and psychological changes that result; while the situation of the man in the cone-shaped hole at the end of the book reminds us that the dynocryne was buried 30 feet, though the unspecified setting is a devastated city in a vaguely nuclear future rather than a recognizable Berkeley. The poet's story suggests a Faustian pact with science. Stuart believes that the cryogenic experiment will enable him to write poems of undreamed-of originality, but finds in fact that he can write only when he breaks the pact and gets back his pre-transformed self. He gets out; the narrator of "In a Hole" doesn't: one needs a long spoon to dine with science. Of the remaining eleven stories, six utilize science fiction devices or take the form of fables, which leads me to think that such modes serve Elliott as her grotesque cartoons serve Flannery O'Connor: "to the hard of hearing you shout, and for the almost blind you draw large and startling figures."

Other stories in *An Hour of Last Things* include "Rilla," about an Oakland cabbage who wants to steer clear of women but can't and who betrays them both by betting in an idle, locker-room way that he can get Rilla, the dispatcher all the drivers leech for, in bed within three days. "Is He Dead?" is a not wholly convincing account of a decent district attorney faced with investigating the politically explosive death of a demagogic political-religious leader (Welch and the Birchers?).

"Words Words Words" tells of a sailor's discovery that the stylized proposal of marriage he planned to present to the chic Jane who dines on shrimp, lobster and white burgundy, and in whose New York flat logs flicker and chamber music

is just audible, is as nothing compared to the fierce reality of a committed love which he learns from the first-grade teacher in Syracuse he thought he'd left behind along with his father's religion. The desolating "Better To Burn" picks up, in diary form, the story of David Knudsen's angrily rebellious sister, a Marxist who forsakes the WASP gentility of her home to take up with labor organizers and Socialists.

Elliott is a paleface. Though certainly not a mandarin writer, neither is he a black humorist. Nor does he present romanticized queers, junkies, or juvies and the violence and inarticulate brutality that often accompany them. His strength is his refusal to be modish, his

tenacity in following his line, the hard moral core, the unapologetic message of his fictions. *An Hour of Last Things* refuses to capitalize on the success of its predecessor, and is not so distinguished a collection. But there's a stubborn integrity in this refusal, an integrity that can be seen also in Elliott's control, his complex clarity. "Jazz somehow evened up sides within her and made the dirty combatants embrace in a struggle so taut that when the music stopped they fell apart exhausted and she dared to look at them for a while or even to play with them" is, for instance, a sentence that couldn't be improved; it comes right, as Yeats said of verse, with a click like a closing box.

Huckleberry Finn Enriched

GEORGE MAYBERRY

Mr. Mayberry, critic and teacher, is a former literary editor of *The New Republic*.

One of the effects of the education explosion has been a vastly increased market for classroom-oriented editions of our literary classics. The unadorned text or the text with a brief critical introduction is now challenged by editions containing various forms of that favorite word of the educationists—enrichment. Among these, *Huck Finn* has been particularly subject to editorial adornment.

At present there are more than twenty paperback editions of Mark Twain's classic. For the affluent individual or school system there is *The Art of Huckleberry Finn* (Chandler, \$3.95) which provides as text a facsimile of the first American edition, illustrated by E. W. Kemble; biographical and literary sources; selected criticism, including Lionel Trilling's notable introduction to the Rinehart edition (1948); and "Questions and Topics for Papers." Chandler also publishes a facsimile of the first edition, with simply an introduction and bibliography by Hamlin Hill. This is my favorite among paperback editions and, at \$1.10, possibly the "best buy." The Harbrace Sourcebook—with text, sources, criticism, suggestions for papers and for further reading—is priced at \$2.25. The Norton Critical Edition (\$1.95) offers an annotated text, background and sources, criticism and bibliography (not annotated), but no questions or suggestions for papers. For \$1.85, with nothing to enrich it except generous additional selections from Mark Twain and a masterful introduction by Bernard DeVoto, you can have *Huckleberry Finn* in the Viking Portable Library "Mark

Twain." The most recent edition—and one of the best—is the Bobbs-Merrill Library of Literature *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, edited, with an introduction and notes by Leo Marx. Of special value is a Selected Bibliography with concise, meaningful evaluations of each item; the price of admission, however, is \$1.50.

The least expensive (90c) *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* to supply the reader with an accurate title page and the final line of the original is the Riverside Edition, edited, with an introduction that matches De Voto's, by Henry Nash Smith. In the Rinehart Edition (95c), which also includes the famous introduction by Lionel Trilling, we come to the first of those editions that cannot pass muster with The Society for the Prevention of "The" in the title of *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

The Riverside and Rinehart editions are "enriched" primarily by their introductions. Mr. Smith adds a valuable "Note on the Text," the "Raft Passage" from "Life on the Mississippi," and "Some Examples of Mark Twain's Revisions." (Mr. Trilling's perceptive bibliographical note of 1948 is now, of course, out of date.) The big four of the mass paperback field (Signet, Dell, Bantam and Pocket) also mistle the book, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, and give little evidence that they or their editors have otherwise examined the book Mark Twain wrote and largely saw through the press—which was his own publishing house. Signet and Dell (50c each) have not yet entered the area of true "enrichment." Signet is content to go with an "afterword"—a sharply written personal essay by George P. Elliott. Dell includes an excellent analysis by Wallace Stegner which is also a useful

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ARTHUR ARMSTRONG, Atascadero, Calif. Educational psychologist. Was Pres. World Affairs Council Calif., Sec'y. Campaign World Constitution.

J. ROBERT BEALL, Phoenix, Arizona. Businessman, poet, long-time supporter of Atlantic Union and principle of world federation.

LOLA BOSWELL, Washington, D.C. Lawyer, admitted U.S. Supreme Court. In preparatory congresses for World Constitution Convention.

SELMA BRACKMAN, Great Neck, N.Y. Photographers' agent. Humanist. Active in Women's Strike for Peace, Jeanette Rankin's Brigade, SANE.

HELEN CALLBECK, San Rafael, Calif. Medical social work supervisor, teacher 7 years in far East, del. World Assn., World Fed., Japan '52, '54.

EDWARD P. GOTTLIEB, New York, N.Y. Public school principal 10 years, author, active in school desegregation, Federation of Teachers.

MARGARET ISELY, Denver, Colorado. Nutritionist, Co-owner health food business, executive member of World Association since inception.

PHILIP ISELY, Denver, Colorado. Businessman, writer, Sec'y Gen. World Constitution and Parliament Assn. Maximalist platform for world government.

DOUGLAS MATTERN, Palo Alto, Calif. Tech. specialist electron physics. Chrmn. World Citizens League. Speaker, writer, peace movement organizer.

GUY WHEELER MEYER, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y. Unitarian-Universalist min. Founder "New World Movement" to replace national loyalties with world loyalty.

LLOYD D. OXLEY, Phoenix, Arizona. Journalist, manufacturers' rep., public relations. Promoted World Constitution Convention abroad.

THANE READ, Tempe, Arizona. Economist, inventor, newspaper pub. and ed., proposes political movement of World Party, Exec. V. P. of the WCPA.

REV. ERIC L. ROBINSON, Portland, Oregon. Director of Greater Portland Council of Church's World Peace Committee.

AKE SANDLER, Los Angeles, Calif. Professor of Government. Fulbright scholar 1960. Author book on international relations, journalist.

BERNARD SINGER, Colonia, N.J. Teacher, veteran peace worker and youth leader. Chrmn. Union County SANE, United World Federalist affil'n.

JOHN M. SULLIVAN, Moscow, Idaho. Univ. prof. Lecturer on civil rights, foreign policy, abolition of war. Pres. Campaign World Constitution.

GLENN P. TURNER, Middleton, Wisc. Retired. LLB. Dr. Juris. Former legislator. Active interest in world law, Esperanto, world inter-language.

THOMAS J. WEAVER, Orem, Utah. Machinist, retired. Officer in steel workers' union 20 years, a director of Utah Co-op Association.

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In 1963, Pocket Books, under the imprint of the Washington Square Press, launched the Reader's Enrichment Series addressed "to the serious general reader or the student in class." While the editions examined above were designed primarily for college students and teachers, the Reader's Enrichment Series was aimed at the high school level. Bantam Books entered the enrichment business with its Pathfinder Editions in 1965.

The Reader's Enrichment edition of *The (!) Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* costs 75c. A "Reader's Supplement" of 34 pages provides barely adequate biographical and historical backgrounds, and the section "Features of the Author's Style" never comes to grips with that admittedly difficult subject. (A superficial attempt at character analysis yields: "In Jim, we have a truly lovable character.") The sections on writing skills, vocabulary development and spelling include the fascinating suggestion to study such words as "ingots," "nabob" and "reticule," "because they are popular with good writers and speakers." (These two quotations are not unrepresentative of the manner and tone of the editors.) "Ideas for Discussion and Report" barely touches on matters that have stirred serious readers of the book: the naive vernacular style, the moral ironies, the theme of river and shore, Twain's alienation from society. And the limited editorial vision is apparent in "Suggestions for Further Reading" where books "similar in mood" to *Huckleberry Finn* are listed: *Little Men*, *Seventeen* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. The only suggested reading comparable in power or literary merit is *The Red Badge of Courage* and the Reader's Enrichment teacher's edition (\$2.50), in its section on motivating the reading, suggests: "Discuss with the class the life-in-imagination of children embodied in their frequently used expression 'Let's pretend.'" —and for class activities: "Dramatize a meeting of Tom, Jim and Huck ten or twenty years after the events of the story."

The Bantam Pathfinder edition, *The (!) Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, has an incomplete title page and omits the original final sentence; but it contains a good biographical sketch and an essay on the book using games, as does George P. Elliott, as "a key to understanding *Huckleberry Finn*." At 60c, it is a better buy than the Reader's Enrichment edition. The editor, Ralph Cohen, introduces a scholarly account of the early reception of the book and three modern essays: Lauriat Lane, Jr.'s "Why *Huckleberry Finn* is a Great World Novel"; which as somebody said some-

BROTHERHOOD

"People are people and as such they are entitled to respect." Humphrey once said, explaining his concept of civil rights. "I learned that from my Daddy and Mommy." Filial sentiment rather than constitutional logic or philosophical egalitarianism—this is one reason the Negro struggle for equality during the last two decades has done a great deal more for Hubert Humphrey than Hubert Humphrey has done for it. This is said in full realization that he has from time to time shown some ingenuity in furthering the cause. Like a good liberal, he sometimes spoke in behalf of the Negro. He was fiery when it improved his career, and he banked his fires when this improved it further. He was a hard-line integrationist when he needed headlines of that sort to get a national status, and he was understanding of the white South when he was intent upon building intra-party bridges to power in the Senate. He, not Dirksen, who is sometimes credited with it, oiled the passage of the civil rights program of 1964 through the Senate. But to be realistic it must be said that this took something less than genius; the time was overdue to the point of spoilage; the death of Kennedy had supplied the shock needed to loosen the dead hand of Dixie on the Senate (at least long enough for this legislation to be pushed through), and

Lyndon Johnson, who waded it on his record for the 1964 campaign, was operating at the highest point of influence that he was to be blessed with in his Presidency. Humphrey helped build the success, but he certainly was not the architect of it. And, after all, who of those Senators who had been at the very center of power for twenty years without moving the civil rights iceberg would dare take much credit for something achieved in 1964—a decade after the Brown decision, sixteen years after President Truman and the Democrats had sworn in their platform (accompanied by Humphrey's somewhat self-serving trumpet call) to do something about segregation, three years and a dozen deaths and hundreds of bombings and beatings and jailings after the civil rights movement began its dazzling attack on the Southern establishment. What is Humphrey's role in the civil rights fight, take it in all? Rather slight.

From *The Drugstore Liberal: Hubert H. Humphrey in Politics* by Robert G. Sherrill and Harry W. Ernst (Grossman). Two sections of this book have appeared in *The Nation*: "Hubert Humphrey: Speaking in Tongues," Apr. 29 and "Hubert Humphrey: The Illusion of Change," June 17.

where about something else, gives the right answers to irrelevant questions; William Van O'Connor's "Why *Huckleberry Finn* is Not the Great American Novel" which is always adult and challenging even when it is wrongheaded; and Charles Kaplan's "Holden and Huck: The Odysseys of Youth," linking Twain and Salinger according to Hemingway's dictum. Although Mr. Cohen, like the general editor of the Reader's Enrichment edition, is a professor of education as well as English, he approaches *Huckleberry Finn* as literature rather than as a resource—to use the jargon of the educationists—for some ill-defined educational experience. One wishes, however, that Cohen could persuade his publisher to provide at least a new title page and the final page of the text as Mark Twain intended, and correct the ugly typographical error which has persisted on the last page of the book through three printings.

Also Cohen—indeed any editor or publisher—might include Ralph Ellison's contribution to "The Negro Writer in America: An Exchange," *Partisan Review* (Spring, 1958). Commentators have

borne witness to Nigger Jim's "humanity, dignity, even nobility" (the particular formulation is Wallace Stegner's) and Cohen too refers to the book as "a deeply moving human document about the love that grows between a boy and a man. Isn't part of the meaning of this love dependent upon the fact that the boy is white and the man is black?" Mr. Ellison concedes "Jim's dignity and human capacity—and Mark Twain's complexity," but argues that "Jim's friendship for Huck comes across as that of a boy for another boy rather than as the friendship of an adult for a junior. . . . There is a violation of our conception of adult maleness." Cohen, like most modern editors, is so pleased with his discovery of Mark Twain's—and Jim's—greatness that he overlooks the fact, which only Wallace Stegner among the editors of cheaper reprints does not, that Jim "in the last chapter is hardly more than the straight-man in a minstrel show."

The most egregious error in the Reader's Enrichment edition of *Huckleberry Finn* has persisted through four years and five printings. Its teacher's

manual has referred to the crucial town of Cairo, Ill., as "the goal of slaves who hoped to make their way down the Mississippi to a free state," though the book makes quite clear that the importance of Cairo was that slaves could go up the Ohio to the really safe free states. Any knowledge of history and geography should have told the editors that all states south of Cairo were slave states. Doesn't an alert, knowledgeable reader occasionally bring such an error to the attention of the publisher; or if he does, is he—as I have been—brushed aside with mumblings about the economics of publishing?

Possibly the original care and rapid rectification of errors are in part responsible for the relatively high cost of the excellent editions cited early in this article. But Riverside Editions is able to produce a viable text, superbly introduced, for less than \$1. Teachers and others in a position to influence the purchase of books will have to apply their own "pure food and drug act" to reject the shoddy products now offered by the large-scale, low-price publishers. The economics of publishing cannot be so complex that proper editions of our classics in the public domain should not be made available—if the demand for them is great enough.

THEATRE

ROBERT PASOLLI

During the past few years several of the small theatre companies which make up the American theatrical *avant-garde* have spent an immoderate amount of time performing in Europe. The Living Theatre made two tours during the early 1960s and still has not returned from the tour it undertook in 1964, which is now known as the European exile. The La MaMa Troupe, which seems to be away from home more than half the time, has done several tours since 1965. This summer both the Bread and Puppets Theatre and the Firehouse Theatre of Minneapolis went off to European festivals, and the Open Theatre has just finished a three-month visit to five European countries. This is more than an idle trend; it clearly demonstrates that innovation and renewal in the theatre has entered an American phase. The theatre of Paris, which the absurdists jolted into the 20th century during the 1950s, has grown temperate and quiet; the theatre of London, which the angry young men stood on its head during the years on either side of 1960, is all but moribund. The pockets of theatre experiment which do exist in Europe—the work of Jerzy

COMFORT

*When in the haste of heartiness
I snatch up a few words,
Smile, and off they fare,
Old friend, beware of my pomposity.
I am so uneasy with another heart's care
I cannot keep a quiet watch
At any side
For fear of the latter moment
When, sideways,
With hopeless, believing eyes,
A face looks up for me
On the last strength of a throat
Needing—what?—pure love like air,
And find I am not there.*

JEAN FARLEY

Grotowski in Poland, Eugenio Barba in Denmark and Peter Brook in London—are of great significance, but they remain isolated phenomena in widely separated locales. On the other hand, the imaginative and visionary new theatre which has emerged from New York's Off-off-Broadway is localized, many faceted and contagious. Although it has by no means rocked our theatre establishment yet, it has clearly agitated the waters. Europeans, whose culture makes them more receptive than we are to artistic developments of significance, have hastened to import the phenomenon, even as it has been forming.

Yet Europeans are not unusually receptive to our experimental work—to judge by the reactions of audiences which I observed while with the Open Theatre earlier this summer. I was often surprised during my travels with the company, had several preconceptions dashed, and, in the end, was led to reconsider our habitual assumption of European hospitality to the *avant-garde*.

The Open Theatre does highly experimental work. The company was founded in 1963 by Joseph Chaikin and Peter Feldman, two members of the Living Theatre who wanted to breast the problems imposed on the actor by the Theatre of the Absurd and the new "abstractionism" of certain young American playwrights. They knew that method training, which is common to American actors, did not suffice, and they began to meet regularly in an informal workshop with a group of actor and writer friends to find out what would. In the five years of its existence, the group has held onto the objective to make visible in acting and staging those untidy masses of emotional and psychic experience which the absurdists, Pinter, and the new American writers have tapped, to mine aspects of human experience which naturalism, realism and what has been called "the

narrative fix" obscure and, additionally, to find dramatic correlatives for the moral concerns and perceptions of the members of the group. As this work requires an opening up to unknown possibilities, through improvisation and other forms of stabbing around in the dark, control is inimical to it, and the Open Theatre has gone off on tangents and lived through several transformations. But Chaikin's drive to break new aesthetic ground has set and reset the purpose of the group.

Last fall, after a year which was largely given over to performing Megan Terry's *Viet Rock* and Jean-Claude van Itallie's *America Hurrah*, Chaikin organized his most ambitious workshop to date. For fifteen or so hours a week throughout the fall, winter and spring, he met with twenty-five actors to explore the Book of Genesis. The group started by illustrating certain of the Biblical episodes, but soon entered a process which Chaikin has called "projecting ourselves into images and questions" raised in these episodes. That is, the group improvised on the themes in the Bible stories, loss of innocence, personal alienation and deprivation, victimization, self-repression. Toward the end of the year, Chaikin and van Itallie, the writer attached to the project, took scissors and paste to material which the group had created by improvisation, and revised it radically, sometimes in consultation with the actors, sometimes by fiat. The result, a performance piece called *The Serpent*, is a group meditation on the human condition

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and its sources in myth, as edited by the director and the chief writer of the group.

The piece makes many statements, conveying them in a series of discrete scenes, some Biblical, some contemporary. There is no narrative, and although the scenes relate in various ways to a concept of what the serpent is, this does not have the focus of a theme. The dramatic language is more physical than verbal. Sometimes illustrative, sometimes abstract and frequently symbolic, the physical life of the piece spills off the stage into the auditorium, where the actors attempt *rapprochement* with the spectators. Van Italie likes to think of the work as a ceremony rather than a play: a ritualized statement of the company's beliefs and concerns, which would conceivably stand for those of the audience as well.

I saw the Open Theatre perform *The Serpent* in Munich, Vienna, Geneva and Zurich. In each city, the originality of the work quite clearly took the spectators by surprise. Not many of them could have seen anything like this riotous and fervid event in a theatre before. But the responses of the several audiences—what they did when confronted with novelty—varied considerably from place to place. The Viennese, whether by temperament or the mood of the moment, were blatantly indisposed to it. Some seemed angry and disgusted and made clattering departures in the middle of things; others disapproved by receding into stony inertness; in a word, they were annoyed. The actors could not but sense the pettiness in that response, and their work began to seem antagonistic and defiant. Obviously there are traditions to violate in Vienna—not only theatre traditions but notions of proper behavior as well—and where bourgeois attitudes are so palpable, a work like *The Serpent* will inevitably challenge them.

Geneva's response to the novelty, on the other hand, was spirited and open. That audience was the most cosmopolitan I have ever been part of anywhere: society, businessmen, intellectuals, Bohemians, even some hippies, made up what struck me as a wonderful heterogeneity. The general *élan*, beyond reminding one that this was French territory, suggested that these spectators anticipated an event of moment. The company was at its most zestful and proffering that night. The inevitable, abrupt departure during a scene which illustrates the begetting of the generations ("Vous acceptez des choses pareilles?"; an ancient lady spoke out as she scrambled past her neighbors, "*C'est une honte!*"), only accentuated the sense of event in this audience.

In Zurich, at the elegant, historical, prestigious Schauspielhaus, *esprit* was not in the air. Those who appreciated *The Serpent* considered it a phenomenon to

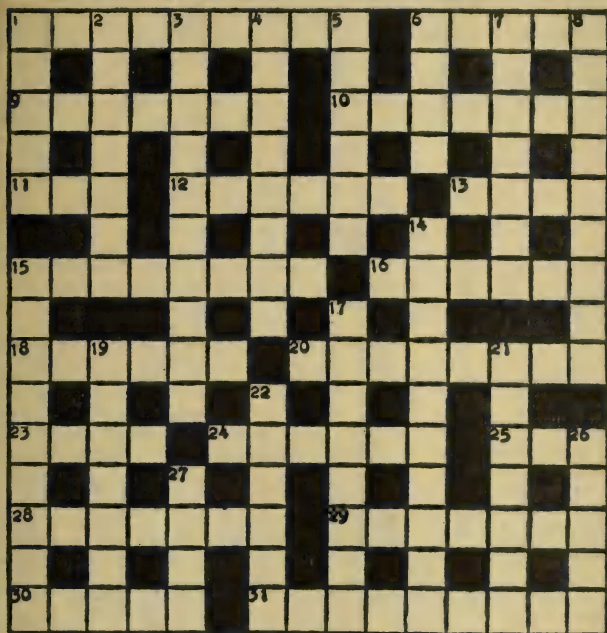
be admired rather than an experience to be relished. The majority, however, were bothered by the work, especially in the first-night audience, which included the middle-aged members of the old families which run the Schauspielhaus and everything else in Zurich. They are well-bred, educated, hence respectable and amiable, but they were clearly put off. Reserve also characterized the Munich audience, even though the performance took place at the Kammerspiel, a small theatre which is often used for experiment. The youngest of the spectators, the students, were delighted by the daring of the work, but on the whole the audience was respectful and stiff. Munich was the first city the troupe encountered after performing for a month to reportedly volatile audiences in Italy; the reserve unnerved some of the actors.

Of course, the actors unnerved the audience in every city when they descended into the house to rove the aisles, climb on empty seats, approach spectators, etc. The concept that the stage and the seats are separate spaces is extremely hard to violate in any locality. A spectator will look across the auditorium at an actor cavoring in a far aisle rather than attend to the one at his elbow. How precious distance is to theatregoers! When actors leave the stage a dazed look comes over the spectators; their eyes glaze as they attempt to avoid an unprogrammed encounter. This is a paradigm for the theatre experience as a whole. When a theatrical event there does not correspond to the known forms, spectators literally do not know how to react, even though they could deal competently with the same event if it emerged in real life. So (the young excepted), they tend not to react at all.

The new theatre, which attempts to open up the possibilities for a more direct encounter between players and spectators, faces this problem everywhere. But I think it faces it less in America than in Europe. Our greater pragmatism, activism, communality and greediness for experience make us more compliant before novelty and more appreciative before this kind of novelty, which in general terms is the gesture of solidarity. If the European is more inclined to subsidize, patronize and defend the *avant-garde*, he does so to a large degree as a matter of principle. On balance, the American seems more responsive, even if not responsive enough, to the experience of the *avant-garde* event itself. Now that the charitable foundations have come around to subvention of the experimental theatre—the National Endowment in a modest way, but to be renewed next year, and the Ford Foundation in a major way—it seems appropriate for our *avant-garde* to start staying home.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1260

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Handouts about to leave out the high spots of Italy? (9)
- 6 Large wine casks into which tobacco is put. (5)
- 9 Might be easily breakable, if large. (7)
- 10 Not out of date in an old writing implement. (2, 5)
- 11 and 22 down Vagabonds bring in stones illegally, it seems. (9)
- 12 Soak up, and rearrange on pegs. (6)
- 15 What one shouldn't move on to go over the care-taking organization? (3, 5)
- 16 One who doesn't eat quickly? (6)
- 18 Game that starts quiet, but the quiet at last is disturbed. (6)
- 20 Not one of the better elements of the Afro-English air service, by the sound of it. (8)
- 23 Sultanate where a female is likely to lose her head? (4)
- 24 Business proposal? (6)
- 28 Where one might expect to drop a coin on the floor of the car? (7)
- 29 How one might cheer the cabinet, perhaps. (7)
- 30 Far back in time, in general associated with the South. (5)
- 31 Are shaped differently to lead the attack!

DOWN

- 1, 25 across and 7 down Financial plan to hold off Communist retribution, perhaps. (8, 7)

- 2 Got an education from the most scholarly, obviously. (7)
- 3 The novel way trains meet in a wreck? (4, 6)
- 5 Weapons perhaps associated with an outrageous fortune. (6)
- 6 After-position? (4)
- 7 See 1 down
- 8 and 4 down The one who talks for the family? (That's why they call him "Mister") (7, 2, 3, 5)
- 14 One who gets 50 per cent of the action in the pool? (4-6)
- 15 Concerning the test of will, when unprincipled? (9)
- 17 The point of a pin, not exactly clean.
- 19 and 13 across Thirteen cards in something fairly close to bridge? (11)
- 21 It might provide breathing space for animal life. (3, 4)
- 26 "Or draw his frailties from their abode." (Gray's Elegy) (5)
- 27 Aspired to by set performers? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1259

ACROSS: 1 Song sparrows; 10 Orinoco; 11 Outface; 12 and 15 down Not by a long shot; 13 Potboiler; 14 Husbandman; 16 Very; 18 Lace; 20 Appointive; 23 Defending; 25 Erato; 26 Eremitic; 27 Hitite; 28 Short stories. DOWN: 2 Opiates; 3, Good-year; 4, Propped up; 5 Roost; 6 Option; 7 and 8 Shall we join the ladies; 9 Dearly beloved; 17 Anteater; 19 Coffers; 21 Imagined; 22 Indigo; 24 Inert.

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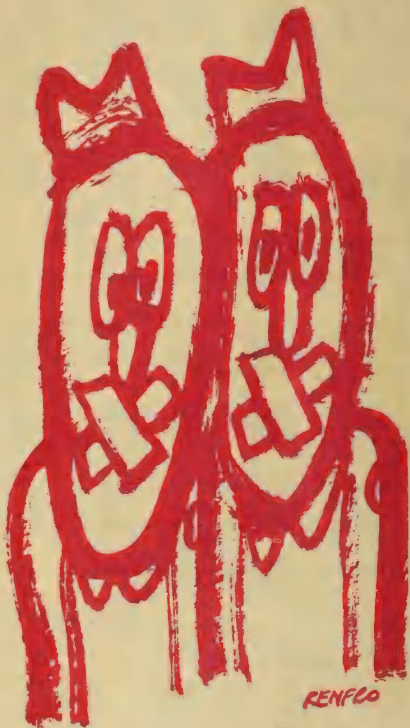
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STAGGERING COLOSSUS

**The Surprising Vulnerability
of Industrial Societies** NORMAN BIRNBAUM

DISCOVERING SPIRO AGNEW

RICHARD O'MARA

Political Science **The Battle for Relevance**

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LETTERS

angry dove

Milwaukee, Wisc.

DEAR SIR: I have been a card-carrying Democrat since 1954 (age 18), my positions in the party including Wisconsin delegation chairman to the 1957 Reno Young Democratic National Convention, election as Democratic ward committeeman in 1958, delegate to the 1959 YDCA convention in Toledo, re-election as Democratic Committeeman and losing by five votes for Democratic Assemblyman in 1960. Also in 1960, I served as Sen. Hubert Humphrey's Milwaukee County delegation election chairman (County caucus). Marguerite Webb, my mother, was a 1956 Wisconsin Kefauver delegate to the National Democratic Convention in Chicago. . . .

During the 1956 primaries, Kefauver material was available at our Milwaukee Democratic headquarters on an equal basis with Stevenson's or the administration's "favorite son." Though the administration was cool to fans of Estes they were tolerant. In 1960, both Humphrey and Kennedy material was equally available. In 1964, it was absolute unity behind the "peaceful and liberal" Johnson-Humphrey team. Then enter decay.

Not even tolerance existed toward the McCarthy people; it was open hostility. Hints of Joe McCarthy's reincarnation seemed to plague the Eugene McCarthy people . . . Not in spite of but because of my fourteen years of liberal service to the Democratic Party, I want it publicly known to National Chairman John Bailey and party boss Richard Daley that this is one dove that will not roost with hawks! If Hubert Humphrey is the party's nominee, I shall let my membership terminate and will urge other abused progressive and rank-and-file Democrats to do the same.

John F. Webb

Former Democratic Committeeman

Moravia's Fiction

Flushing, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: By starting out with a prejudice that the Great Wall still symbolizes the psychology as well as the social, economic and political system of China, Alberto Moravia puts his entire article out of focus ("Lobster Land: A Traveler in China," *The Nation*, Aug. 19). Present-day China's means of production and distribution are Socialist; her educational system, her health services, her approach to Confucianism, the peasantry, industrialization and her rightful place in the world are as different as missiles are from stagecoaches. China, incidentally, trades with more than ninety nations in the world. Does that make her isolated and conservative? Is her call for more and more Vietnams an example of circumscribed views? Mr. Moravia is indeed a writer of fiction.

Leonard Boyer

Kennedy people

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIR: Your editorial on the subject of Kennedy supporters vs. McCarthy ("The 'No Chance' Candidate," Aug. 5) displayed an appalling lack of sensitivity. McCarthy and his supporters, however righteous they may seem to you, are not entirely free of blame for anti-McCarthy sentiment. (I speak as a former Kennedy supporter who now supports McCarthy.) The feeling of Kennedy supporters is that Kennedy conducted a fairer and more open-minded campaign than McCarthy and that he was far better informed than McCarthy. Whether or not this attitude is correct, if you are courting our support you should pay more heed to our feelings than to state that this belief does not have "enough substance to call for a rebuttal." . . .

Wm. James Roberts

EDITORIALS

Brutal and Stupid

The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia is brutal and stupid aggression, executed in open defiance of the UN Charter, and carried out under cover of double-talk so inept and fraudulent that one wonders why Mr. Malik even bothered to mouth it to the Security Council. The aggression was directed not against an unfriendly power or at "counterrevolutionary" elements but against a Communist regime whose unshakable fraternal bonds with the USSR had just been reaffirmed at Bratislava.

The aggression is as stupid as it is brutal. From the outset, the Soviets handled the Czech attempts at liberalization and reform with extraordinary clumsiness. Initially they overreacted, then they tried to extricate themselves from their threats and menacing maneuvers by staging the ludicrous Bratislava "summit," and now they have put themselves in the position of having committed open aggression against another Communist regime.

The hard-liners in the Kremlin decided to move in—there is evidence that the decision was taken abruptly—when they finally realized that Dubcek had the support not merely of an overwhelming majority of the Czech people but of a decisive majority within the party. In brief, no plausible Quislings were available for use in a serious challenge to Dubcek, and he was certain to receive strong support at the party meeting in September. Not knowing what else to do, the hard-liners set the tanks rolling toward Prague. But they have not crushed the Czech people nor have they, except for the short term, eliminated the "threat" of freedom in Eastern Europe. By acting as they did, the Soviets have not checked the contagion: on the contrary, they have assured its rapid diffusion throughout Eastern Europe and within the U.S.S.R. as well. And now they have 14 million sullen, hostile and extremely uncooperative Czechs on their border.

While the Soviet aggression is certain to be self-defeating in the long term, it has dangerous present implications. It probably reflects a shift of power to those within the Politburo who would smother the promising beginnings made toward a détente with the United States. It has given arms spending here an unneeded boost; the prospects for arms control, particularly in the missile field, have been set back, at least for the time being. Momentarily, the Soviet aggression will strengthen the American hard line, though perhaps not as much as it now seems to do. It has created new difficulties for the McCarthy-McGovern-Kennedy forces on the eve of the Democratic convention and it may have improved Nixon's chances.

But Soviet aggression in Europe does not justify American aggression in Vietnam. Washington's moral and political position at the UN would be immeasurably strengthened had we not acted as we have in Vietnam, in Cuba (Bay of Pigs), and in the Dominican Republic.

Moreover, the reaction to the Soviets' latest aggression provides striking confirmation that the "monolith" of Communist power is breaking up. The invasion has been opposed by the Yugoslav and Romanian regimes and by

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the Communist parties of Italy and France; Peking has denounced it as a shameful act. The Soviet aggression emphasizes the need for a reorientation of American policy along lines recommended by McCarthy, McGovern, Kennedy, Mansfield, Fulbright and other critics. When the U.S. Ambassador at the UN can speak with such vehemence in defense of the sovereign rights of a Communist state, it is surely time for us to reconsider the sterile "anti-Communist" positions of the cold-war period. The demand for peace is much too strong to be reversed by an act of aggression which has isolated the Soviet Union and brought down upon it the nearly universal condemnation of world opinion, including the condemnation of Communist parties and Communist regimes.

Why is it, Neal Ascherson asked in the London Observer of July 25, that the Soviets, who show considerable flexibility and adroitness in external relations with other powers, seem incapable of dealing with disputes within the Communist bloc except by invective, menace and force? His answer: "There is no machinery, not even a language in which the inevitable tensions [within the bloc] can be discussed. The Russians behave as though the situation of forty years ago survived"—that is, when they could issue orders to the world Communist movement.

Arnold Toynbee recently pointed out that when an authoritarian power, either a nation or an institution, East or West, asserts its authority nowadays, it is usually a sign that it feels it is in danger of losing control. The quandaries in which these staggering colossi, including the United States and other Western powers, find themselves (see article page 167) is of their own making; they have lost touch with contemporary realities. In deciding to assert themselves, as Toynbee notes, "they have failed to take account of a new factor in human affairs; the wind of freedom that, by the spread of education, is blowing mightily today all over the face of the globe."

We are not living today in the age of iron-steel-and-coal communism, when millions of people could be shoved into mines and factories, but in an age of electronics, when scientists and technicians—and intellectuals of all sorts—constitute the class which makes the post-industrial society work (even though it seems strange to think of them as constituting the "working class"). The hard-liners in the Kremlin should reread the 10,000-word essay by Academician Andrei Sakharov (published in full in *The New York Times* July 22), in which he pointed out that "intellectual freedom" is "essential for human society" and the "key to a progressive restructuring of the systems of government in the interests of mankind."

This latest example of aggression by one of the surviving "dinosaur" great powers was, then, basically an act of panic, stemming from the inability of Soviet conservatives to think of any other way of reacting to what they saw as an unexpected turn in human affairs. Not knowing what else to do, the hard-liners succumbed to the "falling dominoes" fallacy, much as Rusk and Rostow succumbed to it in Southeast Asia. "Like America," to quote Ascherson again, "the Soviet Union fails to distinguish the strategic challenge from the political. This means that Czechoslovakia" (he was writing, of course, before the invasion) "though loyal to the Warsaw Pact, is treated like an

enemy, though it is difficult to see how, in the atomic age. Soviet security is served by bullying a small neighbor who could be a prosperous ally into sullen submission, good for nothing." The "staggering colossi" should take note of what is happening to old-fashioned power-politic concepts in the post-industrial world. These colossi, East and West, are much more vulnerable than they think.

Cowboy Around His Neck

The inescapable lesson of the preparations for the Chicago convention is that Lyndon B. Johnson cannot help being himself. Through Boss Richard Daley, his chosen instrument, Mr. Johnson is doing his damndest to run the convention, and so far his prospects for success seem good. Another efficient trouble-shooter, Charles Murphy, has been called in to lead the fight on the Vietnam plank, the one closest to the Presidential solar plexus. Mr. Johnson himself lent a hand here by his surprise stopoff in Detroit to receive the applause of the Veterans of Foreign Wars for his determination to save the people of South Vietnam from any tyranny but our own.

The visit had to be a surprise for security reasons, but Mr. Johnson presumably timed it so as to sandbag those who are trying to talk sense about Vietnam and save the Democratic Party. This in a very broad sense includes Vice President Humphrey, who has the additional incentive of trying to save his own political neck. This natural impulse on Humphrey's part was not furthered by the visits of the President and Richard Nixon to the assembled veterans. As Johnson breezed in, Dick breezed out, and they chatted by radio telephone. Jolly Dick bantered that he had "warmed up" the old soldiers for LBJ, and the latter, entering into the spirit of the exchange, expressed his thanks. The Associated Press reported that the Nixon and Johnson views on Vietnam were very similar. This raises a question: if Nixon's views are close to Johnson's, how far are Humphrey's views from Nixon's?

It is worth noting that the VFW boys, normally the most predatory of hawks, did not receive Mr. Johnson tumultuously—even when he sought to arouse them by departing from his text to accuse the North Vietnamese of creating a "blood bath" (in which, it may be pointed out, their losses in killed are about ten times ours). What must have been Humphrey's thoughts when he read the remarks of his superior? His tumbling act was difficult enough before Detroit—trying to remain outwardly loyal while also trying to comply with the desires of the millions of voters who abhor both the war and its prime escalator—but at Detroit the President made it well-nigh impossible. His performance there raises the suspicion that in moments of wrath and frustration Johnson says to himself that if he can't run again because of the damned reaction to the war, no Democrat will succeed him.

It is little wonder, then, that political seers like Jesse Unruh now look askance at Humphrey. They may sympathize with his plight but politics is politics, and when defeat looms it is every man for himself. One of Unruh's assistants was quoted recently as saying, "Humphrey's got the cowboy [Johnson] around his neck and the guy's kill-

ing him." He is also killing the party's chances, helping Nixon, and putting Democratic nominees for office, high and low, on a tough spot. Such disarray has not been seen since conventions began.

If this is Mr. Johnson's intention—or, more likely, a by-product of his current distemper—he must be willing to take the risk of aiding McCarthy while ruining Humphrey. The possibility may be slim, but with Humphrey falling behind Nixon in the polls and McCarthy holding his own, there is always the chance that a sizable number of delegates will say to hell with the war, abandon the unfortunate candidate who cannot dissociate himself from it, and take a chance on McCarthy, who can afford to be forthright with no cowboy around his neck.

The Absent-Minded Press

The press has an irritating way of flushing out an important story and then dropping it or not relating it to what has gone before. In reporting a deposition hearing in Washington, *The New York Times* recently informed its readers that Walter Sheridan, former Justice Department employee (he headed the so-called "Hoffa Squad"), had obtained \$3,000 in cash from Stephen E. Smith, who handles finances for the Kennedy family. This he intended to pass along to Robert Vick, a key witness in the case against Hoffa. The money was placed in an envelope which Sheridan gave to Vick without discussing its contents. Later Sheridan and Vick met in the offices of an attorney in Washington for the purpose of having a promissory note drawn which would evidence a "loan" of \$3,000 to Vick—who, according to Sheridan, had suffered financially because he had testified as a witness against Hoffa. But the attorney advised that the transaction "might look improper," and Sheridan returned the \$3,000 to Mr. Smith in New York. Sheridan had previously arranged for the Department of Justice to pay \$675 to bring the Vick family to Washington for a visit. At an earlier date, the Department had paid Vick \$1,340.80 to cover expenses for four visits to Washington, and had arranged for him to remain on the payroll of the Nashville Police Department (without working) for a period of five months after he had testified.

These disclosures need to be related to certain facts which were brought out at the Hoffa trial. On Sheridan's authorization, the Department of Justice had paid some \$1,500 from its "confidential fund" to the wife of Edward Grady Partin, another key government witness, although its representatives had denied making payments to Partin for anything other than regular witness fees and expenses. The payments to Vick carry the same suggestion of impropriety as the payments to Mrs. Partin. Unless they are experts, witnesses are not paid to testify (though they are of course entitled to per diem statutory witness fees, mileage and actual expenses); nor are they compensated for inconvenience or loss of income.

This solicitude for key witnesses should be related to still another recent development. Not long ago the Department of Justice asked the federal courts to dismiss a number of serious criminal prosecutions pending against

Partin, who had been "planted" as an informer in Hoffa's defense headquarters. The motion was denied.

Will these cases now be brought to trial? The Department's failure to prosecute Partin with the same vigor with which it prosecuted Hoffa will give rise to an inference that it had an understanding with Partin that the cases against him would be dropped if he agreed to be an informer. Developments such as these lend substantial confirmation to the misgivings which *The Nation* has consistently voiced about the methods used to secure Hoffa's conviction (see "The Hoffa Trial" by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation*, April 27, 1964).

Worrying About Wallace

George Wallace is no peanut-size demagogue and there is good reason for politicians to be worried about him—and not only the full-time politicians but politicians of the labor movement and labor leaders in general. *Business Week* (August 17) comments on the appeal that Wallace has for the rank and file of labor, as well as for unorganized workers. In a recent poll of a New Jersey plant local of the relatively progressive United Auto Workers on Presidential preferences, Wallace won in a landslide with 430 votes, Nixon coming in second with 92. In Willow Springs, Ill., a 2,900-member UAW local voted 315 for Wallace, 33 for Nixon, with some scattered votes. The officials may be whistling in the dark when they point out that less than 15 per cent of the membership took part and that the result might not reflect "true sentiment." AFL-CIO rank-and-file sentiment for Wallace has been a matter of national concern for some time.

Why does organized labor (with some honorable exceptions) find itself in this position?

(1) For twenty-five years—a full generation—social idealism has been almost totally absent from the American labor movement. Organized labor has been a junior partner in the cold war and has got fat in the process.

(2) Hardly anything even resembling an educational program has been carried on by organized labor since the inception of the cold war, so that there has been nothing to counteract the moral deterioration which labor has suffered along with other segments of society.

(3) Contested elections for union office have been rare, largely because expert redbaiting has clobbered the opposition before it could get under way. Many incumbent officers have come to look on their jobs as a vested interest.

(4) The so-called "new breed" in the trade union movement does not remember the Great Depression, much less the epic labor struggles of the 19th century, and has very little sense of what a union movement should be.

But that is only part of the story. It is difficult to feel sympathetic toward the Wallace following, and emotionally gratifying to refer to them as boobs and jerks, as some commentators are in the habit of doing. But it is better sociology to see some of the issues as the Wallace supporters see them. Caught in an inflationary situation, they feel they are being "squeezed," as in fact they are. Most of these low-status workers are going to stay about

where they are economically, and they are well aware of it. In the mass media, in Congress and in many corporations they see a great fuss being made about the blacks, but no one is making a fuss about them. They feel excluded from the two-party system, and to a large extent they have been.

Their insecurities are heightened by fear of losing status. After all, the only status they have is the fact that Negroes are below them on the ladder—Negroes and welfare recipients. They may feel fairly confident that they can keep off welfare (so long as they stay healthy), but they want also to stay above the Negroes. George Wallace conveys to them (in the code language which he and they understand) that as far as he has anything to say, they will do so.

What underlies this form of racism is the fear of failure—the cardinal sin in American society. Failure may take many forms, some real and some phantasmal. When they listen to Wallace, these workers feel their worth. When he attacks "smart folks who have been looking down their noses at you in Washington," they love it. For the moment, they feel as good as anybody.

Keep an Eye on Georgia

A primary election of extraordinary importance is scheduled for September 11 in Georgia, the state where Lester Maddox reigns as governor and yearns to turn the Democratic Party back to the good old days of the Confederacy. Maynard Jackson, a 30-year-old Atlanta lawyer, is challenging the incumbent, Herman E. Talmadge, for his seat in the U.S. Senate. That would be extraordinary enough for Talmadge, thought as unbeatable in Georgia. But, to make things more interesting, Jackson is a Negro.

Although it is highly unlikely that Jackson can beat Talmadge, the point is that if he can make a good showing against the Senator, his campaign will have long-term and salutary effects on Georgia politics. After Maddox's performance, the sensible people of the state will do all they can to keep demagogues out of office. Talmadge comes honestly by a somewhat higher grade of demagoguery than that of Maddox. The fact that Jackson has no trace of the demagogue in him may prove attractive to some whites. More important, however, is the Negro vote. It is already a factor in Georgia, and Jackson could make the state truly biracial in politics.

Georgia has some 350,000 registered Negro voters and about 1.45 million white voters. Jackson is running against Talmadge in the Democratic primary, and some of the whites will vote in the Republican primary, the first Georgia has had in recent times. Another group of whites will vote for anybody opposing Talmadge, who has his share of enemies; these are poor voters for the most part, and Jackson may appeal to their populist sentiment. They call Talmadge "king of the hams," a reference to a widely sold Talmadge brand. Assuming that Jackson gets 300,000 Negro votes and 200,000 white votes, not only Georgia but the whole country would take notice.

Jackson is not running as a Negro but as a Georgian. He is in fact, a fifth-generation native of the state. He is

opposed to Maddox but takes no position as between Humphrey and McCarthy—which would only alienate potential supporters and not help McCarthy. However, his position on national affairs is fairly close to that of McCarthy: he calls for a halt in the bombing of North Vietnam and intensified diplomatic efforts.

He did not get into the race until June, when emotion played a part in his decision: His daughter was born on the day Martin Luther King was assassinated. He was watching TV when the news of Robert Kennedy's assassination was broadcast. Then he decided something had to be done, and that he could do as much as anybody.

In the short time he has been active, he has built up a good organization. Talmadge says that it would take \$1 million to run a strong campaign against him. Jackson doesn't have a million, or anything like it, but lots of \$5 and \$10 contributions are coming in and a very interesting situation is developing. Even the mass media may discover it before September 11; if not, they may have to feature it on September 12. Robert G. Sherrill will discuss Jackson's campaign, and those of two other Southern Negroes, in the *Nation* of September 9.

'Playing God'

Some weeks back we asked former Gov. Edmund G. Brown for a statement on capital punishment. We knew that during his years in Sacramento the death penalty was a source of grievous torment to "Pat" Brown, a notably

fair-minded and kindly man who has always opposed capital punishment. So we thought it important to discover what he thinks about the death penalty today, now that he is no longer governor and does not have to worry about the politics of it. Here is his response:

The governor of the largest state in the Union has a tough job, but the toughest part of it by far is "playing God"—deciding whether a man should live or die.

I had fifty-nine men and one woman condemned to the gas chamber come before me during the eight years I was governor of California. There was not a single one for whom a case for clemency could not be made. There was not a single one whose crime was not atrocious and premeditated.

What do you do in order to uphold the law and your sworn oath to faithfully carry out all the laws of this state? Do you yield to the misguided but sincere people who are appalled by the crime of the criminal and feel that only death is the answer? Do you endanger all of the other things that you are trying to do as governor by losing the support of the majority of the people who believe in the death penalty, or do you extend mercy by using the clemency power that the Constitution gives only to the governor?

I tried to resolve this dilemma by personally scrutinizing every case after the defendant had exhausted every remedy that he may have had in the courts. I personally conducted a hearing in the governor's office.

I commuted only eighteen of the sixty cases. As I look back on these cases, I wish that I had commuted every single one. Capital punishment is not doing a single solitary bit of good and should be repealed and life in prison should be substituted.

Riding Shotgun in Watts

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

A Los Angeles newspaper reported: "In the pre-dawn hours, 103rd Street had the look of occupied territory with police officers patrolling—four inside each car with a black-helmeted officer riding shotgun on the front fender."

Not only did 103rd Street, which runs through the black ghetto of Watts in south central Los Angeles, take on the appearance of occupied territory, it *was* occupied territory. A few hours before, around midnight of August 11, a two-hour gun battle between police and scattered groups of ghetto blacks had left three black men dead, six policemen and thirty-five others wounded. A helicopter, circling low overhead in the darkness, swept the ghetto rooftops with a searchlight to locate potential snipers.

The violence erupted at the close of the week-long third annual Watts Summer Festival, which had been organized to create a sense of community identity and pride after the August, 1965, uprising. The arrest of a woman suspected of drunkenness at the park where the festival was held apparently ignited the outburst on August 11, just as

the arrest of a youth on a drunken driving charge had started the 1965 holocaust. The festival crowd began throwing rocks and bottles at the police and the exchange of gunfire followed. Who started firing first—members of the crowd or the police—is under dispute. In response to radio calls for help, hundreds of additional officers converged on the scene.

If the arrest of the woman had not taken place, any other minor incident could have set off the violence. The black community had been seething since the previous Monday when three youthful blacks, members of the militant Black Panther Party, were killed on the edge of the ghetto in a gun fight in which two policemen were seriously wounded. Police said the blacks opened fire, and Black Panther leaders said the police shot first.

The two gun battles within a week's time were the latest in a recent rash of violent incidents in the Los Angeles ghetto. In sorting out the conflicting reports, one fact became evident. The police are now regularly confronting armed blacks in the ghetto area. On the fifth day of the Watts Festival, police in a squad car reported that they were fired upon while cruising near an interracial housing project. They arrested eight men, reporting that one was

armed with an automatic pistol. All were booked on suspicion of assault with intent to commit murder.

And a second fact is emerging in Los Angeles: an alliance is growing between the Mexican-American community and the blacks. At a Los Angeles City Council hearing, one Mexican-American witness said, "Our barrios and ghettos are already concentration camps, heavily guarded by your so-called good police force. We charge that it is not the community that is responsible for the violence or the social disorder, but rather it is the policy of the City Council and the practices and policy of the police department which are responsible."

The Mexican-Americans and the blacks pressed these demands upon the council:

"Stop legal killing by police."

"Stop wholesale arrests" of minority citizens.

"Stop intimidation, illegal detention and illegal search" of blacks and Mexican-Americans.

"Reduce the concentration of police in black and brown communities."

One youthful Mexican-American told the Council: "Make no mistake about it; there is a war between our communities and the police, and it can be fought at the negotiating table, or in public hearings, or, if you choose, in the streets." And a black witness said: "We're tired of police harassment, we're tired of police brutality, we're tired of the murders of our black and brown brothers, we're tired of being arrested on every trumped-up charge."

Chief of Police Tom Reddin, now considered by many in the minority communities to be a soft-spoken version of his predecessor, the late iron-handed William H. Parker, replied: "We were not the ones who opened fire."

After the week of violence in Los Angeles and amid the welter of contradictory claims, it was impossible im-



mediately to determine the cause. But such a determination, if it could have been made, would be largely irrelevant. The relevant facts, long known and characteristic of every ghetto in America are these: The unemployment rate in Watts is 13.1 per cent, compared to the community-wide rate of 4.3 per cent. The sub-employment rate in Watts, including those who work but have a substandard income, is 30 per cent. Thirty-five to 45 per cent of black children drop out before they finish high school; hundreds of Negro families have no father living in the homes; community services, from garbage collection to transportation to medical care, are often nonexistent, and when available are far below standards elsewhere.

Into this center of misery, the city sends the police, much as an old colonial power used the troops to pacify the natives. The police, frequently hostile and always afraid, must cope with a situation approaching guerrilla warfare and caused by conditions created and tolerated by the larger society. The police in the field, mostly young men in their 20s, are also victims of this domestic invasion—just as American soldiers killed in Vietnam are victims of their country's aggression abroad.

STAGGERING COLOSSUS

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

Mr. Birnbaum, founding editor of the New Left Review (London), will become professor of sociology at Amherst College in September. Mr. Birnbaum is the author of Theory of Industrial Society, soon to be published by Trinity College Press. This essay is written in honor of the late C. Wright Mills.

I

Industrial society—East and West—is in crisis, and the intensity, the pervasiveness, the continuing acceleration of the crisis have taken all of us (including that society's bitterest critics) by surprise. Only yesterday we were being assured that our Western societies were immune to severe disruption. The satisfied liberals argued that the societies were so pluralistic as to be monolithically stable, that they rested on so much consent that dissent was gratuitous. The disappointed Socialists held that pluralism was a

sham, that a simulacrum of consent had been engineered, and that one day the truth would out—but not now, nor in the foreseeable future. The conservative critics of mass society supposed that most men had forgotten their higher nature in the pursuit of consumer goods, and yearned for a lost ideal of purpose, station and community. The radical critics insisted that human potential had been extirpated by bureaucratic power, that opposition itself had become an existential gesture rather than a meaningful political act.

About the State Socialist societies in Eastern Europe, there were even fewer differences. The monopoly of power exercised by the state parties might be improved in appearance by certain concessions to popular opinion, but no fundamental institutional changes could be expected—the more so, as the workers (quite like their Western counterparts) were content to accept technocratic direction as long as their living standards improved. East and

West, only the intellectuals were left, nostalgically lamenting the more or less total disappearance of an image of man that was Promethean in its pretensions—and in its remoteness. The idea of men seizing their own destinies, refusing domination, remaking their societies, was possibly fit matter for university seminars on myth, but not a serious element in political discussion.

We were all of us wrong, to a greater or lesser degree, and the immediate point is to see clearly now. What we did was misjudge the stability—and probable length—of a phase of integration and consolidation in the politics of advanced societies. Even those of us who have been working in the Marxist tradition overestimated the staying power of modern systems of domination—or, put in another way, we had insufficient faith in the human capacity to refuse humiliation, deprivation and servitude, even when these have been inflicted in refined and veiled forms. Some of us, to be sure, were quicker to seize the movement of events than others: Mills, Harrington and Lynd in this country, the old Marxist Henri Lefebvre and the new ones André Gorz and Serge Mallet in France, Eric Hobsbawm, Ralph Miliband and Perry Anderson in England, Wolfgang Abendroth and Burkard Lutz in Germany, Ernst Mandel in Belgium, the group around Lelio Basso in Italy. I myself never managed to see straight, and this for a simple reason: never attached to the working-class movement, I moved between countries but almost always among intellectuals with approximately the same complaints. That others could share feelings of revulsion, disgust and despair at the way we had to live struck us as exceedingly unlikely, as if the only possible mark of humanity (despite our own immediate experience to the contrary in universities, on magazines and in publishing houses) were a doctorate.

What were the signs we misread? In the first place we underestimated the significance of the Third World's struggle against the older and newer forms of imperialism, or rather, its multiple meanings and consequences. On one level, the success of the Algerians and the Cubans in liberating themselves (in very different ways and against very different opponents) caused the imperialist powers to change their strategies. The French and the British (with the West Germans in tow) abandoned military occupation for economic penetration and manipulation. These forms of neo-colonialism were far from deceiving the radical elites in the Third World (none of whom believe, for instance, that the Katanga secession was not instigated from without). The new strategies increased the cost of imperialism, but did not bring many of the political gains attached to withdrawal from it.

The United States, by contrast, after the Cuban trauma went over to ever more naked military intervention in the Third World—culminating in the Vietnamese horror. The Third World did not resist in isolation: its populations found solidarity in the West, not among the working class but in cultural elites, particularly their younger members. Moreover, the spectacle of a China resurgent and experimenting with new political forms, made of the Sino-Soviet split and the "cultural revolution" factors of attraction not only for the Third World but for Western youth.

The liberal Western societies have been demonstrating,

quite unintentionally, the limits of liberalism in its alliance with imperialism. The Socialist lands of the East have been demonstrating, equally without intention, the limits of socialism in alliance with a single-party dictatorship and a bureaucratic state apparatus. The erosion of monolithic Communist state power is generally attributed to the series of popular upheavals which began in Germany in 1953, continued in Poland and Hungary, and have had consequences for opinion in the Soviet Union itself. It is sometimes forgotten that the personal frenzies shown by Stalin at the very end of his life (specifically, the "Doctor's plot" with its anti-Semitic undertones) were connected with uncertainties about policy which had already begun to divide the Soviet leadership. Among these difficulties one has persisted: as production increased, the supervision of a technological economy shifted from a small political directorate to a far larger grouping of skilled executives. These could hardly be terrorized on the one hand and entrusted with decisions on the other—not at any rate, in the long run. The bureaucrats themselves, in and out of the ruling parties, became restive under total political direction. When confronted with popular antipathy (for perfectly obvious reasons of economic deprivation and, outside the Soviet Union, of injured national pride), bureaucrats and technical intelligentsia preferred solidarity with their nation to loyalty to the dominant party elite. The resultant fissures in the Communist state system eroded still further the legitimacy of the party elites. Alternating repression and concessions, the ruling Communist parties have not mastered a process of political decomposition whose end is not yet in sight.

The revolt of the American under class, symbolized this summer by the construction and closing of Resurrection City in Washington, is equally a process whose beginning we may now understand but about whose end we can only speculate. Originated to overcome legal and conventional racial barriers in the South, it touched the good (or bad) conscience of America as long as it seemed confined to the issue of legal racial separation. As it widened into a demand for total economic integration in the American economy, for factual as well as legal equality, as it spread into the North and as the full dimensions of the cities' problems became clear (including the possible cost of solving them), the revolt met very great psychological and institutional resistance. The United States faces its most serious crisis since the Civil War precisely because its much celebrated consensus has been broken. What is astonishing in retrospect is the rapidity and totality with which the break occurred. For the moment, we may say that sad days are ahead for those with the effrontery to speak of a joyous politics—the more so should circumstances, unhappy for the rest of us, propel them into power.

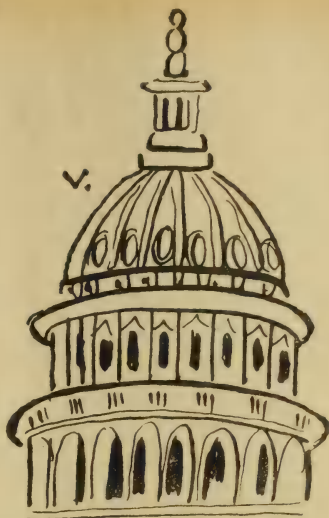
The relative quiescence of the working-class movement in Western societies has for so long preoccupied social critics that they have failed either to identify sure evidence of turbulence or to make some elementary distinctions. A working-class movement unable or unwilling to engage in total revolution is not necessarily one resigned to complacent collaboration with those in command of large-scale

property. Last spring's general strike in France took many by surprise, yet it was preceded by occasional eruptions of mass discontent, by peasant protest verging on *jacqueries*, by regional movements against economic and cultural asphyxiation, by events like the combined strike of mine workers and engineers in eastern France in 1963, by changes in the structure and temper of trade union leadership.

In West Germany, the acceptance by the Social Democrats of coalition with the Christian Democrats has by no means precluded angry working-class protest at unemployment in the Ruhr district and a gradual increase in the influence of more radical unions like the Metallurgical Workers. The Labour government in Britain has only with difficulty contained the unions more than restive at the government's wages and social investment policies. Belgium has had—quite apart from the linguistic or national quarrel—a continuing series of violent outbreaks of working-class protest. The recent shift of Italian working-class voters further to the left followed extreme union discontent with the economic and social policies of the Center-Left coalition. In the United States, the Auto Workers' break with the AFL-CIO perhaps indicates a renewed union militancy in the immediate future. The political integration of working-class parties in the political system, then, by no means signifies the total integration of the working class in the property system.

What has been dissolving, East and West, is the precarious integration that was attained by industrial societies about 1960. Any depiction of this is bound to resemble a caricature of the writings of integration's apologists. These seemed so plausible, however, because so nearly true—for a time. In the first place, whatever the cyclical and regressive phenomena in the West or the inefficiencies of the State Socialist version of planning in the East, industrial production and living standards were rising. The direction of society seemed to be in the hands of an increasingly technical elite who sought no legitimation apart from their successes in raising living standards. Meanwhile, a considerable enlargement in technical employment was associated with a boom in education: social mobility, and satisfaction of all the aspirations attaching to it, seemed within the reach of a good many—if only vicariously, through their children.

If the imperfections of the Western democratic system were many and if popular participation in the governance of society, economy and state was of necessity extremely restricted, periodic elections did assure a minimum of control of the rulers by the ruled—who in any case believed themselves to be partners in some common enterprise. At the same time, liberalization in the State Socialist countries was bringing nearer the happy if as yet still hypothetical condition of a *rapprochement* of the two great contending systems. Indeed, insofar as these societies improved their standards of living and technological capacities, or modernized themselves they would have to become more like our own societies. Were we not at the very culminating point of human history, and did not "modernization" entail the use of the computer, the automobile and the washing machine (with the indispensable aid of television, of course) to make everywhere like everywhere else, every



one like every other—and most of all, like America and Americans?

The initial critique of this highly bureaucratic vision of the good society was developed by the New Left. This movement was not an American invention. It began in the late fifties in Europe with the dual discrediting of Stalinist communism and reformist social democracy. The British journal *New Left Review* was founded in 1959, but was a fusion of two journals begun in 1956. The original aim of the European New Left was to reinvigorate the working-class parties. Communist and Social Democrat, by rethinking a socialism which had to be adapted to affluence, to changed global power relations, and to the lessons of the traumatic late forties and the fifties. It may seem surprising now, but the American New Left had a theory—given to it by the late C. Wright Mills—well before it developed a political practice. Mills's analysis of America was transposed to Europe by a certain number of Europeans—those who thought the American model not particularly worthy of emulation. In any case, our own American impression of the New Left as insistently atheoretic is extremely superficial. In Europe, the New Left has always regarded a theoretic reconstruction of socialism as one of its primary tasks, indeed as practically a preliminary to a political program. At the moment, Herbert Marcuse, a German who has lived in America for more than thirty years, is the most influential of New Left thinkers on both continents. One of the bases of his appeal is a clue to the sources of New Left energies everywhere: he is one of those rare old men who can speak to the young. As we shall see, the New Left to a considerable extent has been transmuted into a youth movement. This accounts, here and in Europe, for its frequently instinctual repudiation of old political forms, movements and prac-

tices. It also accounts for a split between the working class and intellectual elements in the New Left—which in turn explains the chaotic nature of the campaign against the present system of domination in industrial society. Before examining the campaign itself, I want to diagram briefly the vulnerabilities, the inner contradictions, of that system.

II

East and West, the system rests on doctrines of popular representation and consent and on facts which induce compliance in the absence of representation and consent. In the State Socialist societies, elaborate—indeed, obsessive—charades of electoral legitimization have abounded for years. These, along with educative campaigns in mass organizations, in places of work, in neighborhoods, have had the function of enlarging popular comprehension of state policy, of increasing the sense of participation. But the obvious narrowness of the limits of choice, highly inadequate access to information other than that dispensed by those with opinions to implant—the sense of participating in a ritual rather than in a process of decision—have apparently contributed to a pervasive resentment in these societies, a sense of being played with.

It is surprising, on the face of it, that the free party organization of the Western societies has not had antithetical



effects. Part of the explanation may lie in the bureaucratic nature of many of the parties, in their domination by cliques and groups of interests and notables. Even the mass working-class parties of Western Europe, the Communists in France and Italy, the Social Democrats in Germany, the Labour Party in Britain, have usually seemed like textbook examples of party oligopoly brought to life. Pressured by government, by propertied and ideological interest groups outside it, frequently defied or baffled by the state technicians responsible for the daily exercise of power (or rather, not responsible for it, since relatively uncontrolled), parliaments propose but do not dispose, protest but do not initiate, complain but do not command. In the circumstances, a deep popular skepticism about democratic process has taken root even in societies with democratic traditions.

It is a common view among social thinkers that industrial societies, East and West, are evolving toward some form of technocratic elitism. Important decisions, it is held, are in the hands of controllers (not owners) of large-scale property. Technical experts have replaced political amateurs in sphere after sphere of the state, and in the

economy itself engineers, programmers and lawyers have replaced mere entrepreneurs. The technicians, it is argued, can dominate the politicians where they do not actually replace them, since they monopolize competence and experience.

There is no doubt that the technicians as a group have enlarged their power in the industrial systems of both East and West in the past decades. Equally, there is no doubt that their power has limits, set by their masters in each system: here, by the owners of large-scale private property; there, by the rulers of the state, the controllers of state property. Finally, there is a dimension of the entire system which escapes control, a way in which the apparatus imposes its own constraints upon those who think they command it, but actually serve it. This last mode of functioning gives industrial societies their dreadful impersonality. It is in response to this bleak remoteness that the politics of personality occurs, an emphasis which is a central mode of obscuring the real forces at work in society and a considerable contribution to the domestication of subject populations. Since in the long run personalization explains nothing, that domestication can and frequently does become sullen and resentful.

At the same time, the technocrats are at the apex of the most rapidly expanding group in the industrial labor force: the technical intelligentsia, composed of minor administrators, technicians, semi-professionals, intermediate state functionaries, teachers, mass communicators, and others like them. Without these, the routine work of the large public and private bureaucracies would be impossible.

The technical intelligentsia has an ambiguous relationship to the centers of power in society. Close enough to power to participate in the pickings, remote enough to be subordinated to it, the technical intelligentsia has as yet to develop a full consciousness of its own indispensability to the industrial system. Its unstable political disposition testifies to this ambiguity, which is rooted in the occupational contradiction experienced by most persons in the category. As individuals, their career chances depend upon the favors of their superiors; as members of the group, their interests and those of their superiors frequently conflict.

The vulnerabilities of a system of this kind are at this historical moment somewhat closer to the surface of events. In the first place, the system's chief claim to legitimacy is its sheer weight and factuality: it must be right, because it is there and it works. Insofar as it does not work, legitimacy can erode rapidly. Guerrillalike challenges to the system may well provoke violently repressive reactions on the part of large numbers whose psychological security depends upon believing what they are told. They may also produce chain reactions of discontent, by showing that the system can be disrupted with ease. Before the guerrillas can be recruited, however, a number of other processes have to intensify.

It has seemed recently that they have begun to do so. Disillusionment with parliamentary government is widespread in Western Europe, and faith in the legislative process cannot be said to be very high in this country. Indeed,

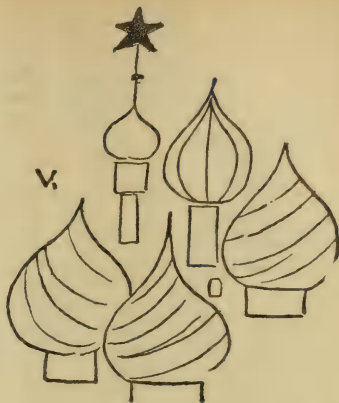
the probity of government itself is widely in question. A growing general conviction that politics is a racket may constitute a beginning point for critical reflection on the distinction between a true politics and a politics that is merely paid for. The evidence from the Communist nations suggests that official corruption in all of its forms, from outright theft to the peddling of influence and the more shadowy area of nepotism, is a continual irritant to populations constantly called upon to excel themselves in conformity to a new morality. These events apart, the unrepresentative effect of current systems of political representation has been increasingly felt by modern populations. Politics has indeed become professionalized, but it is a profession whose practitioners are curiously unable to satisfy their nominal clients.

The remoteness and opaqueness of many of the processes essential to the governing of modern societies has been a constant theme of social interpretation. Much has been written of "alienation," of "depersonalization," of the loss of a sense of true community. These analyses were and are invariably joined to an insistence that bureaucracy is here to stay, and carry a covert assumption: that modern populations would show more wisdom in collaborating with a rule of this sort than in combating it.

What has happened recently shows that resistance to bureaucratization may take quite varied forms. For one thing, the technicians may be called to account. For another, opaqueness and remoteness may be refused: the demand for openness, that decisions regarding important social questions be not only publicly questioned but made publicly, is the beginning of an attack on bureaucratization whose end is difficult to foresee.

III

The industrial societies, then, have been structurally vulnerable for rather a long period. How can we explain the relatively sudden realization of their potential fragility? At first thought it may seem that the revolt of the Third World against imperialism could have had only indirect effects on the internal stability of the advanced societies; but upon reflection, these may have been more direct than we realized. Within the past dozen years, imperialist wars have bitterly divided Britain, France and our own country. In Britain, the Suez episode of 1956 engendered neither civil disobedience nor governmental counter-repression; nevertheless, large numbers, among the educated in particular, did doubt the legitimacy of the Eden government because of its attack on Egypt. Staid organs of liberal opinion demanded its instant eviction from office in terms devoid of British restraint. The episode was brief but it also marked the beginning of the political disaffection of middle-class youth, subsequently expressed in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the campaign against apartheid in Africa. In France the Algerian War brought the fall of the Fourth Republic, the continuing conspiracy against the Fifth Republic by some of its original founders (including a part of the army), and support for the Algerian revolution from large numbers of intellectuals. The erosion of legitimacy in our country on account of the continuation of the Vietnamese War



hardly requires demonstration. It is useful to recall that it confirmed many of the American intellectual elite in their worst apprehensions about their country.

The Soviet Union, too, has had its imperial disasters. The Yugoslav heresy, the German rising, Polish revisionism, the Hungarian Revolution, Romanian independence, and now the Czech reforms constitute a chain of challenges to the Soviet Union which have had cumulative effects on the Soviet population—particularly on the intellectual and political elite. The economic and social gains of the Soviet population are impressive, but it remains a question whether, in the present crisis of legitimacy, some Russians may not see the Chinese model as offering hopes of a renaissance of revolutionary ardor and efficacy, a new route to the old goals of the revolution.

It is striking that, East and West, the vulnerability of power is greatest where it is in visible discord with its own professed ideals. Criticism, dissent, resistance and revolution legitimate themselves by measuring the existing institutions against acknowledged social values. The anti-institutional campaigns launched in this way, however, seem to produce their own values in a process intended by no one but which has enlarged (sometimes vertiginously) our historical experience. Consider the emergence of the movement for Black Power in the United States, and its cultural component, the demand for a recognition of the integrity, distinctiveness and excellence of Afro-American culture. The civil rights movement began with an ideology in part of Christian brotherhood, in part of American natural rights. The demand for integration took at face value the claims of the American political community. The idea of Black Power is in part a recognition that, for other ethnic groups, integration in that community has been a matter of integration as a group, not by the acceptance of its members as individual Americans. It has, however, departed from the normal discourse of American politics and sought justification not only in the interests of the American black population but in defining these through the lens of a new conception of

Afro-American culture. The conception is not entirely new; it is a particular version of doctrines of negritude developed by African intellectuals (chiefly in Paris) as a result of their encounter with European culture. The shift of opinions and tactics in the American Negro movement also reflects a conflict of generations. We have now to inquire into this conflict, the most profound expression to date of the general crisis.

IV

It seems only yesterday that David Riesman was describing the "found generation" in the American colleges: matter of fact, devoid of ideological enthusiasm or even political interest, concerned with personal relations and, above all, with individual careers, eager to move from campus to corporation and suburb. The German sociologist Helmut Schelsky found not dissimilar phenomena in his own country, and wrote a treatise on the "skeptical generation." The New Wave of French films included a depiction of Parisian youth, *Les Tricheurs*, which showed them with the same preoccupations: a privatized style of life. The respected Polish sociologist Jan Szepanski studied the children of workers and peasants in universities, and



came to the conclusion that they were more interested in advancing themselves in society than in the advance of Socialist society.

Conflicts of generation and youth movements, many with important student components, are not new. The outstanding novelties of the present situation, however, are three: the rapidity with which it has developed and is developing; its international and indeed intercontinental character; its rough ideological texture and cultural innovation. This last is attached, alas, to an often indiscriminate rejection by the young of everything they could inherit (a tendency especially pronounced in the most ahistoric of historical societies, our own).

When the New Left in this country and in Germany was still limited to small numbers of especially critical students, a mass movement of cultural innovation had begun

among working-class and lower-middle-class youth elsewhere in Europe. The emergence of groups of Pop artists, of self-entertainment among the young, altered the pattern of commercial exploitation of the popular arts. For once, these were made by the people (or some of them) rather than for them; absolute domination of this cultural market by the sellers changed into a frantic pursuit of the new tastes of new buyers. This movement spread to different class levels; the Beatles in England; the young *chansonniers* like Antoine in France; the folk singers like Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in America, had this in common: they spoke not alone of immediate and private concerns, but gave these general accents. They dealt with parents, with bosses, with the atomic bomb, with politicians. The increasing political awareness of the Beatles (some of whose early work was cretinous) is perhaps symptomatic of a larger tendency. For once, mass culture had as its content neither total escape from routine nor an ignoble capitulation to it but a modicum of criticism of it. In brief, the student revolt was anticipated in somewhat less intellectual groups.

A list of recent student revolts reads like an international directory of institutions of higher education. In these uprisings, political and educational revolt were and are difficult to distinguish. Indeed, it is a question whether the distinction between political and educational revolt is really tenable. Consider, to begin with, the recent crisis of higher education. Originally designed for a relatively small elite to be educated as future professionals, scholars, teachers and higher civil servants, the universities everywhere have had thrust upon them a multiplicity of functions: pure and applied research in the most varied fields, from physics to public health; the supply of expertise, as well as experts, to government and economy; the training of the new technical intelligentsia. All of this has had to be mastered by overworked (and often uninterested) teaching staffs, working within academic structures and programs designed for age classes sometimes one-third the size of the present entering classes and, in any case, formerly recruited to the universities almost entirely from culturally homogeneous bourgeois families.

Over-administered, over-organized, over-specialized, the large American universities are monuments to the simple credulity of academic Pooh Bahs who have believed that the repeated addition of divisions and functions would in the end add up to a new educational whole. What has emerged instead is a formless and inchoate training ground for a number of occupations, high and middle. Some Europeans admire the image of a university system perfectly adapted to the future requirements of manpower supply, and this is indeed an ideal congenial to many educational planners in this and other countries. (The German province of Baden-Württemberg has recently developed a plan for higher education which reads like the California Master Plan, translated into Swabian.) The difficulties with this conception are two. First, manpower training for this or the next decade will educate a generation quite unable to understand the decade after next. Second, the most articulate of the young want not training but an education, an opportunity to understand the implications for personal

choice of the present requirements of culture. The modern American university denies, explicitly, that education in this sense is possible; its European sisters suppose that it is—as long as culture can be stopped at about 1918, or (in more contemporary cases) 1939.

An outraged sense of relevance, an unfulfilled demand for moral significance, are at the bottom of the educational revolt—even if the students' conceptions of the changed university are often proof in themselves that the education they have received until now is entirely defective. To these sources of university protest must be added, of course, the familiar catalogue of academic pathologies: the absurd belief that in a period of the decomposition of parental authority, the universities can assume functions long since abandoned in despair by the real parents; the obsolescence of pedagogic technique on both continents; the generalized arbitrariness of university government. Finally, the association of the universities with the ruling elites, East and West, has made them accomplices of domination, and this willing collaboration seems to the young a form of political choice as transparent as it is abhorrent.

It is clear that I have been discussing the *avant-garde* in the universities—but one of the characteristics of periods of rapid cultural transition is that the *avant-garde* suddenly finds itself with large publics. Tens of thousands of students everywhere (millions in this country) go suddenly ahead with routine, but the *avant-garde* has within a decade succeeded in rendering the notion of academic routine suspect. It has done so by a relatively simple technique, and with the indispensable assistance of the constituted powers: a minimum of disturbance has been relied upon, with unerring insight, to produce a maximum of repression. Once used, the repressive apparatus may or may not be clothed again in the garb of civility, but the demonstration will nevertheless have been successful. Pedagogic rhetoric, public service ideology, technological busy work: behind these from now on can be seen the policeman's club.

The student *avant-garde* is especially attracted to political activity in new forms. Maoism's ostensible refusal of compromise with the bourgeois enemy is no doubt a cause of its popularity among the European students, but they are profoundly drawn by the notion that routine itself is reactionary, that only the permanent and all-pervasive revolution can prevent a lapse into the rigidity they see as the ineluctable result of organization. The same traits mark the American SDS and account for its ineffectuality as a national organization but its potency on specific campuses. (Even the German SDS, contrary to national political character, has been touched by this tendency.) The international political character of the libertarianism of the student protest movement suggests one of its meanings: it is an expression of the students' rejection of the bureaucratic careers for which their education has been preparing them. It is at this point that the students revolt against society and the student revolt against the universities have become one.

Initially, this analysis would seem not to apply to the students in the Communist societies, or to apply only very generally. It is no doubt true that some of their protest

stems from the conviction that their societies are insufficiently open to the technical or even technocratic direction so indignantly repudiated by their Western counterparts. But even in the West, it should be recalled, some student protest has this component: many student revolutionaries are studying disciplines like sociology whose practical application at present is narrowly circumscribed and entirely contained by the existing institutions of command and control. The students want jobs, but they want meaningful ones. If the Western students regard the State Socialist societies as nothing but another variant of bureaucratic domination, the Eastern ones do envy their Western contemporaries their relative freedom of organization and expression. As different as the particular circumstances of State Socialist society may be, some of the fundamental causes of the Western student revolt operate in the Communist nations as well: anger and contempt at the moral pettiness of the fathers, expressed by a new generation of sons; dismay at the flagrant contradiction between the liberating perspectives of Communist ideology and the constricting grayness of Communist routine.

Protest at an increasingly inhuman and mechanical world; a new cultural Ludditism, in which the workers seek to destroy the new means of production, the universities; the crystallization of a new political *avant-garde* among the bearers of a new global consciousness; an anticipatory strike by the most indispensable element in the future labor force, the technical intelligentsia of tomorrow—these are the possible interpretations of the student revolt. All are true to some degree, but in the particular interplay of national, academic and political traditions and generational discontent which marks each separate student revolt, one or another of these themes may become salient. For the moment, we may say that the offspring of industrial society's elite and its technical intelligentsia have denied the legitimacy as well as the efficacy of the educational process to which they have been subjected. They have moved from dissent and disobedience to organized revolt. In so doing, they have not hesitated to extend their campaign to the central political institutions of their societies.

V

To what extent is the student movement likely to be followed by others? That the American under class should violently reject the legitimacy of a political community which has visited upon it humiliation and poverty is not surprising; it now seems surprising only that it waited so long. The initial demands and gains of the civil rights movement both raised the expectations of the under class and taught it something about the vulnerabilities of the society. As half-measures, belated concessions, delay and repression met its further demands and demonstrations, the society's vulnerability increased. In the gradual destruction of that self-congratulation which for so long served America as a substitute for a theory and practice of community, groups other than the Negroes began to make their demands heard, if not felt. Mexicans, Indians, the poor in the Appalachians, Puerto Ricans, the aged, the white poor generally, became restive and often militant. The im-

possible seems to be happening: a coalition of the global under class in the Third World with the most exploited and neglected groups in the world's most powerful imperialist power.

But the disruptive and negative force of these American groups seems greater than their positive political capacity to remake American society; for this they need allies. So far, their allies have come from middle-class youth, and from a limited segment of that youth. Whether other groups in the great intermediate reaches of the American social structure can be mobilized to change the society seems doubtful, but the issue is by no means as foreclosed as it was a decade ago. The astonishing resonance of the housewives' purchasing strike, some time ago, suggests an untapped reservoir of discontent. Most middle-class males, in the meantime, are relatively quiescent. Most, however, work for large public or private bureaucracies, and it is significant that this is not alone the fastest growing segment of the labor force but the sector in which unionization is advancing most rapidly. The example of the schoolteachers to date is the most conspicuous, and if the spectacle of IBM's technicians occupying IBM's factories and research facilities as yet appears remote, it is not entirely unthinkable.

It is at this point that the theory of student revolt as an anticipatory strike by a critical segment of the future labor force offers hope for the future. In the Communist societies, the technical intelligentsia is restive and angry at dogmatic controls on the utilization of their technical competence. The equivalent of these controls, in the Western societies, is the primacy of market considerations over

the rational possibilities of technology. It remains, of course, for those who do the work in the technologically intensive industries to recognize the connections between their sub-ordination on the job and their deprivations as citizens.

The implantation of what is, in effect, the Socialist tradition into the technical intelligentsia (and into the elite) seems unlikely when it remains partly dormant in the working class. Yet European socialism in its prosperous periods depended upon the most skilled and best paid groups in the working class, and American union militancy has manifested a somewhat similar pattern. As the composition of the labor force changes, the technical intelligentsia may be thought of as its vanguard (if a remarkably well-paid vanguard). However, the available evidence to date for a structural change in the opinion and political comportment of the technical intelligentsia is highly fragmentary.

The participation of the working class in the general movement of dissent varies from society to society. In America, the organized working class has confined itself to the usual sorts of union campaign. In Germany, the unions were hostile to the student demonstrations which followed the attempted assassination of Rudi Dutschke. In France, however, the students' battle with the police won the sympathy of the workers—and the leaders of the unions and of the parties of the Left had to struggle to obtain command of a movement whose spontaneity obviously both surprised and discomfited them. The practically explicit collaboration between the regime and the Communist party in maintaining the Fifth Republic served to strengthen the conviction of many French students that the old Left is not a force for change. To what extent this conviction will spread to the younger workers it is not yet possible to say. The continuing militancy of the rank and file in the traditional centers of French unionism (automobiles, for instance) has been joined by the extremely radical position of the Left Catholic unions, strong in the technologically advanced industries. In entirely different circumstances, the Polish party has mobilized a certain amount of working-class opposition to dissident students, who are portrayed as anti-national and as seeking special advantages. Appeals of this sort in the factories by the Novotny faction failed in Czechoslovakia.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of events in the past months has been neither the student revolt nor working-class protest, but the seizure in France and Czechoslovakia of bureaucratic institutions by their highly dedicated personnel. I have said that evidence for change in the fundamental political attitudes of the intelligentsia remains fragmentary; here is some which suggests that the battle for self-determination and participation in the work place has been joined by part of the advanced labor force in nations which exemplify neo-capitalism on the one hand and neo-communism on the other.

For the rest, if the currents I have described are increasingly visible on the surface of events, the response of those threatened by the present decomposition of power may well retard, distort or block the libertarian goals. It



is easy enough to identify those whose interests are threatened: the imperial and party elites entrenched in the state apparatus, East and West; the rulers of large-scale property and the great bureaucratic patrons; the millions whose large prejudices and small security are menaced by any radical prospect of change in an order which has brought them a modicum, however modest or even derisory, of reward.

It should not be thought that the efforts of those in command of the present system are entirely devoted to repressing those who seek to replace them. Rather, the more prescient and supple of our rulers have attempted less to stem the tide than to canalize it. The recent espousal of the doctrines of "participatory democracy" by so unlikely a convert to New Left thought as Charles de Gaulle attests not alone his instinct for new historical forces but the supreme artistry of the epoch's most gifted technician of power when faced with the prospect of losing his own. If America has 40 million poor, their conversion into 40 million new customers is in fact an urgent priority. In the Communist societies, the recent disturbances in Belgrade University suggest that what but two decades ago was innovation has by now become rigidity. [See "Tito Digs the Students" by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, July 22.]

If, however, sufficient numbers in important sectors of society feel psychologically threatened by the new dimension of politics, a repressive consolidation of existing institutions may attract considerable mass support. The Gaullist counter-demonstrations in the French cities, the electoral rhetoric and success of the Republican right wing in this country, the rise of the National Democratic Party in Western Germany, the emergence of a very ugly domestic racism in Britain, are phenomena each of which fits into distinctive national political traditions. The disorder

attendant upon change, the absence of communication between dissident groups and those frozen in their positions by fear as well as by rational self-interest, the inability of large groups in the advanced societies to comprehend the inner structure of events or their own ultimate interest, are effective components in a movement of recoil which may yet brake or stop the attack on the present distribution of power. These elements of reaction are entirely visible in the Communist societies as well, where national chauvinism, the envy of the negatively privileged, and a despairing effort to avoid further convulsions are factors in popular adherence to campaigns against cosmopolitan intellectuals who manifest abstract and universal ideas of freedom.

Whether reason will find new historical forms is still unclear. What is clear is that the existing powers can no longer claim to incorporate reason. Indeed, we may interpret the political experiments of those opposed to ossification in industrial society as a new form of the pursuit of reason. The changes induced in our lives by the productivity of industry, by science and its applications, by the extension (real and potential) of higher culture, by the emergence of a global society, can neither be contained nor mastered by our political and social traditions. The present outbreak of generational conflict may represent the beginning of a new form of permanent revolution in industrial society: the *avant-garde*, erratically and crudely, may have grasped the implications of our historical moment. It is the tragedy of revolutions that they establish new legitimacies and, usually, new tyrannies. Almost paralyzed, morally, by the recent efforts at a total integration of industrial society we now have to learn to live with a permanent process of disruption. In it, however, we may see our only chance to match our social practice to our human potential.

Discovering Spiro Agnew

RICHARD O'MARA

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Baltimore

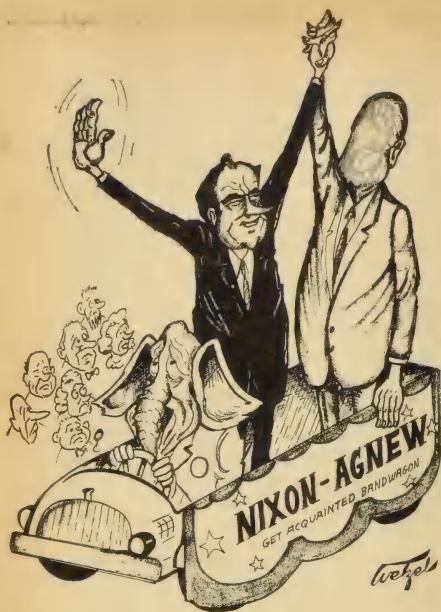
When the Governor of Maryland confronted reporters at the Hilton Plaza Hotel at Miami Beach, shortly after being tapped by Richard Nixon, he remarked rather baldly that "Spiro Agnew is not a household name." Coming from anyone else an admission this obvious might be suspected of irony, but stating the obvious is Mr. Agnew's style. The Governor, 49, is stolid, with few curves or subtleties. He is a deep man, not in the intellectual sense but as a brooder. His favorite diversion is watching the Baltimore Colts on television.

The Baltimore reaction to Mr. Nixon's surprising choice was one of mirth. Baltimore is a Democratic town and even the least sagacious political strategist looked upon

Agnew as a liability that would very probably cost Nixon the election.

This is not to say that the Governor is not popular or respected in Maryland. He is, though less so than when he took office, and the allegiance has shifted perceptibly to the right. This has occurred as Agnew has become better known to the public. Most Marylanders are by now aware of his limitations. He is a skilled administrator and organizer, but less than artful in the devices of politics. He keeps his own counsel, approaches the affairs of his state with seriousness, even gravity. He is strong minded and has been known to go against the advice of his closest aides. A case in point was his attack on moderate Negro leaders who had gathered at his request after the April rioting in Baltimore.

Governor Agnew scolded them for not denouncing the militants of their race, and for being unable to restrain their people after the militants had led them astray. More



than one observer got the impression the Governor was blaming his visitors for the riot. The Negro leaders walked out while Agnew was still going on, and later condemned him as impulsive. The racist tag emerged shortly thereafter, as the shock of the Governor's attack soured into resentment. It has clung to him ever since.

But Governor Agnew is not impulsive. It was learned later that he had been formulating that speech weeks before the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. His aides had advised him to drop it, but he decided to speak his piece, even though the fires that had come to Baltimore put an even sharper edge on his words.

Spiro Theodore Agnew (his friends call him Ted) really began his political career in 1962, when he won election as executive of Baltimore County (before that he had served on the County Appeals Board and with a few local civic groups). The county is 75 per cent Democratic, a sprawling haven for white refugees from the Negroes of Baltimore, and a leafy retreat for right-thinking, middle-class liberals. Thus Agnew's reputation as a man who could draw a bipartisan vote was established in that election. He won because he managed to project himself as a reformer who could put an end to the barbershop politics of the Democratic machine which had controlled the county for so long. There was also at the time a split among the professional Democrats of the county, and that further boosted Agnew to the executive's office.

Agnew's county administration was unspectacular, as is everything else he does. He had hoped to ban pay-off pinball machines from the county, but Democratic oppo-

sition in the council blocked him. He also failed to rally enough support for the construction of several badly needed incinerators in the county, which like other areas in the great Northeastern megalopolis suffers from a disposal problem.

On the positive side, Agnew left his mark on Baltimore County by professionalizing the local civil service. He wiped out a lot of the more unsavory political sinecures and brought a more businesslike, if less flamboyant, style to the running of the county. He got a county-wide public accommodations law passed in 1963, and to his everlasting credit, he attempted along with then Republican Mayor Theodore McKeldin of Baltimore to move cautiously toward the still-distant dream of real cooperation between Baltimore City and Baltimore County. On this he was fiercely resisted by those suburbanites (the majority) who believe the city is a place for work, whose museums, stadium and theatres are there to be enjoyed, but whose aching problems are to be avoided at all cost.

Agnew won the governorship of Maryland in 1966 under conditions very much like those that gained him the county executive's office. He profited from a wide split in the Democratic ranks, this time on the state level.

George P. Mahoney had won the Democratic primary, beating out Carleton Sickles, a competent and liberal candidate from Prince Georges County. Mr. Mahoney is an office-seeking phenomenon in Maryland politics. At present he is running for the United States Senate, for the fourth time. He also ran four times for governor. He has yet to hold political office, elective or appointive. Mahoney is a tall, thin, lacquered-looking, gray-haired man, with a slight lisp, and a wet-fish handshake. He is a wealthy contractor and a blatant racist. He tuned his whole campaign in 1966 to the slogan: "Your Home is Your Castle—Protect It." He is Maryland's George Wallace, but without fire and brimstone.

Alongside Mahoney, Spiro Agnew sparkled with wisdom and virtue—a fair-dealing, well-spoken man who supported civil rights and looked favorably on metropolitan government. He was elected mainly by Negroes and liberals, but even some conservatives were unable to stomach Mr. Mahoney.

As Governor, Agnew supported the progressive document produced by the Maryland Constitutional Convention, and with the rest of the liberal community, lamented profoundly its rejection by the electorate last May. His financial policy was the first thing to distress the people who had supported him for governor, or at least most of them. The budget he introduced into the General Assembly at the start of last year was tight—a "Republican budget," one observer called it—and painful because it called for sharp cuts in health and education funds.

The seeds of disillusionment sown at the time of the budget sprouted during a fracas at Bowie State College, a Negro liberal arts college midway between Baltimore and Washington. In early April, the students took over the college and demanded a meeting with the Governor. Their complaints, most people felt who listened to them, were legitimate, even if their tactics were dubious. Bowie

had been allowed to run down; the buildings were in terrible shape, and the faculty not much better. But Agnew thought he saw a threat to his authority, and he responded by closing Bowie. Later he ordered a group of Negro students arrested when they came to Annapolis to meet with him. What upset most people was that he ordered the students hauled away at a moment when he was just across the street from the Statehouse. He could easily have walked over and talked with the young people, especially since he professed to sympathize with their complaints.

After that, to the sorrow of most Negroes and liberals, and to the joy of most conservatives and reactionaries, Governor Agnew's political coloration seemed to change. The attack on the Negro moderates soon followed, then he dismissed the gun-control measures in Congress as the product of "fuzzy thinking." His argument against tighter gun controls contained an exotic note. Banning all guns (which no one had suggested), the Governor said, would not put an end to killing. He spoke of how some people are skilled at knife throwing, or constructing bombs, and then lectured briefly on those "people, as I mentioned, an African tribe, that shoot little darts through a blowgun very accurately."

Governor Agnew's criticism of the Kerner Commission's report on civil disorders was, in the minds of many, his final commitment to the Right. Since then he has reiterated his belief that looters should be shot down by the police.

The selection of Agnew as Nixon's running mate surprised and amused a large number of Democrats. Probably just as many Republicans were at least surprised. There are two major complaints against his candidacy: that he was picked only because he was acceptable to the South; and that he is unknown. But one can imagine that these may not look like objections to Nixon. His strategy this time is fairly clearly aimed at winning the South away from Mr. Wallace. And the running mate's relative obscurity may be viewed in the Nixon camp as more of an advantage than a drawback.

Most of the other men considered for the second spot

on the ticket—for example, Senators Hatfield and Percy, Mayor Lindsay—were well-known Northern liberals, anathema to the South. Despite his recent veer to the right, Agnew's image is still not clearly defined, and with a little public relations work can be molded to suit the occasion and audience. For Northern consumption, his liberal background could be stressed; the later acts and attitudes could be mentioned in the South. Because Annapolis is not far from Baltimore, Agnew has already been described as an expert on urban affairs.

Whether this strategy will succeed is, of course, uncertain. Agnew will be under national scrutiny from now on, and everything he has done, and will do, will be seized upon for exploitation by the Democrats. Already a group of Negroes in Maryland have organized to defeat the Nixon-Agnew ticket by trying to tell their version of the Agnew story outside of Maryland. Their tale will not be unbiased.

It is probably unjust to characterize Spiro Agnew as a racist. He is honestly disturbed by the "breakdown of law and order," and when he uses that expression he means it literally, not as a code phrase designed to stir up anti-Negro feeling.

Actually his hard line in the governor's mansion should not have been a surprise. As county executive he never had to deal with problems of great magnitude. It was not a new Ted Agnew who railed against looters, against moderate Negroes, against gun controls. He had just never before been in a position that required him to discuss such problems.

If Agnew is not a racist but merely a conservative Republican, he is also decidedly no expert on cities. As executive of Baltimore County he presided over what could be described as a toy government when it is compared to running the city itself. The county dispenses few services and concerns itself mainly with paving a few roads and providing a minimum in sewerage and disposal facilities. Although he approves of metropolitan government, in theory, Spiro Agnew approached the governorship with a suburban mentality. He would bring the same outlook to the Vice Presidency.

HOW MONGOLIA GETS ALONG

ALBERT AXELBANK

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In the cool, nicely sculptured Mongol capital of Ulan Bator, I was told: "If you want to see a Chinese face, go to the Chinese Embassy." It was true. On the streets you can see plenty of Russians, and if you look closely you will see Soviet soldiers moving about in closed trucks. Some of them are missile men. You will also see Czechs, Poles, East Germans, Hungarians, Bulgarians and Ro-

manians—mostly technicians contributing "Socialist comradeship assistance." But no Chinese. About 20,000 Chinese coolies who worked in Mongolia at the start of this decade have vanished. Peking withdrew them when Sino-Mongol relations began to freeze. But the Chinese left a legacy of fine architectural achievements. They put up the modern Hotel Ulan Bator and several stylish twelve-story skyscrapers. They also laid the railroad track running between Peking and Ulan Bator. The Chinese are very good builders.

Reliable reports say the Soviets recently placed mobile missile sites in the eastern or Buir Nor ("Black Lake") region of Mongolia, a largely desolate, uninhabited ter-



Christian Science Monitor

rain where thousands died in mid-1939 when Japanese military forces in Manchukuo tested Russo-Mongolian strength. The Japanese were decisively beaten. Some analysts believe the missiles are aimed at China. But since home-based Soviet rockets can presumably reach every nook and corner of China, it seems more probable that these missiles are directed against American military installations in Asia, specifically in Okinawa and Japan.

There are a good many relevant facts to support this supposition: (1) The USSR has, for some years, been nervous about the U.S. nuclear stockpile on Okinawa, as well as about the frequent U.S.-Japanese naval exercises in the Sea of Japan, the B-52 strategic bombers flying into Okinawa, the U.S. nuclear subs entering Japanese ports and the American military build-up in South Korea—amid reports, mostly circulated in Japan and the United States, of the possibility of a “second Korean War.” (2) The rockets reportedly placed in Mongolia, code-named “Scamp” and “Scrooge,” have effective ranges that encompass Okinawa and Japan. The “Black Lake” region is 1,450 miles from Okinawa and 1,300 miles from Tokyo. (3) The Soviet missile presence in Mongolia was detected after the intensive American escalation of the war in Vietnam. (4) A Russo-Mongol military pact signed in early 1966—note the date!—allows the Russians to station Soviet troops in Mongolia.

Russian economic aid to the Mongolian People's Republic has been generous. The new military pact with the Soviet Union will tend to strengthen Russo-Mongol friendship, which is already described as “unbreakable.” Not long ago, Mongolia's Premier, Yumzhagin Tsedenbal, revealed how his country looks at Russia and China. During an interview with a Japanese journalist, he said: “Mongolian relations with the Soviet Union are based on equality, mutual respect and mutual support.” He also said that aid from the Kremlin is “one force” helping Mongolia construct socialism. But as to Sino-Mongol ties, Tsedenbal injected some “conditions,” which included “. . . equality, mutual respect for political independence of the other, and noninterference in the internal affairs of the other while developing joint enterprises in all fields.”

Mongolia is big, bigger than France, England and West

Germany combined. But its population is small, smaller than that of the borough of Brooklyn. It lacks skilled labor. So it needs plenty of outside aid. Recently Tsedenbal, who is also First Secretary of the Central Committee of the People's Revolutionary (Communist) Party, explained why Mongolia accepts outside assistance. He spoke in one of those excessively explicit parables that seem integral to Communist political style: “If one has the power to carry only 70 kilograms but wishes to carry 120 kilograms, then one carries his maximum 70 kilograms and asks others to help carry the remaining 50. By doing that, it becomes possible to carry more in the same amount of time. Thus, it is possible to save time.” He made a dig at China, saying that if China would pursue its development with aid from “brother Socialist nations,” that country could get on with its development more rapidly.

Soviet aid to Ulan Bator since 1947 has reached more than 2 billion rubles in loans and grants, not including military equipment. By comparison, grants and loans from Peking have amounted to less than half a billion rubles, according to available statistics. The biggest portion of Russian economic aid to Mongolia was a 615-million ruble loan for the 1961-65 period. China had previously announced a 200-million ruble loan, so it appeared that the Russians were bent on outbidding the Chinese.

The progress of Mongolia in the past few years is striking. New industries, new roads, new apartment houses have been built. New schools and hospitals and theatres have been opened. A Frenchman visiting Mongolia fifty years ago remarked that: “At its present pace, Mongolia will need 1,500 years to catch up with the rest of civilization.” In America, Japan and Western Europe, the best known Mongolists assert that recent progress in Mongolia has been extraordinary.

I was driven to Darkhan, the second largest industrial city. It is a remarkable “boom town,” and I'm told I was perhaps the first non-Communist journalist to visit there. Darkhan has the best paved roads in Mongolia; a section of four-lane highway circles through it. New industries are popping up here and there. Six years ago less than 2,000 persons lived in Darkhan, and it was not even spotted on most government maps. Today it has more than 30,000 people and figures prominently in the fourth Five Year Economic and Cultural Development Plan for 1966-70.

A civic official who joined us on our tour of Darkhan said that the valley outside the city, where most of the industry is located, was once called the “Valley of God.” He went on: “But in reality there was no god. All was empty and desolate.” (In winter, the mercury drops to 50 below in the valley.) With a grin, he added that now there is a “god” in the valley—he called it the “god of people in action.”

In this valley I saw a cement works, a thermal power station, a building materials factory, a meat processing plant—all brand new. Russians, Bulgarians, East Germans and Romanians are helping build these new industries.

Before leaving the country, I squeezed in a visit to a textile mill in Ulan Bator. Its equipment is British, bearing

such names as "Prince Smith and Stells Ltd." and "Thomas Holt Ltd." But all of the engineers are Mongols, including several women technicians. Various slogans were painted on the walls such as "Use every minute to make progress," and "No pains—no gains." I thought them good slogans for a developing country.

This mill produces mostly material for clothes. Each month it manufactures 80,000 yards and exports about 40 per cent of it to other Socialist nations. I saw 30,000 yards of wool covers which were to be sent to Hanoi as a gift. The average wage is 500 tugrik a month (about \$100). Of course, as in most Socialist states, rents are low. The mill is closed on Sundays.

The Mongols are giving more and more attention to improving their culture. In recent years, a National Theatre for opera and ballet, a symphony orchestra, a folk instruments orchestra and youth chorus groups have been established. Classical works from abroad are often shown. Shakespeare's *Othello* is popular, but so are works by Molière, Goldoni, Lope de Vega, Gogol and Chekhov. At the National Theatre I watched a beautifully staged performance of the Mongol opera, *Among Three Moun-*

tains of Sorrow. The audience included many Mongol soldiers and their wives or girl friends. The music, in the pentatonic scale, was played by an all-female orchestra.

Diplomatically, Mongolia is of course close to the Soviet Union, but the Kremlin doesn't run Mongolia's foreign policy and it is silly as well as offensive to call the country a "Soviet puppet." How many countries today are truly "independent"? Peking insists on scolding the Mongols both for siding with the Russians and for being "Titoist." As if to show independence of China, the Mongols recently entertained Tito, who had arrived nonstop from a state visit to Japan. But it is to be noted that Peking still maintains a full-fledged embassy in Ulan Bator.

France and Britain recognize Mongolia; America, Japan and Canada do not. Mongolia wants diplomatic relations with these countries and is refreshingly flexible enough to admit their nationals as visitors. Why Washington should persist in nonrecognition is a puzzle. Mongolia is a UN member and, curiously, America has no quarantine against U.S. citizens visiting there. Meanwhile, Mongolia gets along with such relations as it has and, according to most visitors from Japan and the West, gets along very well indeed.

POLITICAL SCIENCE

THE BATTLE FOR INTEGRITY

MARVIN SURKIN

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The expansion of cold-war-oriented research in the social sciences (and elsewhere) has produced a new alliance between the government and academia. Whether for military, business or managerial purposes, social sciences are being used as instruments for system maintenance at home and counterrevolution abroad. What Christopher Lasch calls "The Cultural Cold War" (*The Nation*, September 11, 1967) describes this highly controversial new alliance. Lasch emphasizes that, although academic freedom may have triumphed in America, intellectual independence or critical thinking has not necessarily followed. Rather, it is by now a commonplace that a large segment of the "knowledge industry" has become a trusted ally of the military-industrial complex and shares in a variety of ways the interests of American world power. Thus, it should no longer surprise anyone that the CIA and the Department of Defense have developed a serious and ever-tightening bond with the intellectual and academic community.

An example of this trend was made public in 1967 when it was disclosed that two top officials of the American Political Science Association (APSA) had CIA ties. (They still have them.) *The Nation* [editorial, "The Professor & the CIA," February 27, 1967] reported that Dr. Evron Kirkpatrick, executive director, and Mr. Max Kampelman,

treasurer, have served as president and vice president of Operations and Policy Research (OPR), a CIA recipient organization, since its formation in 1955. OPR is a non-profit research organization set up to help the USIA distribute literature in the United States and abroad and to advise on the selection of books to be sponsored by the USIA. In addition to support from the USIA, OPR has received subsidies from such CIA conduits as the Sidney and Esther Rabb Charitable Foundation and the Pappas Charitable Trust of Boston. OPR can best be described as a "cold-war-oriented strategy organization." In short, top officials of a prestigious academic association with a membership of 16,000 political scientists have been simultaneously holding positions with an important CIA affiliate organization.

After the disclosures of Kirkpatrick and Kampelman's CIA connections, the APSA appointed an *ad hoc* committee to determine whether the independence and integrity of the Association had been compromised. This group reported that "the APSA has received no funds directly from any intelligence agency of the government, nor has it carried on any activities for any intelligence agency of the government." It acknowledged, however, that the APSA did receive funds *indirectly* from the CIA. The report stated: "The Association has received no funds indirectly from any intelligence agency of government, with one possible exception. The Asia Foundation stated on March 21, 1967, that it has been the recipient of money from foundations named as conduits for CIA funds. The APSA has received grants from the Asia Found-

dation . . . " Nevertheless, the committee decided to support Kirkpatrick and Kampelman, acknowledging "on behalf of the membership of the organization, the great services which both Kirkpatrick and Kampelman have rendered to the APSA . . . and our full confidence in the value of their future services."

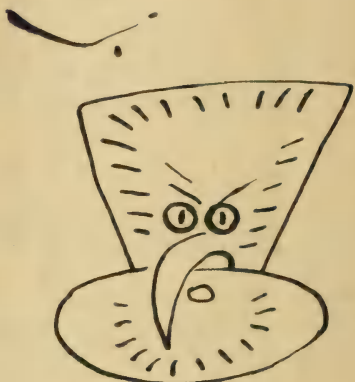
The committee's position indicated that as long as OPR was separate from the APSA, organizationally and in physical location, it was entirely permissible for Kirkpatrick and Kampelman to hold their influential posts in the APSA and work for OPR in their spare time.

A special committee of the APSA appointed to study professional standards and responsibilities took basically the same stand. In an interim report circulated to the membership and published in *Political Science* (Winter, 1968), this committee raised a variety of questions pertinent to the ethical conduct of political scientists. However, the report did not go beyond general statements on the nature of this complex problem, with several recommendations and the promise of a further, more comprehensive statement. It recommended that officers and employees of the APSA be free to participate in activities outside of the association "provided that such activities do not interfere with their duties and responsibilities to the Association." It also advised that sponsored research should include public statements of the sources of financial support. These recommendations, in effect, gave official sanction to Kirkpatrick and Kampelman and to other political scientists with similar involvements, with the one major proviso that greater public accounting be practiced. No attention was given to the nature or purpose of research, but only to who was paying the bills. The final report is due to be presented at the next convention of the Association this September in Washington and there have been some assurances from the committee that it will contain far more substance than did the first report.

By the time the Association's annual business meeting, held during the convention last September in Chicago, had voted down a motion to prohibit Kirkpatrick and Kampelman from holding both their OPR and APSA positions, the mood was ripe for some challenge within the APSA. It had been a typically dull convention, with no formal presentation of major issues such as the Vietnamese War or—after a summer of riots in the cities—the urban crisis. A spark was enough to bring a new, radical spirit into existence.

A meeting was called by two Harvard graduate students who wished to discuss their grievances. By the time the convention ended several more meetings had been held and a Caucus for a New Political Science (CNPS) was established with more than 200 members. The group was composed mostly of young liberals—graduate students and faculty—who had begun to feel estranged by the unwillingness of the APSA to take stands on issues of critical importance to the country and the world. After all, were they not *political* scientists? Also in attendance was a sprinkling of young radicals who were still breathing the tumultuous air of the National Conference for New Politics (NCNP), which had held its convention in Chicago only the week before.

What emerged was a general sentiment for reform directed at two related situations: the association's over-professionalized make-up and general academic irrelevance; and its consistent failure to study, discuss or take stands on important social and political problems. Imbued with a "radically critical spirit," the Caucus resolved to "promote a concern . . . for our great social crises and a new and broader opportunity for us all to fulfill, as scholars, our obligations to society and to science," and "to stimulate research in areas of political science that are of critical importance and that have been thus far ignored." The Caucus has organized its own program to be held concurrently with the APSA annual convention this year. Called "American Democracy in Crisis," it will consist of eight panels and a plenary session. These will present and discuss the alternatives in the 1968 elections, the draft,



Vietnam and the patterns of American foreign policy, and new modes of radical political thought and action. The topic for the plenary session is "America's Political Resources for World Leadership." The Caucus is already assured of some measure of success by the cooperation it has received from the APSA, the support of many of the association's members, and the highly impressive array of scholars and activists who will participate.

The forces underlying the emergence of the CNPS can be related to the history of American political science and to what many political scientists would regard as a logical development leading to the present status of the discipline. In its early years, political science was largely concerned with making democracy work by teaching "good citizenship." Its task was seen as a descriptive study of existing institutions with a view to promoting their effective functioning. The chore given political scientists and other educators was to make sure that future citizens were supplied with the necessary "facts" to fulfill their responsibilities to the system. Thus democracy—constitutionalism, pluralism, "free enterprise"—was taken for granted and other systems were duly criticized.

This approach to political education—propaganda in

many cases—was widely accepted in the period before World War II and became intensified in the McCarthy period. It reached its culmination with the “end of ideology” literature of Daniel Bell, Seymour Martin Lipset, and others in the late fifties. For these ideologists of Establishment liberalism, the American system was not without shortcomings, but they held that democracy in America had basically been achieved and that the system was “operative.” In Lipset’s words, “democracy is not only or even primarily a means through which different groups can attain their ends or seek the good society; it is the good society itself in operation.” According to this view, the main problem for American democracy was to make the going concern more functional; the system itself, or its social structures and political institutions, went largely unquestioned. These writers generally preferred to replace social criticism with social conformism; thus they called for a moratorium on political ideas, which they thought had been exhausted in the fifties and turned into rhetoric—ideology. Instead, they hoped to encourage Americans to get on with the work of perfecting the good society, and they expected to do so by attempting to shield that society from radical or utopian ideas, or structural social criticism.

A further step in the development of an apolitical approach, committed to a neutral “science” rather than to social criticism, emerged after the war with the behavioral shift in the social sciences. Behavioral political scientists have concentrated on the mechanics of politics, the politics of who gets what, when and how. But in their effort to make social science value-free, they have had to neutralize the larger issues of political and social goals. They have been more concerned with describing how the system works than explaining its structural weaknesses. They have been saddled with mathematical models, computers and game theory, but have thus far failed to explain poverty in America, international conflict or the spread of violence in the world. They have devised theories of political development for the new nations, while many of these nations tend to get poorer. They have developed theories of conflict resolution, but the seeds of revolution in many parts of the world continue to sprout. (The excessive scientism of political science moved one political scientist in a recent letter to *The American Political Science Review*, the journal of the APSA, to comment that he had found in a particular issue of the journal only one article “that does not read as though written with the aid of a computer; or in some cases, actually written by a computer itself.” He suggested that the APSA have two journals, one devoted to political science and the other to be called American Computer Fonder’s Review.)

Perhaps the most candid statement of the new role of social scientists as law-and-order experts and guardians of the *status quo* was made by a political scientist who described the function of social scientists as the trainers of the new mandarins of the 20th century in the same way that the humanities trained the mandarins of the past. In his view, “the only hope for humane government in the future is through the extensive use of the social sciences by government.” In order to carry out this function of the social sciences, “the CIA, as its name implies, should

be the central social research organization to enable the Federal government to understand the societies and cultures of the world.” In short, not only should the social sciences serve the interests of the state but this role should be increased and centralized. If such a development were fully realized, the movement from political education to propaganda and from propaganda to manipulation and control would be all but complete. The understanding of societies and cultures would then mean their manipulation and control; and humane government would then mean total government.

This new bond between the social sciences and the military and intelligence agencies of government is made evident in a recent, “confidential” document entitled “Report of the Panel on Defense Social and Behavioral Sciences,” which grew out of a meeting of the Defense Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences. The meeting brought together numerous social scientists, most of whom have university affiliations, to discuss the new demands of defense. According to I. L. Horowitz (*Trans-Action*, May, 1968), the main purpose of the meeting was to determine which social science research could be of most use to the Department of Defense.

Though there are many signs that this ominous trend is accelerating, some recent attempts have also been made to “reform” the social sciences or to offer alternative approaches to research, education and social responsibility. The CNPS ranks as a new effort to prod political scientists in that direction. But perhaps the most enlightening proposal was that recently put forward by the Center for Research on Conflict Resolution at the University of Michigan. It acknowledges that, having studied social and international conflict for eleven years with the most sophisticated tools of social inquiry, the Center has not succeeded in explaining the causes of violence and conflict. With great candor the proposal calls for a re-examination of existing social theory and prescribed methods of inquiry in order to promote radical thinking in the social sciences; that is, to promote a social science that moves beyond the self-imposed limits of existing theories and research.

It is precisely because of the general lack of such critical thinking that political science and related disciplines have been able to do highly professional research on an endless range of specialized topics without coming to grips with the most important problems of the day. It might be useful, as some political scientists have suggested, to adopt a code of ethics that would establish standards for research, with regard not only to its financing and sponsorship but also to its uses and purposes. But, above all, political scientists (and other social scientists) need to reconsider the meaning of objectivity in social science and their own social responsibility, and ask the extent to which government research, especially on the campus, serves those ends. What is evident from developments like the CNPS is that a significant segment of the academic community has become increasingly uneasy about the present state of affairs in their discipline, in their professional associations, and even in their own research. They have begun to look for new ways to be academically, as well as socially and politically, relevant.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Great Society Takes a Body Blow

WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAILED.
By Fred J. Cook. Prentice-Hall. 282 pp.
\$5.95.

SEAN CRONIN

Mr. Cronin is a journalist who has lived in Ireland and the United States, and has written for publications in both countries.

Given different circumstances Fred Cook might have produced the most valuable political book of the year, packed as it is with information, comment and fine analysis. But much can happen between gestation and publication, and he was unlucky. Cook, who wrote his book before the end of 1967, can't be criticized for erring in the matter of Lyndon Johnson's future—but his references to George Romney, Hubert Humphrey and Robert Kennedy unfortunately seem rather dated.

The issues propounded in *What So Proudly We Hailed* haven't changed. Vietnam, the war on poverty and Lyndon Johnson's Great Society remain. Likewise the urban crisis with its education, jobs, health and housing problems. How representative and democratic representative democracy really is requires some examination. The generation and credibility gaps grow wider. Cook notes:

The evidence is massive and undeniable that American society is being wracked by extremes—the extremes of affluence and special privilege and jet-set living on the one hand, of abysmal poverty and neglect and hopelessness on the other. In any society the tensions created by such extremes are explosive. In our own they are doubly so because, to economic inequality and injustice, there is added the vitriol of race prejudice and race hatred. We sit then on a powder keg, as the events of the summer of 1967 showed.

Take poverty. According to Cook some 35 million to 40 million Americans are classified as poor. They are concentrated in the South and in the big cities. Two-thirds of them are white. In affluent America one out of five children comes from a poor home; nearly 90 per cent do not finish high school and very few go to college. Ghetto tenements are infested by rats as big as cats; thousands of children are bitten every year. Food is expensive in the slums. The death rate is often twice that of suburbia.

"We have cleared areas of slums in the name of urban renewal, with little sense

of what would become of those whose homes we leveled," said the late Sen. Robert Kennedy. "... We have provided health services in huge, unpleasant municipal hospitals—through emergency rooms and out-patient clinics where people wait for hours to see a doctor they have never seen before and are likely never to see again."

(It may be of interest to recall that Sen. Jacob Javits and Gov. Nelson Rockefeller rebuked Kennedy for his remarks. Javits was "disturbed" when Mitchell I. Ginsberg, Mayor Lindsay's Commissioner of Welfare, backed Kennedy's statement, telling Sen. Joseph Clark's subcommittee on poverty, employment and manpower that the national welfare system was "bankrupt." Kennedy had called it "degrading," saying it aided only a fourth of the poor and "forces men to leave their families so that public assistance can be obtained.")

Cook points out that to most influential Americans urban poverty is a closed book. He quotes Gerald Phillippe, chairman of General Electric, who with other industrial leaders went on a walking tour, led by Mayor Lindsay, of the Brownsville and East New York sections of Brooklyn last September: "Unbelievable! I have seen things like this in South America." The chairman of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Gilbert W. Fitzhugh, added: "It makes you heartsick." But what has been done since to change the situation in which the inhabitants of Brownsville and East New York find themselves? Cook explains that old patterns of life are being altered dramatically, creating unprecedented problems of housing, education, jobs. But who understands the change?

Certainly not the lawmakers. Real power in Congress is wielded by committee chairmen in their late 60s, of Southern rural background, legislating for a young nation, median age 28. To such men change is anathema. They are totally divorced from the sordid realities of urban life. Senator's Clark's attack on the Senate establishment in 1963 is quoted by Cook:

Though the Senate has been shaken by wars, deaths, the electorate, and other calamities, those in it dedicated to the preservation of the status quo in economic and property rights and to the past in human rights—that bipartisan conservative coalition which I have

called the "Senate Establishment"—have still not given way to the new generation. . . . I believe that the Senate has become archaic, outmoded, obsolete as a meaningful democratic institution. If the Senate is to perform its constitutional role in the twentieth century, it must be changed to meet the needs of the twentieth century and made capable of responding to the problems of the twentieth century.

Tax laws abound in loopholes which the rich utilize for their further enrichment. President John F. Kennedy, shocked to discover that "some \$40 billion in taxes annually dodged the Federal tax collector," failed in his bid to revoke the special privileges of the oil billionaires who do so well out of the 27.5 per cent depletion allowance. Last year, maximum investment tax credit provisions were raised for such industries as oil and gas, airlines and railroads—at a time when the President was seeking the 10 per cent income tax surcharge just enacted. Robert Kennedy often cited the case of the multimillionaire who had earned more than \$1 million a year for the past fourteen years, yet paid no taxes. Notes Cook: "... we have created in this democracy a specially privileged, oligarchic class that is rapidly acquiring the power to twist the entire nation by the tail." To quote Kennedy again:

In 1965, 35 people in this country who earned over \$500,000 paid no tax at all. In a recent year one man whose net worth is \$1.5 billion, paid only \$685 in taxes. Another whose income was more than \$20 million paid no taxes at all.

A separate question is where the taxes go. One billion dollars for the development of a supersonic jet transport; \$3 billion to land a man on the moon; \$30 billion for the war in Vietnam—out of total defense spending of \$70.3 billion. Human needs must wait. "Something is obviously wrong with our system of national priorities," said Sen. Clifford P. Case. No wonder "people get cynical" and lose faith in society, said Whitney M. Young, Jr., the moderate civil rights leader.

The distrust has grown with the Vietnamese War, which Fred Cook says is being waged by "Presidential fiat." It lies at the root of Johnson's "credibility gap." Cook thinks the seeds of the disaster are to be found in the Truman Doctrine of March, 1947, involving the United States

in far-flung global commitments, based on a simplistic view of world politics.

During 1967, says Cook, the climate of the nation changed. Today, military claims of victory have been discredited. America is ready "to follow new paths" and is awaiting "new leadership." The twenty-year-old dialogue of the cold war is "outmoded and irrelevant." The young are rebelling against the old order.

What now? Out of the discontent something must emerge to change the course of events. "Power politics have become irrelevant," writes Cook. "It cannot be played with success in the nuclear age, where the final item of force cannot be applied without blowing up the world." Men are trying to remake civilizations, as Walter Lippmann has noted, and it is not a good time for politicians.

Among the worthy politicians Cook picks John Lindsay of New York (Sen.

Eugene McCarthy had not gone into orbit at the time he wrote the book) because he has a clear understanding of foreign and domestic issues. "... he was probably the first major politician in the country to draw the line by saying that we could not meet the needs of our cities if we persisted in fighting a \$30-billion-a-year war in Vietnam." He has charm and wit. He has kept the largest city in the country "cool" through a couple of hot summers. He would be "the ideal Presidential candidate for his party in 1968, but almost certainly his party will not have him."

Fred Cook, as readers of *The Nation* would expect, has written a lively, provocative but, above all, a relevant book. His insight is sharp, his comment always to the point. He is a great one to prick bubble reputations and to explode myths. The Great Society has taken a body blow in this one.

clarify Crane's life and work by drawing upon Freudian psychology. Berryman saw a recurrent pattern in Crane's life (the "rescue" of others, and the punishment of the "rescuer"), and that pattern he equated with Crane's obsessive desire to "rescue" the beloved, his mother, from the father whom he unconsciously had rejected.

Since 1950 there have been some perceptive critico-biographical studies of Crane (most notably Mr. Edwin Cady's volume, in which he insists that Crane "has been mutilated on the iron frame of many a Procrustean 'list' when, as I see him, he remained an uncrystallized experimenter, a youthful pluralist.") The book, however, that many Crane scholars have been anticipating has been the definitive Crane biography, R. W. Stallman's study is undoubtedly intended to serve that purpose. It is long: it includes a gallery of fascinating photographs; and it comes from a scholar whose life has been devoted to the study of Crane. What is more, the lofty tone of the biography suggests the self-consciously definitive biographer at work. Constantly, Stallman is pointing out that various sources—most especially Berryman—"erred" or drew "ill-founded" conclusions: in one typical correction Stallman quarrels lengthily with Lillian Gilkes, the author of *Cora Crane*, and after his lecture has ended states ex cathedra: "And that settles that."

In presenting the life of Crane, Stallman gives the facts and chronology as clearly as possible, and in this lies the basic virtue of the biography. In thorough, even excessive, detail the report is given of Crane's Bohemian youth; his connections with such women as Dora Clark (whom he attempted to defend from apparent police persecution) and Cora Stewart (the proprietor of an exclusive "house of joy" who eventually became Crane's common-law wife); his well-nigh unbelievable bravery (a death wish?) as a reporter in Cuba; his financial folly in England as a pseudo-aristocrat of Brede Manor; his ceaseless hack work in an effort to remain solvent; and the agony of his last days after tuberculosis had riddled his lungs. Unfortunately, however, Stallman's prose is inordinately heavy, and he tends to quote lengthily from his sources, page after page, without illuminating them.

But what is an even more important defect, however, is the fact that Stallman seems to have no real attitude toward the ultimate nature of Crane the man, and even the vision Stallman and Gilkes reported in their edition of the *Crane Letters*, that Crane was an "irresponsible heel," is better than no vision at all. Because of this lack of psychological penetration, the mystery of Ste-

The Mystery Unsolved

STEPHEN CRANE. By R. W. Stallman. George Braziller. 664 pp. \$12.50.

JAMES F. LIGHT

Mr. Light is Bernhard Professor of English at the University of Bridgeport and is the author of books on Nathanael West and John William De Forest.

The first truly "modern" American writer, Stephen Crane in his brief life foreshadowed much of the direction of 20th-century literature. In *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* he used the techniques of naturalism, the philosophy of determinism, and his own contempt for cowardice and "respectability" to demonstrate, as he said, that "environment is a tremendous thing in the world and frequently shapes lives regardless. If one proves that theory, one makes room in heaven for all sorts of souls, notably an occasional street girl, who are not confidently expected to be there by many excellent people."

In his masterpiece, *The Red Badge of Courage*, he used the modes of impressionism in an attempt to capture psychological truths, and in so doing he altered the objective "reality" of nature in order to make it reflect the inward state of the mind. In the poems of *The Black Riders* he not only abandoned conventional modes of rhyme and meter but also foreshadowed the imagist movement—as, for instance, in that haunting poem of an absurd and purposeless universe, God created and God forgotten, in which "the ship of the world" floats "forever rudderless" upon the seas:

Going ridiculous voyages,

Making quaint progress.

Turning as with serious purpose

Before stupid winds.

And there were many in the sky

Who laughed at this thing.

Despite the modernity of his art (or perhaps because of it), despite the contemporary frame of his masterpiece, and despite the Bohemian unconventionality of his life, Crane attracted the attention of only two biographers in the first half of the 20th century. The first study was a graceful, perceptive and anecdotal attempt, relatively unconcerned with precise chronology, at a biographical work of art. Written by Thomas Beer, it was published in 1923, and in it Beer attempted to ennoble Crane by emphasizing Crane's kindness to others and by attacking the gossip and canards—most especially that Crane was a drunk and a drug addict—that surrounded him during his life.

In his attempt at purification, Beer, by his own admission, removed from Crane's letters some of his harsher judgments upon his contemporaries, and apparently Beer destroyed all of the letters which he quoted in his biography. Beer's amiable admission that "This book is probably filled with errors" has been proved to be truthful by later Crane scholars.

The second volume, a critico-biographical study, was published by the noted poet, John Berryman, in 1950. In it Berryman added some new facts, attempted to clarify what he called "the damnable early chronology," and strove to

phen Crane remains unsolved and largely unchallenged.

In addition to the life, Stallman attempts some analyses of the work of Crane. The most controversial of these will probably continue to be his reading of *The Red Badge of Courage*, an analysis that in part reproduces the argument of his article "Notes Toward an Analysis of *The Red Badge of Courage*" (first printed in 1951). The reading is a symbolic one, in which the novel becomes the story of Henry Fleming's salvation through change, through spiritual growth; and the most controversial aspect of the analysis is Stallman's insistence, at the death scene of Jim Conklin, that the line "the red sun was pasted in the sky like a wafer" is ironically suggestive of "the sacrificial death celebrated in Communion and the Mass." Despite such simplistic critics as Philip Rahv (for whom "Mr. Stallman's farfetched religious exegesis is mere *Zeitgeist* palaver"), Stallman is probably more right than wrong in his analysis, but one does wish he were a little more aware that *The Red Badge* is, at least in part, a novel about social responsibility, and a little less prone to manipulate the text of the novel in making his points.

A simple illustration of the analytic misrepresentation that I object to is Stallman's report of how Jim Conklin announces at the beginning of *The Red Badge*, the rumor that the army is soon to break camp and march to war. Though Stallman no longer seems to insist, as his earlier "Notes" did, that the initials of Jim Conklin must imply Jesus Christ, his present analysis contends that the rumor that Jim brings "is the gospel truth but Henry is one of the doubting apostles." In writing such a sentence, Mr. Stallman is, of course, using words poetically—most especially "gospel" and "apostles"—to make an analytical point, for the words are not in the text and the "truth" that Jim brings might as justifiably be proclaimed "satanic" as "gospel." As a matter of fact, if Jim Conklin is now to be seen as a "devotee of a mad religion," as Stallman's analysis now seems to imply, and if, at Jim's death,

"Henry Fleming curses the God of War who offers redemption through bloodshed," then the "gospel" truth which Conklin brings seems actually more "satanic" than "gospel." Perhaps, therefore, it might be wiser to avoid such connotative words in analysis and to see the message of Conklin as what it is: one of the innumerable rumors that abound in any war camp. This is, of course, not to say that the message could not be interpreted symbolically but only to insist that if it is to be so read, then the symbolism should be consistent and it should be justifiable from the language and images of Crane himself, and not from

the poetic improvements of the critic.

Finally, Stallman gives a check list of writings by Stephen Crane, but lists only four works under "Writings on Stephen Crane." He justifies his omission by noting that a complete bibliography would make another book, and he directs the Crane scholar to his forthcoming bibliography on Stephen Crane. It is good to know that a definitive bibliography is on the way, but it does seem that a selective bibliography might have been provided. In that way such major Crane scholars as James T. Cox and Eric Solomon might have been included in Stallman's universe.

From Here to Obscenity

THE END OF OBSCENITY. By Charles Rembar. Random House. 528 pp. \$8.95.

IRVING YOUNGER

Mr. Younger is professor of law at New York University School of Law.

Sooner or later it becomes clear to nearly every person of copious education that there is no evidence to prove him anything but commonplace. His learning provides standards—Mozart, Keats, Newton, Lincoln, Vermeer, Brandeis—he finds it unbearable to apply to himself. The result, if he is young and unsettled, is apt to be rebellion. If he is comfortable in the world, the result will be authorship.

Imagine a clever and successful lawyer one dark day asking himself: "What have I accomplished? What do I amount to? Am I like everyone else?" His response is to pick something in his life that no one else has done and produce a book telling how he did it.

Charles Rembar's book is about his performance as lawyer for the publisher in a series of cases involving novels—*Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer* and *Fanny Hill*. Each lawsuit presented the question whether the book was legally obscene and the broader issue: what rule determines legal obscenity? Mr. Rembar adroitly won decisions that the books were not obscene. In addition, his arguments played a part in changing the rule on obscenity. In *United States v. Roth*, decided two years before Rembar entered the field with *Lady Chatterley*, the Supreme Court had set forth this rule:

But implicit in the history of the First Amendment is the rejection of obscenity as utterly without redeeming social importance. . . . Obscene material is material which deals with sex in a manner appealing to prurient interest. . . . [The test is] whether to the aver-

age person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest.

Then came Rembar's cases: *Lady Chatterley* in 1959, *Tropic of Cancer* in 1964, and finally, in 1966, *Fanny Hill* (properly denominated *A Book Named "John Cleland's Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure"* v. *Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts*), in which the Supreme Court announced this rule:

A book cannot be proscribed unless it is found to be utterly without redeeming social value. This is so even though the book is found to possess the requisite prurient appeal and to be patently offensive . . . the social value of the book can neither be weighed against nor canceled by its prurient appeal or patent offensiveness.

Rembar tells his story brightly and in enormous detail, leavening the narrative plentifully with quotations from briefs and court records. He organizes the material on Aristotle's sensible plan of a beginning, a middle and an end.

But where is the book's distinction? Apart from the good it does the author, why should it be on the market? Why should anyone read it?

Not for lubricity. There's none in it. Not for general knowledge. The cultivated person, concerned to keep up with obscenity and the law on obscenity, will discover that Rembar tells him rather more about less than he wishes to know. Not for professional information. The specialist is already familiar with most of the story and will not care about the rest, which consists of minutiae interesting to no one but Rembar.

Yet the topic is fertile. Read the rule laid down in *Roth* again. It speaks

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RAIN

*It is a day of the earth's renewing without any man's doing
or help.
Though I have fields I do not go out to work in them,
Though I have crops standing in rows I do not go out
to look at them or gather what has ripened or hoe the weeds
from the balks.
Though I have animals I stay dry in the house while they
graze in the wet.
Though I have buildings they stand closed under their roofs.
Though I have fences they go without me.
My life stands in place, covered, like a hay rick or a
mushroom.*

WENDELL BERRY

RAINY SEASON

*There is a hush
that gathers around
the leaky window frames;
stately air: birds
all under a leaf or a wing,
snails under stones;
squirrels and foxes asleep;
mosquitoes and bees
flown back to sources of sound;
the trees soaked brown.

Only woodsmoke stirred
from a nearby fire
moves and rises and waits.
Not clouds,—as clouds
in summer puff along horizons
in a rolling train—
but one spreading drift of mist
brings in the rain.

All day, all night, all week,
evenly steved,
the sky descends, enormously
patient; not a crevice
and leaf are missed, but seep
with quietness.

Rain all night drips over
the roofs and windows,
making the sounds of the season
of lovers together
when fields have been planted,
the forests are silent,
and the rain keeps falling
like a native chant.*

FREDA QUENNEVILLE

RAINY DAY

*So many objects cluttered
in one room. In one heart
the drum beats heavily.
The body's walls
shut out the light.
My attic voices cry
how they long
to be bells.

Somewhere in the house
children pretend
they are climbing Sierra Madre.
The laughter closes in.
One more door to their treasure,
while I sit helpless
in the small corner of discovery.*

RUBY RIEMER

NIGHT RAIN

*Fearing something's left outside, guilty that we're in,
we listen to the marching on the roof.
Turning like a herd of deer the river rises in fields of sleep.
The rain stings campfires, uncovers arrowheads,
and powerlines hum when wind
strokes water from the trees at dawn.*

ROBERT MORGAN

STILL FIELDS

(translation by Timothy Baland)

*Still fields. A feeling of rain.
The earth wild and primitive as it was once before.
Sometimes the joyful sky gets tired of it all
above a thirsty shepherd.

When the rain calls, the dead turn uneasily.
The earth becomes a hole, stirred up, fragrant.
Trees that are ready for death give off
their last deep fragrances.

In the rain the voice of the clocks takes on
the immense age, the agony of the last hour.
They make us aware of the visible wounds, and those others
that bleed internally.

Everything grows deep, concentrated, personal.
Things beneath the rain-sign, as if already deep in the ground,
all seem to want
the final peace.

The rain is like mysterious drops of blood that you can see through.
I feel the dampness of the ground go through me,
it would like to keep me in the dark forever,
in the rain forever.

The sky is losing blood slowly out of wounds.
The green deepens the shadows under leaves.
The passion of the water makes the trunks and the bodies
lean more and more into darkness.*

MIGUEL HERNANDEZ

majesty. It means nothing. Read the *Fanny Hill* rule again. It seems to mean something. Perhaps that the First Amendment permits regulation only of "hard-core" pornography, which Justice Stewart cannot define "but I know it when I see it" (*Jacobellis v. Ohio*). Then how explain the *Ginzburg* case, decided the same day as *Fanny Hill*, wherein the Supreme Court affirmed a five-year jail sentence for the publisher of stuff no one has argued to be obscene under *Roth* or *Fanny Hill*? Is it possible that the decision as to obscenity turns on the palatability of the publisher?

Let's go further. Lawyers habitually conceive nothing as unfit food for law. Can it be that there are subjects the law should leave alone? The law sharpens

ideas by drawing distinctions among them. Is the subject of obscenity suitable for this kind of refinement? If not, when judges treat it as if it were they can't help making a mess. Isn't Justice Black a good housekeeper as well as a good political philosopher when he argues that the First Amendment forbids the law to dirty its hands with obscenity?

Of these possibilities Rembar gives us not a word. Having concentrated so hard for so many years on what judges say about obscenity, he has come to take the legal system and his own role in it at face value. No doubt this enables him to do his day's work well. It does not mark him out from the rest of prosaic mankind, and it does not make him a writer.

Big Science, Big Money

THE POLITICS OF PURE SCIENCE.

By Daniel S. Greenberg. *The New American Library*. 303pp. \$7.95.

CARL DREHER

Greenberg is news editor of *Science*, the weekly magazine of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; as everyone who has read his essays in the News and Comment Department knows, he is a lively writer. In this book he has confined himself to basic research, mainly in the "hard" sciences (physics, chemistry and engineering—but he ignores mathematics) and with particular emphasis on major projects, such as the World War II development of the atomic bomb, the grandiose Mohole failure, and high-energy accelerators ("atom smashers"). For all these, as for less ambitious research, money is needed and the fight for money is quite as bitter, if less vociferous, as for youth programs and slum clearance in the cities. Greenberg traces the allocation of funds from science's starvation status in the twenties, when Herbert Hoover was unable to raise \$20 million from industry to assist basic research in the universities, to the present era of federal largess, when a single great accelerator may entail a capital investment of \$250 million (not counting auxiliary equipment) to which must be added an annual operating cost of a fourth or third of the first cost. Nor is this the end of the line. In *Scientific Research* (March 18) S. J. Lindenbaum proposes a far-out accelerator which might cost as much as \$20 billion, spread over a ten-year period, an enormous sum—but only two-thirds of the annual money cost of the Vietnamese War.

After describing the violent demise of

the relatively modestly priced Fixed Field Alternating Gradient Synchrotron (FFAG) in the early days of the Johnson Administration, Greenberg concludes with a sharply worded lecture directed at the politicking science community, admonishing it to "calm down, and, if necessary, perhaps to impose its wondrously effective discipline on those who proclaim a state of crisis in basic research." The effects to date have not been striking. The FFAG episode, however, is one of the most interesting in the book, and revealing in respect to the techniques used by Lyndon B. Johnson in dealing with embattled scientists, and the cat's-paw role to which he chose to assign his science/technology adviser, Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner.

Since 1953, FFAG had been promoted by a consortium of fifteen Midwestern universities whose physical researchers were desirous of obtaining accelerators and associated equipment on the scale of those in operation, or planned, at Stanford and Brookhaven, which played somewhat the same role in their thinking as Wall Street and the gold standard did in the Populist revolts of the 19th century. MURA (Midwestern Universities Research Association) had been sustained precariously by grants from the National Science Foundation and the Atomic Energy Commission.

However, as plans for FFAG progressed, a critical point was reached where MURA had to get multimillion-dollar appropriations or lose its staff of physicists, design engineers and other help, numbering over 100. Beset by technical difficulties, a conflict with a rival accelerator project at the University of Chicago's Argonne National Laboratory, conflicting recommendations by high-

level panels, and procrastination by President John F. Kennedy, MURA resorted to political action with the support of sixteen Midwestern Senators, led by Hubert H. Humphrey and William Proxmire. Under this pressure, President Kennedy might have given way, but death relieved him of this problem. Lyndon B. Johnson, intent on projecting an image of frugality as the federal budget approached the \$100 billion mark, began turning out the lights in the White House.

Wiesner had confined himself to advising Kennedy on the scientific aspects of the controversy. He had intended to return to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the end of 1963 but Johnson persuaded him to stay on. He was needed, for, as Greenberg puts it, scarcely had Kennedy been laid to rest than the MURA partisans, now in a condition bordering on frenzy, put the screws on the unprepared successor. After submitting to briefings, Johnson instructed Wiesner to bring a small delegation of MURA representatives to the White House for discussions. The date set was Thursday, December 19. Wiesner was also instructed to prepare a memorandum stating, not the pros and cons of the MURA proposal as in the past but the cons only. Wiesner protested that his position was one of conditional support for MURA, but Johnson insisted. Wiesner wrote the one-sided memorandum, but appended a note restating his qualified support for MURA's FFAG.

An unaccountable mix-up followed. The interview with the three MURA representatives—Elvis J. Stahr, Jr., president of Indiana University, and two physicists—was put off for a day, but on Friday the President was also scheduled to meet a delegation of Midwestern legislators who wished to succor MURA. So when Wiesner, accompanied by Glenn Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, arrived in the anteroom of the President's office, he found not only Stahr and his associates but Senators Humphrey and Proxmire, Rep. Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin and Rep. Melvin Price of Illinois. Leaving both groups in the anteroom, Wiesner went into Johnson's office and delivered the memorandum, with the qualifying note attached. A staff aide informed Johnson that the MURA group was to be followed by the Congressional delegation. Johnson said: "What the hell did you invite those Congressmen up here for?" Wiesner replied that he had not invited them and had known nothing about the second appointment. Johnson replied: "Well, goddamn it, somebody invited them." He added that he had planned to spend no more than twenty minutes with the MURA delegation.

After some further colloquy, Johnson

directed that the two delegations be admitted together. The conference began with Johnson describing himself as "the only man in government who wants to save money and here are all these people who want to spend money." He pointed to the AEC chairman and, with complete irrelevance, said: "There's Glenn Seaborg. He wants to run a nuclear bomb WPA out in the state of Washington to get (Sen. Henry) 'Scoop' Jackson re-elected. . . . Seaborg wants to buy votes. Nobody ever had to buy projects in Texas to elect me. . . ." He said he was willing to support "anything that science needs" but that the American people wanted economy and he was not persuaded that the MURA accelerator was needed.

Stahr protested that it was needed and that all MURA was asking in the fiscal 1965 budget was \$3.5 million for advanced design and architectural studies. Humphrey exclaimed, "Why, my God, the Midwest has been getting short-changed." Wiesner denied this and while he was debating with Humphrey, Johnson interrupted with: "The twenty minutes are up. I've got a memo here that I'd like to read and you can tell me what you think of it." He read Wiesner's memo—without the qualifying note—"a prosecutor's case against MURA." Greenberg calls it—and in the confusion that followed left the room. The two delegations were ushered out. MURA was dead, and Wiesner was the scapegoat of Midwestern science for years thereafter.

The Presidential decision may have been right, but the circumstances leave a residue of unanswered questions. Was the scheduling of the two delegations arranged between them, with the aim of reinforcement of the scientists by the politicians? Was the mix-up the result of an inadvertence on the part of the President's appointments secretary? Or was it a Presidential maneuver to set Wiesner and the MURA sponsors by the ears and enable Mr. Johnson to kill an expensive project in which he saw no national or personal advantage? In any case, the manner of the extinction was pure Johnson.

Yet he, as well as MURA, was finally the loser. In a post-mortem letter to Humphrey he indicated that the primary factor in the decision was: "Given the scope of the investment we have made and will be making at Argonne, I found it impossible to justify starting another national laboratory close by. . . ." But the much costlier accelerator now in the works is to be located at Weston, Ill., 25 miles from Argonne.

This incident gives an idea of the politics of pure science at its worst. Greenberg, however, takes in a much larger scope and deals throughout with a difficulty that is not the fault of either

scientists or politicians. The only way the scientists can carry on basic research is by following unpredictable leads, modifying the hypotheses with which they started, and changing the entire course of an experiment when necessary. For financing, however, they are dependent on another breed—the politicians. The necessities of science collide with the necessities of politics, in which expected costs and expected results are defined beforehand and appropriations are scaled accordingly.

The conflict is an old story. Vannevar Bush, the great scientist-engineer who directed the Office of Scientific Research and Development in the forties and had as much to do with winning the war as Franklin D. Roosevelt or Winston Churchill, foresaw what would happen after the war and tried to safeguard the independence of science in the face of massive dependence on governmental support. During his term as Kennedy's science adviser, Wiesner remarked that one of his functions was to "protect the anarchy of science." As appropriations for both pure and applied science, and development, mounted to the current total of about \$16 billion annually (the greater part always "mission-oriented" for direct military applications) and the cost of the Vietnamese War rose to nearly double that figure, the conflict between that part of the scientific community engaged in basic research and the Congressional overseers of science and technology became more acute. Nor will it end with the war, since the admirals and generals are already pre-empting for future advanced weaponry whatever funds will be freed.

The scientists fear, not without reason, that the \$6 billion cut in federal spending for fiscal 1969 will impel disproportionate slashes in basic research. The controllable part of the budget amounts to less than \$40 billion out of the \$186 billion total. The rest, comprising such items as service on the national debt, Social Security, veterans' pensions and allowances, etc., is untouchable or, as in the case of the \$80 billion Department of Defense appropriation, is assured of gentle treatment. In contrast, nonmilitary research and development, which totals at a rough estimate \$2.5 billion a year, including \$1.5 billion for pure research in university laboratories, is the soft underbelly of the budget.

Earlier (the book was published in 1967). Greenberg viewed the then existing prospects for reduced spending with equanimity. He exposes abuses which have accompanied the rise to affluence of some portions of the scientific community—needless conference riding, including junkets to Europe; needless purchases of expensive equipment; multiple publication for the purpose of garnering

personal publicity, etc. "Science was only a calling," he writes, "today it is still a calling for many, but for many others, it is simply a living, and an especially comfortable one, for not only is it relatively affluent, but its traditions of freedom and independence provide a façade behind which government subsidized liberties may be taken in the name of creativity." Then, in one of his best sentences, he says: "Having few peers in the misuse of public funds for personal purposes, congressmen are sensitively tuned to the misuse of such funds by others." He suggests some plausible remedies, such as making the National Science Foundation the principal channel of governmental funds for academic research and scientific training (though not barring support by other bodies) investigating the possibility of putting grants on a multi-year basis, and a reconsideration of priorities. He asks: "In a world plagued by misery, is it decent for fine minds and great wealth to be dedicated to the interior of the atom and the mysteries of the planets?"

While some reductions may be innocuous or even salutary, my own hope is that the drastic cuts that are now in prospect can be avoided. Public support for basic science is negligible: a legislator can vote for cuts without raising a storm among his constituents. Yet long-term

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damage can be done by indiscriminate curtailments. Some of the arguments of the current report of the High Energy Physics Advisory Panel of the AEC may be specious, but it is perfectly true that in this field long lead times are required for planning. Between the initial concept for a large accelerator to its completion a decade or more may elapse; even scheduling a specific experiment may involve

a lead time of two years. Maltreatment of one branch is all too likely to spread havoc elsewhere: if particle physics is ruthlessly cut back, social science, which has only recently received anything approaching deserved recognition, will be next on the chopping block, followed by the National Institutes of Health which, with a budget of nearly \$1.2 billion, may not be as invulnerable as in the past.

bjorn-Lowry muses half-drunkly, "yet it seemed to him that if one person had survived such a thing to breathe purer air and love the light that there was hope for the human race. For one man's agony belongs to all men and to God."

Mythologized Megalomania

DARK AS THE GRAVE WHEREIN MY FRIEND IS LAID. By Malcolm Lowry. Edited by Douglas Day and Margerie Lowry. The New American Library. 255 pp. \$5.95.

RICHARD HAUER COSTA

Mr. Costa teaches at Utica College of Syracuse University. He is the author of a critical biography, *H. G. Wells (Twayne)*, and is presently at work on a book on Malcolm Lowry.

Midway through this posthumous novel by Malcolm Lowry, an unpublished alcoholic novelist named Sigbjorn Wilderness arrives with Primrose, his second wife, in Cuernavaca, Mexico, where they spend the night in the same bedroom tower that almost ten years before had witnessed the crack-up of his first marriage—material that Wilderness had worked into a much rejected novel about Mexico entitled *The Valley of the Shadow of Death*. While his wife sleeps nearby, Sigbjorn is seized by a hangover which evolves into a torturing metamorphosis. He imagines himself inhabiting—unaccountably and simultaneously—several spheres. While thinking they are merely the sounds of last night's revelry, he hears a clarinet soar into the strains of his first wife's favorite song followed by the "infernal din" of a ragtime version of the Mexican Raspa ("debombiditty boombiditty bombiditty bomba de bomb!"), compounded by howls from the always present Lowryan pariah dogs.

Although Sigbjorn has convinced Primrose that their trip to Mexico is an exorcism to overcome a massive writing block, he mournfully recognizes anew that every hangover brings nothing but the memory of a hangover, a dread cycle, and that he has sunk to becoming his own "character." But this is coupled with the delicious awareness that he is undergoing a unique experience; that the daemons who are the conductors of human agony ("conductor" in its other, its scientific, sense—someone who serves as a channel for heat, sound, electricity—is peculiarly appropriate to Lowry) are

orchestrating pandemonium and that he must not miss a note of it.

The scene—the book—dissolves into a series of flash-backs which move unsurely along the same redemptive trajectory as the unforgettable final scene of *Under the Volcano*. In that book, the Consul is borne ("born" is closer to the heart of the scene) dying to the summit of a gigantic barranca and flung by Mexican Fascists into its crater; but his soul survives, ascending to the top of the volcano Popo which, like Hemingway's Kilimanjaro, had always beckoned the mortally doomed artist.

Sigbjorn—Lowry—sees his torment as supernatural and visions his *Angst* as that of some hideously elected sojourner in a hell from which he cannot emerge alive but whose circles he will, Virgil-like, chart.

It wasn't good art but it was the truth. Anybody more bloody well damned than himself, he considered, it would be next to impossible to find on this planet. What had God been up to in creating such a man and what was his purpose in keeping him alive, if alive he could be said to be? Was He so kindly that He would do it for his wife? Yet what strange power was it in him, strange, and it could not be but evil—Yet, was he not good, were they not good, had they not sacrificed their own house, their work, to the forest, for others' good—he had forgotten this, this was something else again—was this a power that was wasted on writing and that God had determined must in some sense serve chaos.

The passage is a perfect evocation of Lowry's view of art, inseparable from his view of experience, which was ultimately messianic. Like Lowry's most direct literary influence, his old friend and mentor Conrad Aiken, and like Herman Hesse, a writer Lowry deeply admired ("I am Steppenwolf!" he once announced to his wife, Margerie), Lowry converted the surfaces of life into mythologized megalomania, both as a refuge from thought and as evidence of destiny. "His agonies must be far from unique," Sig-

All his life Lowry sought to convert "one man's agony" into gain: to turn, with Yeats, one's greatest weakness into one's greatest strength. For Lowry, the pain of Malebolge and hell-fire would be redeemed by what he could report back. And yet, as Douglas Day notes in his brilliant and necessary preface, Lowry, by offering himself as a kind of human Geiger counter—by allowing himself to be written—could become more than Dantean, for he, Sigbjorn-Consul-Lowry, was returning to re-experience hell.

Unfortunately, as Lowry found to his great sorrow during the ten years remaining to him after the long-delayed publication of *Volcano*, the infernal machine that ground out his daemonic life carried no guarantee of grinding out, in its self-destroying course, major fiction. Too many of the ever-growing company of critics who discover *Volcano* with each reissue stress the autobiographical aspects, and too few recognize that a decade and four complete revisions were required for the promising but unpublished short story of 1937 to evolve into the "contemporary classic" first published in 1947. And *Dark as the Grave* is so resolutely autobiographical of the circumstances of the earlier book that a careful reading of *Under the Volcano* is absolutely vital to a grasp of what is happening in the later book.

What made *Volcano* so memorable was Lowry's ability to dissolve the boundary line between the objective and subjective worlds of the Consul. In making the Consul's tragedy succeed on both planes, it was necessary for Lowry to post another consciousness on the outer boundaries of Geoffrey Firmin's, a consciousness more clear-seeing than the Consul's, one which records internal and external movements as they develop, more or less in the manner of a movie camera. Lowry then shows them back to the reader-viewer in slow motion. A series of objective correlatives—a child's funeral, a dead dog seen in a ravine, a dying Indian sighted but unaided by the roadside, the ruins of the palace of those "empurpled exiles" Maximilian and Carlotta, a riderless horse bearing the number seven—these serve as clues both to reality and dream. Even the Consul's alcoholism is treated by Lowry as a kind of tragic game with overtones of high comedy.

Douglas Day quite rightly points out that Lowry was a "crammer-inner" seeking "to bore further down into his

psyche than any reader could follow." Add to this Lowry's Proustian conception of his work as one massive interrelated pattern on whose parts he worked continuously and simultaneously. The combination of crammer-inner and never-ender was fatal to Lowry, the craftsman. It assured him high aspiration and low fulfillment. Only a long life (Lowry died at 47) and the 1,000 words a day for a lifetime of a controlled artist like Thomas Mann could create a corpus of completed works normally associated with the major novelists.

Professor Day's admirable preface pushes a little too hard perhaps the notion that Lowry was not really a novelist, except by accident. Lowry was the first to acknowledge his defects as "irremediable . . . the author's equipment, such as it is, is subjective rather than objective, a

better equipment, in short, for a certain kind of poet than a novelist." But Lowry was not falsely humble about his gifts. In what in published form is a 32-page letter of response in 1946 to a Jonathan Cape reader's rejection of *Volcano*, Lowry declares that "there are a thousand writers who can draw adequate characters . . . for one who can tell you anything new about hell fire."

While acknowledging that Lowry would be the last to consent to having *Dark as the Grave* published in this form, one must also express gratitude to Mrs. Lowry and to Douglas Day. In reading these germinal stirrings of a novel in embryo, one glimpses, all the more, the hell-fire, not only of the physical life Lowry led but that of the life of his art. And one is all the more indebted for the precious—if limited—legacy.

and Juliet) was at once the oddest and most explicit *Midsummer Night's Dream* of my experience. John Hirsch, the associate director, has dressed and staged the play to indicate that its subject is lust—with Athenian youths and maidens disporting in attitudes that in no way suggest Dresden china, and with Oberon, Titania and their courts pawing one another in the undiscriminating pre-genital sexuality of the underground cinema. Puck has the rasping voice and knowing eye of a costermonger's child; sprites and elves, self-absorbed, sway to modified rock and you can almost smell the pot in fairydom.

In this atmosphere, the "mechanicals," played more or less according to tradition, seem even more innocent than usual, and everyone laughs boisterously at their antics, relieved to be quit for a moment from the amorous damp of the main actions. It can all be justified readily enough: we've known for some time that Shakespeare's Greek idyll cloaks some dubious business. For one thing there is that changeling boy over whom Oberon and Titania squabble, and for another the uneasy permutations of obsessed infatuation. But Shakespeare rarely took single views of human behavior and there are hazards in showing exactly what he meant. Thus if one introduces Theseus as a senile admiral out of Gilbert and Sullivan (I don't understand

THEATRE / Robert Hatch

Look at the license plates. Now completing its sixteenth season, the Stratford Festival in Ontario draws from what has become probably the world's most extensive theatrical watershed: the paid attendance was more than a quarter-million in 1967, and will be bigger this year. Stratford treats its customers well: the small city smiles with discreet prosperity, the swans on Lake Victoria are endearingly insistent about picnic scraps, the huge theatrical company has become a phenomenon of integrated skill, trained to the top of its form, utterly at ease with one another and with its two stages, maneuvering the repertory with the dexterous snap of a cup defender racing crew. One friend tells another, from Missouri to Manitoba, and Stratford is a great deal more than a success—it is an institution.

And a going institution. There is no hint of smugness, no arrogance about the place. This company knows how good it is, but knows as well what vigilance and character are required to remain that way. One of the joys, perhaps the great joy, of the festival is the depth of its excellence. No one on its stages is there to fill space; everyone down to the page carrying a candelabrum is acting with every nerve of his body and according to the demands of the production. The commercial theatre can almost never elicit or afford such dedication, and I had almost forgotten the richness and intensity of life that can pour from a stage when every fragment of its complexity is switched on.

Yet there is a blandness at the center of the enterprise. Stratford can confidently guarantee not to disappoint any

reasonable man's expectations; I am less sure that it can surpass them. At least, what I saw there this year confirmed the ideas I had brought with me more than it expanded them. (I am told that in past seasons there have been occasions of astonishment, and in fairness it must be said that astonishment is a theatrical experience that the most superb of troupes cannot create at will.) It occurs to me that the festival may have trouble relating to its public. Though its following is enormous, it has almost no audience at all. An audience goes to the theatre as part of its life; people go to Stratford as part of their vacation. They are relaxed, nomadic, overwhelmingly benevolent; they are also almost exclusively middle-aged and more than moderately well heeled. They recognize that it is meritorious to attend plays endorsed by the wisdom of time; applauding the excellence they find at Stratford, they applaud also their excellence for being there. It is a friendly house, but a self-protected one.

Bending perhaps to that mood, the festival is less a rite than a course of instruction. I have rarely seen productions so lucid, so informative as to the playwright's intentions, so solicitous of the spectator's comprehension. The effect, when the works offered are somewhat demanding, is to make the audience feel pleasantly bright. But wholehearted lucidity does not always work to the advantage of the piece; a degree of bafflement, a sense of reaching but not quite grasping, is also characteristic of the theatre.

Thus the only Shakespeare I saw (the repertory this year also includes *Romeo*

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why the Athenians are made to appear in Victorian garden-party rig, unless it is done as a tribute to Tyrone Guthrie, founding genius of Stratford, who likes to stage Shakespeare in fancy dress), it may serve to advance the intuition that the playwright saw lechery as man's most persisting itch. But a doddering Theseus can scarcely deliver his Act V lines in support of the comic thespians, and the actor must abandon the device out of respect for the words.

Similarly, the somewhat rancid concept of Oberon may accord to a degree with Shakespeare's suspicion of love's witchcraft (after all, its most conspicuous victim here is an ass named Bottom),

SILENT AT BREAKFAST

*I could outline your nose and mouth
In the wet sand: I have a stick.
But salt foam would wet your lips,
Bubble to your eyes and leave you gone,
Or trace your real bone portrait
With fingers of the blind, for I am blind,
But flesh and morning always soft away the shape,
Blur your name, who you are, what you mean,
This laser beam I prod into the cloud for you
Smokes in the tube, too fierce for human air,
But marks my poor experiment for miles around.
O traitor tide, touch, too-bright light
To lose you among the grapefruit rinds
Unnamed, unknown, desolate!*

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but what of the Oberon who so tenderly blesses the house in which the lovers sleep? Shakespeare was not a very simple man, and it is imprudent to resolve his enigmas for him. I will say, though, that a steamy *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a relief of sorts from the lavender-water masques of countless Christmas holidays.

Tartuffe, staged by Jean Gascon, the new artistic head of Stratford, comes across fast, funny, sharp and relentless. It is so marvelously acted by all hands that William Hutt's *Tartuffe* does not seem the virtuoso performance that it undoubtedly is. But again the play lacks shadows; it is flat good and flat evil. *Tartuffe* is a joyless villain, a Protestant sort of sinner, and I have seen actors far less gifted than Hutt who got a Catholic lyricism into the role. *Tartuffe* can be thought to hug himself in an ecstasy of hypocrisy that is not without religious overtones, Orgon is certainly his dupe, but whose dupe is he? The question does not arise at Stratford; it is all subversive slapstick and domestic irony. I don't much like the Richard Wilbur translation. Its rhymes clang with an insistent accuracy that is particularly jarring when your ears have been made sensitive by Shakespeare's subtle chiming.

The company's *Seagull*, again directed by Mr. Gascon, gave me the most pleasure during my stay at Stratford. You could almost justify the formation of permanent companies on the single ground that only such groups can perform Chekhov. Players who don't know and trust one another will never surrender themselves to Chekhov's dangerous intimacy. This cast did so, and the performance glowed. Again, though, it appeals more to the mind than to the heart, ambiguity being what Chekhov found in life and what makes his plays so demanding of one's conscience. In this production, weakness is made mani-

fest, stupidity asserts itself, Arkadina is a bitch (Chekhov never lets you call his people names) and Konstantin is a little too much the British schoolboy in love. I have never seen the idea of the play interpreted more succinctly—maturity is a disease that poisons the young—but there have been times when I felt the play itself more deeply.

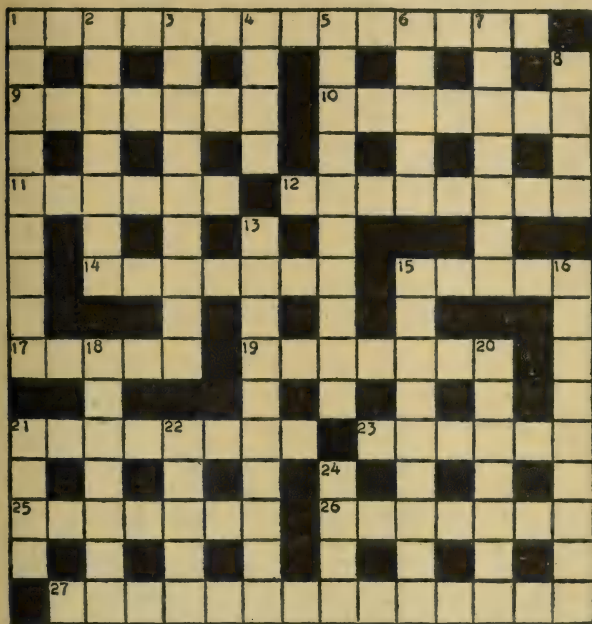
That leaves *The Three Musketeers*—and I am content to leave it. It is this season's circus turn, and I guess a festival needs one such dependable crowd rouser. They do it with wonderful leaps, thrusts and brandished bottles and it is a tribute to the physical training of the company. I'm sure everyone moves better in the other plays for having been through the exercise of Dumas' sword opera, but it contains too little substance for its quota of noise.

Waiting for Godot opened after I left Stratford. I regret missing it, for I should have liked to see what moves they make to clarify Beckett's misanthropic word magic. The exegeses have been at work on this conundrum for some time, which is possibly why the festival chose it as this year's contemporary presentation. There is by now plenty of background for interpretation.

I don't want to be misunderstood: any of the productions I saw at Stratford (well, perhaps not the Dumas) would embellish a season in New York or London or Paris. The festival is hallmark theatre: it is a standard against which other companies may measure themselves, if they have the nerve. If it were not so good, one would not be so sensitive to its possible flaws. What I sense—this tendency to instruct rather than to transport—may also have been detected by Mr. Gascon and his colleagues long before I hit town. If it worries them a little, that is good. The one thing that might diminish Stratford would be a failure to worry.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1261

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 22 down Being, to hamlet? He decided it wasn't! (1,4,5,4,5)
- 9 A painter makes it through bad times, as you can see. (7)
- 10 Conditional clause. (7)
- 11 What supplies strength is back with the latest! (6)
- 12 Briefly, a way a poor reader is about to get stopped. (8)
- 14 The condition of weather in general suggests what Hillary wanted to do concerning Everest. (7)
- 15 The species that makes paste of the French spirit? (5)
- 17 Much-better-than-average bird. (5)
- 19 Holds people in the country, such as resident members of the staff. (7)
- 21 See 21 down.
- 23 An oxide of the lightest of metals. (6)
- 25 Get off at diner changes? (7)
- 26 Looks with favor, obviously. (7)
- 27 and 8 How 1968 might be translated from a brief notice. (2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 4)

DOWN

- 1 Proving I care, in a way, about the hazy appearance of stopping the war for peace talks. (9)
- 2 Of radiation, chemically active. (7)
- 3 One-time. (9)
- 4 Polish river, or German. (4)

- 5 It's more than boils that makes her as upset! (10)
- 6 The other ones, so the letters indicate. (5)
- 7 A way to prominence for such as Lindberg (7)
- 8 See 27 across
- 13 Lancing may at least help to discover it! (10)
- 15 The bolder ring doorbells to find it—at least acting bold, if old. (7-2)
- 16 One might expect to find Mrs. Green a good diver! (9)
- 18 How to make a singlet behave like Lowell's life. (7)
- 20 Light movement of Italian sport. (7)
- 21 and 21 across What Fisher and MacFadden were both noted for. (4-8)
- 22 See 1 across
- 24 Space provided when the pole is removed from the amphitheater? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1260

ACROSS: 1 Dolomites; 6 Pipes; 9 Fragile; 10 In style; 11 and 22 Runagates; 15 Ked Cross; 16 Faster; 18 Piquet; 20 Riffraff; 23 Oman; 24 Agenda; 28 Automat; 29 Console; 30 Early; 31 Spearhead. DOWN: 1, 25 and 21 across What Fisher and MacFadden were both noted for. (4-8)
2 See 1 across
3 One-time
4 Space provided when the pole is removed from the amphitheater? (4)

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BITTER LEGACY OF LBJ

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LETTERS

leaflet conspirators

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Last May at Fort Ord, Calif., Privates Daniel Amick and Ken Stoltz were sentenced by general court-martial to four years' hard labor apiece. Their crime: distributing an anti-war leaflet on the base and, moreover, conspiring to do so.

Attorney Francis Heisler has filed notice to appeal the decision with the Court of Military Appeals, but Maj. Gen. Thomas A. Kenan, Commanding General of Fort Ord, has refused release the two political prisoners on their own recognizance pending that action. Heisler will therefore appear soon in the Federal District Court of San Francisco on a writ of habeas corpus. . . .

In the name of military justice, the two young men—who had never before been charged with an offense—are refused even that most narrow liberty, the right to await due process outside prison walls. At this writing they are confined in the Fort Ord stockade.

Funds are badly needed for the two appeals. . . . The sum of \$1,500 would help not only two dedicated young men but also the fight to open political space in the army, where room to organize is so desperately needed.

Checks may be sent to the Stoltz-Amick Defense Fund, Drawer 3996, Carmel, Calif. 93921.

Todd Gutlin

a name for it

Long Island City, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: I must take vehement exception to your astonishing statement that Richard Nixon is not corrupt [editorial, Aug. 19].

Nixon confessed to the nation on television that he took the \$18,000 from California oil and real estate operators. He took the money and delivered the goods. We used to call that bribery; I still call it by its rightful name.

There is also Howard Hughes's loan of \$205,000 to Nixon's brother on a \$4,000 lot, a loan apparently never repaid. What could be more corrupt? \$206,000, perhaps?

Emmett Swissheim

diabolism

Springfield, Mass.

DEAR SIR: Is it inconceivable that Johnson and Rusk may be motivated by something even deeper than the North-South complex unearthed by "the lady in Atlanta" ["Damyankes," editorial, *The Nation*, Aug. 26]?

The search for some explanation of their diabolism may indeed go back to their being Southerners, but has it occurred to anyone besides myself that it isn't merely a Mason-Dixon Line complex that motivates them? Behind their patriotic rhetoric may possibly lurk a hidden desire to destroy the Union for what it did to their region 100 years ago. The "lady in Atlanta" has started me thinking; blame her for the results!

Lee E. Holt

worth the blood?

University City, Mo.

DEAR SIR: Stanley Meisler implies [editorial, *The Nation*, Aug. 26] that a Nigerian federal victory over secessionist Biafra would not be worth the cost in lives. Perhaps he forgets that Lincoln is revered for keeping the states united, thereby avoiding the continuing mortal conflicts of European countries. . . . When one notes that Biafra, like secessionist Katanga of the Congo, is the region of its nation best endowed with mineral wealth, the case for quashing the Biafran secession becomes compelling.

Arthur N. Solomon

EDITORIALS

McCarthy's Victory

Eugene McCarthy will not be President of the United States—at least not in the next four years—but that was never his primary objective. What he wanted was to bring the issue of Vietnam before the country in an inescapable form, and the only way he could do that was by defying Lyndon B. Johnson and running for the Presidency himself. He succeeded not only in mobilizing resistance to the war and in forcing Mr. Johnson to withdraw, but he changed the face of American politics to a degree that has astonished old-line and new politicians alike.

Before McCarthy set out on his crusade, most of the voters were only vaguely aware of the extent to which great issues were decided, or simply ignored, by the political bosses, nor did they greatly care. It was the way things were. Courageous action by one man, with only a small following at the outset, snowballed into a massive movement. It was not powerful enough to boost McCarthy into the Presidency, but it showed the power of adherence to principle where principle had been a minor consideration, and even a positive handicap. American politics will never be the same again; no, not even if Richard Nixon is elected. Four years of Nixon would seem like a long time, but, like all triumphs and all misfortunes, it would pass.

The contrast between the temperaments of Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy was brought out sharply at their appearance before the California delegation on August 27, together with George McGovern, who on that occasion came away with the laurels. Humphrey proclaimed himself a "peace candidate" and sought to minimize the difference between his position and that of McCarthy and McGovern as being mainly one of "rhetoric." If this is rhetoric, there is no such thing as substance. Humphrey identifies himself with Lyndon Johnson in regard to the war, and calls it peace. McCarthy and, belatedly, McGovern, with due respect for the office of the President, made it clear that they disagreed with the incumbent on the war and much else. The California delegation knew that Humphrey was talking out of both sides of his mouth and they were no more than polite.

Had it not been for McCarthy and his defiance of the political mores, the good things that happened at the Democratic convention would not have happened at all, or would have been less conspicuous. In contrast to the Republican convention, the Democrats staged a series of meaningful debates, the origins of which could be traced back to positions McCarthy had taken during his campaign. The abolition of the unit rule was one, the contests for the seating of dissident delegations were instructive even when the insurgents lost, and the Vietnamese debate cleared the air on that issue even though the Johnson-Humphrey plank prevailed. (See "The Bitter Legacy of LBJ," page 198.)

McCarthy's primary weakness, from the standpoint of practical politics, is that his approach to issues is sharp, unequivocal and concise, but delivered in a low key. If he

were an actor, it could not be said that he throws his lines away, but he is even farther from tearing a passion to tatters. He is not outwardly passionate at all, though to do what he did requires great depth of feeling and adamant resolution. Some of the California delegates must have been taken aback when he began his speech with eight foreclosing words: "I do not intend to restate my case," and went on from there. But that showed more respect for his audience than if he had harangued them.

Americans who want more than anything else to be proud of their country may be ashamed of much that it has done in recent years but it did, after all, produce Eugene McCarthy, and millions have been inspired by him. And we have not heard the last of him, nor of the kind of politics for which he stands.

Agreement In Name Only

The obvious things about the Czechoslovak-Soviet confrontation have all been said. The Russian invasion was outrageous and a blow not only to international comity but to whatever is left of communism as an international cause. But this is only the first act in a continuing drama. Militarily, the hard-liners in Moscow have had their way, but they have not succeeded in what must have been their primary objective—a more amenable regime in Prague.

The Svoboda-Dubcek government may not remain completely unscathed, but even if one or another minister is displaced, and even if the liberalization trend is somewhat distorted, Moscow's basic problem remains. If the Moscow hard-line faction believes that a democratic version of communism is menacing to the regimes presently in power in the Soviet Union, Poland, Hungary and Bulgaria, then it must continue efforts to thwart what a majority of Czechs and Slovaks obviously prefer to the Novotny brand. So far as the military pressure on them will permit, Svoboda, Dubcek and their colleagues for their part must continue to hold on to what they have gained. The struggle will continue on the diplomatic level, with the threat of military force always in the background. If the Moscow hawks have learned anything, however, they will hesitate to rely again on direct force. They may withdraw most of their armor and resort to economic pressures.

An attempt has been made by the *émigré* groups in the United States, and by some of the indigenous press, to equate the invasion of Czechoslovakia with the assault on Hungary in 1956, but the differences are outstanding. Though Stalin was already dead, effective de-Stalinization had not yet taken hold, and the Soviet action was as unrestrained as if Stalin himself had been in charge. The government of Hungary was overthrown, the revolt was crushed, Imre Nagy and Pal Maleter were later executed, and large numbers of Hungarians fled the country. Even so, the Soviet action was not wholly unintelligent: the installation of Janos Kadar, a moderate who had at one time undergone torture at the hands of extremists, had a long-term pacifying effect. While he has gone along with the Russian moves, Kadar may be more sympathetic with the Czechoslovaks than he is in a position to admit.

Another factor that calls for evaluation is the Russian

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NATION

Vol. 207

No. 7

(and Polish) fear of Germany. Hitler called Czechoslovakia a dagger aimed at the heart of Germany. This was simply preparation for his seizure of the Sudetenland, but the dagger can be turned to the East. The Russian fear of Germany *redivivus* is genuine, just as was the French fear of Germany after World War I—as it turned out, with good reason. Russian anxiety is aggravated by the tenuous hold of communism on East Germany, which has certainly not been strengthened by Ulbricht's role in the assault on Czechoslovakia. The Czechs may have to reconcile themselves to the presence of Russian troops on their western border, as a barrier to any future Czech-German *rapprochement*.

The sane course for the Czech and Slovak people is clear: they can win only by not being, or seeming to be, victorious. Svoboda and Dubcek have driven the best bargain possible, and can be relied on for a future course along the same lines. The people must support them and show firmness combined with political maturity. Any attempts at mass resistance would only play into the hands of the neo-Stalinists in their own country. The situation is much too precarious for displays of individual heroism. Teen-agers throwing stones at tanks make good pictures for the American news media, but the only aid Czechoslovakia will get from the United States is the verbal output of Radio Free Europe.

Technology Rides Again

In the May-June, 1967, issue of the *Diary* of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, the Polish-American philosopher Henryk Skolimowski questioned whether human society "can survive the grip of technology." The outlook appears considerably less promising in the light of the August 16 tests of the MIRV ("Multiple Independently Targetable Re-entry Vehicle"). The launchings took place at Cape Kennedy, further dissipating the notion that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is dedicated only to the peaceful uses of outer space. The Navy and Air Force were equally represented, the Navy by its Poseidon missile, the Air Force by Minuteman 3. According to spokesmen for the services, the tests were highly successful—although precisely what constituted success was left unstated. ("It was a good day for the country," an Air Force public relations man said, identifying the country with the Air Force as the late Charles E. Wilson identified it with General Motors.)

Technology is nothing if not progress. In this case it consists of mounting from three to ten thermonuclear warheads on a single rocket. The multiple warheads can either be targeted on a single city or else cities several hundred miles apart can each receive its designated warhead. Numerous decoys will also be released to paralyze nuclear defense systems, in case anyone has been foolish enough to build them, and there are hints that the warheads will be maneuverable during descent, instead of falling freely.

The present "Model T" ICBM installations designed to protect the United States against a nuclear onslaught by devastating counterforce consist of more than 1,000 Minuteman 1 and Minuteman 2 missiles (the latter pre-

dominating) in underground silos, and 656 Polaris missiles in forty-one nuclear submarines. The Poseidon, which is longer and fatter than the Polaris and twice as heavy, will carry as many as ten warheads, with a range between 2,500 and 2,900 miles. The land-based Minuteman 3 is designed to carry three warheads to a range of about 8,000 miles.

In the early seventies, when these weapons are deployed, the number of warheads ready for instant launching will be multiplied several times. If the Russians—not to speak of the Chinese—would only stand still we would be even more invincible, but unfortunately the Soviet technology, like ours, is hellbent on progress. As a result they will have MIRVs targeted on our cities, and nothing much will be changed, except that there will be all the more chance of one of those thousands of bombs (ICBMs are only a small fraction of the total) going off inadvertently.

One change, however, is certain: A lot of money is going to be made by Lockheed (which is responsible for Poseidon) and Boeing (which supplies Minuteman 3) and by their subcontractors, always eager to boost technology to new heights of universal suicide.

'Everything We Can Get'

The MIRV development is only one aspect of the stepped-up arms race which is in prospect, once that nasty little diversion in Vietnam is out of the way. Rarely does the public get any real insight into the dynamics of defense spending, but one case of impressive magnitude is documented in *Forbes*, August 1.

By way of background, it must be understood that each of the three services (the Marines being included in the Navy) has three enemies: the one it is shooting at and its two brother services. Rivalry is particularly keen between the Air Force and the Navy—as former Secretary of Defense McNamara discovered when he tried to get the two services to share a new fighter-bomber, the F-111. The Navy version, F-111B, was to incorporate modifications to suit the requirements of carrier service, but it was killed by the admirals and their allies in Congress, who now have bigger plans.

They have come up with the VFX. If everything goes according to schedule, this will replace the McDonnell Douglas F-4, the present mainstay of the Navy, Marines and Air Force. The Navy alone figures it will need 1,300 at a unit cost of between \$8 million and \$9 million, or a total contract value of about \$11 billion. If the plane proves to be really hot stuff, the Air Force may have to adopt it to the extent of another 1,700 planes, or \$14 billion more, making a grand total of \$25 billion.

Naturally everybody is after that tidy little sum, even though so far it is only on paper. North American Rockwell, Ling-Temco-Vought, McDonnell Douglas, General Dynamics and Grumman are already in the race, and no doubt others will appeal for a share.

The case of Grumman is a peculiar one. For many years the firm has been the favorite for Navy aviation procurement and was allied as the chief subcontractor with General Dynamics on the F-111 job. Grumman's

share was to be about \$500 million, of which it has earned \$355 million so far. Undeterred by its link with General Dynamics, Grumman brought the VFX proposal to the Navy.

When the news reached General Dynamics, one of its executives said that his people felt somewhat like a cuckolded husband. They also suspected that the Navy had given Grumman a helping hand—informally and *sub rosa*, of course—but this is denied by Grumman's president, Llewellyn J. Evans. "We did this on our own, for purely competitive reasons," he insists. "... We spent millions on research and wind tunnel testing. ... This is a damn competitive business, and we're going after everything we can get."

Business is business, whether it's on Seventh Avenue among the cloak-and-suiters, or in the great centers of defense with their palatial offices. There is only this difference: the cloak-and-suiters don't operate with the taxpayers' money.

Ernest Gruening

The youth of America (and the humane spirit that might keep America young), which was battered and gassed through the streets of Chicago last week, also lost a battle in Alaska, where Sen. Ernest Gruening was defeated in the Democratic primaries by Mike Gravel, an Anchorage real estate developer.

Senator Gruening is 81 and if this defeat should mark the end of his public career, he can face political retirement with pride in a lifetime devoted to public service as a journalist, U.S. representative abroad, Alaska governor and legislator. But the country cannot face his departure with like equanimity, for in the case of Mr. Gruening "public service" is no conventional phrase—he served the public, people not institutions, and people not only in America but everywhere in the world and most particularly in the world of Latin America. It is an ironic shock that on the day when the Senator was defeated in Alaska, the U.S. Ambassador to Guatemala, Mr. John Gordon Mein, was shot dead on the Avenida Reforma. Our Latin American policy in recent decades has made us the "enemy" in the eyes of its peoples; they knew Gruening for their friend.

It is a characteristic of many great men that they stay young for their entire lives. A few weeks ago Senator Gruening was taking time out from a barnstorming trip through the Eskimo villages of northern Alaska to swim in the icy Arctic Ocean; a few months ago his strong voice was raised to greet the peace marchers assembled before the Washington Monument. "Never trust anyone over 30," says the young, but they don't mean Ernest Gruening.

Twice in his life from 1920 to 1922 and again in 1933, Mr. Gruening was an editor of *The Nation*. He has said, "Of no title could I be prouder than that of *Nation* alumnus." He now becomes an alumnus of the Senate, a title in which he can also take great pride, for he served Alaska well, both as territorial governor and as Senator. We await with confidence the career to which he will devote himself in his "retirement."

The Rediscovery of Cuba

The biggest blunder of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations was of course the invasion of Vietnam. Less disastrous in its consequences but even more illustrative of military and diplomatic idiocy, one may cite U.S.-Cuban relations since Batista was sent packing.

All revolutionary regimes go through a phase of euphoria, marked by great pride (for which there is some reason) and a corresponding sensitivity. Elementary psychology teaches that this is the time to give them a wide berth, in the expectation that things will simmer down, as they almost always do. Contacts with triumphant revolutionaries call for the utmost delicacy.

In the case of Cuba, we were instead at pains to insult Castro on his first visit to the United States and thereafter to make life miserable for his regime and for the Cuban people. Then we committed the blunder of the Bay of Pigs. Since then, we have tried to be generally beastly, though perforce only in a petty way.

Under modern conditions, however, it is impossible for two nations, separated by only 90 miles of water, to exist indefinitely in a state of total hostility. It makes no difference that one is the most powerful in the world and the other among the smallest and feeblest—in today's world such ratios do not mean what they once did. The proximity of Cuba and the United States is too much even for our cold warriors and Communist-baiters and the diehard "anti-imperialists" on the other side.

It is instructive to note some of the factors that are now beginning to compel the rediscovery of Cuba by U.S. statesmanship (such as it is). The first is the hijacking of U.S. aircraft. So far this year there have been ten attempted and successful airplane seizures; five commercial and two private flights were forced to change course and fly to Cuba. The airline companies, and the U.S. Government, are virtually powerless to cope with the problem, which creates justified anxiety among airline passengers.

All the proposals for coping with the hijackers promise to make a bad situation worse. One such bright idea involves equipping the flight crew with tear gas (in a sealed cabin!); another would have the pilots put the plane into sharp dives or violent turns to throw the hijacker off balance (and the passengers out of their seats, and perhaps against the ceiling of the cabin). In one attempt to end this aerial piracy, the State Department has told Cuba that it will fly home any of its nationals on the return trips of the planes which now twice daily bring Cuban refugees to the United States. But Castro has not agreed, and given the backgrounds and mental states of the hijackers to date, there seems no powerful reason why he should. A considerable number have criminal records, several have shown themselves distraught, and not all are Cubans.

Another painful consequence of U.S.-Cuban hostility is the epidemic of bombings at foreign consulates and tourist offices, mainly in midtown Manhattan but also in other cities. While there is no proof that all these bombings are the work of anti-Castro terrorists, the targets have been predominantly the consulates and mission offices of countries that maintain trade relations with Cuba. A left-

ist bookstore was attacked, as were the offices of Grove Press, whose magazine, *Evergreen Review*, had recently published excerpts from Che Guevara's Bolivian diary. That bombing came on the fifteenth anniversary of Castro's opening attack upon the Batista government. Cuban exiles have been telling newsmen that organizations they belong to, or know about, are responsible—though the informants themselves claim innocence.

One Cuban exile arrested in Miami in connection with a bombing had been trained by the CIA. There is some reason to believe that we have not cut our ties with militant anti-Castro organizations, and hesitate to take drastic action against them lest some of their officials and members might tell about their relations with the not very successful guardians of our security and liberties.

THE BITTER LEGACY OF LBJ

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Chicago, August 29

At the stroke of midnight Wednesday, the Democrats nominated Hubert Humphrey for the Presidency, but if they did not elect Richard Nixon to that office it was through no fault of Lyndon Johnson, Mayor Daley, or the happy nominee. What they have done to their party remains to be seen. Humphrey's nomination came as no surprise to anyone here, although his vote was somewhat larger than had been forecast. From the outset he had the nomination sewed up. There was no need for Daley's rigging operations, which were carried out in full public view, with the President's approval and with no protest from the nominee. Nor was there need or justification for the fantastic police and security measures which in effect called for the violence they were supposed to prevent. And there was no justification whatever for the brutality which the police inflicted on demonstrators, visitors, newsmen and even some delegates.

The Chicago police are a special breed. My guess would be that they weigh on an average about 50 or 60 pounds more than the average for New York's finest. Even before the trouble started, it was clear that they were spoiling for a fight, and not merely with yuppies and hippies. They were up tight, period. Police, National Guardsmen and federal troops probably outnumbered demonstrators. One Chicago newsmen estimated 20,000 for each side.

The effect of this awesome demonstration of military and police muscle was to create an atmosphere so hateful and oppressive that it drew a mild protest even from joyous Hubert. At the same time it was clear that any of the candidates could have been assassinated with relative ease, precisely because of the confusion, the general milling around and the excessive show of force. Newsmen usually enjoy a degree of immunity from police brutality, but not in Chicago, not at this convention. Secret Service and uniformed police appeared on the floor of the conven-

The only comprehensive answer, of course, is normalization of relations between the United States and Cuba. But that is only the negative side. The fact is that a return to normality in the Caribbean would benefit both countries. Relations between the Russians and the Cubans have cooled. Castro's attempts to foment revolution in Latin America have not been conspicuously successful. Cuba could be a very good market for the United States, and an influx of American goods could alleviate the hardships of the Cuban people.

There are some glimmerings that good sense may prevail. There are even reports that President Johnson, wishing to leave office with the aura of a great peacemaker, is toying with the idea of coming to terms with Castro. It is high time that this long, dreary, absurd chapter was ended.



Abu—The Tribune. London

tion and at various state caucuses; at least two delegates were forcibly removed from the floor by the police. The assaults on newsmen naturally assured the widest possible publicity; the press and the media always become aroused about police brutality when it is directed against their representatives. Never before, at any convention, have newsmen been treated as they were here. "Apparently the police don't understand the English version of 'press,'" wrote Mike Royko, the popular columnist for the *Chicago Daily News*. "They seem to think it means 'Hit me, please' or 'Smash my camera, please.'"

Federal authorities were concerned from the outset about the measures Daley had ordered. Most of the delegates resented these measures but took no action to repudiate them. An enormous audience, in this country and

abroad, watched the disgraceful Chicago street scenes. If Daley had wanted to get the Democrats off to a bad start in this year's convention, he could not have done any better than he did. Richard Nixon, like Daley, is a "law-and-order" man, but he is not likely to pass up the opportunity to make political capital of this disgraceful exhibition of police assault. The image conveyed by the media of the "pacification" carried out by Mayor Daley's "special forces," including firemen and personnel from the Chicago Sewer District, was grotesque, surreal and reminiscent of Storm-trooper tactics in Germany of the 1930s. But oddly enough the street action was largely unrelated to what the delegates were doing; as delegates, they were not intimidated. Many of them seemed to feel that, however distasteful the outside action might be, it did not directly concern them, although 1,761 delegates voted to accept Johnson's protégé and program. It was Johnson who gave the convention to Chicago, as a reward to Daley for services rendered; and it was Daley who directed the police action, the pattern for which had been established during the peace demonstrations of April 27 [See "The Battle of Chicago" by Joseph L. Sander, *The Nation*, May 20]. The TV-viewing public naturally related the street scenes to the convention coverage; most delegates did not.

After the first few roll calls on the credentials fights, it was clear that there were simply not enough votes at the convention to block Humphrey's nomination. It was also clear that the size of the Establishment vote was not due to Humphrey's popularity—he cut a sorry figure here—nor was it due to any weaknesses in the opposition candidates. It stemmed rather from what might be called "the structure of the situation."

From the outset, Senator McCarthy, as an outsider challenging the leadership of his own party, was at a distinct disadvantage in terms of building delegate support for his movement. This weakness was remedied to some extent when Sen. Robert Kennedy entered the race. But as Senator McCarthy said in an interview yesterday, Senator Kennedy's death meant that "the control of the convention wars was in the hands of the regulars." McCarthy was constantly asked if he would support "the nominee of the convention." But since he was the initial challenger of the Administration, he could not give a direct categorical answer, and that kept him consistently in the role of the outsider who, in the eyes of many delegates, was running against the party, not with it. Senator Kennedy was not in that position, nor was Senator McGovern, who came on strong here at the convention but who entered the race too late to be able to carry his candidacy to the delegates in any systematic manner. The last-minute efforts to engineer a draft of Sen. Edward Kennedy did not help the opposition. With the bulk of his active supporters aligned with either McCarthy or McGovern, most delegates gave little credence to the rumor that he might be drafted.

Senator McCarthy was deprived of the issue on which he might have won—that is, "the Johnson issue." In retrospect it is clear that there was more and stronger sentiment against Johnson than there was against the Vietnamese War. The President offered a perfect target for McCarthy, and if he had not withdrawn, the structure



"We Come Highly Recommended."

of the situation would have been quite different. His departure not only changed the nature of McCarthy's problem but also took some of the edge off the Vietnamese issue. No longer was McCarthy the David who had dared to challenge Goliath. After March 31, he was a contestant in a struggle for power. In such a situation, and notably in a convention setting, candidates must exhibit a will to win. But McCarthy managed to convey the impression here, as throughout the campaign, that winning the big prize was not his main concern. This casual attitude put off many delegates, but not enough to have made a significant difference in the final balloting. Away from the convention, McCarthy's style and manner were assets, but delegates expect to be importuned by candidates who really want to win.

A major weakness of the opposition was its failure to penetrate the key industrial states of Illinois, Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania. In the case of Illinois, Daley was a major factor, but the basic explanation is that the leadership of organized labor, including Walter Reuther, was committed to Humphrey in all these states. As McCarthy put it, "Those old labor people . . . just dug in and put their heads down, like buffaloes. You couldn't budge them." In the key states of New York and California, sentiment against the Vietnamese War was so strong that the leadership of organized labor was to a large extent frozen out of the delegations. There is strong anti-war sentiment in the Midwest, too, but it was not organized



Pierotti. The N.Y. Post
"But Where Does It Say I Was Always Right?"

in a way that might have offset labor's rock-hard influence with the party's organizations in the selection of delegates. Sen. Robert Kennedy could have made a strong bid for organizational and labor support in these Midwest states; McCarthy could appeal only to the people. Not only was the labor leadership able to play a key role in delegate selection in these states but it was represented by 201 delegates in a labor caucus from forty-three states. In brief, the opposition strength in such states as California, New York, Oregon, Wisconsin, South Dakota, Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts could not offset Humphrey's support in the South, the border states, some of the Western states, and the big industrial states of the Midwest.

In Chicago, as at Miami, the convention nominated its leading organizational candidate. But the opposition in Chicago, unlike that in Miami, offered a real challenge in the key symbolic issue of Vietnam. The vote on the minority report on Vietnam—1,041½ for, 1,567¾ against, demonstrates the strength of the opposition. Paradoxically, opposition to the war is stronger among the Democrats than among the Republicans, but the Democratic Party must be charged with major responsibility for escalation and a special responsibility for the deceptive campaign of 1964. No doubt the Republicans will exploit popular opposition to the war, but they will not mount the kind of attack that was set forth in the minority plank that was offered in Chicago. Humphrey's friends are saying, of course, that he will now move in the direction indicated by the McCarthy-McGovern-Kennedy opposition. But he has publicly reaffirmed his support of the Administration's position. He owes his nomination to those elements in the

party most closely identified with the established leadership. At Philadelphia in 1948, Humphrey was booed by the Dixiecrats; here at Chicago, in 1968, he was forced to rely on their support. His backing came essentially from Dixiecrats, the leadership of organized labor, the few old-line bosses left in the party and the entrenched leadership.

The cliché comment on this convention is that the New Deal coalition which kept the Democrats in power in all but eight of the last thirty-six years is now breaking up. Much more to the point, however, is the fact that the elements for a new coalition exist within the party. McCarthy brought many of these new elements into the party—young people, the younger, better-educated, new-salaried middle class, the expanded educational elites, et al.

The mass of Negroes may be disaffected with both parties, but it is certainly a pleasure to listen to roll calls in which Mississippi votes against the unit rule. In this connection the black caucus nominated an impressive candidate, Rev. Channing Phillips, and served notice that it no longer respects, if it ever did, the established party leadership.

Julian Bond, in the bifurcated Georgia delegation, and Fanny Lou Hamer, in the Mississippi delegation, symbolize the "New Politics" that is emerging in the South. The number of Negro delegates, 241, was higher than ever before, and the tide of opposition to discrimination against Negroes, Puerto Ricans and Mexican Americans is running strong, is growing and is irreversible. In addition—and this is one of the major achievements of McCarthy's candidacy—the party has begun to reform the convention system and to give individual voters a better chance to influence decision making through meaningful political action.

It is these currents, including the strong opposition to the war, which underscore the serious consequences that may result from the majority acceptance of the Johnson legacy. The forces of the "New Politics" were strongly represented at this convention. Under the leadership, for example, of Jesse Unruh, a new-style boss who has learned something about the New Politics, the California delegation held only open caucuses as did many other delegations, and the McCarthy-Humphrey-McGovern debate before the Californians was a model of its kind.

Listening in on some of the state caucuses, I was impressed by the desire of delegations to win the right to more meaningful participation in political decision making at every level. The Wisconsin delegation is a fine example of the New Politics. As Miles McMillin of the Madison *Capital Times* said to me, most of the Wisconsin delegates "came out of nowhere." Few of them have had prior political experience, but it has not taken them long to learn the techniques. Today this delegation constitutes the Democratic Party in Wisconsin. Vietnam is the issue, as one delegate put it, which "brought us together." A professor led the discussion of the reports on Vietnam, and the chairman, Donald Peterson, a businessman, performed like a veteran. Jay Sykes, a newcomer in politics (incidentally a *Nation* contributor), played a key role in McCarthy's victory in Wisconsin. At the caucus on the Vietnam planks, a pleasant middle-aged housewife fore-

closed what might have been some disruptive heckling from a minority by her mild but firm insistence that the delegates stick to the issues.

The Democrats cannot afford to permit these new elements to leave the party; they hold the key to its future—if it has a future. Despite the rigging, wire pulling and other Daley tactics—with the big man signaling his wishes to various chairmen on the floor—and despite the size of the Humphrey vote, one sensed the existence just beneath the surface of a strong political insurgence which could not break through, in part because it did not quite know how and also because the old hands were still operating the controls. In 1972 it could be a different story. Because this potential exists it is a national misfortune that the party did not repudiate Johnson, as the people had done. The party is now stuck, if not with him then at least with his legacy: a gravely weakened party structure, the possibility of a walkout of those elements most needed to reorganize and revivify the party, and the awesome burden of defending the Johnson-Humphrey record on Viet-

nam. By failing to repudiate the Johnson legacy, the Democrats have not only improved Richard Nixon's chances of winning in November, they have also gravely hobbled Democratic nominees in every state.

John MacLean of the Chicago *Tribune* reports that when Hubert Horatio learned that he had been nominated he jumped to his feet and started clapping his hands, "How about that?" he shouted as he threw his arms around Mrs. Fred Harris, chairman of the United Democrats for Humphrey, and kissed her. When the image of his wife flashed onto the colored television sets in his suite, he said, "Mom, I wish you were here now." He turned then to a roomful of friends, aides and newsmen, and his voice quivering with elation said, "Look how pretty she looks" (as indeed she did), and leaned over to kiss her image on the set.

Elation at such a moment is to be expected, and from such a man as the nominee it is certain to be mawkish, but on this occasion Mr. Humphrey radiated a joy that was in bizarre contrast to the wicked excesses occurring on the streets beneath his window.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN AUGUST

Schweik & the Russian Bear

PATRICK D. HAZARD

Mr. Hazard is a member of the English department of Beaver College.

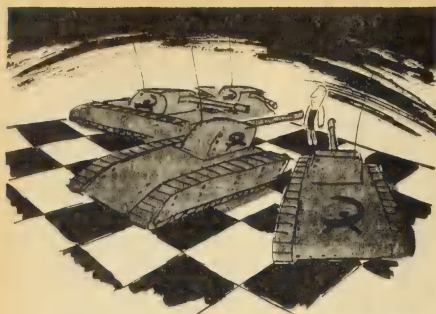
The clichés of our half-solicitous, half-envious friends about the riskiness of going, the excitement of being where the action is, was far from the reality of coexisting with the Russians from Cierna to Tisou to Bratislava. Not that my wife and I felt none of the factitious anxiety which Raymond Williams has suggested Western media whipped up with their foolishly "friendly" coverage of the Czechs' mini-cold war; it was hard to suppress a very real shiver at the sight of a Tommy gun-manned watchtower on the border between West Germany and Czechoslovakia. But our first contact with Czech officialdom a few minutes later was hardly geopolitical: the Banlon-frocked moneychangers aboard our train could have been, from the pert looks of them, any second-generation American Slavs at any Midwestern state university near Cleveland or Pittsburgh. (But their flattered cross-talk to each other when they realized we wanted to know where in Prague to find more poets like Miroslav Holub and more films like *Closely Watched Trains* would be hard to imagine among their American contemporaries.)

Our being there "at the historic moment" was mostly chance. After a year of teaching Americans in England, we had qualified for a National Union of Students tour. We reluctantly abstained from Greece to punish the colonels, and long before Dubcek's heroic fortnight, had signed on for Czechoslovakia with thirteen British univer-

sity students or recent graduates and another American. Not that we were uninterested in what was going on there. Our political awakening had dated approximately from F. O. Matthiessen's suicide over another Eastern European Socialist crisis in the 1950s, and we were eager to see for ourselves "what communism was like." We wanted to believe that socialism could renew itself, that its overbureaucratized ugliness could wither away under the scorn and joy of Czech cartoonists, film makers, writers. Long depressed by the playpen atmosphere of American television, we wanted to believe what we had read about the revolutionary role Czech TV had played in the post-January examination of the national conscience.

So, as the crisis mounted in the fortnight before our departure, we anxiously scanned the dispatches from Prague over morning coffee, gauging whether it would be chicken to back out at the last moment. I cite these feelings at length because I think they illustrate how misleading most of the attitudes inherited from the cold war turn out to be when people—even those who make some special effort to be broadminded—risk their first visit behind (note, not simply "the other side of") the iron curtain. And these (ex post facto) incredible assumptions which we brought to our visit (four days in Prague, three in Bratislava, six in the cities and villages of Eastern Slovakia from Poprad to Kosice) may help to explain the paradoxical exhilaration and depression we brought back from our possibly too bookish tour.

The first, and ultimately only essential, truth to record about the gray socialism that Czech intellectuals



David Myers—Evening News, London
Czech!

are revolting against is that it is indeed revolting. Even to one whose eyes were weaned on the squalor of Midwestern American motorscapes, today's Czechoslovak vistas must be seen to be discredited. Reading Mencken's "Lido of the Ugly" in a copy of *Writers in Revolt* that our American undergraduate was carrying, we concluded that his archetypal patch of desolation along the 25 miles of railroad track between Greensburgh and Pittsburgh would look almost Edenic by comparison with the bomb-site drabness all over Czechoslovakia. This is the more ironic because Mencken makes the point that the Central European immigrants inhabiting those steel mill towns had made a mighty poor bargain when they traded their quaint Slovakian villages for the infernal river valleys of the coal and steel magnates. It's not just the prevailing torn-up atmosphere—sewer and cable lines "temporarily" dug up, and left behind wooden protective fences which looked as though they had weathered more than one winter; half-erected ski jumps in tourist-development areas, with the missing steel beams complacently rusting away in a crazy heap. And it's not only the run-down quality of public services: clogged bathrooms in trains, bulbless light fixtures (under-illumination is a national vice, especially in museums), unrunning hot water in huge dormitory complexes. Beyond all this, it is the excruciating quality of recent building that is so discouraging.

We walked with a recent British civil engineering graduate through two so-called construction sites in the high-prestige tourist area of Stary Smokovec. It didn't require his professional comment to make us understand that in front of the local post office we were watching the slowest bricklayer in the history of mortar. An amateur could also see that the rubbly bricks he was so meticulously laying one on another were no inducement to speed. That was one Czech structure that would never beat the considerable snows of the High Tatry mountains this coming winter. And down the road, two other workers were hacking phlegmatically at great boulders, chipping them down to size for insertion in a wooden wall form. They might beat the winter, if it was very late. I suspect that this is the kind of disarray that prompted *Czechoslovak Life* to editorialize in its August issue:

The complete abolition of small-scale private enter-

prise, which exists to a greater or lesser degree in most of the other Socialist countries, is one of the reasons why local services are at such a low level in Czechoslovakia. To encourage a return to skilled crafts like carpentry and plumbing, national committees last year issued over 20,000 permits to private craftsmen. A law establishing the conditions under which individuals may set up shop will probably be passed before the end of the year. It is envisaged that permission will be granted not only to individuals and members of their families but to groups of individuals working in related crafts. Equipment could be owned or borrowed, and proprietors may also be given the right to train one apprentice.

But the oddest reaction, to one indoctrinated by Western capitalist dependence on creature comforts, is the paradoxical spiritual exhilaration amidst all this physical ugliness. And this is not necessarily a matter of cerebral high-mindedness. On an electric tram one day in the mountains, I struck up a conversation with a steel worker from Brno returning from a holiday with his wife and 11-year-old son. He was carving traditional designs on a walking stick he had cut in the forest, as a summer souvenir for his son. The postcard stands and shops are flooded with crude parodies of this craft, slickly shellacked *kitsch*, a Czech equivalent of African airport art. But the man from Brno, with whom we carried on in German a clumsy but satisfying conversation on politics and industry, on his grown children and on this his second family, showed us how, in a train jouncing down a mountainside, he carved this stick, ingeniously using the knots in the pine to make variations on traditional patterns. Enchanted by his skill, I asked where one could buy such a present for my son back home (unaware then that he was making it for his own). You can't buy this kind, he told me, you have to make them yourself. You don't sell them, but you can give them away. Generosity feeds benignly on itself, and a boy in Brno now wears my wristwatch. On the bus to Presov, a very ordinary lady was wearing her Sunday-best apron—another brilliant everyday improvisation on traditional themes, the commonest black shiny cotton transfigured by what one is reduced to calling "modern" juxtapositions of green, beige and brown.

The state-run crafts shops attempt to market these everyday arts, but only in Kosice, the least metropolitan of the big cities, did we find materials that even approached in quality the do-it-yourself crafts of the Slovaks. Surely the collections of such materials gathered in the Eastern Slovakian Museum at Kosice are among the most splendid anywhere in the world. It is perhaps significant, too, that the exhibition of Russian useful arts (mostly ceramics and textiles) at the Eastern Slovakian Gallery in Kosice was as vigorous and true as the exposition of Socialist Realism next to the statue of Jan Hus in Prague was complacently tawdry. The Czech (and especially Slovak) capacity to hang onto traits in their culture which protect a human scale in the midst of grandiose bureaucratic failure is a precious legacy they bring into the 20th century. It is part of their Schweikmanship, a tactic learned at infinite cost over centuries of brutal interventionism—Tartars, "benevolent" medieval German economic developers, anti-Hussite mercenaries in search of vacated estates, Bo-

hemian book-burning Jesuits, Hapsburg anti-nationalist overlords, Nazis and now the Russians.

It behooves the Russian occupiers to read *The Good Soldier Schweik*. It should give them second thoughts about the costs of Russifying Czech Communists. Our Prague guide, who had given up teaching history to be a grandmotherly baby sitter, proudly told us, a week before the Russian occupation, how the city hall architects conned the Nazi authorities out of dismantling the fine Mikolas Ales mosaics in the entranceway to the old Town Hall: They claimed the whole tower would come tumbling down if the occupiers tried to expunge the fighting words worked into the design.

Perhaps the most useful historical tradition the Czechs take very seriously is not forgiving those who have the best of intentions for "helping" them. Peter Chelocky, the 16th-century Bohemian proto-anarchist whom Tolstoy praised for his prescience, had some savage observations to make in *The Net of Faith* (1521) on another vanguard elite: "It is thus as regards the poverty of the monks: If it were true poverty it would be blessed, but their poverty is insatiable and endures no want; therefore has it only the name of poverty. . . . And if a poor monk obtains such abundance for his dinner table that he disdains beef and delicious peas with fat bacon, but wags his tail when he sees game, birds, or other delicacies that are better than peas, then he has got himself a good livelihood by his begging; and he and his companions the other monks have made a better business out of begging than some squire who has a plough and two fields, or even a large farm."

The night after the mendacious Russian leaders had their ritual visit there, we were taken to the Slavin memorial high above Bratislava by two young architecture students who wanted to show us the best view of their

city. They amused us with anti-Russian jokes and stories (and hearty but unsynchronized laughter, because each story was filtered through a babel of Slovak, French, German and English). They pointed to the flaring red exhausts of the petrol refinery along the Danube and groused bitterly that the Russians sent them crude oil and they sent it back, refined, free. They noted bitterly that the American Army had no comparable monument in Pilsen, and openly wished that they hadn't stopped there.

Perhaps it is unfair, even to the Russian occupiers. Americans lost no 20 million in the war against the commonly hated German. But the Russians had better face the utter disillusion of the Czechs with Stalinist rigidity. The students we talked with simply don't accept agitprop ideologies. They regaled themselves with puns on how the Czech pronunciation of democracy comes out sounding "crazy." And they openly mocked tipsy workers at a Danube café who were trying to bait us with workers'-solidarity slogans. The overflowing Sunday churches in Slovakia, with worshipers standing outside the doors in the rain, were offering prayers, we were told, for the success of Dubcek. That is a reality of character which not many Czech quislings will have the courage to buck. Russia's bad conscience about the pressure for liberalization at home has sucked it over the brink in Czechoslovakia. Judging from what we saw of Czech disenchantment with failing slogans and their joy in the new feeling of freedom, the Russians are going to regret this precipitate step. Their cure may well cause them more pain than the infection they wanted to stop. For the Czechs are not melodramatic Hungarians, ready to assault a tank with upraised hands. If I were a Russian occupier, I'd watch my fuel lines. There's more than one way for a Schweik to sweet-talk a Russian bear into wishing he had never left home.

The Voices of Prague

BENJAMIN B. PAGE

Mr. Page, who studied for three years at Charles University in Prague, who married a Czech girl, and who participated in a Christian Peace Conference in Prague last April, was returning to the United States by way of that city just before the Russians moved. In the tense atmosphere that then prevailed, he noted down a number of conversations with Czechs in various walks of life. These give, as he says, some idea of the atmosphere within Czechoslovakia to which the Russians were responding. There was a good deal of disorganization and even uncertainty as to leadership. At the same time, says Mr. Page, "it was a beautiful sight to see Czechs walking with a springy step, an almost moving sight to see the Czech flag flying alone without the Soviet flag beside it, for the first time in twenty years."

Mr. Page does not name his informants, but identifies them by occupation.

We have our own Hyde Park. We hold meetings where we say anything we want. Some people even make love during the speeches. We also now have our own Maoists, which is as it should be. No one pays much attention to them, which is also as it should be. (*Student.*)

Prague has become a liberal's paradise. But if you make a noise that's even slightly critical, all the liberals jump on you, denouncing you as a Stalinist or Novotnyist. It's almost worse than it was before, for us, except that we've been able to discover each other. (*Leftist-Maoist-Poet.*)

Give us another five or six years and we'll have most of the industry back in private hands. (*Economics student.*)

When Tito was here, he was cheered almost as much as Dubcek. Thousands of people went out to meet him.

He deserves it. For twenty years he's been fighting alone, and now the world is beginning to see how right he has been. Sure, the Yugoslavs are a little jealous of all the attention we have been getting, but then we're going much further than they ever have. (*Journalist.*)

We are the first country to develop an anti-police terror. The police are scared to do anything. They just stand and look—or wave their arms and hope car drivers will obey. But people can do anything they want here now—except the poor police. They're scared that if they do anything they will be accused of brutality, Stalinism, or both. (*Radio commentator.*)

We're so liberal now that our crime rate is almost as high as yours. There have been eighteen murders just in Prague so far this year—most of them still unsolved. Robberies are committed on the streets in broad daylight. The hippies have an organization and a central committee—and completely disown the hooligans, who seem to be the bad ones. But it's hard to tell them apart. Maybe it's not quite safe here any more, but at least it's a lot freer than it was. (*Journalist.*)

When Svoboda became President, he declared a general amnesty—it's a tradition with us. But over 300 of the criminals set free are already back in jail. Now maybe the crime rate will go back down. (*Waiter.*)

Smrkovsky (President of the National Assembly) looked good at first, but it seems pretty clear now that he is a very sympathetic man but really not very smart. He's a bit of a clown. (*Student.*)

Dubcek and Smrkovsky are both puppets. It's people like Sik and Cisar who are really in control. These are the guys who want our economy to get even worse so that the only way to save it will be to borrow large amounts from West Germany. They turned down a Soviet offer of a hard-currency loan. They say that Czechoslovakia belongs naturally to the Central European economic community, which in effect means Germany. (*"Maoist" Student.*)

It's a little ironic that just when they are finally planning to build a statue to Masaryk over on the Petrin hill, the country he founded seems to be coming apart. Bohemia and Slovakia were federated under the first republic, that's not new. But now Moravians are talking about wanting their own internal government—so are the Silesians and some of the Hungarians along the border, and even the Germans still in Bohemia and Moravia. A bunch of gypsies recently put together what they called a government and wrote the UN. Some people even go so far as to claim that Slovakia is a Slavic nation and belongs to the Eastern bloc, but that Bohemia has always had stronger affinities to the West and to German and Austrian economies and hence should be separate from the East and maybe federated with Austria or actually part of the Western bloc. Even Otto Hapsburg has been getting a half-decent press in our country. And what is frighten-



Mahood—The Times, London

ing is that some of those who talk like this, still privately, are in responsible positions. (*Writer.*)

The Central Committee—my God you should see it. It's filled with intellectuals like Kosik and the Philosophy Institute crew who say it should be a small, minority party in a Parliament. These damn liberals, they are scared for their own positions in the Party because if the workers ever got mobilized the liberals would be out on their ears. You know it's very interesting to see how quiet the workers have been over the last few months. They tried to make some strikes last spring, but the liberals told them that strikes were a capitalist phenomenon and that they should work even harder under the new economic system. But the workers know that the fruits will go to the intellectuals; workers have already been asked to make more sacrifices, but no one mentions anything of the sort in connection with the intellectuals. That's why the intellectuals are scared, and why they want a small Communist Party, composed just of themselves with no mass membership. (*"Maoist" Journalist.*)

Not just small shops, but big industry and banking, and maybe even things like medicine should be privately controlled. The state can't do everything; that's the problem here—it has tried to. Look at your country—the highest living standard in the world, the most modern medical techniques, a very efficient distribution of high quality products, all of this you have because the state just worries about politics. (*Medical student.*)

I've just come back from Greece. You Westerners must have a guilty conscience or something. That country is no Fascist dictatorship. A year ago, I'd have far preferred that kind of "fascism" to what we had here then. The CIA did a magnificent job there, a very well done maneuver. And they're doing a pretty good job here, too. I don't say that Dubcek and the rest are conscious agents, or anything, but few of us would be surprised to learn that CIA money has been involved. But, as in Greece, it's all to the good. (*Journalist.*)

Of course! A lot in what we're doing, and even more in what we want to do is counterrevolutionary. But what

is tragic is that you Americans do not know how much it would be in your interest to help us. Our state treasury is so empty that people are bringing their old gold and jewelry to the state bank account, and you goddamn Americans won't let us have that gold of ours you have been keeping since the end of the last war. (*Radio commentator.*)

We are absolutely defenseless if the Russians want to do anything. We feel quite certain that there is an agreement between Moscow and Washington, that in return for the Soviets taking no action in Vietnam, Johnson has promised them a free hand with us. Sure, each side will continue to denounce the other's actions, but if anything happens, we're absolutely defenseless. (*Journalist.*)

For the workers—and maybe the leftists—an intervention might not be so bad, but they're the only ones. Not long ago some workers sent a letter to their “adopted” factory in the Soviet Union criticizing some aspects of our situation. The Soviet press published it, too. A bunch of youths went in and created problems in their factory. I don't agree with that kind of action, but those workers had no business to be critical of situations they don't really understand. All they think of is their beer, and if a return to the old system will keep their pay from going

down, then they might not be that opposed to a restoration. Sure, they'd probably resist an actual invasion, along with everyone else, on nationalistic grounds. But we must be careful, because many of them would probably not support the new Party or state leadership for its own sake. (*Liberal teacher.*)

It's really quite sad. We Czechs have never had the bad feelings toward the Russians that the Poles have had traditionally. When we were under the Austrians and Hitler, we even looked to the Russians as our saviors. After the war, Soviet troops were welcomed with much real joy and hope. And in twenty-three years the Soviets alone have destroyed all that. The tragedy is that with a little foresight they could have helped us make this country into a real showplace. We were the only Socialist country with any industry at the end of the war, and both socialism and the Soviets were extremely popular. But all those bastards did was to rob and exploit us. It's so bad now that they haven't been able to find one Czech willing to play a Janos Kadar role for them, and don't think they haven't been looking. That's probably why they haven't taken any action so far—they have no one to put in Dubcek's place. Novotny? Poor Tonda is so discredited that not even the Russians would be so stupid as to try to put him back in. (*Journalist.*)

TRUCK GREASE ON CAPITOL HILL

CHARLES RABB

Mr. Rabb is a reporter in the Washington office of the New York Daily News.

A persistent Iowa Congressman, Rep. Fred Schwengel (R.), is challenging the politically formidable trucking lobby for its freehanded attempts to slide special-interest legislation through Congress. Schwengel wants the House Ethics Committee to investigate the “embarrassing circumstances” surrounding the American Trucking Associations' campaign contributions to key Congressmen who cast committee votes for a bill to permit wider, longer and heavier trucks on the interstate highway system. So far, the Ethics Committee, that toothless watchdog of House morality, has shown not the least interest. In the view of its chairman, Rep. Melvin Price (D., Ill.), if any impropriety occurred it was committed by the trucking lobby and is thus beyond the jurisdiction of his committee.

While Price has been ignoring the fact that it takes two parties to make a deal, Schwengel has been firing away in House speeches at the bill itself and at the tactics used to clear it for House consideration. His efforts attracted so much attention that the bill's supporters abandoned their plans to bring it to a vote before Congress recessed for the Republican and Democratic conventions. The bill is still on the House calendar and can be called up at any time.

High stakes are involved for the nation's motorists.

The bill would permit trucks using interstate highways to increase their maximum width from 8 feet to 8½ feet, their maximum weight per axle from 9 tons to 10 tons, and their maximum total weight from 36 tons to 69 tons. It would put no limit on truck length.

Schwengel and other opponents contend the increased weight limits could add as much as \$3 billion to federal highway costs for upgrading and strengthening roads and bridges. The American Association of State Highway Officials warns that the higher weight limits would reduce highway pavement life 20 per cent and raise resurfacing costs 30 per cent. The American Automobile Association fears the bill would open the door to “highway trains” which would eventually make the interstate system so hazardous that motorists would be forced to use other roads.

The Johnson Administration—obviously not unaware of the truckers' political muscle—backed the bill on the ground that it would reduce trucking costs, and presumably save money for the public.

Opponents charge that the bill was rushed through the Public Works Committee in forty minutes, although they had been assured by Rep. John C. Kluczynski (D., Ill.), chairman of the Roads subcommittee and sponsor of the bill, that they would have sufficient time to propose amendments. Schwengel says the measure cleared the Rules Committee with no notice being given to its opponents that it was up for consideration. The bill passed



the Senate on April 4, when only seven Senators were on the floor.

All this would have been interesting, but perhaps routine. However, Nick Kotz, a reporter for the *Des Moines Register*, later disclosed that many lawmakers who cast crucial committee votes for the measure and looked after other bills involving the trucking industry had received campaign contributions from the truckers.

According to reports filed with the Clerk of the House, eleven of the thirteen Democrats on the House Public Works Committee received in the past two years campaign contributions from the truckers. A total of \$3,000 went to Kluczynski and his fund-raising group. Committee chairman George H. Fallon (D., Md.) received \$1,000, as did ranking Democrats John A. Blatnik (Minn.) and Robert E. Jones (Ala.) and ranking Republican William H. Harsha (Ohio). Other committee members with less seniority were given \$500 contributions.

Benefits also found their way to some members of the Rules Committee, which gave the truck weights bill final clearance before sending it to the House. Contributions ranged from \$500 to two payments totaling \$2,500 for Rep. B. F. Sisk (D., Calif.).

Contributions of \$500 were sprinkled liberally through the House Ways and Means Committee. A bill increasing the highway use tax on diesel fuel, which the Administration originally wanted moved along with the truck weights bill, is now stalled in Ways and Means.

Seven of nine members of a House Commerce subcommittee and six other members of the full committee received contributions of from \$500 to \$2,000. The subcommittee and then the full committee approved early in July a bill, now law, which amended a 1935 statute permitting farm cooperatives to earn up to 50 per cent of their income by carrying commercial freight on return trips from delivering farm products. The new measure limits that outside income to 15 per cent of total tonnage and strikes hardest at co-ops which have been hauling for the Defense Department at reduced rates. The Budget Bureau opposed the bill.

In the Senate, Howard H. Baker, Jr. (R., Tenn.) and J. Caleb Boggs (R., Del.) of the Public Works Committee each received \$1,000. Sens. Alan Bible (D., Nev.) and Peter H. Dominick (R., Colo.), Senate sponsors of the truck weights bill, also received \$1,000 apiece. Senate Republican leader Everett M. Dirksen (Ill.) received \$2,000. He is a member of the Senate Finance Com-

mittee, which has jurisdiction over the legislation of fuel taxes.

Sen. A. S. Mike Monroney (D., Okla.), who sits on the Commerce Committee and the Appropriations subcommittee on Public Works, both bodies being of interest to the trucking industry, was given \$2,375—the largest single contribution listed by the truckers.

The Truck Operators' Non Partisan Committee, the campaign financing unit of the ATA, listed campaign contributions of \$83,000 over the last two years, almost all of it funneled to Congressmen strategically placed to push trucking legislation. The extent to which the truckers have contributed to state campaign organizations outside the jurisdiction of Congress is of course anybody's guess. (Neal Roach, trucking lobbyist, helped manage the July 31, \$500-a-plate dinner for Vice President Humphrey, which reportedly raised more than \$1 million for the Vice President's political campaign. Roach's helpfulness on this occasion may to some degree explain the Administration's reluctance to oppose certain trucking legislation.)

With the record of the truckers' Congressional contributions thus spread before the public, Schwengel turned to the House Ethics Committee. "These official records," Schwengel said in a letter to Price, "show a pattern of contributions directed by the trucking industry to influence committee members concerned with trucking legislation. . . .

"The intent of this pattern of giving was clearly stated by the [truckers'] campaign committee treasurer Frank Grimm who said: 'We do what we can for those on the committees who might help us.'"

Taking care not to offend too many of his colleagues, Schwengel added that he was not implying that any Congressman "was actually unduly influenced" by a trucking campaign contribution, but that every member of Congress involved should be given a chance to disavow publicly "the intent stated by the truck lobby."

Price's reaction was to emphasize Schwengel's denying any suspicion of "undue influence." Since Schwengel hadn't made charges against any Congressman, Price blandly explained to me, the Ethics Committee has no case to consider, just correspondence. Schwengel's letter, he continued, will be considered along with other correspondence when the committee meets this month.

It is not particularly surprising that Price has only modest ambitions for his committee (it hasn't taken a case since it was created in 1967, following the Adam Clayton Powell hearings). A dependable, hard-working, twelve-term Congressman from East St. Louis, Ill., Price was chosen by the Democratic leaders when they reluctantly decided that the Powell furor made an Ethics Committee essential. Price could be counted on to run a committee the House could live with.

Schwengel hopes to create enough continuing noise to hold up the truck weights bill, and the campaign disclosures improve his chances. Meanwhile, the incidents to date have left a persistent odor. A Louis Harris poll earlier this year reported that public confidence in Congress had reached its lowest ebb in five years. The zeal of certain Congressmen on behalf of the trucking lobby will do nothing to improve that point of view.

THE COLLEGES ARE PULLING OUT

GABRIEL KOLKO

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The past academic year was the most crisis-ridden and violent in the history of the American university, and on a substantial and growing number of campuses 1968-69 will be no different. Indeed, this year will probably be the last opportunity for many universities to avoid the continuous turmoil that surely will overtake the major schools which refuse to make the adjustments to new student-faculty moods that will ultimately upset administrators' complacency to the core. For the sustained crisis of the war in Vietnam has effected an irreversible shift from concern with structure and alienation inside the university to the much more corrosive issue of the relationship of academia to society itself. It is the transition from Berkeley, now a rather placid school, to Penn, Wisconsin and Columbia. [For the development of this shift, see Mr. Kolko's "Universities and the Pentagon," *The Nation*, October 9, 1967, and "The War on Campus: Untangling the Alliances," *The Nation*, December 18, 1967.]

The radicalizing process of the past year contains, too, the fact that the most committed anti-war constituency among students and faculty increasingly recognizes the impotence of past demonstrations, petitions and political campaigns to alter Washington's course on Vietnam. And it is no less important that frequent recent successes in opposing Pentagon-university ties have encouraged university activists everywhere. No other anti-war activity has had such large and practical results, or caused the Pentagon frankly to admit, as John S. Foster, Jr., director of Defense research, acknowledged to Congress last March, that the military had a substantial and growing problem on their hands.

The more public manifestations of student-faculty resistance to military research and recruiting on campus—sit-ins and battles with police being the most dramatic—were followed by quiet attempts on many campuses to head off future turmoil by withdrawing from classified and military research. It became increasingly obvious to many administrators, though by no means to a majority, that the practical disruptive consequences of working for the Pentagon far outweighed the monetary gains. Given the government's vague draft-exemption policy on graduate students, which threatens chaos for university planners, and the reduction of federal funds for education and non-military research, to pay for the war, university executives have permitted themselves unprecedented open criticism of at least a few of the more minor consequences of the war.

By the end of 1967, Washington had taken several important defensive steps that failed to stem the persistent

disintegration in their university-based research system. The Pentagon's November assertion that it would no longer give classified contracts for "basic" research impressed few, for the Defense Department failed to alter its existing secret contracts and later hinted that it would merely change the term "basic" to "exploratory development" and pursue its old policy of secrecy. The Foreign Area Research Coordination Group (FAR), coordinating body for the CIA, Pentagon, State Department and other agencies offering contracts in foreign-area social science research, released new guidelines on December 19 to head off abrupt ruptures with various academic researchers and to add a gloss of respectability to its functions.

But the new FAR policy left unclear whether its more benign members would, in effect, front for CIA and Defense contracts that the university might otherwise reject: "... no assurances can be given that it [research] will in fact be used or that other uses will not also be made of it, by either the supporting agency or others." The policy played down review of all research for possible classification, and security clearances for all participating scholars, but the rules remained in effect.

At the beginning of this year it was apparent that the government was exploring still other means for patching up rapidly declining relations with the academic community. Sen. Fred Harris of Oklahoma submitted a bill to create a National Foundation for the Social Sciences, which members of the Senate freely admitted would take over various CIA contracting activities, and a reorganization bill permitted the National Science Foundation to take on social science projects which neither the CIA nor the Pentagon could easily place. Vice President Humphrey, speaking to a House Science subcommittee last January, blustered that "if the university wants to exclude itself from the life of the nation . . . the government can set up its own laboratories . . ." but that very month *Science* reported that many laboratories were freezing and downgrading their participation in the seventy-five federal research labs, and that at least one had broken off all ties, causing a "crisis" in the program of the laboratory involved.

Humphrey's contrived optimism scarcely impressed knowledgeable observers, including those in the Pentagon, who saw only more trouble ahead. During January, Cornell's trustees voted, under faculty-student pressure, to sever ties to its Aeronautics Lab, which does more than two-thirds of its \$30 million in annual contract research for the Pentagon. This June, Cornell moved to sell the laboratory; it will probably be taken over by a private firm—a step that lab executives claim will lose it \$12 million a year in contracts and seriously diminish its effectiveness.

At the University of Michigan, one of the key military research centers, various faculty bodies approved a resolution which, if rigorously applied, could drastically reduce

classified research there. Though rather vague on the standards it would apply to assure the contributions to knowledge required of all contracts, the Michigan policy contains a unique clause that rejects all secret research whose purpose is "to destroy human life or to incapacitate human beings." This proviso has attracted much attention because of its obvious conflict with Pentagon research goals.

At the beginning of February, 433 leading French and Japanese scientists, including three Nobel Prize winners, publicly urged their American colleagues to refuse their personal or university participation in military research and to maintain "ethical and professional responsibilities" essential to an international community of scholars. This much discussed manifesto was well timed to reinforce the private misgivings of many traditionally conservative academics; several weeks later, George B. Kistiakowsky of Harvard, a major Pentagon science adviser for years, publicly broke all connection with the Defense Department. "There is a deep undercurrent of dissent within the scientific community," one Pentagon science expert admitted in response to the national attention Kistiakowsky received. Many of the best scientists, on whom the government could once freely call, were now unavailable, and there was emerging a crisis of individual conscience potentially of great importance to Pentagon research. Almost everyone admitted that the war in Vietnam was the cause of this growing alienation.

By last spring, when many universities, including even Berkeley and M.I.T., were already quietly, if too cautiously, seeking ways to reduce secret military research, the Institute for Defense Analysis became a national *cause célèbre* as a result of the SDS campaign against it at Columbia. IDA's connection with its twelve university affiliates has for years been a legal fiction, useful mainly for recruiting staff—a function which the final rupture with the universities will hardly affect. By March both Princeton and Chicago had formally prepared the way for such a break, and Chicago has since severed its ties, much to IDA's irritation. To prevent new defections, IDA reorganized itself in early June to reduce still further its nominal university ties. This divorce would have come even without the Columbia student crisis, but that unquestionably speeded its resolution.

But only Princeton, of the twelve former members, actually aids the IDA with physical plant—and could thus impede its work—and it is ironic that Columbia's main support to the Pentagon, its \$4.8 million a year Hudson Laboratory, initially played almost no part in the student protest. However, Columbia's faculty-administration committee on external relations has already proposed to stop much, if not all, secret military research actually conducted under university auspices, and it is here that future faculty-student pressure is likely to prove most significant and create the basis for a unified and broader opposition to the stand-pat strategy employed at Columbia under President Grayson Kirk, now retiring.

Quite aside from the fact that Washington's priorities in Vietnam have begun to dry up scarce funds for education and legitimate research, it is now apparent to a growing number of university administrators that their complicity in the Vietnamese War—or future wars like it—can plunge their campuses into internal crises from which they may never fully recover. This was the lesson of the Penn experience. Columbia's continuing travail has deepened the point, and almost certain protests during the forthcoming year are likely to make the impression indelible on the minds of even the most conservative academic executives. If, contrary to occasional student fancies, the university is not the fulcrum whereby one overthrows society, the least that can be said is that it is the place from which one alters the university's own relationship to the military—and therefore the point from which anti-war efforts can have the most direct impact on the Pentagon's otherwise elusive power.

A deep university-military rupture has profound long-term implications for the course of the arms race and the manner, and places, in which the military applies its new technology. Military officials admitted to the House Appropriations Committee last March that research on most of the complex new weapons systems introduced in Vietnam had been initiated five to seven years ago essentially to fight a limited war in Europe. Similarly, the next stage in the U.S. arms race and research will concentrate primarily on a new aspect of warfare involving guerrillas and revolutionary masses rather than nuclear strategies. Moreover, future wars of this nature can occur in environments



from the tropics to the Andes and each requiring its appropriate weaponry. Having finally assimilated the fact that it is going to face peasants rather than Russians, the Pentagon finds itself in serious need of research assistance and planning of the type in which only academics excel. In addition to conventional science, the enlistment of much larger numbers of social scientists and "behavioralists"—who, it is hoped, will be better able than the military to predict and manage the infinitely complex global political realities—will certainly become very important to the Department of Defense.

The Pentagon has been entirely frank about these needs and plans. It has indicated that its allocations for behavioral and social science research, the largest part of which goes to university centers, will increase from \$34 million in fiscal 1966 to \$51 million in 1969, and that it will also draw on the foreign area research authorized by the many other governmental agencies in FAR. And while John Foster at the Pentagon regrets that such research debilitates the life of universities accepting it, he also made it plain to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations last May "that it is the responsibility of the Department of Defense to have initiated those researches. . . ."

The Pentagon's determination to gain access to university social science began in 1967, when a National Academy of Sciences panel confidentially recommended that the Defense Department make a much more

intensive and subtle commitment in this field. "Improving our research image," as the NAS report phrased it, requires calling "counterinsurgency" by a more polite name, and it means, as well, minimum use of secret research. Such tact on the part of the Pentagon was inevitable, if belated. It decided that declassification of as many contracts as possible, however military their value, would head off trouble by dulling academic consciences. What the Defense Department must fear most is the adoption by universities of standards which judge contracts by their intent, objectives and appropriateness to disinterested scholarship and humane values, rather than by whether or not they are classified. By such standards the Pentagon would lose all access to university talents.

The new academic year will probably see a continued diminution of university complicity with the Pentagon and the war. If this year is anything like the last, then perhaps the anti-war movement will secure a major and permanent achievement—perhaps its only one to date. The significance of that attainable goal may be less apparent in the current war than on occasions of future threats to other remote regions where the United States seeks to apply its power. For if the anti-war consciousness came too late to the campus to spare Vietnam from university-assisted terror and intrigue, in the next half-decade many more academics may be able to console themselves with the knowledge that they were neither silent nor ineffective during the years of America's torture of nations.

TALENT WITHOUT MONEY

DIXIE'S NEGRO CANDIDATES

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

If Northern white liberals wonder why Negroes have become somewhat disenchanted with their old allies, they can find at least one explanation in some of the recent political campaigns run by blacks in the South. In the first half of this decade, Northern well-wishers pumped many thousands of dollars—it would, in fact, probably total several million dollars—into the Negroes' efforts to break into the political process of Dixie. While that effort could hardly be termed a tremendous success even today, still, about 3 million Negroes are registered to vote in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas.

But recently when the Negroes, not exactly thrilled by the thought of giving their new votes to the same old white racist politicians, came up with some candidates of their own, they discovered that most Northerners with money were apparently no longer interested in helping them. And of course they cannot hope for effective financial support from either race in the South.

It wouldn't matter so much if the black candidates were ex-cotton choppers with no qualification for leadership, but in fact many of the Negroes running in major races in the South this year have been outstanding men—witty,

clever advocates with a flair for the kind of publicity that Southerners love so much in their political fights—and virtually all of them pushing the kind of alternative programs for reform that the region has not heard in recent years.

Probably the most exciting black-white fight this year has been that waged between Maynard H. Jackson, Jr., 30-year-old Atlanta attorney, and U.S. Senator Herman Talmadge, one of the most recalcitrant racists produced by Dixie in this generation. Talmadge tried at first to hoot Jackson out of the race, saying, with an unusual show of candor, that he couldn't take any opponent seriously who was unable to raise at least a million-dollar campaign fund. And Talmadge, who taps most of the big purses in Georgia, knew Jackson could never do that.

But within a month after saying he didn't take Jackson seriously, Talmadge went back on television to deny sourly that he had ever said such a thing. Reporters found that the Senator had become touchy, snappish, quarrelsome, and they began to speculate that he was running scared. Not that Jackson—what with the poverty of his campaign treasury and the inexperience of his campaign staff—has much chance to win in the September 11 primary. But he is very likely to run strong enough to show the vulnerability of the Talmadge machine, which has not been seri-

ously challenged in twenty years. Roy Harris, the old Georgia political kingmaker and president of the arch-segregationist Citizens Councils of America, was the man who transformed the playboy son of the legendary Gene Talmadge into the governor of Georgia two decades ago. He is too much of a professional not to enjoy the discomfort of the hollow man he helped create. "Ol' Hummon, he's in an unhappy situation," Harris said the other day, laughing. "A dignified United States Senator from the South can't recognize the existence of a nigger candidate, you know. Or at least he can't do it easily. And Jackson is likely to win as many votes as Arnall" (Ellis Arnall, the ex-governor, was defeated by Lester Maddox for the Democratic nomination in 1966, but he polled 360,000 votes in losing). Charles Pou, political editor of the *Atlanta Journal*, sees Jackson taking 80 per cent of the Negro turn-out (334,000 Negroes are registered in Georgia) and enough of the white vote (1.45 million registered), especially in the Atlanta area, to make Jackson's chances of victory at least worth discussing. Pou seldom guesses wrong.

As Negro families go in the South, Jackson's is well known; he is a grandson of John Wesley Dobbs, once a formidable name in black circles. He is young and aggressive, and he's raising issues that make him easily distinguished from Talmadge in other than skin coloration; he is against the war in Vietnam, is for repeal of anti-labor legislation such as section 14b of the Taft-Hartley Law, and is eager to bring federal anti-poverty money to Georgia.

And many of Georgia's opinion shapers, bless their hearts, have welcomed this challenge to the Talmadge suzerainty. The Atlanta newspapers are giving Jackson generous and sympathetic space. (During the governorship of Carl Sanders, when Talmadge thought Georgia was becoming more moderate, he became more moderate; but since 1964, when Georgia went Republican for the first time, he has switched back to his normal right-wing stance, and the Atlanta newspapers have lost much of their previous pro-Talmadge patience.) A typical comment is that published by Reese Cleghorn, an associate editor of the *Atlanta Journal*: Jackson's effort "is a campaign that may do this state more good than anything that has come along in state-level politics for a long time." And Ralph McGill predicted in his front-page *Constitution* column that Jackson could look not only to anti-Talmadge liberals for support but also to many small Georgia farmers who feel that Talmadge has sold them out for the financial benefit of the big farmers.

The one thing that cancels out all his good breaks is that Jackson lacks money. Lester Maddox is believed to have won the Democratic nomination for governor with an expenditure of only \$40,000—which makes him a freak in just one more way. Most men would require at least ten times as much to run a good state-wide race, and a black man would require at least twenty times that sum. Jackson's office says he may be able to raise \$100,000 by the end of the campaign, but they aren't sure. Very little of it is coming from the North. Jackson placed a small advertisement in *The New York Times*, soliciting financial

support, but received back only about enough to pay for the ad itself.

Earlier this year, in South Carolina, another very promising Negro attorney-politician was easily defeated in his effort to unseat Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. There are many differences between Rivers and his challenger, George A. Payton, Jr., 39, of Charleston. For one thing Payton is a teetotaler while Rivers, according to the frequently repeated writings of Drew Pearson, is "the House drunk." But more important, Rivers is perhaps Congress' most vociferous advocate of an enlarged war-making machine; Payton is for cutting back on the Pentagon budget. Over the years Rivers has established so many military installations in his district that the federal payroll there now totals \$300 million a year. Payton suggests that his Congressional district should start diversifying into peaceful industries now, rather than risk a postwar cutback and recession.

Not only was Payton bucking tradition in opposing Rivers he was also bucking the standard Negro leadership and the labor establishment; both have played along with Rivers for years because it profits them—or they think it profits them—to do so. The racial balance of the registered voters in the district is still heavily on the side of any white candidate, but not so much so that Payton, if he had received some campaign funds, could not have seriously pressed the old white-haired political hack. But of the \$4,000 he spent on his race, only about \$100 was sent in from Northern sympathizers.

Even so, the Rivers forces panicked at the opposition. When Payton's campaign looked spirited, Republicans who were planning on a primary of their own canceled it so that they could vote for Rivers.

A five-minute ad on television was the longest Payton could afford; he had a few thirty-second spots; altogether he spent about \$800 on TV and nothing on newspaper advertising—not the sort of campaign, that is, to unseat a Congressman who has streets and schools named after him in Charleston. "If I had had even \$10,000," said Payton later, "I could have given Rivers a heart attack. I wanted to run ads in the papers showing the kind of things he had voted for and against, the number of times he was absent. But I had nothing, absolutely nothing, in the newspapers. And I would have had to have ads because the papers blacked me out otherwise. There are nine counties in this district. If I had had between \$60,000 to \$90,000 for the campaign, which is about what Rivers spent, I could even make these people forget I was a Negro." Whether or not that is an overly optimistic view, it is a fact that for a while Payton had South Carolina politicians so upset that the legislature proposed a law that would have given Rivers a place on the ballot in November even if Payton knocked him off in the primary; this bill was set aside when Payton threatened to take the legislation to federal court.

In North Carolina, Dr. Reginald Hawkins, a dentist and United Presbyterian minister, made his race for the governorship on a nothing budget of \$36,000, very little of which, he said, came from outside the state. "Gen-

erally, the white money from the North dried up back when they found they couldn't run our lives," he commented. "If I had had \$150,000, I could at least have run a strong second. We didn't have any television time to speak of. For getting Negroes to turn out, we had something even better than television—I called it 'telenegro.' But if we had had TV money we could have reached the poor whites, and I would have got a lot of their votes. I was the only candidate espousing the labor position, the small farmer's position. But labor, because it is racist, did not endorse me or give me money. Much of the press—especially in Charlotte—defamed me. And I figure election officials stole at least 80,000 of my votes; in the eastern section of the state they wouldn't allow my poll watchers to come in."

Defeat has apparently stung Hawkins past the point of accuracy. While the North Carolina State AFL-CIO voted only 55 per cent to give him an endorsement (short of two-thirds vote necessary to make the endorsement official), COPE immediately set up a Labor's Committee for Hawkins, headed by Jim Pierce of the Industrial Union Department, and this outfit went to work with devotion. As for the press, Hawkins had plenty of reason to complain, yet there was fair play, too, as in the Greensboro *Daily News* when associate editor Edwin M. Yoder wrote a long editorial recognition of Hawkins' qualities: "It re-

quires no more than an hour's direct exposure to Dr. Reginald Hawkins, Charlotte dentist and first Negro candidate for governor, to sense that his impact this year could easily be underestimated. Dr. Hawkins is a witty, warm, blunt and passionate man with an ingratiating style of humor. Dr. Hawkins' campaign has opened under a cloud that arises, at least in part, from his willingness to risk professional standing in behalf of race—he is no black bourgeois. The more Dr. Hawkins talks about Carolina's low per capita income, its rock-bottom industrial wage, its lack of Negro—and poor white—influence in citadels of power, its distinct hostility to labor organization, its use of sales rather than luxury taxes, the more the blandness of other candidates may strike the voters."

A Negro candidate has no cause to complain when he can receive that sort of treatment in a major regional newspaper. Each of the three candidates mentioned here were, one way or another, taken seriously by their white neighbors. But Southern whites will not continue to take them seriously if it becomes apparent that without money a Negro candidate can get nowhere. And when the intelligent Negroes of the South once again find themselves dismissed as irrelevant, the bitterness and the move toward separatism will become even more pronounced. It is clear that the moneyed Northern liberal withdrew his purse from the Southern movement much too soon.

GENEVA IN ECLIPSE

MEDICINE AS A WEAPON

L. J. RATHER

Dr. Rather is a professor of pathology at Stanford University. During World War II he was for two years a flight surgeon in the Southwest Pacific; later, he was for five years a consultant to the Surgeon General's office. His most recent book is Mind and Body in Eighteenth Century Medicine (Berkeley).

When it is complained that the laws of warfare have been violated by U.S. military personnel in Vietnam with respect to the treatment of enemy wounded and captured, the customary answer is that such violations, where they occur, are contrary to U.S. Army policy. This reply was in fact valid until recently, when the Army began to countenance directives in its field manuals that plainly conflict with the Geneva and Hague agreements on which the laws of war are based. The Army's rewriting of the rules began in connection with guerrilla warfare and the Special Forces (the "Green Berets"), but now there are signs that all U.S. military forces may be involved. After a hundred years Geneva may be moving into eclipse. To see what is being lost a brief history of the Geneva movement is necessary.

A little more than a hundred years ago allied French and Italian armies faced the Austrians at Solferino in northern Italy. The battle began on the morning of June 24, 1859. When the defeated Austrians withdrew in the afternoon, nearly 42,000 killed and wounded men from

both sides lay on the battlefield. Captured medical officers were not allowed to treat their own wounded. There was no provision for neutrality of military medical personnel working in the field, and experience in the past had shown that civilians who attempted to aid the wounded might be subject to attack from either side. The grossly inadequate medical services of the victorious French and Italian armies did make an attempt to care for the wounded of both belligerents on the field at Solferino, but within two days were required to move forward with the advancing allied troops.

A Swiss tourist, Jean Henry Dunant of Geneva, reached Solferino on June 25. With some other civilians he did what he could to alleviate the frightful suffering of the wounded soldiers left behind. While at this work, Dunant conceived his two great contributions: he saw the need for guaranteeing the neutrality of medical personnel and for establishing a civilian organization to supplement and oversee the treatment by belligerents of the killed, wounded and captured. This was the genesis of the Geneva and Hague Conventions on the one hand, and of the International Red Cross on the other.

The first Geneva Convention of 1864 was quickly signed by all European powers, but it was not until 1882 that President Arthur signed for the United States. Since then the United States has signed several revisions of the original agreement, most recently in 1929 and 1949.

In full accord with the Geneva rules for the treatment of prisoners of war, Section III, para. 8 of the U.S. Army TM 8-220, March 5, 1941 (Medical Department Soldier's Handbook) states: "Officers, soldiers and other persons officially attached to armies, who are sick and wounded, will be cared for, *without distinction of nationality*, by the belligerent in whose power they are." Paragraph II of the same manual states: "Medical troops, installations and equipment are to be protected *so long as they are not used to commit acts injurious to the enemy*." And in Section V, para. 675 of FM 8-10, March 28, 1942 (Medical Service of Field Units) the directive is: "Prisoners of war are disposed of the same as any other patients." It is unfortunate that an escape clause (uncomfortably reminiscent of the rule changes that appear at intervals on the wall of farmer Jones's barn in Orwell's *Animal Farm*) turns up on page 33 of FM 8-15, November 1961: "Sick and injured prisoners of war are treated and evacuated in normal medical channels *insofar as is possible*" (my italics).

Captain Howard Levy first called attention to the role of Special Forces in guerrilla warfare, and he is paying with a jail sentence for presuming to take ethical matters seriously. There is no doubt that he had grounds for doing so. FM 31-21, Special Forces Operations, spells the matter out quite clearly, defining counterinsurgency as "military, paramilitary, political, economic, psychological and civic actions taken by, or in conjunction with, a government to prevent or defeat subversive insurgency." And included among the various kinds of "military civic action" is medical assistance. In this new concept of warfare medical care is a *weapon*. Yet the whole intent of the movement started by Dunant a hundred years ago was to separate medical care from military operations, to make medical personnel and equipment neutral.

But, the reader may say, these Army directives apply only in counterinsurgency actions and to a special variety of troops. Morally, that would be a quibble, but it is not even true. A wider scope has been proposed in an article appearing in the May, 1968, issue of the professional journal, *Military Medicine*. The article bears an innocuous title, "Medical Considerations in Internal Defense and Development," and is the work of the former Surgeon, J.F.K. Center for Special Warfare, Fort Bragg, N.C. The term counterinsurgency, we learn from this article, is now out of favor; "Internal Defense and Development" (ID/D) is preferred. The Special Forces having shown themselves "outstandingly useful and capable" in ID/D, their experience "may be useful to all medical units." For now "*all* (my italics) United States military forces must be prepared to engage in Internal Defense and Development." Indeed, there is much evidence that American military planners now see counterinsurgency as the warfare of the future. Medicine, says the author, "has proved to be an exceptionally useful instrument of national policy in ID/D operations." Medicine will help win for the legal government the "hearts and minds of the people."

What of care of the wounded? The "fallen American will receive all necessary care in the best hospitals avail-

able," the "wounded indigenous military will receive the best treatment possible within his military medical structure," while for the "wounded indigenous paramilitary soldier" the situation is admittedly "not so promising." Nothing is said here of wounded indigenous military and paramilitary soldiers of the opposing forces (let alone of whoever might turn out in some contingency to be the counterpart of the "fallen American"—the fallen Russian, the fallen Chinese, the fallen Pole?). The author is not entirely silent on the subject, for "another important facet of medicine in ID/D involves the denial of medical resources to the insurgents." In the context of the article this statement, shocking at first sight, seems to mean only that strict control over medical supplies and equipment is necessary in order that they do not reach the black market or the guerrilla underground. More disquieting is the statement that "much valuable intelligence can be gathered from a local medical system," since patients "under treatment are frequently very cooperative in revealing information about the guerrilla force." The commander should therefore "ensure that his medic is advised by intelligence experts." It is indeed easy to imagine how cooperation might be exacted from a patient under or about to receive medical treatment, but a more profound and far-reaching violation of medical ethics is difficult to conceive.

In the immediate past a man (whether physician or layman) chosen for military service in a war that he could not in conscience support, even a man who opposed all wars, might in good conscience accept substitute service in a medical unit of the U.S. Army with the assurance that he would have noncombatant status and could be equally devoted to the welfare of the wounded on both sides, to the extent that he came in contact with them. Where is that assurance now? Largely because of that assurance the general public has in the past been especially unsympathetic toward physicians who refused to serve in the armed forces. (Witness the recent response in newspapers to the large number of medical students at Stanford who announced their unwillingness to serve in the army in Vietnam. The students were, perhaps predictably, castigated by the local branches of the American Medical Association.) But where is the assurance now? Neither the general public nor physicians have been adequately informed of recent developments in army combat theory, whereby medicine is in the process of being transformed into just another tool of warfare.

The Hippocratic oath in its most recent form (that of the *Organization Mondiale de la Santé*, Geneva, September 10, 1948) contains some pertinent, although very broadly stated provisions. Perhaps remembering those German physicians of the Third Reich who blindly followed the orders of a criminal government, they enjoin the physician to consider the health of his patient his *first* care, to use his medical knowledge on no occasion, *even under threat*, against the laws of humanity, and to permit no consideration of religion, nation, race, party or social class to be interposed between him and his patient. The duty of the American Medical Association is to rule on ethical matters. We may hope that the attention of one of its committees will in the near future be directed toward the problem posed by the activities of the U.S. Army.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Chomsky's Revolution in Linguistics

ROBERT SKLAR

Mr. Sklar is the author of *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocöon* (Oxford). He teaches at the University of Michigan.

Noam Chomsky, as a linguist and as a radical, lives in two worlds which are hardly aware of each other. To radicals he is the author of a formative essay on "The Responsibility of Intellectuals," Norman Mailer's cell mate after his arrest at last October's march on the Pentagon, a leading adult supporter of draft resistance; to linguists he is the controversial creator of a revolution in the study of language, a scientific revolution whose impact has already been felt not only in linguistics but in such other scholarly fields as psychology, biology, philosophy, English literature and education. If this essay on Chomsky's revolution in linguistics slights his current political views, it is only because they are more readily available and require no simplifying explanations. What matters is that Chomsky himself lives not in two worlds but in one. Chomsky's politics and his linguistics have always been more closely integrated than his colleagues in either field have ever suspected; and if the linguistics revolution succeeds, it cannot fail to have its impact on politics as well.

Chomsky's revolution in linguistics began more than a decade ago, at a time when scientists in all fields believed that science advances in a progressive way, through breakthroughs and new discoveries, by the patient or fortunate tracking down of an elusive answer to a tough old problem. It is only since Thomas S. Kuhn's influential and widely debated book *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* appeared in 1962 that scientists have considered the possibility that scientific change takes place in a revolutionary way, by a struggle between the familiar mode of conducting a particular scientific field and a totally new one, with the new ultimately winning out and taking over the field. What has happened in linguistics since Chomsky appeared on the scene almost perfectly fits Kuhn's description of how a scientific revolution works.

A scientific revolution, as Kuhn describes it, differs from a political revolution chiefly in that the losers survive—often they go on with their work as if nothing had happened at all. Most scientific work, according to Kuhn, operates under the rules of what he calls

normal science. All the researchers in a field operate on the basis of a shared paradigm, which Kuhn defines as something more than a theory and less than a world view. The paradigm provides a set of rules, defining the boundaries of a field and determining the questions a scientist can properly ask.

Given the nature of science, however, the time comes when new techniques, or simply an accumulation of data, begin to create difficulties for the reigning paradigm. Researchers are confronted with anomalies in their work which would not be there if their field were functioning normally, and the science enters a period of crisis. A successful revolution is not always inevitable at this point, but if it comes, according to Kuhn, it will be led by a young scientist, or an outsider new to the field, who asks new questions and produces a new theory, around which a new paradigm can form. The new and old paradigms compete against each other for adherents, but the new paradigm is fated to win, because it provides possibilities for normal scientific research that the anomaly-ridden old paradigm no longer can. How long the struggle may take is another matter. When Darwin published his *Origin of Species*, he remarked that he did not expect to convince those naturalists "whose minds are stocked with a multitude of facts all viewed, during a long course of years, from a point of view directly opposite to mine," but he expected to win the young and rising generation over.

Chomsky did not begin his linguistic career as a revolutionary but as a young scholar forced to rethink the fundamental questions of his field because the familiar answers were raising more problems than solutions. It had been more than fifty years since any linguist had been driven back to the beginning, "to ask, in effect, 'What is language?'" Before Chomsky the last linguist to ask the basic question so simply and directly was the Genevan, Ferdinand de Saussure, who published a book on language in 1878, when he was 21, and published nothing thereafter during a lifetime of teaching and research. After Saussure died in 1913, several of his students pooled their notes of his lectures and published them in 1916 as Saussure's *Cours de linguistique générale*, the book which founded modern linguistics.

Saussure defined language as a relationship between a person's thoughts and

the sound his voice makes. Thought he called the signified and sound the signifier, and they were linked by something called the linguistic sign. The way to study language, Saussure said, was to study linguistic signs, not in a historical or comparative way but in a single language at a single moment in time. To assist this study Saussure made a distinction between *langue* and *parole*, between language and utterance. He held that the ideas, concepts and images of a particular language culture at a particular time could be totaled up and would comprise the language, out of which, in relation to utterance, the linguistic sign could be found.

In the United States modern structural linguistics began as a tool of anthropology, but it attained its independence under the leadership of Leonard Bloomfield, a scholar of German philology at the University of Chicago, whose textbook, *Language*, published in 1933, is regarded as the founding and classic work of the American school of descriptive linguistics. "There can be no doubt," according to a historian of the field, "that Bloomfield's greatest contribution to the study of language was to make a science of it."

Bloomfield argued that the sound patterns of a language change in a systematic way, and that the road to discovering those changes lay through a rigorous establishment of procedures. To get at the right procedures you had to begin by excluding all non-linguistic criteria. Bloomfield called himself a mechanist, and in his view anything having to do with the mind, thought or mental activity in any form, was not a proper subject for linguistics. In Saussure's terms, the American descriptive linguists studied only utterance, and did not concern themselves with language at all. American descriptive or structural linguistics was nevertheless a growing, confident and influential scientific field until Chomsky began to overthrow it more than a decade ago; and the basic disagreement between the old linguistic paradigm and Chomsky's new one, laying aside all technical matters, lies in their absolute conflict over the nature and relevance of the mind. Descriptive linguistics defines language as "speech sounds which people utter under particular stimuli." Chomsky describes language as an instrument for the free expression of thought and response to new situations.

In our daily lives, Chomsky points out,

we are constantly uttering sentences we have never spoken before, and understanding sentences we have never heard before. In other words, our normal everyday use of words is creative. The descriptive school of linguistic scholarship tried to explain the undoubted fact that we make and understand new sentences all the time by various behavioral or mechanistic theories—that in childhood we are trained to respond to certain stimuli or that we acquire certain habits of language use, or that we create new sentences by analogy from old ones. None of these explanations, Chomsky insists, will serve. The only possible source for the creative aspect of language use lies in the innate competence of the human mind.

If it is possible to describe our daily, commonplace uses of language as creative in this sense, what does it mean to say that it stems from an innate competence of the human mind? It assumes, for one thing, that we are capable of forming thoughts and feelings and expressing them through our language. But it does not assume that the way we express a thought or feeling is going to be a complete and accurate rendering of it. The process that creates thought from abstract mental structures is one thing, the process that transforms thought into spoken language is wholly another. The study of language must necessarily be mentalistic, Chomsky insists, or else it will limit itself only to the outer form of language, the small deceptive part that sticks out like the surface of an iceberg. Beneath that, Chomsky says, is a deep structure of infinitely greater complexity and importance.

The notion that language has both surface and deep structures was used in linguistics before Chomsky—by Saussure with his distinction between language and utterance, and even more explicitly by Wittgenstein. But for Chomsky, unlike his predecessors, this dual structure of language provides the key to even more basic questions about the nature of mind. "My own view," Chomsky has written, "is that what is common to all languages is a certain schematism, a set of abstract formal conditions of a highly restrictive sort that sets strict limits on the choice of deep structures, surface structures, the transformational rules that interrelate them, the phonetic and semantic rules that interpret them." What is most exciting to Chomsky and his associates is not the incredible variety and incompatibility of surface language use but rather the underlying unity of language form. "The general features of grammatical structure," he writes, "are common to all languages and reflect certain fundamental properties of mind There are, then, certain language

Books by Noam Chomsky

ASPECTS OF THE THEORY OF SYNTAX. MIT Press. \$7.50 (1965).

CARTESIAN LINGUISTICS. Harper & Row. \$6 (1966).

CURRENT ISSUES IN LINGUISTIC THEORY. *Humanities Press. Paper \$3.25* (1964).

SYNTACTIC STRUCTURES. *Humanities Press. Paper \$2.75* (1957).

TOPICS IN THE THEORY OF GENERATIVE GRAMMAR. *Humanities Press. Paper \$3.25* (1966).

universals that set limits to the variety of human language." The core of Chomsky's effort in linguistics is to build a theory of how these language universals work.

Chomsky has sometimes referred to language universals as innate or abstract ideas, which has added considerably to the controversy and perhaps also to the confusion surrounding his theories. In technical terms, he defines language universals only as the "highly restrictive conditions that the rules of grammar meet." In Chomsky's theory rules of grammar generate the deep structures of a language, and deep structures are transformed into surface structures when we make spoken sentences out of thoughts and feelings in our minds.

In practice it is not difficult to see how Chomsky's linguistic work differs from that of his predecessors. For the ambiguous phrase "the shooting of the hunters," for example, every linguist would agree that it could have two different semantic interpretations, one based upon a kernel sentence—or a deep structure—with "hunters" as the subject of the verb "shoot" and another with "hunters" as the object. But Chomsky would go further and relate "the shooting of the hunters" as well to underlying abstract structures—the rules of grammar—which generate the two possible semantic interpretations. An example like "sincerity pleases John" might make this more clear. This is a simple sentence with a verb and two nouns, one a subject and one an object. But if one tries to substitute nouns or verbs to make new sentences like "John pleases sincerity" or "sincerity looks John," then it is clear that there are underlying principles—language universals, fundamental properties of mind—which make the first sentence grammatical and the others not. The basic question confronting Chomsky and his co-workers is to specify these principles at each point

in the process of language, from rules of grammar through deep structure, surface structure, and finally to the phonetic and semantic interpretations we assign to our words.

Given this kind of theoretical progress, it is perhaps understandable that Chomsky refrained from further complicating an already difficult and hotly debated scholarly issue by pointing out the political and social implications of a theory emphasizing human competence and capacity to use language freely and creatively. In his recent book *Cartesian Linguistics*, however, talking about Wilhelm von Humboldt, the German statesman and scholar whose work he greatly admires, Chomsky makes clear that Humboldt's emphasis on spontaneous and creative aspects of language use derives from a more general concept of human nature. Thereupon he momentarily let down his guard, and in a long footnote he suggests in a curiously oblique way what the social and political implications of his linguistic theory might be.

After indicating that he approves of the Cartesian picture of human nature, Chomsky relates it to Rousseau's critique of modern society, quoting at length from Rousseau's *Discourse on the Origins and Foundations of Inequality among Men*. Modern social organization and the national state, Chomsky quotes Rousseau, have destroyed natural freedom, but man can regain his true humanity by "new revolutions [that will] dissolve the government altogether or bring it closer to its legitimate institution . . . the uprising that ends by strangling or de-throning a sultan is as lawful an act as those by which he disposed, the day before, of the lives and goods of his subjects." Chomsky could only have been using Rousseau's phrases to speak his own thoughts. The scientific revolutionary and the political revolutionary, it seemed clear, were one and the same after all.

The roots of Chomsky's scientific revolution in linguistics were laid early in his childhood. Chomsky's father, William, had emigrated from Russia in 1913 to avoid being drafted in the Czarist army, and became a Hebrew scholar at Gratz Teachers College and Dropsie College in Philadelphia, the city where Noam, an elder son, was born on December 7, 1928. During Noam's boyhood his father was writing for publication a 13th-century Hebrew grammar, *David Kimhi's Hebrew Grammar*, and it was this early acquaintance with medieval Hebrew philology which prepared the foundation for all that followed.

In a recent conversation Chomsky described the background of his career in linguistics. "My father's professional work was medieval Hebrew grammar,"

he explained, "so at age 10 I was reading proofs on a 13th-century Hebrew grammar. This actually affected a lot of work that I did later, because I came to the field much later, without approaching it through the structuralist position, but rather from a totally informal background in classical philology—just picked up by looking at things here and there. You couldn't even call it a background. I didn't know anything, I just had a feel for historical processes. In fact, though, I've never really been interested in historical linguistics as such, there was one fact about historical linguistics that had been rigidly excluded in structural linguistics that I just took for granted, and I'm very glad I did—that is, an account ought to give explanations, not just descriptions. Historical linguistics was concerned with explaining why such and such a distribution of forms existed at a particular moment, but structural linguistics made a very strict point of not giving explanations. In fact, giving explanations was regarded as some kind of infantile mysticism. Really the only innovation I think I introduced into the field basically was to try to give descriptive explanations—to try to give a theory of the synchronic structure of the language which would actually explain the distribution of phenomena. In my early work, at least, this was very self-consciously modeled on the kinds of explanations that people gave in historical linguistics that I knew about ever since I was a kid. I had no further contact with the field really until college, when I ran into Zellig Harris—the most rigorous practitioner of the linguistic methodology Chomsky was to overthrow.

After graduating from Central High School in Philadelphia, Chomsky started his college career in a desultory way at the University of Pennsylvania. He was more interested in Middle Eastern politics than in academic studies, and he wanted to drop out of college and go to Palestine. In an effort to dissuade him, Chomsky's parents introduced him to Zellig Harris, the linguist, who was then deeply immersed in political activities which seemed to reflect their son's left-wing political views. The two men immediately hit it off well together, and Chomsky decided to stay at Penn and take Harris' courses in linguistics. "He was at that time just finishing up his major work on structural linguistics, the thing that came out as *Methods in Structural Linguistics*," Chomsky recalled. "In fact, about the first thing I did before I ever took any courses from him was proofread the book for him. That's how I learned linguistics, by proofreading Harris' book—which was fine for me, I really learned the field."

Harris suggested that Chomsky go to

work on a grammar of Hebrew. "I worked on it from a point of view which had nothing to do with linguistics whatsoever," Chomsky recalled, "but really had to do with my own background in historical linguistics. I started right off, without even asking any questions, working within the framework of generative grammar, which seemed to be the only conceivable thing, namely, trying to find a system of rules which would enable you to characterize all of the sentence structures in the language. I very quickly discovered that if you wanted to do this properly you had to have a long sequence of ordered rules. I also noticed right off that the logical order corresponded to some extent to the historical order which I knew of. I found that if you gave it the right kind of logical order then you could explain a lot of phenomena which otherwise seemed very inexplicable. I worked on this for a couple of years in really total isolation." Harris apparently never looked at it.

In retrospect, however, Chomsky feels he was fortunate in coming to linguistics by so unorthodox a route. "There is a lesson here for the social sciences," he remarked. "Most people come into the social and behavioral sciences and

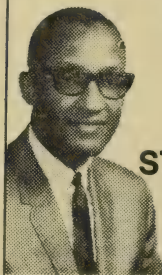
they're immediately faced with a fixed range of questions and a format of problems that you're supposed to look at, and it's very hard to challenge it, I suppose, because you go through and then you repeat it to your students and the same sort of nonsense gets repeated for fifty years. Finally somebody asks a simple question and the whole field collapses.

"Take this about language being habits. For about one hundred years people were saying language was a habit system and nobody ever questions it. Well, as soon as you ask, 'How can you innovate by habit?' then the whole field collapses and takes some entirely new way. Of course, it doesn't collapse in a minute. People argue for a while. But once one has seen the point of the fact that you cannot innovate by habit then most of linguistics and practically all of modern psychology sort of disappears. Normal human behavior is obviously innovative, and it's not based on analogy or something else."

Chomsky stayed on at Penn after he had completed his undergraduate studies and wrote up his work on Hebrew grammar in a master's thesis, "Morphophonemics of Modern Hebrew," which

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earned him an M.A. in 1951. He had also begun to study philosophy at Penn under Nelson Goodman, and when Chomsky was finishing up his M.A. work Goodman nominated him, successfully, for a junior fellowship in the Society of Fellows at Harvard. Chomsky held a fellowship for four years, from 1951 to 1955, and at the end of that time he received a doctorate in linguistics from Penn.

Chomsky's project for his junior fellowship, curiously, was an effort at improving the techniques of structural linguistics. At Penn he had been working as a student and collaborator with Zellig Harris even while, on his own, he was pursuing the generative approach to Hebrew grammar. "I totally believed in Harris' approach, thought structural linguistics was right, and was trying to work it out," he explained. "The natural thing for me to try to do as a student was to say, 'Okay, here's a diffuse set of techniques'—the techniques, that is, of structural linguistics—'Let's really formalize them and see what their consequences are.' In fact the first article I published was in the *Journal of Symbolic Logic*. It was an attempt—which I think now completely silly—to overcome some of the inadequacies in the application of those techniques, to really sharpen them up. This was the great mass of work that I was doing for a couple of years after I left Penn. At the same time I was working on the side on this generative grammar approach, but thinking that it must

be crazy, and not showing it to anyone." Finally Chomsky came to realize he was getting results through his work on generative grammar, growing out of his earlier work on Hebrew, while his apparently more important effort to improve the techniques of structural linguistics had no visible success at all. "Sometime around 1953 or so I began to think, 'Well, how come this other way is getting results and this is just more and more manipulation, always leading to a blind alley?' As soon as you raise the question it becomes obvious that there's no reason why these step-by-step analytic procedures should ever work."

In his last year at Harvard Chomsky worked feverishly to complete an immense manuscript, over 900 pages long, on the generative approach to grammar, called "The Logical Structure of Linguistic Theory." One chapter of the manuscript, a section on "Transformational Analysis," he submitted to the linguistics department at Penn as his doctoral dissertation. Though he was awarded his Ph.D., at least one of his readers reacted in a way that was soon to be characteristic: "I don't know what field this belongs to, but it certainly isn't linguistics." Over the next year or two Chomsky's dissertation and several articles came back promptly from the linguistics journals and publishers.

In 1957 his first book, *Syntactic Structures*, was published by Mouton & Co., of The Hague, a little book of less than 120 pages in pale blue paper covers, that had gone through five printings by 1965. *Syntactic Structures* was not a book Chomsky wrote for publication, since he assumed it was impossible for him to publish in the field, but was rather a compilation of Chomsky's notes for his introductory course in linguistics at M.I.T.

But it had the effect on some structural linguists that Kuhn describes when a new scientific paradigm appears at a time of crisis in the field. One of the leading young structural linguists, Robert Lees, read the book and switched his allegiance to transformational grammar. Lees wrote a long, highly favorable review in the journal *Language*, and thereupon *Syntactic Structures* raised a storm in the field of linguistics.

One result of *Syntactic Structures*, and Lees' review, was an invitation for Chomsky to take part in the next year's Texas Conference on Linguistic Analysis in English. After the Texas conference one of the participants, a professor at UCLA, switched from structural linguistics to transformational generative grammar—another conversion from the old paradigm to the new one, especially significant in the light of Kuhn's model for scientific revolutions, Chomsky,

meanwhile, spent the 1958-59 academic year at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, where his work began to attract the attention of young scholars in other fields.

Chomsky had planned for his year at Princeton to revise his 900-page manuscript for publication, and though he got three-quarters of the way through it, eventually he gave it up in favor of a renewed interest in mathematical models in linguistics. His mathematical work resulted in several published papers over the next few years, but more importantly it established Chomsky's credentials as an expert, which have been indispensable for his criticism of the social sciences. "When Chomsky criticizes the application of computers to the social sciences," one scholar has said, "people have to listen, because he's been there and he knows what he's talking about."

At the same time Chomsky began his reading in the history of linguistics, mostly at the suggestion of his M.I.T. colleague, Morris Halle, which was eventually to result in *Cartesian Linguistics*. It would be interesting to speculate what course Chomsky might have taken had he not made this foray into the past. Very often a discoverer or innovator expends the sum of his intellectual energy on his revolutionary original insight, and thereafter spends the rest of his career repeating himself with minor modifications, while his followers are better able to see the implications of his work and carry it through. The three books Chomsky published between *Syntactic Structures* and *Cartesian Linguistics*—*Current Issues in Linguistic Theory* (1964), *Aspects of the Theory of Syntax* (1965), and *Topics in the Theory of Generative Grammar* (1966)—can be seen in this light, as works clarifying his ideas, replying to critics, incorporating revisions in the theory, and so on. But by his work in the history of linguistics Chomsky has been able to widen the boundaries of his basic original insights and relate them not only to the history of his own field but also to the history of movements of ideas in modern times.

Although Chomsky had referred to historical figures like Wilhelm von Humboldt in several of his works of the early sixties, it was not until 1964-65, when he passed a sabbatical year at Harvard's Center for Cognitive Studies, that he immersed himself in the history of linguistics and made the connections, overtly, with the nature of mind, and covertly, with the nature of politics, that appear in *Cartesian Linguistics*. He saw more clearly than ever that his disagreement with the structural linguists was part of a larger question having to do with the methodology of philosophy, psychology

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and the social sciences as well. The dominant trends for half a century in those fields have been empiricist in nature, holding that human knowledge is derived purely from experience—hence the view of structural linguists and behavioral psychologists that the creative aspect of language use could only be developed by training or habit or analogy to past experience. Chomsky's efforts to understand human language, however, had led him to the belief that language universals exist in the mind—that the mind, in philosophical terms, is a source of knowledge independent of the senses. Thus Chomsky placed himself in the rationalist tradition of philosophy.

"Without trying to make this sound a little bit inflated," he explained, "I really think there is a very serious issue that is raised in the empiricist-rationalist controversy. In philosophy this is a very hard position to maintain because almost everyone assumes that these issues are dead, and if you only use words clearly you can see there is no issue. I don't believe that at all." The problem, he suggests, is that contemporary philosophers bring their own concerns to their studies in the history of philosophy, instead of trying to understand past philosophers in their historical and intellectual context. "If you study empiricism and rationalism this way, I think you find two fundamentally different approaches to the nature of human intelligence. The empiricist approach basically says that human knowledge is an adventitious construct which has developed through association and habit and so on from an essentially unstructured organism which has as its structure only the ability to perceive certain impressions—and ability to carry out induction—which Hume quite honestly said must be just animal instinct; there is no explanation for it. The rationalist approach basically assumes that there's some fixed schematic structure within which any human knowledge has to develop and it can be initiated by experience but it's going to take the form which is determined by the nature of mind. This is a very different approach, I think."

In his own scholarly work Chomsky is anxious to move on toward the unanswered questions about the human mind. "I think I've done about as much arguing as I feel like doing for a while on this general rationalist-empiricist business. I think the thing to do now is to try to draw out and give an explicit characterization of those principles which do govern the functions of mind—human cognitive processes—in this domain and try to tie them as much as possible to other things that are known about the psychological capabilities of humans and just build on that."

The linguistics revolution can hardly

rest content with the acceptance of transformational generative grammar within its field. One of the difficulties in talking precisely about scientific revolutions, from Copernicus and Galileo to Freud and Einstein, is that they are enmeshed in far wider and more complex changes in the way men view themselves and their world. "Linguistics,"

Chomsky says, "is really a theoretical biology, if you like, a theoretical psychology." If Chomsky's rethinking of the question "What is language?" has brought about a revolution in the field of linguistics, it cannot help but be involved—in ways we may not yet be able to see—in a larger revolution built upon the question, "What is man?"

In the Old Tradition

ANNA KARENINA AND OTHER ESSAYS. By F. R. Leavis. Pantheon Books. 248 pp. \$5.95.

ALAN LELCHUK

Mr. Lelchuk teaches English at Brandeis University. He has published fiction and criticism in New American Review, Transatlantic Review, Dissent and other journals.

This collection of sixteen essays by the well-known English teacher and critic, F. R. Leavis, includes only two that are new to print (studies of *Anna Karenina* and *The Secret Sharer*). The rest is reprinted material, reaching as far back in time as 1933 (a requiem for a small magazine of high quality, *The Calendar of Modern Letters*). In range they extend from Leavis' first foray into a foreign literature, to Anglo-American authors like Eliot and Pound, Twain and James, George Eliot and John Bunyan. There is also a fine appreciation of one of Leavis' spiritual ancestors in literary criticism, Samuel Johnson. But the fact that we are offered so little that is new is disappointing. For after the extended attack on Snow, which exhibited more of Leavis' defects than his virtues, it was interesting to speculate on what further literary directions Leavis might explore. More specifically, one waited to see how the Snow cultural critique might be translated into a discussion of contemporary literary matters.

Thus this collection rehashes old patterns, rather than opening new departures. Leavis' critical perspective derives from a combination of Johnson's moral seriousness, Matthew Arnold's concerns with the cultural condition and with literature as a criticism of life, and from the energizing spirit of Non-Conformist Dissent (translated into literary terms). This last lends to his work the continual combativeness and bluntness which have come to be regarded as the Leavis signature. They are for the most part attractive qualities; Leavis is at his best as a negative or corrective critic—he is fond of storming and defeating favorite Establishment citadels, especially those with large pretensions and exaggerated reputations. He is frequently successful.

Leavis rightfully points out that Dryden's critical writings may be important historically, but they don't exist as major criticism or "living literature." Pound was deficient not merely in humanity but in his art; and, more interesting, Leavis shows that beneath Pound's well-publicized and self-promoted erudition lay essential cultural ignorances.

Commenting on Eliot, Leavis may exaggerate the case (a frequent failing), but he does make useful points. He notes shrewdly that Eliot's best criticism occurs when the problem at hand is directly related to his own technical problems as a poet. Otherwise Eliot's critical judgments suffer from a certain conventionality of mind, narrowness of emotional range, insufficiency of intellectual rigor. About Eliot's famous essay, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," Leavis remarks, "Actually the trenchancy and vigor are illusory and the essay is notable for its ambiguities, its logical inconsistencies, its pseudo-precisions, its fallaciousness, and the aplomb of its equivocations and its specious cogency." Delivered with cunning casualness, the remark is then backed up with a close scrutiny of the essay—at times very cogent, at times not. Leavis is particularly scornful of any "fashionable" group or figure whose essentially minor achievement is labeled—by the mass culture weeklies or the B.B.C.—as major. Thus the elitist coterie of Bloomsbury and its overrated talent receives harsh, disdainful judgment. (Virginia Woolf,

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as novelist and critic, is a favorite target.) And he derives pleasure from recalling how fashionable it was to attribute real creative originality to the modern poets of the thirties, Auden, Spender, Day Lewis, while critics like himself, a tiny minority, earned a different kind of reward by disagreeing.

Leavis is to be commended for his role as a vigorous opponent of gentility parading as serious culture, of mannered style or precious feelings standing for real talent, of journalistic "taste" and academic fashion passing for critical standards. As a close reader of novels, Leavis demands a critical attentiveness and rigor which ignores the dilettantish or impressionistic reader. A critic of personal engagement and moral responsiveness to a particular work or writer, rather than a critical theorist, Leavis refuses constantly to oversimplify a text for the sake of tidy organization or thesis correctness (a peculiarly American fallibility). Leavis cares for literature and for standards—and in an age when most literary criticism consists of a pedestrian professionalism, and when literary standards are too frequently abandoned for this cause or that promotion, Leavis is a welcome reminder that literary criticism can be a serious discipline.

All this is not to say that he is without drawbacks, some of the most serious of which spring from his virtues. One of the unfortunate consequences of his combativeness, for one thing, is that Leavis is continually setting up a straw man and laying him low. This can be useful, if the straw man is worth it (as in the *Karenina* essay) or really there. Is, for example, Prof. Harry Moore, a weak editor of Lawrence's letters, really worth the rancorous lambasting he receives from Leavis? Clearly Moore serves as the occasion for the renewal of the very personal D. H. Lawrence crusade that Leavis has been waging for years (and should abandon, since, besides its monotony, it represents his greatest critical misjudgment). And take the case of "The Americanness of American Literature." To mount a vigorous attack on Van Wyck Brooks in 1952—as if that critic were a major critical force, or his view a predominant one that Howells was as significant as James—is to display an embarrassingly antiquated contact with the American critical world.

Another defect results when bluntness hardens into rigid dogma or ex cathedra pronouncement. Too often authoritarian assertion replaces analytical discussion. I refer now to Leavis' famous literary traditions, which are frequently mistaken in judgment and artificial in their exclusiveness. In excluding Dickens (ex-

cept for *Hard Times*, hardly as powerful a novel as some others) and Hardy from his Great Tradition of the English Novel, for example, Leavis makes two major novelists pay the penalty of debatable criteria and, worse, shuts off the opportunity for a serious discussion of their art. Indeed if cultural matrix or common heritage are to exist as criteria for evaluation, can you really place James ahead of Hardy, or Conrad ahead of Dickens? Leavis' Procrustean traditions point more to his own limitations and biases than to the limitations of those writers he excludes.

My last reservation (in this limited space) concerns Leavis' continual reminder for the critic to preserve standards in his own age. In an early essay, "Towards Standards of Criticism," Leavis writes:

Where there is a "living literature of the time" there is also a "contemporary sensibility," and it is always the business of criticism . . . to define—that is, help to form—and organize this,

and to make conscious the "standards" implicit in it.

Certainly this is an important truth about the responsibility of the critic. Yet, curiously, Leavis has not, in recent years (the Snow controversy notwithstanding), shouldered the burden. For as we can see from this collection, where there is not one single essay devoted to a contemporary writer, work or movement, Leavis has abdicated from the responsibility of which he is constantly reminding us. And when we read, in the essay on *Anna Karenina*, what Matthew Arnold, that celebrator of the Greek classics, thought about that novel (and about other contemporary works), it is regrettable that Leavis, who has followed Arnold in so much else, has departed from his mentor in offering commentary about contemporary literature. Isn't it ironic that the "news" about this collection concerns an essay on a novel published not in the 1960s but almost a hundred years earlier?

The Stages of Wasp Man

MORNING NOON AND NIGHT. By James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace & World. 408 pp. \$5.95.

EDWIN J. KENNEY, JR.

Mr. Kenney teaches English at Colby College in Maine.

Readers who remember the controversy about whether *By Love Possessed* was the 20th-century incarnation of the Great American Novel or a badly written, propagandistic defense of WASP values, can prepare themselves for the arguments that will follow the publication of James Gould Cozzens' latest work. Although not so monumentally ambitious, *Morning Noon and Night*, Mr. Cozzens' first full-length novel since *By Love Possessed* (1957), is a radical departure from the manner of his earlier fiction, and it raises similar critical questions about his talent and his vision.

Cozzens' new novel takes the form of the reminiscences of a businessman in his 60s, and the narrative moves through time and space according to what the narrator calls the "uncertainties" of his recollections and associations. This range and fluidity of a whole lifetime of different stages of growth in different parts of the Eastern seaboard distinguishes *Morning Noon and Night* from Cozzens' other novels, like *Guard of Honor* or *Men and Brethren*, which were firmly set in a realistically particularized community and formally limited by the brief dramatic moments in which

the action or crisis takes place. Even if the reader of a novel like *By Love Possessed* may feel that there is finally too much detail for its own sake and no real crisis worthy of such elaborate preparation, he may at least be possessed by the rich, dense texture of the fictional world itself and the suggestion of its social, moral, and psychological pressures.

His concreteness and immediacy, his fidelity to what most people consider to be real life, are Cozzens' great achievements as a novelist, but they are missing from the recollections of Henry Dodd Worthington, which move whimsically in time among home town and summer cottage and prep school, Harvard and Boston, business and New York, the Air Force and Washington. The loss of a distinct and palpable external world is by itself an abuse of Cozzens' abilities and a serious weakness of *Morning Noon and Night*; it also leaves naked Cozzens' tendency to create rather lifeless secondary characters, who have to do all the suffering in his novels, and to present his skeptical leading characters with undue solemnity.

By making the subject of this novel the narrator, Cozzens presents directly and openly the consciousness of his hero and making the life of his fiction depend upon the quality of the narrator's sensibility. Henry Dodd Worthington does not bear this responsibility effortlessly. He is a characteristic Cozzens

hero: a white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant from a New England family of money and position, who has become a successful professional man. He lacks even an ordinary sensitivity to life and to the integrity of the lives around him, and reveals a tired and tiring imperviousness to emotional relations with parents, friends, wives, children. He cannot, for example, sympathize with his daughter's distress at her marital difficulties ("past my help") or her sorrow at her mother's death ("She lacks my schooling in these terminal processes").

Perhaps worse, he cannot even believe imaginatively that he once might have been moved: in writing his autobiography Worthington can "re-experience almost nothing of the animation of high interest, the active enthrallment" of his youth, and the narrative recollection of his experiences conveys to the reader little sense of an active inner life at all. There is too much detachment and abstraction to permit a vivid or dramatic sense of felt life, yet the detachment never becomes comic. He can label his boyhood seduction by an older woman as potentially comic ("now we are to have relishable comedy, albeit low"), but he cannot treat it comically, for he does not truly see it that way. Indeed, his seriousness about himself is extraordinary and oppressive.

Worthington considers his most distinguished quality to be a skeptical habit of mind, what he calls "critical analyzing," the skill that has made him a successful management consultant. He sees this ability "to point out the obvious" as leading to some kind of wisdom ("what I have to say about life deserves attention"); the wisdom is that there really isn't any wisdom about life because it is such a haphazard and pointless business that a man can never be sure about it.

Such a flat vision of the human condition, of course, is meant, on the one hand, to justify the narrator's refusal to confront life with energy and commitment and, on the other, to justify his rejection of those who do, such as "the liberal intellectual pretenders, the social-activist fake or half-writers," and all young people and women with their messy emotions. Without intensely felt experience—perhaps most simply without the awareness of suffering—Henry Dodd Worthington can never reach any true sense of life or understanding of it, and can only narcissistically enjoy his own wonder at his fortuitous and effortless moving from inheritance to inheritance, wife to wife, job to job, comfort to comfort.

In *Morning Noon and Night*, as in much of Cozzens' other work, the rhetoric inappropriately outweighs the

action. There is no action at all here, and the rhetoric is repulsively turgid, stuffed to bursting with badly chosen, misunderstood commonplaces from literature—even from Cozzens' own novels. Worthington's pretentious use of literary allusions shows clearly that literature was never an imaginative experience for him, and so it, too, becomes vulgarized as he quotes it, explicates it, and mixes it with business jargon and cracker-barrel clichés to support and to ornament his smug confidence.

Yes; he that moves others himself unmoved; he that calm and clear-sighted remains stone, who is slave to neither appetite nor passion—he fits

himself to get, he deserves to get, favor of the gods and so grow great. Rightly he rules and disposes; weaker, poorer characters come under him ■■ servants.

As in this paraphrase of Shakespeare's Sonnet 94, whose sense both Worthington and Cozzens seem to have missed, the narrator's pompous allusions and self-congratulatory comparisons of himself to heroic and tragic characters such as King David and Hamlet do reveal that in this so-called critical mind there is little self-criticism. Whether these revelations were intended by Cozzens to be ironic is difficult to ascertain because they do not operate with the brilliance

P. V. Annenkov

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of controlled ironic form. Worthington, like Profrock, may think himself a Hamlet and actually be a Polonius, but thinking so does not lead Worthington to a discovery of that truth. And *Morning Noon and Night*, unlike Eliot's poem, does not lead the reader to believe confidently that the author knew the truth about his character. How, the reader keeps asking, ought a passage such as this be read?

[It the life of the great and powerful] closely pertains to me. To one Henry Dodd Worthington, today's man of uncertainty, of two or more minds in his remembering, as he looks at random episodes of history, comedy, and tragedy by memory restaged, and to that poor player who today, this minute, is busy strutting and fretting his current hour's part of slipper'd Pantaloons. Often I may still feel incredulous but there can be no doubt about it. Speaking of the great and powerful I do not speak objectively. I am speaking of myself. I am one of them. I, as lingering incredulity says, of all people.

The disingenuous remarks about incredulity from a stone man who believes he deserves the favors of the gods are hard to take, no matter how they are

taken. If they are meant to be ironic, the irony is neither sudden, sharp, and devastating here, nor sustained, complex, and revealing throughout the narrative. If they are not meant to be ironic, they and Worthington are at best disagreeable and dull.

If Cozzens' champions complain that his works are too often attacked for social and political reasons instead of being criticized as literature, the answer is that his works too often seem to be social and political tracts instead of literature. Worthington at one point in his narrative describes it as an "apology for myself and life"; analogically it is also an apology for the lives of all the heroes that have preceded him in Cozzens' work and for Cozzens' persistent imaginative concern with such heroes. If Cozzens were less fascinated by the happy little ironies of his heroes' assured superiority and more attuned to literary irony, this might have been a marvelous ironic presentation of an unusually pretentious and protected man. The energy for the book could then have come from a richly ambiguous authorial view of the hero. But Cozzens always seems to take his heroes as solemnly as they take themselves.

And how can one know that what remains is any more true than what is repudiated? Indeed, Myrdal says that he has shaped and censored to make truth out of fact—which I interpret as making art out of life. I could cite passages wherein dramatic form wins out over plausibility, and there is one memorable paragraph wherein Myrdal's zeal for the well-turned anecdote traps him into claiming that he assumes on the toilet a position which the contours of that device would make ludicrous if not impossible.

But if the book in retrospect is only a qualified success—disjointed, self-commiserating, fickle—the process of its making is a fascination. I think I have never read a work that so urged me to try my hand at the same thing; that is because Myrdal makes so plain how one must go about it if one has really the determination to strike a balance for one's time and one's relation to it. He was a rebel from his early teens (a real one—out of school and on the road); I think he became so in part because he was attracted by hard tasks and it was not easy for the son of Gunnar Myrdal to rebel. He does not much mention his parents except in one passage where, with an understanding bitterness, he explains how their position of liberal eminence in Sweden blocked for years the publication of his iconoclastic works. Editors solicitous for the intrepid social programs of the elder Myrdals were disinclined to embarrass them before their enemies by sponsoring their son's acrid nonconformity. But he cites his experience at the Lincoln School in New York, where for a time he was placed and where he came into frustrated opposition to a "tender and group-minded" administration. It is easier, he says, "to develop one's personality in an old-fashioned school among mad teachers without either understanding or tenderness." And easier, one may assume, in the company of parents similarly deficient.

So the very young Myrdal, by his own account, overreacted to understanding and encouragement, grew his hair long, omitted baths, slept where and with whom he pleased, froze on the roads, burned in the desert and managed to save his soul by outraging the proprieties of even his complacent society. It is as well that his parents endowed him at least with an almost indestructible body and mind. Sore as a bear, from deepest convictions, he has had the wit to direct his misanthropy against sufficiently large targets. He is disloyal to Europe. "The monuments our Western ideals construct rest on a firm base of torn-off fingernails." And this bias acquired from study and observation turns him toward a kind of allegiance to the East. (If his novels gave his parents some pain, *Report from a Chinese Village*

A Passionate Memoir

CONFESSIONS OF A DISLOYAL EUROPEAN. By Jan Myrdal. Pantheon Books. 202 pp. \$4.95.

ROBERT HATCH

Jan Myrdal is 40, but he has written a book which seems much younger than that. Partly it seems so because he is largely recalling the events and feelings of his youth; but more deeply it is because, even now, he displays a youth's admirable inability to come to terms with his own and his society's corruption.

The catalyst for *Confessions of a Disloyal European* was the suicide of a girl (here called A; many of Myrdal's associates are thus identified by initials, which is tactful of him, but gives the company a somewhat ghostly cast) who had borrowed his apartment for a time. He was in no way to blame, as men normally weigh blame, but she had phoned him and he had put her off, being engrossed in his own work. And by a combination of association, dream and insight—whose threads he weaves into a brilliantly revealing example of what we mean when we say we know something that we cannot possibly know—Myrdal knew he should not put aside that call. "Knowing but not doing is betrayal."

Being a writer ("I am a mixer of words . . . but I mistrust my tools"), he sublimates the betrayal of A into the larger frame of Europe's betrayal of the rest of the world. "My guilt is that of the consciousness that does not carry responsibility": in microcosm, it is the guilt of the European, that most conscious of men. As expiation, and to force some meaning out of A's quite meaningless death, he will write an honest book about his times, his heritage, his loves, dreams and ascent to manhood.

The utter honesty he would embrace turns out not to be easily achieved. Myrdal's memory is good—indeed superb: he can recall conversations decades old, the sensations of his early teens, the underlined passages of books unseen for years—but memory proves to be less a guide than an ambush of exculpation. He keeps setting down passages of the seeming most vivid relevance, and then turning against them in a revulsion of superior candor. Indeed, the reader may become vexed by this process of alternate construction and demolition: a writer should perhaps do such homework in his study and come to the printed page with his affairs in a semblance of order. There is something liverish about this repeated flinging down of the pencil.

must have fed their pride.) But I feel that it is a negative allegiance—at least. Myrdal offers not much evidence in this passionately carpentered memoir that man fares better East than West. It is more the case that Europe's analytical superiority makes the failure there more clammy.

In any event, man is Myrdal's single, if abstract ally. "I have been convinced for a long time that it is the idea and not the organized idea that has any rights over me." Religion not church, theory not party, man not society. It can be the life work of a very good man to keep the distinction clear.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

THE BEAUTIFUL ONES ARE NOT YET BORN. By Ayi Kwei Armah. Houghton Mifflin Co. 215 pp. \$4.95.

Armah is an American-educated Ghanaian now on the staff of *Jeune Afrique* in Paris. His novel, set in Ghana, is an unrelievedly repelling and hopeless portrait of a society whose ruling class is literally obsessed with money and prestige; the intensity of their worship of power is comparable only to their contempt for those outside its magic circles. The main character is a railway clerk squeezed between the pressures of "succeeding" and remaining human. Armah shows us the actual process of what seems to be an inevitable personality disintegration of those who struggle to survive in the world of the novel. His prognosis, as relayed in the title, is that no possibility for change is yet in sight. One particularly fascinating section of this angry and profound book tells of the rise to power of a Nkrumah-like character.

THE PENNY WARS. By Elliott Baker. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 255 pp. \$5.95.

What starts out as an unusually wise, moving, funny and authoritative novel about being 16 in 1939 middle-class America ends up as a bad failure for the author of *A Fine Madness*. Mr. Baker's likable young hero, intent on such matters as his sex life, the coming of fascism, and his relationship with his widowed mother, gets pushed by his author into a series of progressively strained events, first with a newly arrived German refugee who courts his mother, then with a group of young black kids, and finally, in a climax fraught with symbolism, into a confrontation in which both converge to make a moral. Mr.

Baker's main character is so well drawn that one feels he'd be agast at the gimmicky ending his author has slapped onto his saga.

ONCE AN EAGLE. By Anton Myrer. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 817 pp. \$7.95.

This immense windbag of a novel follows the career of one Sam Damon—born soldier, leader of men and the best combat commander the U.S. Army ever had—from his youth in small-town America through both World Wars until, a three-star general at the age of 65, he is called to "Khotiane" as an adviser. Here he dies in his boots after enlightenment, trying to convince his colleagues that they are heading for a land war in Asia. The result is an unintentional, magnificent parody of the worst American war novels. Every hackneyed, simplistic and sentimental idea about love and war since time began seems to be intoned at one time or another by its wooden characters. Sam himself is deified throughout for his wisdom, integrity, and sheer goodness, while the perspective is always as if a man who had said tsk-tsk at the bombing of Hiroshima were covered with medals by the War Resisters League. If the members of the Book-of-the-Month Club were ever to rise up in revolt against its judges, their selection of *Once An Eagle* would seem to offer a fine occasion.

KISS KISS BANG BANG. By Pauline Kael. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 404 pp. \$7.95.

Pauline Kael on the movies makes most critics of anything else seem like careful and well-intentioned bores. This collection includes her celebration of *Bonnie and Clyde* and her wincingly accurate put-down of *Blow-Up* but, best of all, a selection of her notes—most of them a single, paragraph long—on 280 of the thousands of movies on which she has commented over the years. There is a 31-page index. Miss Kael's candor, range, wit and immense knowledge are only part of what makes her book so absorbing; what is rare is the way she gives herself to what she sees and what she writes, and her assumption that both filmmakers and readers are at least as human as she is. The State Department would do well to give this book away by the thousands to replace whatever else they may now be using as an introduction to American culture. This is a serious suggestion.

BLOODLINE. By Ernest J. Gaines. The Dial Press. 249 pp. \$4.95.

The two best stories in this collection are

child's-eye views of being black in Southern plantation country. Mr. Gaines, who grew up working on a plantation, conveys it all with the kind of artistry that reminds us how numb we've become in putting up with mediocre dialogue in fiction for the sake of "story." He is fine at both, but any (white?) admirer of *Bloodline*, and of his earlier novel, *Of Love and Dust*, also set on a plantation, has to wonder now what he would do with another setting. It is interesting to speculate about how Mr. Gaines's further experiences—in the Army, or in San Francisco, where he's lived for some time—would be filtered through the sensibility that makes his Southern-based books so good to read.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario

Since George Bernard Shaw has long since been granted at least *de facto* recognition as the second playwright of the English-speaking world, it is only fitting that there should be an annual festival in his honor. The Malvern Festival in England, which flourished during the thirties, has been defunct for many years, but every summer since 1962 there has been a Shaw Festival here at Niagara-on-the-Lake, an idyllic little town within fairly easy reach of both Buffalo and Toronto. This Shaw Festival is still in some respects a rather primitive operation; it functions in a cramped, makeshift 400-seat theatre that has to be fitted up from scratch every year inside the Niagara town hall. But it has succeeded in attracting both good actors and large audiences. And, at a time when Shaw tends to bring out the worst in directors, its work is marked by a refreshing absence of camp, cuteness and misplaced ingenuity.

From last season I remember with particular pleasure a production of *Arms and the Man* that made Shaw's points with economy, deftness and plenty of impact; this season began with a production of *Heartbreak House*, a far more difficult work, that fared less well. *Heartbreak House* is one of those frustrating works that attempt greatly, that have glints and gleams of extraordinary brilliance, that might have been masterpieces, and that do not come off. It is Shaw's attempt to write an English *Cherry Orchard*; but Shaw thought that to write like Chekhov meant a relaxation of artistic discipline, whereas, if anything, the reverse is true. "Heartbreak House," says Shaw in his preface, "... is cultured, leisured Europe before the

war." But it isn't; it is a "menagerie," a "crazy-house" (I quote from the play itself), populated by fantastic, implausible Shavian figments.

An inspired director might perhaps be able to make the play seem to be *in toto* what it is in flashes: a powerful metaphor for a disintegrating, suicidal society. But Val Gielgud (B.B.C. radio producer and elder brother of Sir John), who directed the festival production, was not thus inspired. He appeared to respect the play, even to understand it; he just

could not make it work—not with this cast, anyhow.

There were a couple of fine performances. Tony van Bridge as old Captain Shotover, who sees clearly what is going on around him and takes refuge from it in senility, eccentricity and drink, resisted the temptation to cuteness, which so marred the characterization of Maurice Evans on Broadway a few years back. Mr. van Bridge even made a brave attempt to show us the pain that lies beneath Shotover's antics. And Bill Fraser as Boss Mangan, the pathetic *nouveau riche* captain of industry, was vulgar in an unhackneyed, economical, and unmistakably authentic fashion, and very funny into the bargain.

But other actors in important parts were unable to hold together the divergent elements of their characters. Jessica Tandy, for instance, as Shotover's daughter Hesione, managed very well with the cozy side of the character, but she failed to project the mysterious sensuality that the text insists on attributing to Shotover's "demon daughters." Paxton Whitehead, who played Miss Tandy's husband, is a young English actor whose marvelous gift for comic fatuity in this case obscured Shaw's point that the character is not only a romantic poseur but also an intelligent man whose comments on the futility of the lives around him deserve to be taken seriously.

The Shaw Festival is interested not only in Shaw but also in his contemporaries, particularly the comic writers. After *Heartbreak House* this season came a week-long guest engagement of *The Importance of Being Oscar*, Micheál MacLiammóir's one-man show about Oscar Wilde, and this was followed by the English-language premiere of *La Main Passe!* by Georges Feydeau, translated especially for the festival by the Canadian actress Suzanne Grossmann, and retitled *The Chemmy Circle*. From one point of view, this last is an incongruous offering for a Shaw Festival; Georges Feydeau (1862-1921) was the great master of the French bedroom farce, a genre of which Shaw most vigorously disapproved. "To shout with laughter at a farcical comedy," Shaw once wrote apropos of a play by this same Feydeau, is "the deliberate indulgence of that horrible, derivative joy in humiliation and suffering which is the basest element in human nature." But time brings its revenges; Shaw and Feydeau now seem much closer together than they ever did in their lifetimes, both products of the same 19th-century comic tradition. Shaw is no longer an *avant-garde* writer, Feydeau is no longer a commercial hack; both, in their varying degrees, are classics. Eric Bentley, who has written a brilliant book in defense of

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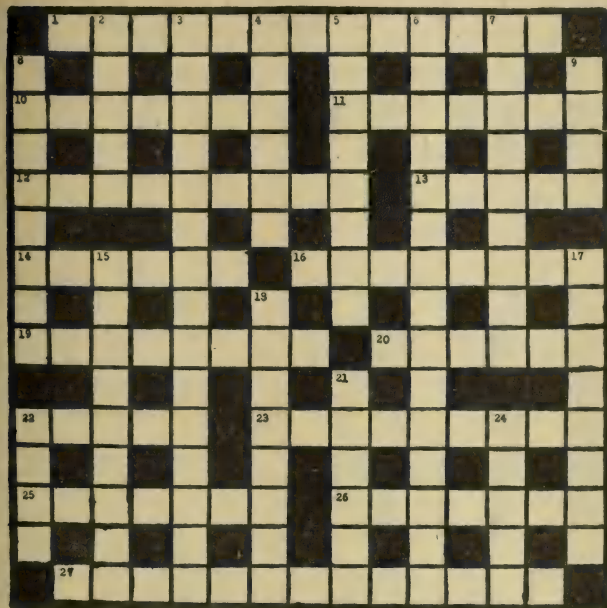
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ACROSS

- 1 One of the chief adherents to a symphony by Huxley? (5, 3, 5)
- 10 Take care not to do so. (7)
- 11 In the eagle, a medium amount is shown by the sound of it. (7)
- 12 Enter into a holding arrangement. (9)
- 13 It might go around the head of Caesar, according to Brutus. (5)
- 14 If you like to be asleep, perhaps? (6)
- 16 A daughter of Aeolus might help if you're feeling cranky! (8)
- 19 Ate about a few hundred pounds of pork, and turned out this way? (8)
- 20 One of those sell-out pieces? (6)
- 22 Not an express term for the pub. (5)
- 23 Not well, yet resting comfortably. In fact, quite the opposite! (3-2-4)
- 25 Pray. (7)
- 26 A prosecutor might have a bad time with one barely visible. (7)
- 27 Like one of O. Henry's titled subjects? (13)

DOWN

- 2 What one might claim isn't left straight? (5)
- 3 Their time is a quarter less than full, with such as Morgenblatter. (8, 7)
- 4 It could turn out to be lousy humor one provides! (6)
- 5 How one might travel on the Continent

at least implies the coach isn't in the dark. (5-3)

- 6 What one might have to do at Customs with obvious jurisprudence. (4-3-4, 4)
- 7 Almost pure carbon, going from light to dark. (9)
- 8 No hanging matter with such things! (8)
- 9 Puzzlers might recognize it as a favorite passage of mine. (4)
- 15 Free seat? (4, 5)
- 17 White Russian finally, but lives otherwise at first. (8)
- 18 Might be helped by vitamins and a couple of portions of fruit, by the sound of it. (8)
- 21 A chapeau the French raise, having long, soft hair. (6)
- 22 The upper story should obviously have a high pitch. (4)
- 24 Twice-called to Byron's native shore. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1261

ACROSS: 1 and 22 down A fate worse than death; 9 Matinee; 10 Proviso; 11 Sineux; 12 Arrested; 14 Climate; 15 Durum; 17 Eagle; 19 Interns; 23 Lithia; 25 Detrain; 26 Regards; 27 and 8 down In the Year of Our Lord. DOWN: 1 Armistice; 2 Actinic; 3 Erstwhile; 4 Order; 5 Superheats; 6 Those; 7 Aviator; 13 Malignancy; 15 Derring-do; 16 Merganser; 18 Glisten; 20 Scherzo; 21 and 21 across Body-building; 24 Area.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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LETTERS

hodgepodge system

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIR: In a country that fairly teems with able political executives, the best our hodgepodge nominating system can come up with is two men whose main experience has been in the flunky job of Vice President.

Virtually every competent commentator has deplored the present system. Can anyone tell me if there is any movement actively working to create nation-wide Presidential primaries? If not, I'd like to start one.

Tertius Chandler

on conservation

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIR: In their otherwise excellent article ["Conservation for Survival," *The Nation*, Aug. 26], Robert and Leona Rienow imply that increases in the incidence of infectious hepatitis and mononucleosis may be consequences of river pollution.

While it is true that hepatitis can be transmitted via human excreta, and recent outbreaks have been caused by ingestion of shellfish from contaminated waters, the statements concerning mononucleosis seem not to be based on fact. There is no "rising tide" of mononucleosis, so far as I am aware; it has always been an extremely common disease. It is quite misleading to identify mononucleosis as "resembling leukemia." Though the clinical and blood manifestations may indeed be similar, the courses are vastly different: all varieties of leukemia are eventually fatal, while mononucleosis resembles the common cold in being generally mild though technically incurable. Recovery is almost universal, and death from mononucleosis essentially a medical curiosity. Most important of all, there is no evidence that the transmission of the disease is in any way related to water pollution. In fact, though recent research seems to be confirming the long-held suspicion that the disease is caused by a virus, the mode of spread remains a mystery. . . .

I have a vested interest neither in the continued propagation of mononucleosis nor in water pollution. The importance and validity of the Rienows' arguments will in no way be diminished by attention to this kind of small detail, but in view of the prevalence of the disorder among young adults (who may well account for a substantial proportion of the readership of *The Nation*), it is probably worth while to quell the notion that mononucleosis is a major or growing threat to health.

Victor R. Lavis, M.D.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

DEAR SIR: A classic demonstration of "the pitiful incompetence of both industry and government to protect the natural heritage or safeguard the future" is the despoilment of the natural beauty of the famed Santa Barbara coastline and channel and the devastating certainty of pollution on a wide scale.

Recent action of drilling leases in coastal waters brought the unprecedented amount of almost \$700 million into the federal treasury from a combination of the major oil companies. Very shortly oil drilling platforms sprouted like mushrooms offshore in the channel and inevitably oil spillage accidents began. One nasty one off Gaviota killed millions of baby lobsters overnight. And now adding insult to injury, Humble Oil Co. (Standard of N.J.) proposes to build oil processing and storage plants upon the shore. . . . A taxbase conscious Board of Supervisors

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EDITORIALS

The Blowout

Reporting in *The New York Times* on the reactions of Chicago South Side Negroes to the Democratic National Convention, Earl Caldwell found a total lack of enthusiasm, but not a lack of awareness. "Certain people don't say anything," a newsstand operator remarked, "but that doesn't mean they are not listening and watching." An older man picked up a paper at the stand, viewed the headline predicting the nomination of Vice President Humphrey, and said: "It looks like a blowout. We're without a light. We got nobody to look up to now. No father, no mother, no brother, no sister. Who we got to look up to now?"

Caldwell has no comment, but that man must have been hoping for something better—McCarthy, Ted Kennedy? He is not alone in his depression. In politics, as in war, however, one cannot afford to be discouraged by one defeat or even a succession of defeats. The United States is still a going concern and it must be governed. Barring a conversion in the religious sense (which would also be a miracle in the political sense), neither Richard Nixon nor Hubert Humphrey is capable of governing it. So the people will have to protect their interests, by pressure on whoever wins in November, through new leaders or leaders chosen from among those who lost in Miami and Chicago, and by the re-election of such Senators as Morse, Clark, McGovern, Fulbright, Church (see article page 233), and the election of such Senatorial nominees as Gilligan (Ohio), Cranston (California) and O'Dwyer (New York) and as many trustworthy Representatives as possible.

To leave Nixon or Humphrey to their own devices (forgetting Wallace for the moment) would also be to leave the country where it is now—and that's pretty much the way the man who bought the paper described it. After that, things would get even worse; if anyone thinks that the worst is already here, he must be euphoric.

For this prognosis one need only examine the two candidates. There is a curious likeness. Both have been Vice President. Both are supreme opportunists, though in their physiognomy and public behavior they reveal it in different ways—Humphrey by volubility, Nixon by the craftiness to the question raised during the 1960 campaign: "Would you buy a used car from this man?" Both are in essential agreement on foreign policy, including Vietnam. Both, to a significant degree, owe their nominations to the Dixiecrats, Nixon to a coalition led by Thurmond and Tower, Humphrey to Smathers, Ellington, Connally, et al. Both were organization favorites; they served the machine and the machine served them.

In a sense, both won by default, Humphrey because he avoided the primaries and Nixon because he had no real opposition until it was too late. Neither man is genuinely popular with the general public, and not even particularly popular within his own party, except with the wheelers and dealers. Both catered to the power centers in their respective parties, and one feels they would have made

even more discreditable concessions if they had deemed them necessary. Both are masters of the cliché and the "balanced" statement—on the one hand, but then on the other—designed to make everybody feel good and extract the maximum number of votes from the undecided.

Humphrey's rhetoric is full-blown; he will promise more and promise it more emotionally. Nixon puts on the deliberate manner of the elder statesman. Humphrey will hornsoggle the Democratic Left, while Nixon will do the same with the Republican Right. Those wooed and betrayed in both cases may have more than an inkling of what is being done to them but will feel it is the best they can get. The two candidates might well have run as a "coalition" ticket—either Nixon and Humphrey or Humphrey and Nixon, the order would not have mattered much. In the event of a divided Congress, there is already talk of a possible need for a government of "national unity" after the election.

The basic trouble with these two, and with those who pitted them against each other, is that they are out of touch with current realities, with the troubled times, with the future. Neither can communicate with the young, with the blacks, or with that large army of voters who feel alienated from both parties. Their credibility gaps are enormous to start with. What voter with a normal endowment of intelligence can take at face value Humphrey's promises, knowing that he is beholden to Johnson, Daley, the satchaps of the AFL-CIO, the South? Who can put trust in Nixon on the basis of his record and of his well-deserved disrepute? The basic function of the President of the United States is to inspire the nation and bring out the best that is in it. It is absurd on its face to expect leadership of that sort from either of these men.

It may be said that we have got the nominees we deserve—a half-truth at best. While neither party is endowed with giants, both had men who stood head and shoulders above the two who were chosen. We deserved better, much better, and given an honest, responsive system of selection we could have had it. As it is, it will be a strain on the country's patience and forbearance to maintain a workable cohesion until our politics can be brought into consonance with the times.

Autopsy on Chicago

Vice President Humphrey, who now aspires to be President and for the first time in four years to be his own man, has proved that the latter ambition is vain. In an effort to divert attention from the disaster of Mayor Daley's performance in Chicago which he—Humphrey—condones, he has suggested that it was a case of violence leading to violence "on both sides." He feels sad about it, but his grief is overlaid with strictures on "self-appointed, self-righteous persons" who resort to force to press their claims.

This is far, far wide of the mark. The basic pattern of what happened in Chicago is all too clear. Daley staged a rehearsal of the action in putting down the peace demonstrations on April 27. In effect this was a warning that no demonstrations would be tolerated during the con-

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 8

vention. We pointed this out at the time, and in our issue of August 26, published before the convention opened, we ran an editorial titled "Daley Asks for Trouble," based on the report, "Dissent and Disorder," which had been issued by a committee of distinguished citizens of Chicago. This report also anticipated trouble, and constituted a clear warning of what was likely to occur. Daley must have seen it, but it had no more effect than a peashooter against the hide of a rhinoceros.

Mr. Humphrey's neutrality served its purpose—to keep him in the good graces of the Mayor, but it was a falsification of the facts. As Tom Wicker wrote in *The New York Times*, "violence did not breed counter-violence in Chicago—not in any sense justifying what the police did." Wicker points out that the demonstrators had petitioned for weeks to get permission for a peaceful march on the convention hall and a demonstration outside it. Had this permission been granted, the wind would have been taken out of the sails of those who wanted a confrontation with the police.

But when Daley chose repression, it was he and the Chicago police who forced a confrontation. The result was the obscene spectacle that millions of Americans witnessed on TV and that Humphrey could see from his hotel window. He has said, in chorus with Daley and Daley's apologists, that the police were verbally abused before they resorted to their clubs. No doubt they suffered this injury, which in every disciplined police force in the country, controlled by a level-headed civilian administration, is shrugged off. A policeman is not a civilian in a bar, easily aroused by any insult. He is expected to defend himself against physical assault, not taunts and jeers, however uncomplimentary. The police themselves, like soldiers, generally use language that would be out of place in a drawing room. To side with them on this ground is hypocritical nonsense.

A notable aspect of the disgraceful scenes in Chicago is that Negroes took very little part in the demonstrations. They had good reason for staying in their ghettos. As several of them said to reporters: "They wanted us to make a move so that they could shoot us down."

The assaults of the police on newsmen have aroused the anger of all but the most reactionary papers, and with good reason. Some thirty reporters and photographers were injured. They were simply doing their job of informing the public; they surely had not violated the sensitive dignity of the Chicago police force, but they were beaten just the same.

The large-circulation magazines and wire services have propagated a false image of Daley as the gruff but honest and good-hearted leader who has "built Chicago." What they have neglected is that he is a Neanderthal type who has cost the city dear in the way he ran the convention and repressed protest. One of the reasons he wanted the convention in Chicago was to drum up business in the form of future conventions. Instead, the Chicago tourist bureau is getting cancellations. But that is the least of it. If Chicagoans continue to tolerate him, one of these days he will precipitate a disaster on a scale which will make the events of August seem like a tea party.

The Fear of Violence

On the face of it, the confrontationists, the activists, won the "Battle of Chicago," but they won it in large part because Daley played the game their way. He defended his police force on the ground that whereas a few might have overreacted, the great majority behaved judiciously. This is belied by the television pictures and the testimony of impartial eyewitnesses. Many people who have been skeptical of the charges of "police brutality" which follow every encounter will henceforth be less skeptical.

But this applies only to the humane, fair-minded, articulate minority. There is another segment, perhaps a majority of the adult population, who think that clubbing is too good for hippies, yuppies and dissenters in general. George Wallace knows them well. There are even political morons who declared themselves for McCarthy but said if they couldn't get him they were going to vote for Wallace. It is this section of the population—and all the millions of apathetic, family-centered Americans—that leaders like Tom Hayden and the more moderate but equally determined David Dellinger must watch out for. There is a point beyond which this group will no longer remain apathetic.

They are already frightened, but so far well below the panic level. However, if confrontation-style politics increases in magnitude and violence, they will reach the flash point. This is where a most serious reaction may (predictably will) set in. A current book, *Urban Riots: Violence and Social Change*, published by the Academy of Political Science at Columbia University, should be required reading for militants and activists. The major theme, according to Henry Raymond of *The New York Times*, is "a rebuttal of the radical assertion that the United States is entering a revolutionary phase." Several of the contributors warned that an increase in Negro violence "could lead to a further polarization in American politics, even to 'an American style of fascism.'" This applies equally to white revolutionists.

Mayor Daley has his supporters as well as his detractors. Nelson Algren, who knows Chicago about as well as anyone can, said in reference to Daley: "I don't think the clubbing represents one man. I think it represents a majority of the people of Chicago. If an election were held today, he'd win."

This may seem preposterous to what Mencken called "the civilized minority," but votes and firearms are also in the hands of the majority, call them what you like. Daley, says Algren, "would win out of fear—out of the fear of violence. He is the guy who will get the police out—and I think most people vote that way. He is a big property man, and the city is full of little property people." They don't mind violence—as long as they are not the victims.

The Nation does not presume to advise revolutionists. They must follow their star. But, in their own interest and that of their movement, they should realize what the odds are and base their strategy on realities, not on the way they would like things to be.

The Hilton Hotel Incident

The unprovoked blitzkrieg police attacks on the pacifist crowd and bystanders in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel in Chicago on the third day of the Democratic convention can adequately be compared only to the Nazi use of Black Shirts during Hitler's rise to power in Germany.

In the Hilton assault it is significant to report that the victims included guests of the hotel, elderly bystanders and women and children who had the misfortune to be standing behind the police barriers outside the picture window of the Haymarket Inn. After first assaulting the pacifist demonstrators, the police turned on this group of witnesses and pressed their club-wielding attack so severely that, in panic, the bystanders pressed back until they crashed through the window. But their glass-spiked, bloody escape route was cut off inside when the police flanked them by running around into the restaurant and began beating the people who had fallen through the window. At this point one young man was dragged through the revolving doors of the hotel and beaten until his face turned into an unrecognizable mass of loose pulp. Another victim was forced into a partially opened section of the revolving door and beaten through the crack until he fell into a heap on the floor. He was then swept out of the hotel by a man pushing the door around.

In Chicago, the law-and-order standard became particularly ironic when the great majority of the crowds that were being assaulted by the police remained true to their credo of nonviolence. In the heat of the rape, even veteran newsmen lost their cool and began screaming at the police from the safety of an awning that hung over the scene in the street. But even after the first line of protesters had been peeled off—by clubbings and knees to the groin—the next row remained firm and refused to defend themselves, with what few weapons the street is able to provide.

Still the police pressed forward with their sticks, their well-practiced karate chops, and their boots until finally they themselves fell back exhausted with the efforts of their administered beatings. Soon afterward the Chicago police were replaced by the National Guard. Remarkably, the uniformed soldiers were cheered.

The Orwellian factor in this practical example of the law-and-order fixation which is now being touted by the two major Presidential candidates, as well as by the Wallace-Daley types, is that in the name of law and order the basic freedoms of a large minority of people are being suppressed. In the name of law and order the police attacked peaceful demonstrators, putting down their right to assembly and halting their freedom of speech, and by brutal attacks on scores of newsmen they attempted to muzzle the press.

If they did this while the whole world was watching, what might they have done if they had been off camera?

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If their unprovoked attacks were carried out with the intention of triggering a violent response from a nonviolent crowd, to what lengths might they have gone if the crowd had responded with violence, or even if they had defended themselves?

THOMAS W. PAW, JR.
Editor, *Troy Daily News*

The Shame of Chicago

It is provocative to have every Chicago policeman wear a riot helmet.

It is provocative to display machine guns—against whom would they be used?

It is provocative to have National Guardsmen with fixed bayonets.

It is provocative to arrest the chairman of a state delegation for inserting the wrong card in the security machine.

It is provocative to plan for 100,000 demonstrators and then not change those plans when the number is a few thousand instead.

No one faults all the policemen. They worked long hours and the provocations were great. At the same time they cannot be judged by the standards we apply to the rioters. As a city we are entitled to expect more restraint, judgment and commitment to law and order from the policemen than from law breakers.

History has tragically shown that the police state begins by terrorist tactics against the press. No reasonable person can doubt that television and other members of the press were calculated targets of some police officers.

What went on in the streets of Chicago—at Lincoln Park and at Grant Park—is the tragedy and shame of our city. What went on at the Amphitheatre was more subtle but no less oppressive. The number of delegates, news people, staff people for the various candidates, and observers who complained about the "pushing around" and humiliating experiences suffered at the Amphitheatre make it clear that the atmosphere was not conducive to the free discussions and movements necessary to a deliberative body.

ABNER J. MIKVA
Democratic Candidate for U.S. Congressman
2nd C. D. Chicago

Drinking Drivers

When the U.S. Department of Transportation was established in 1966, one of the stickier problems facing Lyndon Johnson was the selection of the director of the National Traffic Safety Bureau. His choice was Dr. William Haddon, Jr.

Dr. Haddon's reputation in traffic safety rested almost entirely on a report he had written which linked traffic fatalities to drinking. The drunken-driver theme has always been a favorite of the auto industry, since it focuses attention on driver irresponsibility and deflects it from the unsafe cars produced by Detroit. Clearly, then, the industry found Dr. Haddon acceptable.

This summer the traffic-safety field is experiencing a feeling of *déjà vu* in the wake of Dr. Haddon's latest report, a rewritten and expanded version of his earlier

report. The chief message is the same: Drinking drivers are responsible for a large percentage of traffic fatalities. Again attention is focused on irresponsible drivers, and a smoke screen is thrown over unsafe cars.

Shortly after this latest report was released, Dr. Haddon went to a safety seminar at the General Motors Proving Grounds at Milford, Mich. General Motors welcomed Dr. Haddon to Milford, where members of the national press could interview him about the dangers of drinking drivers. One GM vice president, speaking of the National Traffic Safety Agency, told the automotive editor of the *Boston Globe*: "Haddon is the best man for the job, no matter if we have a change of administration next fall."

In his "new" report, Dr. Haddon points to the drop in British traffic fatalities and injuries since the institution

there of a crackdown on drinking drivers. True, the British have had success in the first five months of the program, but it is too soon to tell whether it will hold up. Traditionally, campaigns against drinking drivers have initial success, but then everything slips back to where it was before. In addition, the stringency of the British measures—and presumably of any U.S. program which might be successful—is such as to raise questions about the violation of civil liberties.

The problem of drinking drivers is real, but it should not be so emphasized as to divert attention from the cars themselves. The auto industry should be compelled to build cars that will protect—to the maximum degree that engineering can devise—all passengers and drivers, including those who have been drinking.

THE CENSORSHIP WAR

WHAT MOSCOW FEARS

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, August 28

As I write, it is more than a week since Soviet troops and the troops of their faithful allies—East Germany, Poland, Hungary and Bulgaria—have entered Czechoslovakia in response to a pressing and desperate appeal by "a group of members of the Central Committee of the Czech Communist party, of the Czech Government, and of the Czech National Assembly" to render urgent help, including military help, to the Czechs against the counterrevolution threatening them.

I have before me a copy of *Pravda* dated August 22, with its editorial called "We Are Faithful to our Brotherly Duty"; its *Tass* communiqué stating that the Czechs have taken the entry of the allied troops into their country calmly, and that "many Czechoslovak citizens are expressing their gratitude to these troops"; the above "appeal" by the "group"; and then sixteen columns—yes, sixteen—enumerating the reasons why it was the sacred "international duty" of Czechoslovakia's allies to "defend socialism" in that country.

Today we learn that the National Assembly of Czechoslovakia has *unanimously* rejected the so-called Moscow Agreements signed after four agonizing days and nights of negotiations by the Soviet and Czechoslovak delegations, the latter headed by President Svoboda. This in itself is sufficient to show that *no member* of the National Assembly signed the appeal which, in fact, does not bear a single signature. In short, it is on the basis of this unsigned and anonymous fabrication that the Russians and their allies invaded Czechoslovakia on August 21.

Invasions have, in the past, been based on forgeries, the most famous example being Bismarck's EMS Telegram which started the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. But for sheer cynicism and impudence and utter lack of plausibility there is nothing to equal the "reasons" given by the Russians for the invasion—not even the "reasons" given

by Hitler for his countless invasions of other countries, by Nazi mouthings that "the Poles attacked us," the Russians attacked us," etc.

One thing is clear. The Kremlin leaders, or rather, those whose invasion plan was finally adopted, completely miscalculated their chances. They assumed that the Czechs would "accept" the occupation (with the same Good Soldier Schweik shrug of the shoulders) as they had "accepted" Hitler's invasion of Bohemia and Moravia in March, 1939, and that the establishment of a puppet government (if not under Novotny, then at least under some Novotnyite) would be a matter of a few hours. But the Nazi invasion of 1939 and the Russian invasion of 1968 had entirely different contexts. By 1939 Czechoslovakia had become utterly hopeless and demoralized by the Munich betrayal six months earlier, and by the consciousness that nobody would help the Czechs against Hitler. Today the Czechs know that they are not alone; that their passive resistance has not only the sympathy of the whole world; that the invasion represents a deathblow to the "world Communist movement," headed by Moscow, and that the time may not be far off when Moscow will have to think up a good excuse for pulling out of Czechoslovakia. The alternative would be an endless, ruthless occupation by the invaders, complete with massacres, a Russian-directed police terror and overcrowded prisons and concentration camps.

But the Czechs did not prove fatalistic this time, and although President Svoboda and Alexander Dubcek did not have the physical means of fighting the Russian armed forces, they knew that the overwhelming majority were absolutely hostile to the Russian invaders. The Russians, in taking their fateful decision, imagined that at least a substantial part of the country would show, if not joy, at least a relative indifference and resignation toward Russia's "brotherly help," and that a quiescent would turn up without much difficulty. There is no denying the existence of potential quislings in Czechoslovakia; in any country am-

bitious scoundrels can be found in such circumstances. But the reason nobody volunteered to set up a Russian puppet government lay precisely in the fact that the whole of Czechoslovak public opinion would have regarded any such government as utterly odious and unacceptable.

The Russians started by locking up Dubcek and some of the other, more "dangerous," liberal Czech leaders, and agreed to President Svoboda's offer to go to Moscow. Here one is reminded of another precedent. On March 14, 1939, Hitler summoned the senile President Hácha to Berlin where he was bullied and threatened for hours to sign away the post-Munich Czechoslovakia (or, rather, Bohemia and Moravia) as a German protectorate. If he refused, Goering's *Luftwaffe* would annihilate Prague that very night. This was not the threat the Russians could utter; the repercussions of an A- or H-bomb on Prague would have been too unpredictable. But they tried to bully Svoboda, accompanied as he was by some Czech "conservatives," into a far-reaching surrender. Svoboda, however, said he could not take any such responsibility unless Dubcek, head of the party, Cernik, head of the government, and Smrkovsky, speaker of the National Assembly, took part in the Moscow talks. All these had to be let out of jail and flown to Moscow.

We shall perhaps, at a future time, have the full record of the four days and nights the Czechs spent at the Kremlin in "negotiations." We might then also know more accurately how the Russian "hawks" were, and whether there were any "doves" on the Russian side. This is a question that is directly related to the next—and probably altogether inevitable—changes in the Soviet party leadership.

The very fact that the Russians had to accept Dubcek, Smrkovsky and Cernik, together with President Svoboda, as the most authorized Czech representatives is in itself a Russian setback of the greatest magnitude. The Czechs, it is true, negotiated under duress; they had to accept a "temporary" occupation of their country by Russian and "allied" troops; they had to impose a censorship on the press, radio and TV "as regards news and comments concerning the Soviet Union and other Socialist countries." By imposing the "Moscow Agreements," on Svoboda, Dubcek and the others, the Russians carried out an action very similar to Hitler's "Hácha operation."

When the Czech delegation was in Moscow, the Czechs embarked on an extraordinary act of passive resistance, while their press and radio, though hounded and hunted by the Russians, carried out one of the most spectacular morale-maintaining acts in the history of radio.

It is too early to say how many people—including children and students—were crushed to death by the Russian tanks, or shot or put in prison; perhaps far more than we know. The actual figures may not be important, but the fact that many Czechs lost their lives during the invasion is something the Czech people will never forgive or forget, and it may have the most far-reaching effect on the future relationship between Czechoslovakia and Russia.

But one must ask the determining reason for the criminal Russian invasion. I had, at the time of Cierna and Bratislava, some rather acrimonious correspondence with some friends in Russia—if I can call them that—including

some old Stalinists. One of these wrote to me: "The trouble with Czechoslovakia is that the anti-Socialist forces in that country are strong; as distinct from other Socialist countries, there are no Czechoslovak *émigrés* to speak of; the anti-Socialist elements are still *inside* the country; it is also a country with a strong bourgeoisie which is hostile to us." Maybe. But what came as a shock to the Russians was that not only the bourgeoisie in Czechoslovakia but the entire nation, including the working class, is hostile to the Soviet Union and, indeed, has been so



Abu. The Tribune (London)

since the bullying began—that is, since the overthrow of Novotny, the Stalinist leader, last January.

No, the existence of a bourgeoisie inside Czechoslovakia is *not* the real reason for the invasion. Nor is the "German menace" and the alleged Czech "collusion" with "the militarists and *revanchards* of Western Germany." This is one of the silliest of all the Russian arguments used. Even the fact that some Czech leaders may have seriously thought of establishing diplomatic relations with Western Germany was no reason for the invasion. Romania has had diplomatic relations with Western Germany for a long time and the Russians did nothing about it.

A month ago, in writing to Stalinists, I said: "If you send your troops into Czechoslovakia you will have finally bitched your precious international world movement." I received no answer. Yet it is only too obvious that this is now inevitable. The two biggest Communist parties of the West, the Italian and the French, are up in arms against the invasion. The Romanians and Yugoslavs made their position amply clear; and it is just possible that the triumphant visits to Prague of Tito and Ceaucescu a few days before the invasion may have been used as a final argument in favor of this invasion. Here were three Communist countries deeply resenting Moscow's bullying of

Prague. And what were the real thoughts of the great majority of people in Poland and Hungary? Was not the Stalinist monolith threatening to become a loose-knit military alliance of half a dozen Socialist, but also profoundly national, "polycentrist" states? And the unkindest cut of all came from Mao who, without approving Dubcek and Svoboda, still accused the Moscow "revisionists" of "Hitlerian gangsterism"—a charge extremely difficult to deny. I am not even sure that the Russians are particularly pleased with Castro's backhanded compliments about their "aggression" which, he said, they shouldn't have tried to cover up with so many fig leaves.

The real, indeed the only, reason for the invasion of Czechoslovakia was the liberalization of the regime and (to the Russians) the unholy alliance of socialism and intellectual freedom. The timing is significant: it was essential to occupy the country before the meeting of the Czech Communist congress which was scheduled for September 9, and which would have produced a virtually all-liberal Central Committee from which the last remnants of the Stalinist-Novotnyite element would have been eliminated. And the greatest crime of the liberals, in the Russian view, was a *free press, free speech, an uncensored radio and TV. This plague might have spread to Moscow!*

The greatest fury and rage of the Stalinists in Moscow (and it is they who set the whole tone of the Soviet press) has been concentrated since January against the Czech press and radio. Nothing infuriated the Moscow Stalinists more than an article like the "Two Thousand Words" which was an open attack on the Stalinist type of bureaucrat—selfish, stupid, dishonest, with no standards of the most elementary human decency. Even compared with the Khrushchev regime, which had its good anti-Stalinist moments (publication of Solzhenitsyn's *Ivan Denisovich* or Yevushenko's devastating poem, "The Heirs of Stalin," which appeared in *Pravda* in October, 1962), the intellectual atmosphere of terror and oppression was worse under Brezhnev than anything seen since the blackest days of Stalinism. One has to distinguish between two things: the satisfactory economic progress of Russia in the last few years and the contentment of millions of Russians with the regime, if only because it has built up a highly impressive welfare state: there are millions of new homes, there is no serious food shortage, and Russia is not at war with anybody. So, with the growth of material comforts, millions of Russians are favorably impressed by their government. But there are other millions of intellectuals (including the relatively new class of the technical intelligentsia) who are far from happy. Significantly, it was not under Khrushchev but under Brezhnev that the intellectual oppression, starting with the Siniavsky-Daniel trial, became truly horrible. Intellectual life was dominated by a specifically *Moscow* bureaucracy which dreaded all signs of nonconformism, and reverted, since the fall of Khrushchev, to a neo-Stalinist mentality to which "democratic centralism" meant nothing less than the domination of all thought by Moscow. One of its biggest phobias is any kind of "intellectual polycentrism" which, as I found last year, manifested itself not only in the non-Russian parts

of the Soviet Union (Georgia, Armenia, the Ukraine) but even in a city like Leningrad which, though Russian, had a long pro-Western and anti-Muscovite tradition of its own. It is this terror of independent thinking *inside* the Soviet Union (an independent kind of thinking which Moscow hastens to brand "bourgeois nationalism" in the case of the non-Russian areas, and, in the case of Leningrad, as "Czarist nostalgia") that would help to explain the extreme exasperation caused in Moscow by the fantastically independent way of thinking that has developed in Czechoslovakia. In their famous "Survey" of the first fifty years of the Soviet regime the Central Committee of the CPSU pays lip service to polycentrism—to every foreign Communist party's right to follow its own course, in accordance with the local national conditions—and to the sacrosanct principles of national sovereignty and noninterference in the internal affairs of other countries. We have now witnessed how all these lofty principles have been respected in the case of Czechoslovakia.

The Prague coup, more than anything the Russians have done since World War II, has made the Soviet Union hateful in the eyes of the world. Romania, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia have become violently anti-Soviet; the Italian and French Communist parties now detest Brezhnev; numerous reports show that Poland and Hungary are in a state of extreme nervousness bordering on Russophobia. The great reputation the Russians have tried for years to build up as the "number-one peace factor" in the world—as the nation helping North Vietnam in the name of "Socialist solidarity" and "in the name of peace," and who behaved with commendable restraint in the case of the Arab-Israeli War—has now been blown to the winds.

And what of the long-term effects of the invasion of Czechoslovakia? Nothing could have played more effectively into Richard Nixon's hands than the occupation of Prague. And why was this done? Primarily because of the maniacal desire on the part of the Moscow bureaucrats to silence the free Czech press. That is why I call this article "The Censorship War." Inside Russia, censorship is the pillar on which the Stalinist conformism of the Soviet Union rests. In the other Socialist countries there is also a censorship of varying severity which may be one reason why, despite much else the Russians disliked about Romania, they left that country alone (at least up until now). And when one considers it, Stalin behaved infinitely more cautiously and intelligently over Yugoslavia than Brezhnev did over Czechoslovakia. Stalin denounced Titoism as a heresy; he took economic sanctions against Yugoslavia, isolated it as a leper, but did nothing more about it. And the context of Budapest was also different; it could be argued that there was a counterrevolution there.

And now? My old "friend" Yuri Zhukov of *Pravda* continues, even after the Czech-Soviet agreement, to rage and fume against the "counterrevolutionary" elements in Czechoslovakia. Which in fact amounts to saying that *the whole* of Czechoslovakia is now counterrevolutionary, i.e., anti-Stalinist, and, thanks to Brezhnev, anti-Russian. No doubt an overthrow by the Russians of Svoboda and Dubcek is not to be ruled out; although these capitulated

they cannot be regarded as Russia's friends and flunkys.

But there is one great unknown. Will not the Kremlin, or some people in the Kremlin, realize (if they haven't already done so) that the restoration of the monolithic Stalinist empire cannot be achieved in 1968? And will there not be a group of leaders who, to save the Socialist world from economic, ideological and psychological chaos, will realize that a quick withdrawal of the "allied" troops from Czechoslovakia can alone restore some degree of international order and mutual confidence? It is rumored that Kosygin and Suslov (yes, even Suslov who worries about the world Communist movement, and the great rally scheduled for next November in Moscow) were sharply against the invasion. Will not Suslov, who played the leading role in overthrowing Khrushchev in 1964, now bring about the fall of Brezhnev, the number-one villain of the Czech tragedy? The Czech people, with their

"Brezhnev-Hitler" posters, seem to realize it only too well.

All reports from Prague show that the young Russian soldiers who occupied the city are extremely perplexed by the reception they got from the Czechs. They had been told that they were sent as friends to "save their allies from counterrevolution and from a West German invasion." They will have many sad stories to tell when they go home. But in a police state like the Soviet Union—getting worse in this respect every year—revolutions do not come from below; if anything is to change for the better, it will have to come from above—from a palace revolution inside the Kremlin. The best hope, I think, is for an agonizing reappraisal by the Kremlin of the entire Czech problem. This cannot happen without the elimination of certain people. My guess is that Brezhnev will go before the end of the year. But it is, unfortunately, no more than a guess.

AN OUNCE OF LEAD

GUNNING FOR SENATOR CHURCH

MICHAEL MCCREERY

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Boise

Probably the dirtiest political fight that will be waged in the months from the conventions to the elections will be that staged by George V. Hansen, Republican Representative from the Idaho 2nd District, to capture the seat of Democratic Sen. Frank Church.

Idaho has long been a fortress of reaction, and one of the states most isolated from the movement of the nation. After the Civil War, the then Idaho territory was settled by ex-Confederates fleeing the Reconstruction in Dixie, and Idaho today is, outside the South, probably the most racist state in the nation—despite a marked absence of Negroes on whom to exercise prejudice. In addition, it is one of the last states whose economy depends almost totally on agriculture; over the years, powerful farming interests have kept a tight clasp on Idaho, shielding it from the outside world and from such things as industrialization, better wages and living conditions and urban renewal. In this climate the John Birch Society thrives; Idaho is one of the five states where Birchism is said to be the strongest. The present Republican Governor, Don Samuelson, was listed by *Newsweek* (January 31, 1966) as a member of the John Birch Society, when he was running for office.

Against this background, Hansen is mounting a furious campaign against Senator Church, issuing bigoted appeals to Idaho's traditional conservatism, and apparently feeling that Church's liberalism will unseat him. One issue that Hansen has raised is civil rights for minority groups. Church has been an effective supporter of civil rights

legislation, and Hansen, who never voted for a civil rights bill during his four years in Congress, has been diligent to rally Idaho's racist vote.

Hansen takes to the Idaho campaign trail as a hard-line advocate of "law and order"; he has publicly called for the firm and vigorous repression of Negro demonstrations, demanded a moratorium on civil rights legislation (which he charges causes riots) and raised the implication of treason in a very wide spectrum of Negro leadership, ranging from Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown to Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young and even the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Of Dr. King's assassination, Hansen observed that it was a case of "the chickens coming home to roost," and not the tragedy it was being made out to be. Hansen has also endorsed Chicago Mayor Daley's order to his police to "shoot to kill or maim" Negro looters. Recommending this as a step to be taken nationally to "end violence," Hansen concedes that it might result in a good many deaths but adds that a little killing now to end riots might prevent more killing later. This ounce of lead prevention was too much for the GOP majority leader, state Sen. William Roden of Boise, who called Hansen's statements "unfortunate." "I don't think he's ever seen a riot," Roden said.

Others in Idaho have been more favorably impressed by Hansen's statements. The Idaho branch of the American Independent Party, which is offering candidates for most state offices, has declined to run a candidate for Senator, and has instead endorsed Hansen. AIP state chairman Joseph K. Stumph, Jr., of Twin Falls, reports that Hansen's "strong conservatism" and his "law-and-order" policies figured in the party's decision to back him. Hansen has enthusiastically accepted the aid of the party which will run George Wallace for President in November. As well he might—Idaho is one Northern state where fear



of the "nigger" is so strong that in a three-way race Wallace may well carry the electoral vote.

Another area that has figured prominently in Hansen's attack is foreign policy. Church is one of the most outspoken "doves" in the Senate, and a charter opponent of Administration policies in Vietnam. In fact, his feelings on the war are so intense that earlier in the year, before LBJ withdrew, Church indicated that he might support the Republican candidate should the GOP offer a reasonable alternative. Presenting himself as a super-hawk, Hansen deplores the "appeasement" policy of President Johnson, and ridicules the notion of peace talks. He talks of the Vietnamese conflict as part of a Moscow-based Communist conspiracy to take over the world. He wants the Administration to get tough with the Soviet Union, applying any pressures necessary. Just what pressures he would in fact favor, Hansen does not make entirely clear. However, in other comments he has at times asserted that the best way to preserve America's "honor" and achieve a quick way out of Vietnam is by military victory. Asserting the "need" to stop communism somewhere, Hansen favors a no-holds-barred policy, saying he will not rule out either nuclear warfare or an invasion of North Vietnam and China.

Following the recent Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, Hansen has further intensified his hawkishness: the Soviet action has proved to his satisfaction that communism is an evil system and can never be trusted. Following this line, Idaho Republican leaders have been quick to imply that Church's dovishness was somehow responsible for what happened to the Czechs (though Church has issued strong condemnation of the Soviet action).

In general, the Communist label has been frequently and indiscriminately used against Church ever since Hansen became the GOP candidate. The less respectable levels of the Hansen campaign have been suggesting for some time that a vote for Hansen is a vote against communism. Or, when communism is not the issue it is often "the nigger," although the more vociferous Hansen supporters seem often to equate "niggers" and "Communists." Church, on the other hand, has refused to compromise his liberalism, and so far has managed to avoid mud slinging. The Church people have, in fact, almost avoided mentioning Hansen, and have conducted a

low-key, bread-and-butter-issues campaign. They apparently believe that Hansen's bluster and bigotry will win the election for Church. At the same time, the Senator is taking no chances, and has been stumping the state to demonstrate his concern for his constituents' welfare.

Present indications and polls suggest that, in the end, Church will survive the Hansen flak and gain a third Senate term. Despite the powerful grass-roots strength of Hansen's brand of conservatism, Idahoans admire courage and independence in politicians. Though a good many may intensely dislike some of the things that Church stands for, they respect his integrity and opposition to many of the policies that his own Democratic Party has followed under Johnson. A thin majority of Idaho voters have rewarded Church for his independence in two previous elections, and may do so again. However, the contest will be close and, whatever the outcome, it is apparent that Hansen's campaign has paid off for him. He will probably emerge as titular head of the Idaho Republican Party. Should Hansen manage to get as much as 46 per cent of the vote in November (and he will probably do better), he may well become in 1970 his party's candidate for governor.

The Congressional seat which Hansen is vacating this year is expected to be retained by the Republicans, and it is therefore unlikely that Hansen would try to regain his seat two years hence. However, Governor Samuelson will be up for renomination and re-election in 1970, and some GOP stalwarts already wonder whether he can hold out for another term. The Governor's bumbling style has alienated many voters. Therefore, though Samuelson is quite conservative enough for most GOP leaders, they may well scout about for an equally conservative but more impressive candidate to oppose him in a primary, rather than wait to test his popularity in the general election.

Should Hansen lose to Church this November by only a thin margin, it is expected that he will take on Samuelson in 1970, and if he does he will probably be the next governor of Idaho (a Republican nomination is usually tantamount to election in Idaho, the Democratic Church



being a notable exception). Though many Republicans now think that Hansen made a mistake to go gunning for Church, the fact that he has proved himself an impressive vote getter in the past (70 per cent of the vote in his 1966 Congressional campaign) would stand in his favor should he wish to try a comeback against someone of less formidable stature than Church. Samuelson looks to be the obvious victim.

Philanthropy: The Golden Crowbar

GEORGE G. KIRSTEIN

Mr. Kirstein was publisher of The Nation from 1955 to 1965. This article has been condensed from a chapter in his forthcoming book, The Rich: Are They Different?, which Houghton Mifflin will publish on October 24.

Only the rich are in the unique position of having more money than they need or can use; thus for them, and only for them, the singular question arises as to what to do with the excess. The social institution to accommodate the rich in disposing of this surplus is organized philanthropy. The enormous number of philanthropic organizations that have burgeoned in this country to support the church, the private school or college, the voluntary hospital, the library, or the museum are exactly tailored to serve as repositories for excess individual wealth. Tax laws favor gifts to philanthropy; press acclaim and public approval greet announcements of the donations. Government-licensed philanthropic institutions, those which enjoy tax exemption, supposedly assure the rich man that his money will not be wasted. Billionaire John Paul Getty's observation is typical: "Like almost all wealthy men—certainly, all with whom I am acquainted—I make my contributions only to organized, legitimate charities. . . . This is the only way one can give money with any degree of assurance that it will be received eventually by deserving persons." This timesaving and generally applauded approach has few critics. One of the more acid was O. Henry who wrote at the turn of the century: "How properly to alleviate the troubles of the poor is one of the greatest troubles of the rich. But one thing agreed upon by all professional philanthropists is that you must never hand over any cash to your subject. The poor are notoriously temperamental; and when they get money, they exhibit a strong tendency to spend it for stuffed olives and enlarged crayon portraits instead of giving it to the installment man."

But both Mr. Getty and O. Henry are talking of another era, despite the fact that the oil man's comment was made fairly recently. Today, charity, in the ancient sense of giving alms to the poor, has been taken over by the government, and all who pay taxes share the burden. Not the rich but the government declares "war on poverty"; organized philanthropy has very little to do with alleviating the miseries of the poor. This function today is the responsibility of federal, state and municipal governments that distribute funds raised by taxation to recipients entitled to aid as a matter of right under law. Today, Medi-

So, win or lose against Church this year, George Hansen will probably survive to work political mischief in Idaho. But should Frank Church lose in November, not only would the forces of peace, racial equality and progressive change be deprived of one of their most effective spokesmen in the Senate; a full take-over by the extreme right wing would destroy whatever thin hope liberalism may have in Idaho.

caid and Medicare laws provide payment for the indigent from federal, state and municipal funds, and for all those, indigent or not, over the age of 65. The healthy poor wend their monotonous way to the welfare office where governmental funds are doled out. Indeed the rich benefactor looking for a charitable organization which would distribute funds to those "deserving persons" mentioned by Mr. Getty would be hard pressed to find it. Today the donor who wishes to heap largess on his favorite hospital will discover that his money is required not to maintain poor patients but to refurbish outmoded buildings or construct new facilities for the installation of scientific devices. If a cure for cancer is discovered in a beautiful new research building it is obvious that poor and rich alike are benefited. If knowledge is advanced by a new library memorializing the donor in letters carved into marble, the society as a whole is enriched.

But though continuing problems of the poor have proved to be too urgent to leave to the whims of the rich, the rich still require conduits through which to siphon off their surplus wealth, and selecting the most suitable receptacle poses a problem. Julius Rosenwald, an original partner of Sears Roebuck, once declared that he found it "nearly always easier to make \$1,000,000 honestly than to dispose of it wisely," and any number of rich men have echoed his words. This type of remark may infuriate a great many people who have strived a lifetime to accumulate far less than a million dollars, but the fact remains that many rich men have pointed to their acquisition primarily as an instrument for philanthropy. Andrew Carnegie pontificated to the young graduates of a commercial college: "As an end, the acquisition of wealth is ignoble in the extreme. I assume that you save and long for wealth only as a means of enabling you the better to do some good in your day and generation."

Giving to philanthropic institutions is invariably hailed as an act of personal generosity, especially by professional fund raisers and public relations spokesmen for the institutions that receive the gift. Listen to the speeches at the dedication of a new building on the hospital grounds or college campus, with the donor in beaming attendance as he is heaped with praise for his generous gift. But here "generous" is equated with "large" rather than with any motive of the donor. If we think of the word generosity as connoting some sacrifice on the part of the giver,

philanthropy, as it is organized today in America, has little if anything to do with generosity. The amount to be donated is frequently dictated by an accountant who is thoroughly familiar with the Internal Revenue Code's encouragement of charitable gifts. An unusually frank statement which might be interpreted differently from its speaker's intention is revealing: "What are you put on earth for, anyway? To be productive—for yourself until you've got everything that money can buy. After that, it belongs to humanity." The speaker—an extremely successful self-enriched man, who made this statement in connection with a donation of \$6.5 million—is at least no hypocrite about his priorities.

If "generosity" is the wrong word to use and "sacrifice" a factor completely absent in philanthropic donations by the rich, it would nonetheless be a mistake to assume that decision making on their part is coldly logical and unaccompanied by emotion. In any number of utterances accompanying gifts, the rich voice the sentiment that a feeling of deep satisfaction rewards those who "do something for others rather than just for themselves." This feeling of euphoria results directly from a temporary easing of guilt rather than in any positive prognostication of the resulting joys to others. Frequently, in connection with a major gift, usually by a self-enriched man, we read that the donor considers it part payment on a debt to the United States for his success, achieved under its "free-enterprise" system. The idea of repaying society for one's own good fortune is an emotional rather than a logical reaction. The ancients expressed their gratitude to the gods following some particularly fortuitous chain of events by sacrificing some valuable animal. The fact that much of the fund raising in America is conducted along sectarian lines of church affiliation supports the theory that philanthropic impulse is stirred by religious emotion. The hope is that the gates of heaven may be forced to open by use of a golden crowbar. Neither the pangs of guilt nor the fear of damnation retard the accumulator in his pursuit of wealth, but once he has achieved his objective, he will consider placating the gods by bestowing part of his wealth on some "deserving" charity. It is significant that both the rich and the fund raisers continue to use "charity" and "philanthropy" interchangeably although the words have quite different meanings.

The self-enriched are less apt to feel guilt than the hereditary rich, but they are frequently motivated by an additional incentive—pride in their accomplishment. For this reason, the self-enriched, recalling the enormous effort of building a fortune, are far more likely to release emotional statements to the press. By highly publicized munificence they establish the clear evidence of business success and financial accomplishment. The anonymous major gift, a fairly rare phenomenon (according to one expert fund raiser, fewer than 2 per cent of all major gifts are anonymous), almost always comes from the hereditary rich. Of course, even these anonymous gifts are not truly anonymous in that the trustees, at least, of the benefited institution, know the identity of the donor. An anonymous gift simply means that newspaper publicity is avoided.

Further insight on "generosity" may be gained by examining the dissimilar motives of those who give away large sums in their lifetimes contrasted with those who provide in their wills for some philanthropic cause. In the case of the living gift a man is donating unneeded money; in the case of the bequest, he is donating an excess which obviously cannot follow him. Thus we find the childless particularly "generous" in their wills, whereas people with heirs tend to give during their lifetimes, leaving the residue to their children. Some rich men, particularly the self-enriched, live in unreasoning terror that in old age their fortunes will vanish and their standard of living be reduced to the dreaded privations of their modest beginnings. For such men, the bequest has particular appeal. In addition, there are men with such highly developed instincts for acquisition that it is emotionally impossible for them to part with any portion of their fortune. Such men, particularly if they are childless, frequently leave their money to philanthropies, often by establishing foundations whose trustees are charged with the responsibility of distribution. Russell Sage was such a man. Psychologically unable to rid himself of any substantial part of his vast fortune during his lifetime, he passed the responsibility on to his widow, who in turn formed the Russell Sage Foundation which over the years has distributed the funds wisely.

Some of the benefactions inspired by one or more of these motives are truly enormous. For example, in 1964 the following gifts topped the list:

- \$10,000,000 Gift to University of Illinois by Mr. and Mrs. Herman C. Krannerts—for construction.
- \$5,306,903 Gift to Princeton University by Shelby Cullum Davis—toward furtherance of study of history.
- \$5,000,000 Anonymous gift to Stanford University—for undergraduate library.
- \$4,000,000 Gift to Hunter College by Samuel J. Silberman—for scholarships, etc.
- \$3,000,000 Gift to Smith College by Mr. and Mrs. Van Alan Clark—construction center.

In the same year, 258 gifts or bequests of \$1 million or more were made by individuals for a total of \$504 million. Of this sum, various educational institutions received approximately 70 per cent. In 1966, the most recent year for which data is available, the major gifts were even more imposing, although of the ten largest, six were made by bequest.

- \$100,000,000 Bequest to a variety of educational institutions and hospitals by James A. Chapman.
- \$90,000,000 Bequest to M.I.T., Sloan-Kettering Institute, Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases, Alfred P. Sloan Foundation by Alfred P. Sloan.
- \$47,000,000 Gift of Paul Mellon to Yale University—art collection worth \$35 million, building to house it \$12 million.
- \$25-50,000,000 Art collection. Gift of Joseph H. Hirshhorn to U.S. Government.
- \$25,000,000 Gift of Temple Hoyne Buell to Colorado Women's College.

- \$22,000,000 Art collection. Bequest to National Gallery of Art by Chester Dale.
- \$14,200,000 Gift of Mrs. Florence Dailey to Georgetown University and Notre Dame University.
- \$11,000,000 Gift of Harold S. Vanderbilt to Vanderbilt University.
- \$10,000,000 Bequest to Billy Rose Foundation by Billy Rose.
- \$10,000,000 Bequest to a variety of philanthropic organizations by Harold L. Stuart.

Huge as were the gifts in these recent years, some of the benefactions of the past were equally impressive. The Rockefeller family gave something more than \$80 million to the University of Chicago; Gordon McKay, a non-alumnus, gave Harvard \$16.5 million; Senator Leland Stanford's original endowment of the college which bears his name was more than \$20 million; George Eastman gave \$25 million to the University of Rochester; Edward S. Harkness, a Yale graduate, gave Harvard \$13 million and his alma mater \$24 million; John Sterling gave \$39 million to Yale and C. Mahlon Kline gave the same university \$10 million; Hugh Roy Cullen, over the years, gave the University of Houston some \$27 million.

Before the income tax became law, large donors did not enjoy the government subsidy in the form of tax deductions that the rich are permitted today. While the government has taken over the ancient role of charity in the sense of alleviating, to some degree, the travails of the poor, it has simultaneously adopted tax legislation calculated to encourage and reward gifts of philanthropy—religious, educational and cultural. A man whose taxable income is \$50,000, or a married couple whose income is twice that, can save in taxes 60c on every dollar they donate. And there are tax gimmicks, perfectly legal, which can result in types of philanthropic gifts that essentially enrich the donor. Without going into a detailed discussion of the federal tax laws, suffice it to say that they permit some men with incomes of a million dollars or more a year to pay no income taxes whatever.

Notwithstanding all of the tax advantages which the Internal Revenue Code offers the rich, this attractive bait does not loom large as a motivation for all of them. In fairness one must remember that both the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation, two of the largest foundations, were established before any income tax law existed. And today, when tax benefits make giving relatively painless, they are in no sense a determining whip or even an ultimately effective carrot, for the fact is that very few of the really rich give away in any one year the entire 30 per cent of their incomes permitted under the tax laws. Huge gifts are made, but in most cases they occur in years when the donor has enjoyed a particularly successful sale of stocks or property which has appreciated greatly in value. Professional fund raisers will tell you, and the figures bear them out, that the rich as a class give nearer 15 per cent of their incomes.

The increasing popularity of the foundation as a repository for the excess wealth of the rich is indicated by the fact that during the whole 19th century only five rich



men established foundations for philanthropy. Six new ones were established in the first decade of this century, twenty-two during the second decade, and forty-one in the third. The pace has so increased that in 1963 nearly 15,000 such foundations existed of which more than 13,000 were established after 1940, and roughly 1,200 new ones are created each year. In 1966, there were said to be more than 17,700 foundations with assets of approximately \$15 billion, making grants of more than \$1.25 billion annually.

By establishing a foundation the donor can siphon off his surplus wealth with maximum tax advantage and at the same time create the impression that his gifts become impersonal and receive studied consideration by a wise and fair board of trustees. The tax advantages granted foundations are known to accountants and lawyers; the claims for objectivity and careful consideration are less valid, for the truth is that most foundations set up by individuals are almost as completely dominated by the donor as if the money were in his own checking account. Articles describing the careful screening that applications to the Ford Foundation receive from a dedicated and highly trained staff indicate that in America's largest foundation every possible effort is made to give money where it will do the

most good—at least in the minds of a majority of the trustees. Even so, one must wonder what the decision would be if Henry Ford II became intensely interested in a particular pending application. With the smaller foundation, established by an individual, often in the name of his family, one need do no guessing. The dominating figure in almost every case is the donor, the members of the board of trustees being hand-picked to agree with decisions he may make and compensated for their time by having grants made to their own pet charitable institutions. When we talk of the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, and a very few others of the largest, we are talking of impersonal and objective boards of trustees, composed of leaders in the fields of education, the arts, business or the law, supervising large staffs of investigators who make every effort to recommend grants wisely. But when we talk of the Smith Family Foundation, we are talking about the whims, caprices, or chance knowledge of old Joe Smith.

The foundation as a repository offers one more important advantage which may explain their rapidly increasing number. Just before the end of any given calendar year, an accountant can calculate almost exactly the amount that may be given away to take maximum advantage of the tax laws. The donor need not make a hurried decision as to just which worthy recipient will be showered with gold. He can make a hasty gift to the foundation, and at his leisure, in a following year, distribute the largess to its ultimate destination.

In seven cases out of ten, educational institutions, especially colleges and universities, receive the benefactions of the rich. Of the 258 gifts or bequests exceeding a million dollars in 1964, 70 per cent of the total went to educational institutions. The proportion was approximately the same in the following year. This pattern of giving is not typical of the population as a whole. Of all the money given to philanthropy in 1964, 49 per cent went to religious causes and only 17 per cent to education. Why do the large, individual donors favor the college so overwhelmingly as against the church? In the first place, the thirst of the university for money and its capacity to absorb it in terms of new buildings, research programs, scholarships, endowed professorships, athletic facilities, expensive manuscripts for the library, and works of art for the museum far exceed any program that even the most ambitious church can propose. Secondly, the very diversity of university needs presents countless opportunities for the donor's name to be inscribed for eternity as a benefactor, or at least until the ground is needed for newer or larger buildings. Stroll around the complex that constitutes Harvard University and the memorials to the rich donors are your companions. The Widener Library, the Houghton Library, Loeb Theatre, Harkness Commons, Kresge Hall, Lamont Library, Lehman Hall, Mellon Hall, Morgan Hall, Straus Hall—all these and more memorialize huge gifts made by the supporters of one of America's foremost educational institutions. Rewards for religious giving may come in heaven but praise for educational gifts is earthy and immediate.

Quite apart from the memorial in brick and mortar, the

donor, if he selects a small enough college, may well be repaid by an honorary degree at the very next commencement. To the man who earned his degree at college, the honorary degree may not be a particularly meaningful gesture; but to the self-enriched man, who places an extremely high value on the formal education he never had, the honorary degree is a real stimulant to giving. Still another motivation that makes academe such a favorite is the gratitude of the alumnus to his alma mater for the joys of being an educated man. The non-graduate may feel an almost equally grateful impulse toward the educational institution which trained his children. Moreover, a major gift to a university is noncontroversial. Make a gift of an expensive painting to a museum, and some hostile critic will soon contend that the work is an unfortunate example of the artist's genius and that, in any event, it cost too much. Make a major grant to a ballet company to help meet the deficit, and all but balletomanes will cry, "Who needs ballet?" Give major support to a repertory theatre group attempting to present Shakespeare, and skeptics will carp, "if the company were any good, it would be a financial success." But a smashing donation to the college of your choice will be widely publicized, universally approved, and the general assumption held that the money will be well and carefully spent.

Although our society applauds large donations and our legislators enact tax laws encouraging the rich to give, the question arises as to whether the public interest is best served by leaving the decision of philanthropic priorities to the whim of individuals. The adult population and its duly elected representatives could conceivably rank philanthropic needs far differently than do the haphazard individual decisions of the rich. Indeed, the large gift tends to establish its own order of priorities. For example, a New England preparatory school without benefit of a major endowment fund improved over the years in the quality of education it offered and, as a result, in reputation. The school's physical needs grew in proportion to the rising list of applicants, and a succession of headmasters presented their rich alumni and their parents with a lengthening list of requirements. Major gifts for particular items carried the reward of memorializing the donor and publicizing his "generosity." Thus an early gift was the Jones Football Field, followed by the Smith Hockey Rink, followed by the Murray Dormitory for Seniors, and a new Wilt Infirmary. During all the years that the physical plant improved, the library was sadly inadequate as to the number and quality of volumes. Each succeeding headmaster was aware of this basic lack of the fundamental tools of education, but there appeared to be no donor willing to give a sizable sum merely for the acquisition of books. It would probably have been easier to raise the money for an elaborate library building than for the books themselves.

Examples of distorted priorities resulting from individual decision making by the rich are numerous. A major voluntary hospital, like all such institutions, had a schedule of improvements and enlargements designed to better its already splendid facilities. Perhaps the most urgent requirement was the modernizing of the kitchen and food-

handling equipment which had remained virtually unchanged for some twenty-five years. A new building to house research laboratories was also required. A widow offered to donate the money for the laboratory building, and estimates were made of the cost. To the widow this building was to be a permanent and beautiful memorial to her husband. She insisted on the selection of one of America's finest architects and gave him carte blanche for the most magnificent research facility he could design. The resultant expenditure was probably \$2 million more than an adequate but more modest building would have cost. With the difference, the kitchens and food-handling equipment could have been improved to a high level of efficiency. Not that money was wasted on the research laboratory. The building is a model of grace and beauty, and the scientists who work there will doubtless be inspired by the architect's magnificent accomplishment. But the decision to spend the money this way was made by a single person, not by the Board of Trustees or the Hospital Director or any body of experts planning maximum benefits for the hospital.

Whether major gifts are made by individuals or by foundations that they establish, one generalization is undoubtedly true: the influence of the rich in philanthropy focuses on the established institution, tends to maintain the *status quo*. It is rare, indeed, that major donations are made to encourage basic change or even minor dislocation of any aspect of established society. For example, a relatively small foundation might contribute funds, and one (the Vera Foundation) has, to study the effect on legal processes which would result from lowering the bail required from minor criminals. Even larger foundations might contribute to some agency such as the Legal Aid Society, which furnishes lawyers for the poor. But it is almost unthinkable that a major contribution from either a foundation or an individual would institute a program, for example, of instructing Harlem's residents in how to receive every single benefit to which they are entitled under existing city, state and federal welfare laws. Such a program would inevitably lead to greater relief payments and ultimately result in higher taxes. The more established the institution, the greater its present reputation in its special field, the more likely it is to enjoy added largess in the form of major donations. Thus Harvard, Yale and Princeton are favored for major gifts not only from their alumni but from non-graduates as well. If major philanthropy by the very rich sets itself to encourage the arts, it is likelier to encourage a major real estate development such as Lincoln Center rather than to formulate a plan for an improved procedure to aid the creative painter, poet, or writer. The Guggenheim Foundation, which has established a deserved reputation for encouraging the creative artist, is an exception, but the rare exceptions only prove the rule.

Quite apart from the inherent tendency of the rich to select the established institution with the noncontroversial program, there may be a heavy penalty in the form of lost tax exemption if either the foundation or the individual plows into virgin fields of basic social reform. The Car-

negie Endowment for International Peace, for example, studies problems concerning the maintenance of peace, but it carefully eschews, as indeed it must if it wishes to keep its philanthropic status, any basic effort to swing government policy away from war and toward non-violence. It is philanthropically permissible to study peace and the causes of war; it is not acceptable to encourage peace through political activity or to urge the removal from public office of those who counsel war. Another more concrete example of the possible hazards of a tax-exempt institution taking a public position to influence legislation is the dilemma faced by the Sierra Club, an organization dedicated to the conservation of the country's natural resources. The Sierra Club has long participated in a campaign to save the redwood forests on the West Coast from the pillages of the lumber companies. However, when the Club actively supports legislation to turn redwood groves into federal park lands—the only effective way of guaranteeing that future generations may view these stately thousand-year-old trees—the reaction of the Internal Revenue Commissioner is to rescind the tax exemption. Indeed, while our society encourages the philanthropist to “do good,” he is restricted from doing “too much good” even if he wants to.

Money is not the only benefit that the rich bestow upon philanthropy; they give their time as well by acting as policy makers on boards of trustees. Sons of the rich are frequently selected at a relatively early age, often soon after they leave college, to serve on the boards of philanthropic institutions in the hope that, by participating in the formation of future plans, they will eventually become sufficiently interested to donate large sums to implement them. The self-enriched, of course, do not participate on this level of activity until after they have accumulated enough money to attract the attention of the alert trustees ever on the lookout for people capable of making major contributions. By serving on the board of trustees the major donor becomes familiar with the problems and needs of the institution, adds his voice to the deliberations which determine the ways in which future needs will be met, and generally becomes familiar with the various facets of activity in the general field to which the institution is devoted. If it is a hospital, the trustee will become familiar not only with the financial activities of his own institution but also well versed generally in medical economics, in the progress of various phases of medical research, and in a large variety of social problems relating directly and indirectly to the institution's general sphere. The same generalities apply to the trustees of art museums, botanical gardens, libraries, opera companies, civic symphony orchestras, secondary schools or colleges. Money raising and money giving are, of course, the primary concerns for the man who accepts a seat on the board of trustees, but his contribution is enlarged by the time and energy he donates to learning of the institution's problems and debating with his fellow trustees on the solutions.

The trustee system works surprisingly well. Most philanthropic agencies are at least as well conducted as analogous institutions administered by the government. Compare a major voluntary hospital, the Columbia Presby-

terian Medical Center in New York, for example, with even the best municipal or Veterans Administration hospital, and in nearly every phase worth considering, the philanthropic institution surpasses the public facility. With some exceptions, the same comparison applies to the large private, philanthropic college and the state-run university. The explanation is, I believe, that the rich are at their best when they are devoting their time to the basic problems of the voluntary philanthropic institutions of their choice. Not only is the profit motive, which accompanies so much of their other activity, absent; but also the ever-present pangs of guilt are assuaged. As a result they are apt to display an idealism and objectivity lacking in their day-to-day business activities.

All this is not to say that philanthropy today, dominated as it is by the rich, is the most perfect system that the mind of man can devise. The dislocated priorities that result from today's practices are sufficient evidence of this. Of course, an alternative system is available and already has been substituted in the case of "charity" toward the poor. The obvious alternative would be to have the government, through the people's elected representatives, establish the priorities and furnish the funds through general tax levy for the functions now performed by philanthropy. In fact, this has already occurred in relation to the most urgent social problems. Social Security, Medicare, and all of the laws granting financial aid to the jobless, the poor, and the handicapped replace yesterday's charitable bequest. But without doubt, much of true value

would be lost if the government also assumed total responsibility for encouragement of the arts, for all education, and so on. For one thing, the rich would lose the only direct approach they possess to knowledge about society's needs. In the last century, the rich were fairly knowledgeable about the poor as a result of firsthand charitable contact. They didn't do nearly enough to alleviate the conditions that fostered poverty, which is why the government was forced to assume direct responsibility. But today, the rich have no personal charitable relation with the poor, in fact precious little contact of any kind. On the other hand, a surprisingly large number of rich men are extremely well informed about hospital needs, the progress of medical research, the requirements of the great private universities and the lesser colleges, the financial problems of the private secondary schools, and many other institutions which are still within the province of philanthropy and outside that of government responsibility. In short, if the government took over the entire present philanthropic structure, the rich would be deprived of all avenues of direct interest in our society except for business and investment. Assuming that the same amount of money would be expended by the government as is at present collected and disbursed through voluntary philanthropy, there would still be a loss in that the rich would lose even what interest they now have in society's struggle to improve itself. The poor and the middle class might or might not be affected beneficially. Unquestionably, the rich would be socially impoverished.

The World's Most Harassed Fish

ANTHONY NETBOY

Mr. Netboy is assistant professor at Portland State College. His latest book is The Atlantic Salmon: A Vanishing Species?, to be published on September 17.

In a year-end report released early in 1966, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall gave Americans a picture of some of the wildlife resources of the United States. "Despite unprecedented conservation," he said, "we are still losing the overall battle to save America's endangered species of fish and wildlife from extinction." He listed seventy-eight species so threatened; one of them was the Atlantic salmon.

During all the years I lived in the East I never saw an Atlantic salmon, and neither did any of my friends or acquaintances. In fact, I never met an American who had caught one in the United States, or eaten one. Yet, in the colonial era, and as late as about 1800, salmon were as populous in New England rivers, especially in Maine and Connecticut, as they are now in the Columbia River, the Snake or the Yukon! In the year Udall made his announcement, barely 500 Atlantic salmon were caught in the United States—in a few small streams in Maine. All the other New England rivers, and those in northern New York flowing into Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario,

which in the 18th century were often jammed with salmon, had been completely deserted by this noble fish. No nation has frittered away its salmon so completely.

One naturally asks how a fisheries disaster of this magnitude could occur. What social and economic forces were responsible? From the scanty records available it seems that salmon were important items in the food supply of some Indian tribes in New England and New York. Thoreau reported that in his time remains of stone weirs erected long before by the Indians were still to be seen on the Winnepesaukee, a tributary of the Merrimack. Champlain found an Indian salmon fishery when he discovered the Big Chazy River that empties into the lake named after him. It is possible that the salmon were as important to the Indian diet as the wild turkey.

The colonial fishery for salmon started up about the end of the 17th century. The fish could be bought for a penny a pound in Hartford, but the price had risen to 2c and 3c a pound by the time of the Revolution. By then salmon were being fished hard in many places, by nets which sometimes stretched across the entire width of a stream, and by weirs as well. But this threat was dwarfed by the advent of industries and growth of towns. Even as the colonial era came to a close, the practice began of damming streams to provide a water supply for a settle-

ment or local mill, with no thought to how the fish might reach their spawning grounds.

The fate of the Connecticut River, in its pristine state probably as productive of salmon as any stream in continental United States, illustrates the process by which exploitation of natural resources and utter lack of conservation, at least until the late 19th century, deprived America of one of its major food fishes. As late as 1790, fish ascended the Connecticut to its farthest reach. At times there was such a glut of salmon that indentured apprentices protested the unvarying diet of fish, and housewives in the Connecticut Valley who went to purchase shad from the fishmonger had to take a salmon as a tie-in sale. Fishermen caught as many as 3,700 salmon in one haul in Old Saybrook's South Cove.

Then, in 1798, a corporation known as the Upper Locks and Canal Company built a 16-foot dam across the Connecticut at Hadley Falls—without a fish ladder. Later, dams were built downstream, also without fish passes. Until about 1810 many salmon made their way to the upper waters but could not reach their spawning grounds. Then they disappeared. When a solitary salmon strayed into the Connecticut in 1872, the Saybrook fishermen could not identify it.

One by one, the New England rivers became unlivable to fish, as the flow was usurped by factories which sometimes polluted the waters. In 1840 there were 1,200 cotton-spinning and weaving establishments in the United States; and two-thirds of them were in New England, often situated on salmon rivers.

The boom in lumbering in Maine and New Hampshire accelerated the murder of the salmon runs. By 1840, Maine had 1,380 sawmills, clustered mainly around tide-water, squarely in the path of upstream-moving salmon and other anadromous fish. The Penobscot, probably the richest salmon stream in the state, supported 250 such

mills. As time passed, the rivers accumulated mountains of sawdust and other debris, creating sand bars and narrowing the channels, thus making fish movement difficult. State laws designed to prohibit stream pollution were ignored. Worse still, clear-cut logging—cut out and get out!—invited erosion and induced silting. Logs were flushed down the channels by splash dams, and the water and logs scoured the stream beds, removing the rubble needed for spawning beds.

But again the real destruction of the Maine salmon runs was due chiefly to dams. By 1880, only seven Maine rivers continued to support regular salmon runs; six others had them occasionally. The Penobscot held out longer than any other major stream. In 1872, about 15,000 salmon were taken in the river and the bay; between 1873 and 1890 catches dropped to an average of 12,000, and after that tobogganed, despite plantings from the salmon hatchery at East Orland, Me., the first of its kind in the United States. The basic cause of the destruction of this fine river was not so much pollution—the lumber mills largely disappeared as the white pine forests were cut out—but overfishing. In 1947, when salmon weirs were finally declared illegal in Maine, the commercial catch on the Penobscot was forty fish. Sportsmen probably caught as many as a hundred.

A similar disaster killed off the once prolific salmon runs in New York State and Vermont. It is hard to believe that salmon used to go up the Oswego River as far as Cayuga and Seneca Lakes. When I lived in the Finger Lakes region in 1937, nobody I knew had ever seen or heard of a salmon in neighboring waters. In fact, the fish had become extinct about a century earlier, thanks mainly to overfishing, land clearing and settlement.

No appreciable attempt was made to restore any of the salmon rivers of New England until World War II. A glorious opportunity was missed during the depression,



Salmon of the Atlantic (top) and Pacific

when WPA labor and Works Progress funds were available, because the people of Maine seemed to have no interest at that time in salmon. Rivers in other Eastern states were too far gone to offer hope of bringing anadromous fish back into them.

In 1948, pressure from sportsmen led to the creation in Maine of the Atlantic Sea-Run Salmon Commission. The state appropriated a niggardly \$35,000, the federal government pitched in a like amount and sportsmen and power companies added their own money. The old hatchery at East Orland was remodeled, and work was begun to clean up a half-dozen watercourses and plant baby salmon in them. As a result of these improvements, chiefly on the Dennys, Machias and Narraguagus Rivers, the sports catch of salmon, which had dropped to almost nothing by World War II, has increased to 400 to 500 annually. There is virtually no salmon netting any more.

In 1965, Congress passed the Anadromous Fish Act as a move to spur salmon restoration. For the first time millions of dollars will be available to the state of Maine for this purpose, and the much-abused Penobscot has been chosen as the major focus of the biologists' efforts. Fish passes will be built derelict dams dynamited, water-improvement works installed and hatchery stock planted. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service plans to build a major salmon hatchery to replace the century-old plant at East Orland. If all goes well, an annual run of 1,200 to 3,000 fish may eventually be established in the Penobscot at a phenomenal cost—and this, says Dr. Harry Everhart, architect of the program, will permit "an angling harvest of 200 to 750 salmon annually."

The question is often asked, "Will the Atlantic salmon ever reach its former abundance in the United States?" The answer the Fish and Wildlife Service gives is, "Probably not." The reasons are that restoration of the rivers has been too little and too late, in contrast to the Pacific Coast, where the prick of conscience, sometimes termed "the conservation ethic," and the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, has saved the valuable Columbia River and other runs—or to be accurate, has at least slowed down the depletion.

What about other countries which once had fabulous Atlantic salmon stocks? There is not much left in Spain. Here too the rivers have been cluttered with small dams that have no fish passes, or are equipped with ladders that do not work. Poaching and overfishing by netters has helped to diminish the stocks. The salmon rivers of France are as scenic as those in Spain, and once they were as thronged with fish as those in the United States. The Rhine was probably the richest of them all. Men fished for

salmon at strategic places on the river in Holland, Germany, France and even in Switzerland. At the bend of the Rhine, where the Lorelei is said to have lured sailors to their destruction, there is a deep pool where fishermen used to take as many as 6,000 salmon a year. The last salmon was caught on the Rhine in the 1920s. Since the river is now the longest sewer in Europe, there is no possibility of bringing the fish back.

All the great French salmon rivers are now derelict except the upper Loire, the Adour which flows into the Atlantic along the Cantabrian coast, and some of the small Breton and Norman streams. It is unlikely that the annual French catch of salmon is more than 3,000 to 5,000—there are no decent statistics, for the French Government feels it cannot infringe on the privacy of sports or commercial fishermen by requiring them to record their catches. Pollution, dam building and incredible poaching, now somewhat arrested, are the chief factors in the catastrophic destruction of the French salmon.

The Swedish and Norwegian people have been much more solicitous of the fish. Although the Swedish Baltic rivers are being increasingly blockaded with power dams, provisions are made to save the salmon, not by passing them over dams (as is done on the Columbia River) but by producing equivalent stocks in hatcheries. There are seventeen salmon hatcheries, or fish factories, as they are sometimes called, in Sweden. Millions of smolts (young fish ready to go to sea) are reared annually and sent on to the Baltic. And two or three years later those which have not been caught by fishermen, or killed by predators, return to the very river where they were released. This is an expensive way to keep the salmon runs going, but Swedish law stipulates that the private power companies or the State Power Administration must produce and liberate as many salmon as were estimated to be present in rivers they blocked with dams. The consumers of electricity pay for the fish production in their monthly bills.

Russia, Finland and Sweden contribute smolts to the Baltic sea fishery but it is estimated that one out of every four salmon caught is the product of a Swedish hatchery. By 1970, only two Swedish salmon rivers will still be free of power dams and remain natural rivers; all the others will be heavily sustained by the planting of hatchery stocks.

In contrast to the Swedes, who have fish and power, too, the Finns have preferred to kill off the bulk of their once considerable salmon resources by damming the rivers for electricity without providing fish ladders or passes. "Power development is moving at such a rapid pace," the Finnish biologist Seppo Hurme said to me, "that all of our rivers will be full of these dams in the next twenty years." Other factors that helped to deplete Finnish rivers are pollution, principally lumber floating, sewage and wastes from industrial plants; and waterway manipulation that has decreased the flow needed for fish migration. Finland has but two good salmon rivers left, the Ii and the Torne, and the latter is the boundary shared by Sweden. Hurme has been trying to interest his government in building hatcheries on the Swedish model, but, he said, "the state machinery works very slowly in handling such matters." Thus Finland takes its place beside France and Spain in preferring kilowatts to salmon.

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It is difficult to gauge the Atlantic salmon situation in Soviet Russia, because statistics are irregular and unreliable. From discussions with Swedish biologists and from study of Russian scientific papers translated into English, one gets the impression that, while the USSR is a monolithic state, the forces working for conservation have a tough time getting the attention of the counterforces that would develop rivers for power generation—exactly as in capitalist countries. Russia has a considerable Atlantic salmon population, although it is small by comparison with its Far Eastern Pacific salmon stock, and there is evidence that the resource is declining.

Norway has a much better record than either Russia or Poland (where salmon is now a rare delicacy; when my parents lived there, the fish was the peasant's staple). In fact, Norway now produces more salmon than any other European country. There are at least 200 good salmon rivers; nearly every fjord, especially in the northern part of the country, receives the flow of salmon streams.

The Norwegians will tell you that the Vikings were largely sustained on their voyages by their yen for fish, especially salmon, which was stored in the holds of their big black ships. Now Norway is most famous for salmon angling. On the River Alta, for example, it costs approximately \$2,500 a week per person to fish for salmon and there are ninety-six rivers where salmon beats can be hired.

Almost all of the once-teeming salmon rivers of England and Wales, though protected by their private owners, have been ruined by pollution from industrial plants and overfishing. Many of the industrial cities of England and Wales are situated on waterways which in the 18th century were salmon anglers' paradises. Not until the 1920s did the British pass effective fishery regulations and anti-pollution laws. Although Scotland has lost much of its salmon wealth, there are still plenty of fish in the Highland streams outside the industrial belt, and Scottish salmon is for today's epicure in Europe what Rhine salmon was over a century ago, and Nova Scotia salmon is to a New Yorker who likes his lox and bagel. Lox is served in many British pubs at about a fourth of the price one pays in New York City cafeterias.

Scotland is the third largest producer of Atlantic salmon, behind Norway and Canada. Ireland is fourth, and being a relatively unindustrialized country, is actually increasing its stocks.

In the past generation or so, the nations awakened to their heedless destruction of salmon, but that is not to say that they will now make amends. There is no possibility of the salmon's return to the rivers of Portugal, Holland or Switzerland, even if there were any desire on the part of their peoples to restore them. In other countries, the United States, France and Spain, the runs have been reduced to a trickle because the nations did not care enough to save them. Even in lands where substantial stocks remain, as in Norway, Sweden, Russia, Scotland and Canada, there is no assurance of their continuation in the face of increasing industrialization. Salmon and civilization, it is said, do not mix.

Apart from the difficulties of keeping rivers pure and inviolate, the salmon's life in the sea is now threatened by the discovery of its feeding grounds in the vicinity of Greenland. There the schools from the British Isles and occasionally from Sweden meet their kin from Canada and the United States, and the Danish fishing boats and the Greenlanders' nets await them. Greenland catches have zoomed from only 60 tons in 1960 to 1,400 to 1,500 tons in 1966 and 1967. These were all foreign fish, for there is but one salmon river located in Greenland itself.

Although the salmon industry of the British Isles and Canada is up in arms because of this slaughter, and even American sportsmen who fish in Canada are seeking action, all efforts at persuading the Danes to reduce their catches in the interests of conservation have been in vain.

It is clear that while conservation of the fish in the rivers is essential to the species' survival, there must also be conservation in the sea. And this is at the moment a dream. Better fishing boats are being built, and each year the Greenland fishery, which was nonexistent a decade ago, looms as a greater menace to the stocks that made their home in Ireland, Scotland, England, Canada and Maine. Fish tagged in all these areas have been found in the nets of the Greenlanders and the Danes.

LETTERS (Continued from page 226)

compliantly enacted a county ordinance allowing this potential hazard of enormous magnitude to water-related resources.

The immediate impact and the evidently dangerous precedent of this ordinance galvanized the hitherto apathetic citizenry into spontaneous action. Overnight petitions were signed by the hundreds demanding repeal of the ordinance. Within a period of thirty days 8,000 valid signatures were required to force the supervisors either to repeal or place the issue on the ballot in November. On Aug. 27, the deadline, over 11,000 signatures were turned in. . . .

We shall hope to wipe the sardonic grin off the face of the Western Oil and Gas Association.

Theodore Schoenman

Czech workers

Great Neck, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: I believe I detect the unwholesome aroma of contempt or condescension toward the working class in the article by Jiri Mucha ["The Cool Czechs," *The Nation*, Aug. 5]. One does not have to be a working-class sentimentalist to regard this attitude as hostile to the values of a humanist Socialist society . . . Czech workers bear no more of the blame for the maladministration of the economy than do other occupational groups . . . Nor is it abhorrent for workers to insist on economic security as the economy is radically transformed; after all, this would seem to be one of the more elementary distinctions between democratic socialism and capitalism. If the Czech intellectuals, who admittedly are spearheading the drive for reform, view themselves as superior to the workers and treat the latter as objects to be manipulated, we soon will be witness to the birth of a new type of deformed Socialist society.

Jack Minkoff

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Bear in the Poet in the Bear

BODY RAGS. By Galway Kinnell. Houghton Mifflin Co. 63 pp. \$4. Paper \$1.95.

JOHN LOGAN

Each generation looks about to see who the great ones are in the arts, and in our time we can single out Galway Kinnell as one of the few consummate masters in poetry. His third book, *Body Rags*, is uniformly strong beside *What A Kingdom it Was* (1960) and *Flower Herding on Mount Monadnock* (1964), and it takes some risks those books do not. In two of the three poems in the final section of the new book, "The Porcupine" and "The Bear," there is some of the best poetry to be found any place today while the long, civil rights-concerned poem, "The Last River," which makes up the entire second section, is one of the most pertinent and ambitious poems of the time.

The latter poem turns the situation of a jail in the deep South into a Dantesque drama and reflection of considerable complexity. One should know that Kinnell was in fact jailed for civil rights activities in Selma. Although I admire it, I do not find the poem entirely successful because the elements of formal repetition and of classical allusion sometime appear too heavy-handed. For example this:

*He comes out of the mist,
he tells me his name is Henry David,
He takes my hand and leads me over
the plains of crushed asphodel.*

However, if one is going to seek an analogue to Virgil as a guide through the hell of Selma, it would be difficult to better the choice of Henry David Thoreau who, in a planned act of civil disobedience during the Mexican War, refused to pay taxes to a government he considered abstract.

"The Last River" repeats many of the images of the nineteen (mainly short) poems which constitute the first section of the book. There is a good deal of specifically religious symbolism ("Let's go I say, a big/salty wafer of spit in my mouth") and there are wings, flowers and flames employed in connection with a Roethke-like motif of opening and/or being transformed. But the longer poem, understandably in a poem of the South, lacks the snow that frequently falls in the shorter ones—sometimes in a climate a bit like that of Robert Bly:

*Soon it will be spring,
again the vanishing of the snows,
and tonight
I sit up late, mouthing
the sounds that would be words
in this flimsy jew's-harp of a farm-
house.*

The farmhouse, by the way, is a real one near Sheffield, Vt., red, windy, on top of a beautiful hill at the end of an isolated, unimproved road, and it has for some years been a site of inner and outer lookings and of labors which Galway Kinnell has turned into poetry.

"The River" also contains the title motif:

*A man of noble face
sits on the iron bunk,
wiping a pile of huge blades clean in
the rags of his body.*

This is varied twice in the descriptions of the horrid Charon-figure in the poem: "limbs tied on with knots and rags", and once in "The Porcupine" where the title phrase "body-rags" occurs directly. The title is perhaps meant to echo the famous "aged man" passage from Yeats's "Sailing to Byzantium," possibly as prefigured by Pound (Yeats's secretary at the time) in a letter to Viola Baxter, October 24, 1907: "This body-rag thing tattered on my soul."

The two poems "The Porcupine" and "The Bear" I think the best in the book. They make up a pair on related subjects having finally to do with the poet and with poetry. There is a strong identification of the poet-speaker with the animal in each case, and the animals themselves share certain qualities—ponderousness, voraciousness and resilient, brute strength.

Kinnell details seven (highly ironic) points in which the porcupines resemble man in general and poets in particular. In his bear poem, the identification of the poet and the bear is made extraordinarily close—in the first place, through the starving speaker's subsistence on the blood-soaked turds of the bear he hunts, so that that which has passed through the bear passes also through the poet, and in the second place, through the fact that the poet cuts open the warm carcass of the bear and takes shelter there against the vicious wind and cold.

*... lumbering flatfooted
over the tundra,
stabbed twice from within,
splattering a trail behind me*

He is born out of the body of the bear again, having thought in his dream that he "must rise up and dance"—and he writes his poem. But first he makes an agonized step, infantlike and bearlike as well (it is a "hairy-soled trudge"), and like the ancient mariner he wanders the rest of his days wondering "what anyway . . . was that sticky infusion, that rank flavor of blood, that poetry, by which I lived." The present poem is to be seen as the fruit of that wondering, and it is a remarkable one in its re-enactment of the existential loneliness, the sense of abandonment before the elements and the dual role of hunter and hunted under which we all live out our lives.

The image of poetry itself as a "sticky infusion" of bloody bear shit must make us reflective when we find it in the work of one of our best poets. The figure of the poet-as-bear is familiar from the work of Theodore Roethke and Delmore Schwartz. Roethke's bear, like Kinnell's, dances: "O watch his body sway! This animal remembering to be gay." Schwartz, Roethke and Kinnell are all big men, and they have projected their size into an image whose emotional dynamics all poets share to a certain extent, beginning with their disbelief in the likelihood of a creature such as melancholy, flesh-heavy man bursting into song.

The element of bearlike ponderousness or awkwardness we are familiar with in the image of the poet, for it relates to his (no doubt justified) feeling of being "out of his element" like Baudelaire's albatross on the deck of a ship.

Voraciousness is another element in this image, for the poet gluts himself with reading and experience out of which to write, and it contributes to the concept of ponderousness, particularly in those constipated times when one produces nothing. Kinnell's porcupine is voracious as the bear—and on a diverse diet as if for making poems:

*Fatted
on herbs, swollen on crabapples,
puffed up on bast and phloem, bal-
looned
on willow flowers, poplar catkins, first
leaves of aspen and larch,
the porcupine
drags and bounces his last meal
through ice,
mud, roses and goldenrod, into the
stubby high fields.*

The last line reminds us of Eliot's line adapted from Mallarmé's description of

poetry: "Garlic and sapphires in the mud."

The resilient strength of bear and porcupine is a quality the poet desperately needs in order to counterbalance his (killing) sensitivity and which, like them, he sometimes possesses sufficiently to survive.

But neither the bear nor the porcupine in Kinell's poems does survive. They die slow, terrible deaths, the first from the inner stabbing of a sharpened stick coiled in his food and the other from being shot three times and falling to unwind his guts from a tree limb.

Seeing the poet as imaged by the bear returns one to the image of poetry itself as the excretion of the wounded animal: "that sticky infusion, that rank flow of blood, that poetry by which I lived." The visceral connotation is not of itself arresting for again it is part of the general image of poetry which, when it is any good, comes certainly from the inner depths—and the sexual ring of "sticky infusion" is predictable and right. But there is an aura of violence (self-destructive, dying) to the visceral imagery of the poems and to the phrase "rank flavor of blood" which stops me, and I want to comment on it.

In the porcupine poem the self-pain is quite specific:

*In my time I have
crouched, quills erect,
Saint
Sebastian of the
sacred heart, and been
beat dead with a locust club
on the bare snout.*

And in the bear poem the figure of the poet's dream (himself) is "stabbed twice from within" (compare the "self-stabbing coil" of bristles reversing" in the porcupine poem) while the trail of generative blood behind the dying bear is related to the umbilical cord or life line of the producing poet. This figure of the agonized generative trail is repeated in "The Porcupine" and in the third poem which makes up this final section of the book, "Testament of a Thief." In the latter poem it takes the form of a peeworm whose path, as it is drawn out of the body "by winding him up on a matchstick/ a quarter turn ■ day for the rest of your days" creates ■ "map of my innards," that is, a poem of the interior life. In the former poem it is figured in the strung-out intestines of the shot porcupine who "paying out gut heaved/ and spartled through a hundred feet of goldenrod" before dying.

Poetry is a wandering trail of blood and bear shit. It is a peeworm wound through a hole in the buttocks or cheeks of a man. It is the tree-hooked entrails of a porcupine. The images are all repulsive and they are all figures of the

slow destruction of the self. They remind specifically of George Barker's description of poetry: "I give you the image of the captive of the Gaels whose torture was to . . . unwind his intestines around a tree, for this is the poet . . . whose bowels are wound around Eden tree in coils at once agonizing and glorious. I mean each turn is a poem." Kinell writes very similarly, "I have come to myself empty, the rope/ strung out behind me/in the fall sun/suddenly glorified with all my blood."

The idea of the poet as masochist emerges. Sartre levels the accusation tellingly in *Literature and Existentialism*. But I would insist that poetry is not a record of self-destructive experiences. Rather, it is often a record of recovery from them. It is not the blood-soaked shit of a dying bear. Rather, it is the gold into which that stuff is turned by the magus gift of the poet. Thus the horse droppings in a poem of James Wright's "blaze into golden stones." But perhaps this is basically what Kinell means by putting his poetics inside a poem, like a hunter inside a bear which shelters and transforms him into something fecund, dreaming.

On the other hand, if the content of Kinell's bear poem does really have a masochistic bias to it, then this emphasis is (quite brilliantly and purposefully) weakened by the choice of a form in which the material is repeated from a dream inside the poem. For the meaning of the dream-within-the-dream Freud has said is often to put down the significance of the content so displayed, to say in effect "it was only a dream."

These two poems are very rich and mind-seizing and might be seen in other ways. I want finally to mention two other angles of vision: One might look at the images of porcupine gut, peeworm and bear trail simply as derivative from or extensions of the figure of the poet into something quite real (the poem). And one might look at the immersion of the hunter in the warm, colorful vitals of the bear as a figure of the contemporary poet who, withdrawn at last from libraries and from psychoanalysis (the book of himself), steep himself instead in the pied field of human experience, partly revolting, partly serene and beautiful—like the porcupine amid the mud and the goldenrod.

Plath: A Terrible Perfection

GARY KISSICK

Mr. Kissick is record reviewer for the Daily Iowan. He is a member of the Writers Workshop at the University of Iowa and is currently writing a book-length study of Sylvia Plath's poetry.

The issues of our time which preoccupy me at the moment are the incalculable genetic effects of fallout and a documentary article on the terrifying, mad, omnipotent marriage of big business and the military in America—"Juggernaut: The Warfare State," by Fred J. Cook in *The Nation*, October 28, 1961). Does this influence the kind of poetry I write? Yes, but in a side-long fashion. I am not gifted with the tongue of Jeremiah, though I may be sleepless enough before my vision of the apocalypse. My poems do not turn out to be about Hiroshima, but about a child forming itself finger by finger in the dark. They are not about the terrors of mass extinction, but about the bleakness of the moon over a yew tree in ■ neighboring graveyard.

The above quote from an essay by Sylvia Plath in *London Magazine* (1962) may well prove to be a prose key to her art, to understanding the relationship between her daily preoccupations and the preoccupations of her poetry. Fred Cook's article is a well-documented in-

dictment of the military-industrial complex whose policies are leading us into World War III. It judges specific actions by specific people.

In her two books of poetry, *The Colossus* (Knopf) and *Ariel* (Harper & Row), Plath also indicts; but her poetry contains no national figures, no current events. It is about subjects such as "the moon over a yew tree." Here is the opening of the poem which she holds up as an example of her art's transfiguration—"The Moon and the Yew Tree."

This is the light of the mind, cold and planetary.

The trees of the mind are black.

It is to here that Plath has traced the terrors of the modern world—to the mind, where there is blackness; more specifically to her mind where the blackness is bathed in that cold piercing vision, that unrelenting perception, which proved to be her gift to art as well as the source of her own demise. (Sylvia Plath committed suicide in 1963.) There is no escape in her mind; there is no optimistic faith in good, there is only despair:

*The moon is no door. It is a face in
its own right,
White as a knuckle and terribly upset.
It drags the sea after it like a dark
crime; it is quiet*

THE SEARCH

But for whom do I look?
 The whole long night you will see
 me walk
 or maybe during the day
 watch me pass by.
 But I do not wander—
 It is a search. For I stop here,
 or here, wherever people gather.
 Depot, restaurant, bar.
 But whom do I seek?
 You will see me coming back
 perhaps at dawn. Sometimes
 the faces seem like tombs.
 I have tried to read the names
 so long my eyes darken in their graves
 of bone. (The bodies of our eyes
 lie side by side
 and do not touch.)
 But for whom do I look? My search
 is not for wife, daughter or for son
 for time to time
 it has taken me from them.
 Or has wrenched me from my friend:
 I will abruptly leave him,
 and I do not go home.
 For whom do I seek? Out of what fear?
 It is not for queers,
 for my search leads me from their bars.
 It is not for whores,
 since I reject their wares,
 or another time may not.
 Then for whom do I look?
 When I was young I thought
 I wanted (yearned for) older age.
 Now I think I hunt with so much rage
 that I will risk or lose
 family or friends for the ghost of my youth
 Thus I do not know for what I look.
 Father? Mother?
 The father who will be the mother?
 Sister who will be the brother?
 Often I hunt in the families of others—
 until hope scatters.
 I will call up friend or student at night
 or I will fly
 to see them—will bask and heal in
 the warm
 places of their homes.
 And I must not be alone
 no matter what needs be done,
 for then my search is ended.
 So now the panicked thumbs of my
 poem pick
 through the grill. They poke the lock
 and put out a hand and then an arm.
 The limbs of my poems
 come within your reach.
 Perhaps it is You whom I seek.

JOHN LOGAN

*With the O-gape of complete despair.
 I live here.*

*The moon is my mother. She is not
 sweet like Mary.
 Her blue garments unloose small bats
 and owls.
 How I would like to believe in tender-
 ness—*

The positing of her mind as a moon-
 bathed landscape gives evidence to
 Charles Newman's assertion in *Tri-
 Quarterly* (1966) that Plath shared

Thoreau's microscopic vision that the
 structure of the self suggests the
 structure of the universe, that nature is an
 organic externality of the soul.

But Plath was disillusioned with her
 own soul, sometimes terrified. In her
 poetry she projects her inner nightmares
 on the world around her, as when the
 elm tree says to her, "How your bad
 dreams possess and endow me." In "Elm"

*The moon, also, is merciless; she
 would drag me
 Cruelly, being barren.*

in the same manner as "It drags the
 sea after it like a dark crime."

In "The Munich Mannequins" Plath
 says of the mind's cold, planetary vi-
 sion—

*Perfection is terrible, it cannot have
 children.
 Cold as snow breath, it tamps the
 womb*

*Where the yew trees blow like hydras,
 The tree of life and the tree of life*

*Unloosing their moons, month after
 month, to no purpose.*

Here, Plath has made an interesting re-
 versal. The moon is not now shining on
 the yew; but instead, becomes each seed
 cone on the tree of life. Still maintaining
 a superior position in the hierarchy,
 however, is the unrelenting and accurate
 vision of the mind—"Perfection," "Cold
 as snow breath." It is this accurate vi-
 sion that makes life sterile, thereby pre-
 cluding the possibility of hope. Plath
 goes on in this poem to equate human
 beings with the mannequins—due to her
 cold vision, humans do not really ever
 get beyond that blank barren stage that
 the mannequins represent. Whatever
 garments the human may don, whatever
 masks, her mind peels them away.

"Perfection is terrible." There is
 throughout Plath's work an obvious
 sense of real terror. It is not merely her
 interminable perception that is terrible
 in its perfect ability to sustain itself de-
 spite her demands that the visions cease.
 For Plath the entire universe is a simi-
 larly efficient machine—creating and
 destroying man, producing him from
 the intangible stuff of darkness, recall-
 ing him to it. In Plath's poetry men are

neither slowly grown nor decomposed
 as we know them to be in nature; but
 they are, instead, constructed and dis-
 assembled like dolls, limb by limb, in a
 truly assembly-line fashion. Plath does
 not, instead of Hiroshima, write about
 an embryo growing two hands in the
 womb; but she writes "about a child
 forming itself finger by finger in the
 dark." In "Words for a nursery" a
 child's hand speaks—

*I learn, good circus
 Dog that I am, how
 To move, serve, steer food,
 Index the arrow,
 Thumbhead, blunt helper.
 My master's fetcher,
 Whipper of itches,
 No pocket dozer.
 I shut on the key
 of this blue-green toy.*

*Ill-served he'll be when
 Age manhandles me
 (A crab to nap on
 Chair arm and tables,
 Five wickless candles
 To wag at the dark)*

In "The Stones" Plath makes an as-
 sembly-line terror out of reincarnation
 (for if children are made of the same
 darkness that the dead become, there is,
 in a sense, reincarnation).

*The grafters are cheerful,
 Heating the pincers, hoisting the deli-
 cate hammers.
 A current agitates the wires
 Volt upon volt. Catgut stitches my
 fissures.*

*A workman walks by carrying a pink
 torso.
 The storerooms are full of hearts.
 This is the city of spare parts.*

*My swaddled legs and arms smell
 sweet as rubber.
 Here they can doctor heads, or any
 limb.*

On Fridays the little children come

*To trade their hooks for hands.
 Dead men leave eyes for others.
 Love is the uniform of my bald nurse.*

*Love is the bone and sinew of my
 curse.
 The vase, reconstructed, houses
 The elusive rose.*

*Ten fingers shape a bowl for shadows.
 My mendings itch. There is nothing to
 do.*

I shall be good as new.

"The Applicant" is queried

*Do you wear
 A glass eye, false teeth, or a crutch,
 A brace or a hook,
 Rubber breasts or a rubber crotch.*

Stitches to show something's missing?

and is offered a woman

Naked as paper to start

*But in twenty-five years she'll be silver,
In fifty, gold.*

A living doll, everywhere you look.

It can sew, it can cook,

It can talk, talk, talk.

In "Getting There" we have as a sight
at a train stop

Legs, arms piled outside

The tent of unending cries—

A hospital of dolls.

The box car which Plath rides in "Getting There" is a last desperate hope for peace and an end to destruction. But because Plath is in a boxcar, we know her hope to be false—as false as the hope of the Jews box-carred for "resettlement." Thus, those last four lines present us with a tremendously bitter and sarcastic comment on the chances of man's history ever recording a chapter that is not replete with suffering.

When Plath plays Clytemnestra she

does not merely warn of the dangers of the military-industrial complex; but she warns, instead, of the horror present when potential destruction is intricately linked with assembly-line creation. This is the case in the terribly efficient universe. That man actually aids in his own humiliation is most terrifying. That a "Nazi lampshade" ("Lady Lazarus") is made of human flesh, is a fact that should be incomprehensible; but the cold, planetary vision of Sylvia Plath's mind gives a blue illumination to the black trees of its own landscape. Plath knows man's mind to be *capable* rather than *accidental*. There are no excuses. This is from "Fever 103°":

*Radiation turned it white
And killed it in an hour.*

*Greasing the bodies of adulterers
Like Hiroshima ash and eating in.
The sin. The sin.*

Plath's insistent and true perception had told her that she, herself, was a machine-made machine.

A Line to the City

THE CITIES. By Paul Blackburn. Grove Press—Evergreen original. 157 pp. \$2.95 paper.

ALLEN PLANZ

Mr. Planz's latest book of poetry is *Heir to Anger* (Swallow Press).

This book, the first full-sized presentation of Paul Blackburn's poems, reminded me of the things said of his work in the years it was widely published but never adequately collected. Of contemporary American poets, he has been reputed to have the best "ear," to be in the firmest control of the line break, to be the most persistently experimental younger poet in the innovative tradition advanced in our times by Pound and Williams. This book abundantly demonstrates those virtues, and more: it presents the work of a master poet. Unfortunately, many of the poems for which he is justly famed are not here—I think, for instance, of that wildly inventive "alphabet" poem that M. L. Rosenthal rescued for his anthology of British and American poetry. Blackburn literally needs lots of space, and while he has the wit and grace to snap out incisive short poems, he also has the power to sustain marvelously long constructions. The rich, multifarious music of *The Cities* is at once fulfillment and prelude.

Most contemporary poets, attempting to bring their craft into greater consciousness, heightened self-awareness,

settle for a style which if not ruthlessly evolved can lose freshness and become mannerist. But Blackburn's forms remain open, fluid, expansive; his awareness of language—his love of it—carries a dedication that identifies it at the heart of the creative act. Each poem has its own measure, discovered by the poet's voice (which can whisper, sing, harange, yell, talk quietly or loudly—and all in one poem). "Sirventes" is an extravagant example.

And he succeeds in making you hear. Blackburn redirects one's attention to the act of reading creatively, so that one hears more, even while reading silently. His repertoire of technical devices—which another poet would invoke to combat rhetoric—are used to convey the precise reading of the poem, to orchestrate the silences within it and without, to reveal nuances and depths previously unsuspected in the most casual word. Here is "Phone Call to Rutherford" in full:

*"It would be—
a mercy if
you did not come see me . . .*

*"I have dif-fi / cultry
speak-ing, I
cannot count on it, I
am afraid it would be too em-
ba
rass-ing
for me."*

—Bill, can you still
answer letters?

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Reading this book, one wonders who was really on trial: Elizabeth Gurley Flynn or the American Civil Liberties Union itself?

A salient feature of this timely book is the section compiled by Dr. Lamont (then a Board Member of ACLU and one of the participants at the trial) which presents the text of important exhibits and related documents, including ACLU's own 1939 pamphlet "Why We Defend Free Speech for Nazis, Fascists and Communists."

Beyond its historical importance, this book has special relevance today because the Civil Liberties Union has recently made mandatory new political tests for its officers and staff of the same general nature that led to the expulsion of Miss Flynn.

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"no . . . my hands
are tongue-tied . You have . . . made

■ record in my heart.

Goodbye.

Blackburn is really concerned with, and immersed in, the vitality of language, the American language, as it is spoken, felt, and heard. Robert Frost claimed that his own greatest gift was in getting the sound of his voice in his lines. It is also Blackburn's gift. Other voices, sounds, noises, events, and even things get in too, as the organic unity of the poem directs—though, to be sure, they sometimes get in the way, when, as relief, they lower the textural intensity of the poem. The risks Blackburn runs are enormous, but worth it.

There are many masterly pieces in the book: "How To Get Up Off It," "Faces I," "Bryant Park," "Phone Call to Rutherford," "Ritual IX." Plus a lot of fun, hilarity, joking and clowning, that

give this book an unusual character, the work of an original man.

In a prefatory note Blackburn tells us the book "is the construct out of my own isolations, eyes, ears, nose, and breath, my recognitions of those constructs not my own that I can live in. The Cities." The poems in this book, then, reveal an unyielding, existential engagement with the metropolis—using all the resources of language to explore what concerns the poet. Yet these recognitions do not resolve into rites of passage, or abscond to myth: rather, they expand to a vision that, for all its gentleness, its celebration of passion and youth and craft, is essentially tragic. Hence the resonance of the remarkable technical proficiency becomes finally song, eloquence, out of which the paradigm of the book becomes clear. Our cities. On this score, Blackburn is our most engaged poet.

and Eliot. Seferis says that Odysseus "speaks humbly and calmly, without effort, as though he were my father." With such words and such simplicity he is able to bridge ancient and modern worlds, and he even succeeds in getting outside the deracinated, skeptical, fragmented mentality of the great modern capitals:

*how strangely you gain strength
communing with the dead
when the living who remain are no
longer enough.*

*I imagine that he who'll rediscover life,
in spite of so
much paper, so many emotions, so
many debates and so
much teaching, will be someone like
us, only with a
slightly tougher memory.*

If this is a key to the tone and the success of Seferis, as it is of Cavafy, there is of course much else in Seferis' achievement, in the scope of his undertaking. For one thing, the body of his work reveals an enormous landscape at once real and grotesque—sea, hills, caves beneath the sea, the battlefields of Marathon and El Alamein, the Trojan Plains, the second Coming of Christ, and in the sea off Cyprus the Second Coming of Aphrodite. In this beautiful and terrible landscape are seen the very processes of history and pre-history by which universes come into being and pass away—stones are created out of nothing and out of consciousness, and the proud consciousness of even the Sons of Odysseus turns into stone—

*I thought of playing a tune and then
I was ashamed of
the other world
the one that watches me from beyond
the night from within
my light
woven of living bodies, naked hearts
and love that belongs to the Furies
as it belongs to man and to stone and
to water and to grass*

*And I looked again at that body
ascending;
people had gathered like ants,
and they struck her with lances but
didn't wound her.
Her belly now shone like the moon
And I thought the sky was the womb
that bore her and now took her back,
mother and child.
Her feet stayed marble still
and vanished: an Assumption.*

*Voices out of the stone out of sleep
deeper here where the world darkens,
memory of toil rooted in the rhythm
beaten upon the earth by feet
forgotten*

But moderns who try to connect past and present generations, who establish a perspective that will justify the sig-

Seferis the Greek

COLLECTED POEMS 1924-1955. By George Seferis. Translated, edited and introduced by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard. Princeton University Press. 490 pp. \$10.

JOHN ARTHOS

Mr. Arthos teaches English at the University of Michigan. He is the author of Dante, Michaelangelo and Milton (Hillary) and Language of Natural Description in Eighteenth Century Poetry (Octagon), and is presently preparing a book on Greek life.

The ties that bind modern Greece to ancient are partly in the language as such, partly in what the same mountains and sea demand of the people, but chiefly in what we do not ordinarily relate to classical antiquity, the Greek church. Greek Christianity has preserved more of the ancient feeling for the pervasive divinity in the soil and sea and sky than religions in the West, but most significantly it has never diluted the idea of the majesty of God, the majesty of Christ Pantocrator being very like that which Homer ascribes to Zeus. Strangely enough it is this idea of majesty that helps foreigners establish the most confident communications with Greeks, since it is this that underlies what is the dominating characteristic of modern Greece and of antiquity alike—the cult of individuality. Each man is the important thing he is because God, in man's image, is the important thing he is. Any traveler coming to Greek shores from the Nile Valley or Mesopotamia or Israel

is immediately invigorated, the first words he meets tell him he is being valued for his own sake, he is once more an individual in his own right.

It is a more profound and satisfying recognition of his desire to be taken on his own terms than even France affords. When we understand what this signifies I think we are on our way to valuing the special interest of modern Greek poetry. For all their cosmopolitanism the Greek poets never deny this quality of their being. For all of them have grown up in Paris and London and Berlin, they have caught on to positivism and existentialism and the whole spectrum of comparative studies, but as Greeks they have, perhaps uniquely, so profound a sense of individual dignity that they are continually being compelled to pass judgment upon the very modernity they are so sensitive to, to pass judgment from the certain truth that every Greek is as much on his own as Odysseus, and Oedipus and Antigone, and as jealous of his capacity to confront all change.

But here surely it is not only the tradition of Byzantine arrogance and of Orthodox majesty that sustains them, the language also does with what it brings over from the past. The word *man* for an American is just a word; for a Greek it is *andros* and *anthropos*, words Odysseus and Elpenor and their long lines of descendants have known. A certain intimacy with the past thus saves Seferis from as complete an alienation from history as afflicted his masters, Pound

nificance they continue to attach to their own existence, as often draw despair from their reflections as hope. This is often the doubtful conclusion for Seferis. Much as he takes comfort in identifying his adventures with those of the Argonauts, or in identifying himself with Elpenor, or in imagining himself a witness of the Assumption, he is stricken by the knowledge that generation after generation races to its destiny. The constant measure of the hateful destiny is war. Poems glance at the German invasion of Crete, at exile in Alexandria and London, at fighting in the streets of the cities, and it comes down to this—the German tanks are but the descendants of the chariots on the plains of Troy with wheels bearing whirling scythes to cut down all in their way:

*those who saw down through the mist
of death
or, in wild solitude beneath the stars,
felt upon them the huge dark eyes
of total disaster;
and those again who prayed*

The influence of Eliot upon Seferis can hardly be exaggerated—the focus on the poet questioning himself, the turns of phrase mingling the commonplace with reminders of the heroic age, the elevation of the trivial by the mere music of conversation. Without Eliot one

might wonder how he could have become a poet. And the obligations to Pound are nearly as impressive; he has been his best pupil in adopting his lucid way of forming pictures, without epithets, without expansion, simply by a certain syntactical sparseness in merely naming names—

*Between two bitter moments you don't
have time even to breathe
between your face and your face
the tender arm of a child that takes
shape and vanishes.*

But when one compares Eliot's and Pound's ideas of the waste of modern life with Seferis' idea of the annihilation of all promise, one sees a very different counterbalance in the Greek poet:

*I am sorry for having let a broad
river pass through my fingers
without drinking a single drop.
Now I'm sinking into the stone.
A small pine-tree in the red soil
is all the company I have.
Whatever I love vanished with the
houses
that were new last summer
and collapsed in the autumn wind.*

The spirit of Greek religion, whether ancient or modern, continues its assertions more insistently than do the more nostalgic evocations of Eliot:

*So I continued along the dark path
and turned into my garden and dug and
buried the reed
and again I whispered: some morning
the resurrection will come,
dawn's dew will glisten like trees in
spring,
and sea will be born again, and the
wave will again fling
forth Aphrodite.
We are the seed that dies. And I entered
my empty house.*

As I see it, Seferis has extended what he has brilliantly learned from the inspirations of Eliot and Pound and the surrealists into a sustained conception of a rather vaster scene of human history, asserting a more insistently individual note to the music of his speech, a firmer strength in the sound of the verse that communicates the idea of something nearly indestructible in mere individuality. He relates his idea of annihilation as the eternal preoccupation of history not merely to the tyranny of brute force but to the tyranny of the divine, and he ends by falling back upon himself, which for him means to fall back upon the Greek conception of the majesty of the individual—whether or not it is an empty house he is entering.

This edition with Greek and English on opposite pages is splendidly made.

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AN ELEGY FOR THE POET
MORGAN BLUM

*Morgan the lonely,
Morgan the dead,
Has followed his only
Child into a vast
Desolation.
When I heard he was going
I tried to blossom
Into the boat beside him,
But I had no money.*

*When I went in to see him,
The nurse said no.
So I snuck in behind her.
And there they were.
They were there, for a moment
Red Jacket. Robert Hayman,
H. Phelps Putnam,
And sweet Ted Roethke,
A canary and a bear.*

*They looked me over,
More or less alive.
They looked at me, more
Or less out of place.
They said, get out,
Morgan is dying.
They said, get out,
Leave him alone.*

*We have no kings
In this country,
They kept saying.*

*But we have one
Where the dead rise
On the other shore.
And they hear only
The cold owls throwing
Salt over
Their secret shoulders.*

*So I left Morgan,
And all of them alone.
And now I am so lonely
For the air I want to breathe.
Come breathe me, dark prince.
And Morgan lay there
Clean shaved like a baby
By the nurse who said no.
And so a couple
Of years ago
The old poets died
Young.*

*And now the young,
Scarlet on their wings, fly away
Over the marshes.*

JAMES WRIGHT

THE WELL-DWELLERS
(Lomas de Atzingo)

*The hawk hangs in its fathoms
over the wild fig tree,
where Doña Porfiria sits in her clerestory of leaves
with an apron of shade and a pasta of wool
on her knees.*

*Turning the wool
on the square and her spindle of nails, she weaves
skin of the sky on the nude and carnivorous
colors from a ravel of threads on her lap.
A parakeet sharpens its quill on the tin of a cage.
A fig shows its flint
and the ripe avocado
picks its green marzipan under a nap of enamel.*

*The hawk looks the other way:
a thread in the skein
leads to the gravel-pits, the tar-paper splints
and the dove-cotes of Atzingo's well-dwellers,
the undesperate poor
whose courts are the floor of the mines—a ceramic
of pumice
when the Falls of Saint Anthony lowers its twine
in the drought; or floating its coops and geraniums in midsummer
mud that drops from a cut in the stone
and colors the rooftops with blood.*

*Doña Porfiria sleeps in the bomb-burst of figs
and ripe avocados. The ball on her knees
rolls away to the edge of a precipice
where the barrio, caught
in its deathly siesta, immobile as bone,
glows on the flint of the square.*

*There is red on the spikes
as the hawk strikes.*

BEN BELITT

AMERICA

*I keep trying to read
this book entitled America.*

*The author died an unknown dreamer
more than a century ago,
plotting the absurdities
of a hero who never reaches
the western shore.*

*It is a story of blood
and deprivation,
of disenchantment because
one horizon never flowered
like the memory of another.
Of waterholes watched
by laughing skulls,*

*prairies seeded with bones,
and clouds that refused
to acknowledge the evening.*

*Perhaps it is not a book at all,
and I hold in my hands
a bundle of riddled pulp
saved from a shipwreck.*

*But it is the only book I have,
and I go on trying to read it:
to lean back at the end,
exhausted, half-convinced
that neither the author,
nor the country,
nor the hero, ever existed.*

JOHN HAINES

THE SECRET MEANING OF THINGS

A touch of old surrealism today
 at a stoplight in La Jolla
 Lotte Lehmann
 on the car radio
 singing in German 1919
 sounding like an old newsreel
 of a drowning valkyrie
 A Blue Rider appears & the light changes
 to tomorrow on the blue grass
 of Reinhard Lettau's backyard
 listening to Marlene Dietrich moan
 "Johnny" she sings in smokey German
 "Johnny when your birthday comes
 I'll be your guest all night
 Johnny I love you so much
 If you only had a birthday every day
 How about coming some afternoon
 at half-past four?"
 During the song I go to the phone
 and call my half-sister
 We have never been very close
 yet we have
 I make a date for lunch
 and the song ends
 in a Berlin cellar
 Reinhard in his Jean-Paul Sartre glasses
 and Véronique his Berlin chick
 with the deep black eye-circles
 and a Mao Tse Tung button
 go with me for lunch
 to a straight sea food place
 near the airport
 My sister orders Blue Fish
 and after some debate
 we get Marine Bowls looking like
 frozen dead aquariums
 of shrimp squid scallops
 stuck in mayonnaise they
 can't swim thru
 We succeed in eating them
 with conversations about
 frozen Siberia

Check Point Charley
 and the Berlin Hilton
 My sister's mother
 also comes up
 distantly
 like a beautiful white iceberg
 seen off the port bow
 closer than one had expected
 yet still unapproachable
 We skirt the subject carefully
 knowing that most of the story
 is underwater
 yet uncertain where it ends
 (She is in fact at this moment
 approaching us on a South Seas cruise ship,
 soon to dock)
 We end up at the airport
 where I emplane alone
 for San Francisco
 In the upper air there are no white icebergs
 and also no Blue Angels
 What is this place
 where no sea maid's song
 may reach us
 and what is the secret meaning
 of this poem adrift in air
 Everyday the news get more surreal
 Dark crowds still flow over London Bridge
 even as it is transported
 stone by stone
 to Arizona
 And every day
 a line of love's battleships is sunk
 by invisible fish
 And there are days
 when I see all too clearly
 And there are days
 when I am everyone I meet
 A cold goddess in miniskirt
 collects my ticket
 & adjusts my seat

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

IF YOU WILL

Shall I pull the curtains against the coming night?
 No, there is still a fine sun in the tree tops; let them be.
 All right; now it is darker; shall I now
 Close out the dark? You will close out the light.
 All right; how quick the dark comes. But see the moon
 Flood as it floods the earth even this room.
 Moonlight is time to sleep; shall I draw now
 Curtains against the cold? It's summer weather.
 Shall I? If you will; and light will pass
 Beyond your life that stands beyond the glass.

JOSEPHINE MILES

Public Intimacy

AFTER EXPERIENCE. By W. D. Snodgrass. Harper & Row. 92 pp. \$4.95.

GALLOW SONGS. By Christian Morgenstern. Translated by W. D. Snodgrass and Lore Segal. Illustrations by Paul Klee. University of Michigan Press. 124 pp. \$7.95.

JEROME MAZZARO

Mr. Mazzaro is in the English department at the State University at Buffalo. He is the author of a book of poems, *Changing the Windows* (Ohio University Press) and of *The Poetic Themes of Robert Lowell* (University of Michigan Press).

Reading the poetry of W. D. Snodgrass is a humanizing experience. Each poem enlarges the sensibility to turmoil and loveliness so that, when finished reading, one is more likely to risk intimate feelings publicly. However doomed these feelings may be in a world of hostile technology, their expression enlists the prospect of a lovelier world—assuredly for oneself, possibly for others. In the growing massive brute force of technology, that is a risk worth taking. This was the experience of *Heart's Needle* when it appeared in 1959; this is also the experience of *After Experience* and *Gallows Songs*, the last a translation of Christian Morgenstern in collaboration with Lore Segal. Yet the method of achieving this humanizing sense in the face of possible total cultural extinction

is not by moral but by precept. One envies the universe through which Snodgrass moves, and this envy, not moralizing exhortation, prompts the emulation. In addition, this ability to work positively—to suggest emulation—separates Snodgrass from many of his contemporaries and goes far toward explaining his peculiar successes with confessional poetry.

The usual method that one encounters for gaining and preserving humanity has been to separate inner and outer selves so that while, like a Walter Mitty, an outer self conforms to the impacts of technology, the inner self rages unchecked in a secret life. That was the way of Robert Lowell in *For the Union Dead*, and typified the approach of a generation weaned on Batman, Superman and Captain Marvel. It was certainly the approach of Saul Bellow in *Herzog* and described so vividly by him in *Recent American Fiction*:

“Laboring to maintain himself, or perhaps an idea of himself (not always a clear idea), he feels the pressure of a vast public life, which may dwarf him as an individual while permitting him to be a giant in hatred or fantasy. In these circumstances he grieves, he complains, rages or laughs. All the while he is aware of his lack of power, his inadequacy as a moralist, the nauseous pressure of the mass media and the weight of money and organization, of cold war and racial brutalities.

But this is not the method of Snodgrass, who in “Orpheus” defined the role of the poet actively as a futile but necessary attempt at rescuing Euridyce (vision) from a world ruled “by graft or debt/Within whose mortgage all men live.” As such, he anticipated in *Heart's Needle* Timothy Leary's advice that if one wished to remain humane, he “tune in and drop out,” and like Leary's, his “dropping out” is a collective rather than an individual action. It results not in a tragic vision where the individual mythically confronts the Other but in a social underground of rescued rejects. This underground is rife with weirs, bars and cages, and seeks to define that “only reality which a man,” according to Snodgrass, “can ever surely know”—“that self he cannot help being.” But unlike Leary's, Snodgrass' method of tuning in has never been to acid or to pot. It has been a refusal to compromise dreams, particularly as they relate to those closest to him—his girl, his daughter, his wife, his son.

Rather than professionally based, his refusals to compromise dreams stay on

a domestic plane where one's most primitive and most lasting experiences occur. To emphasize this sense, Snodgrass chooses a colloquial tone, incorporating the clichés and cadences of ordinary conversation. He also uses basically conventional stanza forms, shifting from the narrative quatrain to song forms and occasionally to free verse; but only once, in “Van Gogh: ‘The Starry Night,’” does he attempt the kind of experimentation in “field” poetry advocated by followers of William Carlos Williams.

Snodgrass is aided in his intent by his own seemingly miraculous embodiment as an individual of the age's stereotype. Contemporary experience seems to become a part of him. We know from his writings that he is a college professor writing poetry at a time when poets and poetry readers are in the colleges; he lives in suburbia, drives a Volkswagen, puts about the garden; he has an unsympathetic wife, overbearing parents, behaved children, experiences the clandestine one-night stand at a motel; and then undergoes the typical nasty divorce and psychoanalysis. In a nation of beauty contests, one of his wives has a minor beauty queen, and he has all of the fashionable interests in folk song, lutes, guitars, the Beatles, belly dancing, etc.

Nor are these faked experiences or interests. Consequently, by writing honestly of them, Snodgrass is able to touch a part of everyone. His confessional mode thus takes on a universality in its particularity—it its very detail—that Lowell's, for example, only occasionally achieves. Lowell has to stand outside himself to become part of the age; Snodgrass does not. There is, as a result, less irrelevant poetry by Snodgrass and less strain in writing, for his own urgency touches the urgency of his readers.

But this typicality hardly makes the job of writing easier; writing honestly of one's self offers more obstacles than not to good poetry. It runs the risk perpetually of leaving things unsaid and obscure or false or overstated. As Snodgrass indicates, the only hope lies in the artist's continually asking himself: “Am I writing what I really think? Not what is acceptable; not what my favorite intellectual would think in this situation; not what I wish I felt. Only what I cannot help thinking.” This honesty of self also invites a singularity of voice since the “sincere self” it projects resists the possible multiple voices of the dramatic form. Moreover, since by Snodgrass' own admission this “self” is known “through its interactions with the world around it,” there is already a taint of other-directedness present in it.

These obstacles require that Snodgrass adapt at least Rainer Maria Rilke's

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advice in *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*: "To write one line, a man ought to see many cities, people, and things; he must learn to know animals and the way of birds in the air, and how little flowers open in the morning. One must be able to think back . . . but it is not enough to have memories. One must be able to forget them and have vast patience until they come again . . . and when they become blood within us, and glances and gestures . . . then first it can happen that in a rare hour the first word of a verse may arise and come forth." "Heart's Needle," for example, began on the back of a program where Snodgrass had scribbled during a piano concert on November 18, 1953: "Child of my winter, born/When the new soldiers died/On the ice hills, when I was torn."

In *Heart's Needle*, the process of the book was one of wresting the self from money and the impingements of technology; in *After Experience*, it is a struggle to preserve this rescued self against new onslaughts. As "A Visitation" suggests, some of the mass guilt, which in *Eichmann in Jerusalem* Hannah Arendt indicates obtains to all who have killed for the benefit of bureaucratic superiors, is visited upon the speaker situated historically amidst a Vietnamese conflict. In the ghost of Adolf Eichmann, the poet sees himself doubly as the opposite and image of the mass murderer. Likewise, in "After Experience Taught Me . . ." the "futile and vain . . . ordinary/Surroundings of social life" oppose directions for killing a man when "you get caught without a knife." In "Lying Awake," through the image of a moth, Snodgrass illuminates the apathy of people to the violence about them, as his lovers learn to "take things as they are."

Thus the whole movement of the first volume is reversed. Where its poems had begun with harsh images that turned mild, the poems here begin with mild images that turn harsh, and nowhere is this alteration more evident than in the volume's five poems based on Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings. There "that great revolution," Snodgrass detects, "in the arts and sciences which began about 1850 and whose central aim was the dissolution of form and matter in every area (artistic, physical, intellectual, emotional, political, religious, domestic)" is embodied in the very forms of the poems "wherein a person is one with all things; that is, where all matter is dissolved." The poems conclude with "Van Gogh: The Starry Night," which, by juxtaposing poetic forms, attempts to use space as an escape from time.

Even the translations of Morgenstern,

done jointly with Lore Segal, are an extension of his own reactions to a hostile technology in the personae of Palmstrom and Korf. Like Oscar Wilde's, Palmstrom's own attitude is that "Art is our spirited protest, our gallant attempt to teach Nature her proper place. . . . Life imitates art far more than Art imitates life." He is contrasted to "drop-out" Korf, who in "The Questionnaire," when sent a bureaucratic form, responds:

Death Camps of the Free World

THE LICE. By W. S. Merwin. Atheneum Publishers. 79 pp. Paper \$1.95.

ROBERT HASS

Mr. Hass is a poet who teaches at the State University at Buffalo. His poetry has appeared in the anthology *The New American Poets* (Follett).

The best of W. S. Merwin's new poems have a strange kind of disembodied intensity, as if someone had taken a volume of smooth, knowing, confessional verse and shaken out of it real poems of fear and wonder. Merwin has been associated with those American poets who have turned to European and Latin American masters for a poetry of deep images and a will to liberate the unconscious in American poetry. Insofar as he is working in this vein, the shock of Merwin's book lies in the haunted and uncertain creature that he liberates. The reader gets, not an infusion of new life but the pale vision of a convict whose knowledge of death and the nature of authority is intimate:

New ghost is that what you are
Standing on the stairs of water

No longer surprised

Hope and grief are still our wings
Why we cannot fly

What failure still keeps you
Among us the unfinished

The wheels go on praying

Merwin's procedure is often the same—lines bare and unpunctuated on the page, abrupt shifts from stanza to stanza, the suppression of any firm sense of the poem's occasion—and the effect, in the most successful poems, is a remarkable urgency of movement coupled with an odd feeling of disorientation. Without commas and periods to anchor the statements, Merwin's diction skitters with an apparent randomness and a sense of quickened fear. The last part of "The Hydra" which takes up the idea of "us the unfinished" is a good example:

A long time ago the lightning was

"My dear most high commissioner,
The undersigning herein certifies

That after a personal inspection
He has the honor to present himself
Non-existent under the Legislation
..."

In the Snodgrass-Segal translation, the poems are surrounded by a world of Dada animals and illustrations from the work of Paul Klee.

practicing
Something I thought was easy

I was young and the dead were in
other

Ages
As the grass had its own language

Now I forget where the difference falls

One thing about the living sometimes a
piece of us
Can stop dying for a moment
But you the dead

Once you go into those names you go
on you never

Hesitate
You go on

This poem is about the fear of death, but more than that it is about Merwin's sense that life is a nameless hurtling toward the fixed identity of death—which the rudderless movement of the poem accurately conveys. The images which seem strange at first are also accurate. "The piece of us" that can stop dying for a moment is like lightning, and the fact that it seemed to be "practicing" underscores the illusory nature of any hope of final illumination. The reader supplies such connections in most of the poems and in doing so he enters the affective life of the poet.

One of Merwin's best known poems from an earlier collection, "The Drunk

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in the Furnace," describes the noises issuing from a furnace in a littered vacant lot. In a comic way it announced the existence of the unconscious life, but it seems to me now to be a suburban genre poem of the fifties which comes out on the side of nonrational life without telling us anything about it. The point of view of the poem is that of an observer and its manner is descriptive. The impressive thing about *The Lice* is that it tries to take us inside the drunk inside the furnace and to tell us how things feel from there. This is especially successful in the poems about politics or about authority. Robert Creeley has remarked that certain kinds of descriptive poetry tend to perpetuate the evils they describe. Merwin's poems like "Unfinished Book

of Kings," "I Live Up Here" and "Caesar" have the value of describing from the inside the irrationality of the political world and the way in which authority has become a form of internal coercion. "Caesar," which is frightening but touched by a sort of gallows wit, is worth quoting in full:

*My shoes are almost dead
And as I wait at the doors of ice
I hear the cry go up for him Caesar
Caesar*

*But when I look out the windows I see
only the flatlands
And the slow vanishing of the windmills
The centuries draining the deep fields*

*Yet this is still my country
The thug on duty says What would you
change
He looks at his watch he lifts
Emptiness out of vases
And holds it up to examine*

*So it is evening
With the rain starting to fall forever*

*One by one he calls night out of the
teeth
And at last I take up
My duty*

*Wheeling the president past banks of
flowers
Past the feet of empty chairs
Hoping he's dead*

The most curious poem in the book is, perhaps, "The Last One." A narrative about an attempt to destroy a shadow which grows until it consumes the destroyers, the poem is done in a Buster Keaton mask—"Well they'd made up their minds to be everywhere because why not"—with end-stopped lines which create the effect of an idiot sequential logic, as if Faulkner's Benji were describing a horror movie:

*Well the next day started about the
same it went on growing.
They pushed lights into the shadow.
Where the shadow got onto them they
went out.
They began to stamp on the edge it got
their feet.
And when it got their feet they fell
down.
It got into their eyes the eyes went
blind.*

There is nothing very tricky about such a parable, although the shadow could be seen as guilt or the fact of death or the denied range of the instinctual life. What makes it eerie is the passivity of tone. The epigraph to the book glosses both the subject and the tone of the poem. It is taken from Heraclitus who tells how Homer was deceived by boys catching lice. They said to him, "What we have caught and what we have killed we left behind, but what

has escaped we bring with us." The lice Merwin brings with him are guilt, time, death, all the things we feel and cannot know. His effort in this book is to articulate what he cannot catch, what has caught him, the parasites to which existence is a host. Speaking in the voice of a widow, he says: "Everything that does not need you is real."

Finally it should be said that, despite the successes, many poems in the book are formalistic. The technique of the best poems like "Is That What You Are" and "The Hydra" is repeated throughout, giving one the uneasy feeling that Merwin has discovered not a voice but a method. The haunted voice, when it is convincing, depends on the pressure of psychic necessity which forms a substratum for the rapid shift of images and the rush of new sentences begun without signal at midline. When that does not occur, the result is either the strain of seeing a poem willed into being, as in "It Is March," or easy magic and sentimentality, as in "Glimpses of the Ice."

In the latter poem, the trouble is simply loose, unearned association. The poet sees a moth beating against the window in a cold climate and wonders "if death will be silent after all/Or a frozen cry in another age." In another age Tennyson saw the flower in the cranny and thought of God, not much different and not much worse.

Merwin is capable of lavishly bad writing

*As the string of the great kite Sapiens
Cuts our palms
Along predestined places
Leaving us
Leaving
While we find reasons*

but generally he strikes off good lines with felicity and assurance. Quoting them, one becomes aware of the extent to which wit has been an instrument of survival. He writes: "Silence the last of the liberty ships had come up the river"; "I remember my homeland the mountains of chaff"; "The night disappears like bruises though nothing is healed"; "And morning the carpet bagger arrives with news of victories."

This gift of Merwin's for surprises and the peculiar emphases his form allows ("The dead were in other/Ages") make these poems look like a different kind of breakthrough than, in fact, they represent. Without an air of instant relevance and without self-dramatization, he has written, from a peculiar depth, American poems of fear, timidity and helplessness in the face of violence and death. They are a poet's poems in the sense that *saying* is their justification. But in a few of them, one has the strange sense that Merwin with a new freedom has begun to write about the concentration camps of the free world.

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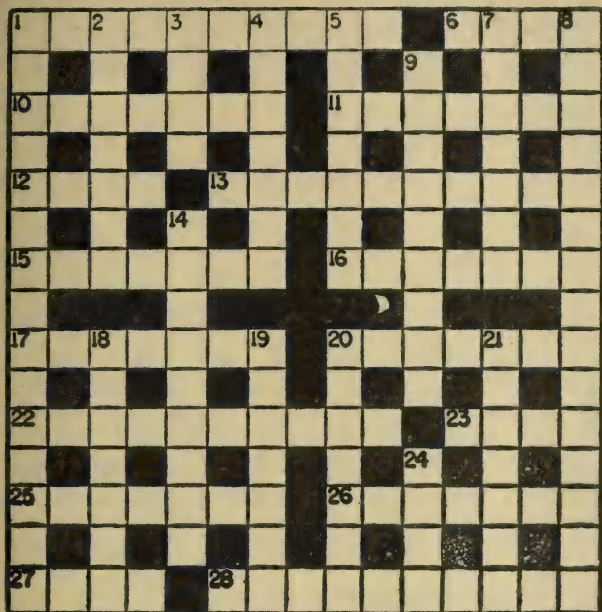
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1263

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 See 9 down
- 6 Post on which to put the collar of a horse. (4)
- 10 In the main, release from pressure. (4, 3)
- 11 Rub the wrong way, with disputes possibly caused by dirty digs. (7)
- 12 and 27 Smooths defeat, commonly, perhaps marking the wreckage. (3, 5)
- 13 Explained how Mad Lucie gets taken out. (10)
- 15 Holmes seemed to agree to tear tattered ones down. (7)
- 16 It's plain in Greece where capital in Washington comes from. (7)
- 17 Exclusive gathering? (2-5)
- 20 City-dwellers do, but certainly not out of costume. (7)
- 22 Extreme distances. (4, 3, 3)
- 23 Dock strike? (4)
- 25 Ulysses was more likely to be a New Yorker than CIA-oriented. (7)
- 26 Automation loses out fast, it could be! See 12 across
- 28 Cast in which characters are assassinated? (10)

DOWN

- 1 Mimi? Not in this opera! (3, 8, 4)
- 2 How some might consider 28. (7)
- 3 Doubtful as to the language or the home of the brave? (4)

- 4 Envelops. (7)
- 5 Up-to-date product of Barth's factor. (7)
- 7 Dance appearing in more than one stage representation. (3-4)
- 8 But the game of the deuced player needn't continue to be so unfortunate! (15)
- 9 and 1 across When your days are numbered, this might be considered 8, by some (6, 3, 10)
- 14 One probably doesn't know if he has it. (9)
- 18 Concerning diagrams. (7)
- 19 A false step, and they'll jump on you!
- 20 Claim to be a husband in the territory of a religious leader? (7)
- 21 Not quite courageous at a party or show. (7)
- 24 Do they engage in illegal activities in dives? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1262

ACROSS: 1 Brave New World; 10 Neglect; 11 Cleamed; 12 Retention; 13 Ambit; 14 Please; 16 Windlass; 19 Disowned; 20 Shekel; 22 Local; 23 Ill-at-ease; 25 Frazzle; 26 Adamite; 27 Brassicaceous. DOWN: 2 Right; 3 Viennese Waltzes; 4 Nitwit; 5 Wagon-lit; 6 Open-and-shut case; 7 Lamp-black; 8 Undraped; 9 Adit; 15 Easy chair; 17 Silvered; 18 Beriberi; 21 Alpaca; 22 Loft; 24 Aduie.

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LETTERS

suing Daley's cops

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR: The Illinois Division of the American Civil Liberties Union is planning to take legal action because of the unlawful activities of the Chicago police during the week of the Democratic Party's national convention. To aid its research, statements from victims of or witnesses to acts of police misconduct are desired. Statements should cover place, time, who was involved, and what was seen, heard, smelt or felt. Still photos or movie film of police misconduct are also needed. The ACLU will reimburse photographers for the cost of their prints. Write to the Roger Baldwin Foundation of ACLU, 6 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. 60603. *Jay Miller, Executive Director*

no surprise

Van Nuys, Calif.

DEAR SIR: The news media almost unanimously—the commentators, the columnists, the reporters, the editorialists, the cartoonists, the executives, the labor unions and the professional fraternities—have registered shock and indignation at the police-state brutality, police-state intransigence and police-state authoritarianism of the Chicago forces of "law and order." . . .

The national news media should not have been so surprised. This is exactly what happened in Oakland (Calif.) a few months back. In both places the existence of police brutality and police-state methods were brought into the citizens' living rooms via TV. This puts the forces of "law and order" in a bad light. After the Oakland case, L.A. Chief of Police Tom Reddin and his alter ego, District Attorney Evelle Younger, attacked the press (as "inciting to riot") for doing its job—in this case, exposing police brutality.

Chicago Mayor Richard Daley said his police use "no more force than necessary." TV viewers the country over know otherwise. In Los Angeles on the same day Chief Reddin said the same thing about his police. Ghetto dwellers and Century Plaza demonstrators know otherwise. . . .

Nita Narr

Penta-go-round

Northridge, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Charles Rabb's "Military 'Software'" (*The Nation*, July 22) overlooked an even more expensive aspect of Pentagon-sponsored research—the duplication of studies. Since reports on many of the projects sponsored by the different branches of the Defense establishment are either classified or distributed in restricted quantities, and are only occasionally published in scholarly journals, there is a great deal of wasteful overlap.

Several years ago when I was a participant in a Navy-sponsored project, I was put in contact with many people engaged in Defense studies, most of which were classified. Recently I attended a seminar (Defense Department-sponsored) and found studies of almost exactly the same type being commissioned by another branch of the armed forces and even by the Navy itself. Apparently all the earlier studies had been buried beneath the mountains of red tape or the sponsors were unhappy with the previous conclusions.

At any rate, almost none of the present researchers were aware that much of what they were doing had been done before by others on sponsored projects. As a result I have the feeling of being on a merry-go-round in which the same things are researched over and over, but the results are

(Continued on page 277)

EDITORIALS

Warm-Up

The nominees were warming up last week, with trial runs, issue- and technique-testing, saluting the flag, doing obeisance to the American Legion and B'nai B'rith, and so on through all the maneuvers of the quadrennial political circus. By and large, all three ran true to form.

HUMPHREY: Off to a well-nigh disastrous start. The Philadelphia effort was a disappointment by any test. Once again Hubert demonstrated his penchant for "instant sincerity," for trying to please any group he happens to be addressing; once again he demonstrated his utter faith in the efficacy of a quick "I love you," turned on like a spigot. He apparently fails to realize that such high-pressure amiability does not suffice to win over people in a campaign as rancorous as this one, and that he has so overused it as to make himself ridiculous.

His offer in Philadelphia to lay down his life for peace in Vietnam was vintage Humphrey and completely absurd; if peace is so precious to him, why didn't he lay down his life (if only politically) by opposing the escalation of the war? He followed this up with the equally amazing statement that he could have accepted, "with some elaboration," the minority plank on Vietnam. By the time he reached Los Angeles, he had second thoughts, perhaps remembering the ogre in the White House, and backtracked sufficiently to confuse the reporters about his real position—if a candidate so mercurial could be said to have one. His talk of a possible troop pull-out late in 1968 or some time in 1969 was promptly knocked down by Rusk and the following day by the President himself, who ended a bellicose speech before the Legion by expressing everybody's yearning for the day when the men will come home, but "no man can predict when that day will come. . . ." Of course, we have a lot of clerks, laundrymen, pastry cooks, engineers' building officers' clubs, and so on who could be spared right now without affecting the war, but Humphrey's talk about a serious reduction in combat forces boils down to off-the-cuff demagoguery.

All in all, a bleak week in the aftermath of the disaster in Chicago.

NIXON: He came on strong and bland. To be bland in politics is to look like a winner and take none of the chances that might make one a loser. Tanned, relaxed, smiling, he appeared in the mask of the Statesman, leaving the hatchet work to his running mate Agnew. Everywhere he went, he had Sen. Edward W. Brooke in tow, to make it appear that he, Nixon, was the black man's friend. True, Senator Brooke was reported to be dismayed by the candidate's emphasis on law and order and thinly veiled criticism of the Supreme Court, but his dismay did not approach disaffection.

The differentiation of function between Agnew and Nixon became clear. Whatever votes can be diverted from Wallace by redbaiting and the other dirty political tricks of which Nixon is a past master, Agnew will now strive to attract. At least for the present, Nixon is above such chicanery.

Agnew's redbaiting covers the full spectrum, from the kids who demonstrated at Chicago to Humphrey himself. Humphrey, he said in Washington on September 10, has been "soft on inflation, soft on communism, and soft on law and order over the years." Such is the reward of the man who, as a Senator, was largely responsible for the Communist Control Act and who can justly claim to be one of the stoutest and most persevering "anti-Communists" of the century. Agnew has not yet learned that in national politics rabbit-punching is a delicate art, and he was promptly rebuked by those Republican pros, Senator Dirksen and Representative Ford. The incident gave Humphrey a chance to show some mettle by challenging Nixon's advice that the Senate should punish Russia's Czech aggression by delaying approval of the nuclear non-proliferation treaty.

For Nixon it was a rather auspicious beginning, though hardly striking. The crowds, if big, were not enthralled. In Santa Clara they were "not worked up," in Chicago they were "more curious than enthusiastic." Nixon is said to be beefing up the end of his basic speech so as to overcome the fatigue induced in even the most fervid followers by his long exposure to the public gaze.

WALLACE: He has, of course, the easiest course to run, since he appeals to a particular constituency, narrower and more precisely definable than his opponents'. Essentially all he has to do is come on loud and clear, lambasting Reds, eggheads and crime in the streets. He obviously has the "cop vote," the Birchites and most of the near-Birchites, as well as the disaffected of the Right generally. The fact that the Hon. Happy Chandler would not go along with him is further proof, if any were needed, that Wallace is indeed the racist everyone has always known him to be. His appearance at the stock car race in Darlington, S.C.—just the right audience for him—had considerable symbolic importance. He yelled about sending certain politicians "to the pit," and carried on his baleful talk about the "overeducated, ivory-tower folks with pointed heads looking down their noses at you and me."

For Wallace it was not the opening week; he has been saying the same thing for weeks. He may peak soon and begin to drop, as some, including Nixon, expect. At present, however, he is in second place in electoral votes, behind Nixon but ahead of Humphrey.

The Forgotten?

It is a relief—for the moment—to be told precisely who will decide the 1968 election. Richard M. Scammon, former Director of the Bureau of the Census, has performed this task for us. The great mass of voters this year—voters, those who will actually vote, not those eligible to vote—will be in Scammon's phrase "unyoung, unpoor and unblack." He pinpoints it even further: this all-American voter, '68 style, will be in his early or middle 40s, white, earning from \$9,000 to \$11,000 a year, perhaps a shoe salesman or someone on that vocational level, living in the suburbs in a home costing perhaps \$16,000, or a good deal more in some neighborhoods.

Nixon and Humphrey and, coming down a peg or two,

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 9

Wallace, have read, assimilated and accepted this thesis of the common denominator—low, though not the lowest. Nixon has given it the typical Nixon treatment. His campaign is addressed to the “forgotten” Americans, those splendid, generous, supremely virtuous, God-fearing, honest, aspiring, patriotic citizens, who feel terribly put upon by all the evils which afflict their society but for which, by their reckoning, they are in no slightest degree responsible. They are not shouters, demonstrators, protesters, racists (although school busing does enrage them). They are not “sick” or criminally inclined (no mention of white-collar crime). In his shining self-image, polished to a higher gloss by the praise of the candidates, this Forgotten American, with his wholly decent instincts, wants only to go about his business and by honest toil to support his family, pay the monthly interest and principal on his mortgage, and buy a color TV set. He wants his children to be as good as he is and in one respect even better—they should earn more money. He is beginning to be impatient with all the turmoil which, without any cause that he can see, is tearing the country apart. He wants only to be “left alone,” especially by the federal government. What unites all these good Joes is a sense of decency as they construe it, a sense of continuity, and the conviction that the best country in the world must stay the way it is. That is what good old Dick, himself elevated from this very stratum, is going to give them. He says.

Humphrey makes essentially the same assumption and will pitch his appeal to the same group—the big Middle Sector, expanded by twenty years of cold-war prosperity. This Nixon-Humphrey duet is what makes it difficult for any real differences on the issues to emerge. And Wallace, down there, adheres to the same strategy.

In an editorial manfully titled “What the Campaign Issues Are,” *Business Week* (September 7) starts to explain but quickly runs out of gas. There do not seem to be any salient differences: both parties have “an essential similarity of approach.” *Business Week*, accepting what it calls “the centrist tradition” in American politics, fears that Wallace will upset that tradition, but it does not despair: “There is still enough glue left in U.S. society to leave hope that the broad centrist tradition . . . can be preserved.” In this quietist view, the threat to the social fabric is not real. In other times and in other countries, a gap between aspiration and accomplishment, which in the view of *Business Week* is what afflicts us, “has been the stuff of revolution.” But not here, it prays God.

How Cohesive Is the Center?

In our view, *Business Week*, and others who see the current political scene from the same angle, have strayed from reality. A “centrist tradition” must be based on a broad, legitimate center whose elements are bound together by values held in common. But how broad and how consensual is the center to which Scammon, et al., refer? We think it is neither as broad as they imagine, nor as monolithic. [See “The New Coalitions” by William L. Abbott, page 273.]

First of all, there is the difference which the polls have shown for some years in attitude and outlook between the

younger, better educated, more sophisticated, salaried upper middle class and the older, less educated, less open-minded middle class. The polls have shown a sharp divergence on a variety of issues between these elements, on civil rights, civil liberties, foreign policy, etc.

Second, a parallel divergence involves what Joseph Kraft calls the “genteel suburbs”—upper middle class, white, sophisticated, ready (up to a point) for change, and able to tolerate the idea of change because they feel relatively secure in terms of status and income. Opposed to this group are the industrial suburbs of the lower income, more recently arrived lower middle class, less secure (in status terms) and often with no more than a blue-collar education (through high school at the most). Often these latter suburbs are inhabited by groups with a common “ethnic” and religious background.

The “genteel suburbs” provide most of the young radicals and activists, detested by the blue-collar suburbs. The first group contains many “swingers”; the second almost none. The *London Times Literary Supplement* (August 29) said that “the whole American bourgeoisie wishes to join the *avant-garde*.” This is inaccurate: only the upper-income section does, and not all of that. The first type of suburb provides strong support for politicians of the type of McCarthy, Rockefeller, Percy, Hatfield, Lindsay; the second does not. The truth is that a kind of cultural civil war is being waged between these two sections of what we once called the middle class. Or, as Kraft puts it, there is “antagonism between the rising middle class of upper-income whites and the archaic middle class of lower-income whites. . . .” The first type feels excluded because none of the candidates appeals to them, they are not in their style, not in their idiom, not on their wave length, and so these dissidents may abstain from voting in large numbers this time.

Similarly, we have no means of measuring the changes in consciousness which have occurred and are occurring. There is a totally new awareness in many of the young—and not in the young alone. This is what Eugene McCarthy was getting at when he spoke about “new national constituencies of conscience.” The parties appear to be unaware of such changes and are trying to pretend that nothing much has happened; but, like it or not, a great deal has happened.

At the same time a new under-class, in Gunnar Myrdal’s term, has formed at the base of society. It is composed of rural poor whites and of ghetto blacks, disaffected, disenchanting, some not likely to participate in the election at all, others only at half-strength. These groups find themselves in a compressed stratum beneath the massive lower middle class, which resents the efforts of the under-class to make it in its turn. In times past a minority group at the bottom could work upward, not easily, to be sure, but at least not against the weight of such an enlarged and obdurately resistant middle class.

So, if one tots up the number of Americans who, for many reasons, feel outside the political process, it is arguable that the centrist tradition, so called, may be declining center. In that case the danger is not that the centrist tradition will be upset but that it is no longer representative—it excludes too many. Stability is threatened

precisely because broad segments feel themselves "outside" the system. How serious that threat is we shall discover only gradually, after Nixon or Humphrey takes the helm and tries to navigate by a compass that on these premises has lost its magnetism.

The Difference

According to the rules of "blame theory"—the moral equivalent of the games beloved of the think tanks—the Russians are to be condemned for their August invasion of Czechoslovakia, but their arcing of a MIRV missile (if that's what it was) from Tyuratam to the Kamchatka in the same month is only to be deplored. In the former case they deliberately savaged a friendly neighbor and thus exacerbated international suspicions the world over; in the latter, they did no more than zig to our zag on the escalator to Armageddon.

Of course, the two events are related, as are all events in this computer-sensitive world (you cannot have a riot in Kansas City these days without affecting the political balance of Outer Mongolia). Because tanks rolled in Prague, Congress will no doubt drag its heels in the matter of the nuclear nonproliferation treaty; because party leader Dubcek was taken to Moscow in handcuffs, the summit meeting on limitation of anti-ballistic missile systems is indefinitely delayed. The August aggression was "conventional," but nuclear pressure mounts.

It might be said that the Russo-American missile race has now entered the area of superstition or nationalistic ostentation (like the excessive deployment of skulls and thigh bones in tribal display), since both nations have long since passed the point where either could attack the other with nuclear weapons and expect to survive until sundown. Does it matter how many Minutemen we have? We have more than enough. Does it matter how big the Soviet rockets are? They will reach twice as far as Pittsburgh. Does it matter (except to the hardware merchants) whether we build a thin defense against China or a thick defense against Russia? Both will filter, but neither can stop, the rain of final annihilation.

Yes, it does matter. The proliferation of nuclear threat strains ever more agonizingly the accommodations which allow nations to tolerate one another. The burden of knowing what is aimed at you, the frustration of having each of your new ingenious umbrellas made obsolete, the exhaustion of holding the finger ever tense on the trigger is more than flesh can bear. Somebody will eventually crack.

The break will not necessarily come in nuclear form—man does not die by the atom alone. Without for an instant mitigating it, the assault on Czechoslovakia can also be seen as part of the missile tension. But though everything pulls on everything else, the next step up seems always to take a nuclear form. The one impending is the MIRV (the Multiple Independently Targeted Re-Entry Vehicle) vs. the ABM (anti-ballistic-missile system). It will cost billions, it will be a stand-off, it will increase the awful itch to end the waiting.

If we cannot talk with the Russians today because of Prague (and because God alone knows what squabbles

are currently wracking the Kremlin), we should be calculating when is the first date on which we may hope to talk. Nuclear escalation has passed out of the realm of military logic into that of Doomsday symbolism, and de-escalation would be similarly symbolic, since neither side is going to bare its chest to the other. It would, however, be a symbol of life, not death. That makes the difference.

The Bird

Hope never dies in the Saigon officers' clubs—there must, there just must, be some magic way to win this war. The latest potion is something called by the Yanks Phoenix and by the Vietnamese (we hope with no tinge of irony) Phung Hoang or All-Seeing Bird. It is an intelligence/extermination program designed to locate and eliminate members of the Vietcong infrastructure (VCI), the political and administrative leadership of the fighting enemy. (It was described in a story by Peter R. Kann in *The Wall Street Journal*, September 5.)

Somewhere in the Mekong Delta a funeral has been planned for a senior Vietcong official. During the ceremonies, a "counter-terror" team of mixed U.S. and Vietnamese killers sweeps in and executes the mourners. By such methods, some 6,000 VCI have been captured or killed since the offensive of last February. The infrastructure is thought to number about 80,000, so the rate of elimination—if indeed important VCI are really being eliminated—is not yet decisive. As one American on the scene has observed, it's like "trying to root the Republican Party out of Kansas."

Partly for this reason and partly because the several intelligence agencies of the Vietnamese government and the military profoundly distrust one another, the All-Seeing Bird hasn't attracted much support from the locals. This bothers the Americans, because they have great difficulty in telling a VCI from a schoolteacher or rice harvester, and also because it is hoped that Phoenix will continue its job of digging out the Vietcong nest when the great day dawns and we all come home.

Meanwhile, we coordinate the snooping and organize the kidnapping and killing. Bombing hasn't worked, napalm hasn't worked, pacification has become a mockery, and the prognostications of our military leaders have been singularly far from the mark. But we must press on to something that can be made to look like a victory of might and morality, so we now sneak in with a quick twist of the knife.

When the military mind is cornered, it resorts to bizarre expedients: under such circumstances Hitler launched the buzz-bomb; we unleash the assassins.

Viewing the Remains

It is a natural impulse for some, and a duty for others, to take a last look after the mortician has exercised his art. This used to be a formal, lugubrious occasion. Both the dead and the living were dressed in their best, and the latter gazed on the former, perhaps with tears. It also took time from a busy life. One had to drive to the funeral

"parlor," park the car, perhaps walk a few blocks to make the inspection and remark how natural he or she looked, or deliver some other appropriate observation.

All this is changed for the better. You can now view the remains at a drive-in mortuary, the same as cashing a check or eating a cheeseburger, without getting out of your car.

The *Roanoke* (Va.), *World-News* credits this innovation to an Atlanta, Ga., mortician by the name of Hirschel Thornton. The idea came to him one night in a flash of genius, and he is now building five windows, each over 6 feet long, in an extension of his

funeral home located off a busy street. Each window will contain a body in a coffin, with a name plate, wall-to-wall carpeting, and drapes, no doubt in decorator colors. "The deceased," the inventor explains, "will be lying in a lighted window, sort of tilted toward the front so they can conveniently be seen." Thus you may view not only your own departed but four others, comparing both the corpses and the coffins. You may come by at any hour of the day or night, dressed as you came from work or on your way to a cocktail party.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away . . ."; but the ingenuity of man passeth all understanding.

MANAGERS AND CUSTOMERS

RUSSIA'S 'PRIVATE' SECTOR

MARGARET MILLER

Miss Miller is the author of *Communist Economy Under Change* (Andre Deutsch) and *Rise of the Russian Consumer* (Institute of Economic Affairs, London).

This year is crucial for Russia's economic reforms. Already 40 per cent of its industrial production comes from factories operating on the new system based on profit and material incentives, and the remainder are scheduled to switch over before 1969. Among the many obstacles being encountered in this tremendous changeover, the most important is the continuing shortage of consumer goods. It is no use giving workers more money for better work if they cannot find commodities on which to spend their additional rewards. If incentive fails, the hoped-for benefits of the managerial reforms will not be realized. It is increasingly being urged that only the restoration of the market principle and the recognition of the value of small-scale production will provide an effective answer.

Before the revolution, the work of individual craftsmen and small cottage industries gave the then overwhelmingly agricultural population practically all the manufactured articles it required for domestic and production needs. In the important woodworking industry, for example, more than ten times as many workers were thus employed than in the large state-directed industry. The range of goods produced by private enterprise was enormous, and varied according to the raw material found in different localities: wood, stone, clay, bones, textiles, etc. Many of these rural crafts were of high artistic merit and achieved international recognition.

Stalin's policy of forced industrialization and forced collectivization of agriculture disrupted this situation after 1928, and it was not until the 23rd Congress of the Communist Party met in the spring of 1966 that the state once more recognized the continuing value of small-scale industry in the economy, and gave instructions for its restoration, the main goal being an increased flow of consumer goods.

An article in *Voprosy Ekonomiki* early in 1967 took a close look at this aspect of Stalinism. The writer compared the average size of industrial undertakings in the USSR with that in other advanced industrial countries. On the face of it, differences were immense. The number of employees per factory was, for example, twelve times higher in Russia than in the United States. In machine building and metal working the average size of Russian plants was thirty-five times larger than their American equivalents; it was almost twenty times larger in the garment, footwear and fur industries. Small factories, those employing up to fifty workers, made up only 15 per cent of the industrial undertakings in the Soviet Union; they accounted for more than 80 per cent in the United States.

The author thought that these figures might be misleading because, on the Russian side, they included only industrial units that produced their own balance sheets. A great many small industrial units had, in fact, survived even under Stalin's "command economy," but as auxiliaries of large- and medium-sized undertakings, performing for the latter services that they could not profitably undertake themselves, e.g., the provision of components and other necessary items in small quantities. The true situation in Russia was thought to approximate much more closely to that in other industrialized countries than official Soviet statistics suggested, with the economically undesirable differences that (a) the small businesses were carried on the books of the large concerns to which they were attached, making it impossible to measure accurately the efficiency of their operations; (b) the small concerns had largely ceased to be consumer-oriented, and (c) a lively but unofficial private enterprise sector had grown up, with the producers satisfying directly the insistent demand for consumer goods, often using government materials for this purpose, and paying no income tax on their earnings from this activity.

The writer's conclusions were forthright. It was time not only to admit that small units had a vital role to play in a Socialist as in a capitalist society, but also that they were unsuited to state ownership and centralized controls,

They should operate on an independent basis, be given the right to set prices for their own products, and be subject only to government regulations on taxation, profits, lease of premises and equipment and the like.

This was in accordance with the terms of a government decree which had been reported in *Izvestia* on October 9, 1966, and which firmly reiterated the principle that these industries should primarily serve the consumer and should be under the control of the responsible local bodies. The decree also emphasized the government's interest in arresting the decline that was becoming apparent in a proportion of Russia's small urban communities. Half a century ago Russia was a nation of villages, with only a handful of large towns. Stalin's industrialization drive brought millions of peasants into urban areas, necessitating the expansion of existing towns and the building of many new ones. The 1959 census listed 300 towns with populations of 50,000 and over, as compared with ninety such towns in 1926. But according to official statements there were plenty of small towns left, more than 5,000 of them, the majority having 20,000 inhabitants or less. They were said to account for approximately one-fourth of Russia's town dwellers, now numbering more than 120 million. In 1966 their social and economic problems became a national issue, when the 23rd Congress instructed the planners to divert the building of new factories to medium-sized and small towns, rather than to large industrial centers.

There have been many obstacles to the fulfillment of these orders. Planners and designers retained mental attitudes typical of the Stalin era, notably an obsession with size as such, and were reluctant to concern themselves with the quite different problems of small-scale production. This attitude was reinforced by the practical advantages of siting new factories in the large centers, where the existence of good rail and road transport, building materials, construction equipment, etc., offered savings. Another factor was the dictatorial attitude of higher bodies, which preferred to assign industrial construction to established centers rather than meet requests from local councils in small towns for funds to provide worker housing, shops, access roads, clubs, laundries and other necessary adjuncts to daily life. This conflict often seriously delayed an industrial project, or shelved it altogether.

To overcome such difficulties, national measures were proposed, such as encouraging large concerns in big cities to set up special branches in surrounding small towns, following the example of Moscow's largest car-building factory which had already established a flourishing aluminum works in nearby Mtsensk. The revival of ancient crafts was also thought to be of particular significance. One of the experts studying the situation based his conclusions on a book published in 1913 in what was then the province of Orlov. He lashed out against the stupidity of a policy which had neglected or destroyed the precious skills of the past without putting anything in their place. These skills had been many and various. Lace makers, embroiderers, brick makers, jewelers, coopers, glass workers, had abounded before the revolution. In many cases their products commanded an eager market abroad as



well as at home. When they were pushed into decline, the prosperity of the small towns and villages which depended on them was undermined, their inhabitants were forced to uproot themselves or to engage in private activities. Those who could not do so—women house-bound by domestic responsibilities, pensioners, farmers who were unemployed in the winter months—remained without work; large-scale industry could not or would not employ them.

Two *Izvestia* correspondents reported in the same vein from Kirov Province. Before the revolution, out of half a million peasant homesteads in the area, more than 50 per cent had practiced crafts in a wide variety. But these had been allowed to fall into decay, and on one farm where 700 workers had been thus employed a decade ago, less than 100 now remained. An agronomist writing in *Pravda* in the autumn of 1966 referred to the flourishing jewelry crafts previously carried on by the rural population in the province of Kostroma, but now neglected to the extent that none of the responsible officials even knew what was being done. It would be easier, he said, to get full information on the occupations and incomes of farmers in the pre-revolutionary and pre-collectivization years than at the present time.

To correct this, a government decree was passed in September, 1967, aimed at utilizing local raw material and reducing rural unemployment in the winter. Farms were given a legal right to establish subsidiary industrial enterprises and revive rural crafts, together with full freedom to draw up their industrial plans (higher bodies were specifically denied the right to supervise these), and to dispose of their products at market prices.

This legislation will certainly receive powerful support from consumers, who have long ceased to be the meek



recipients of what officialdom chooses to hand out to them. Reports from the Crimea show that holiday makers snap up the handmade souvenirs offered them by independent local craftsmen, and ignore the plastic fir trees thought good enough for them by the superior powers. The large and well-equipped Kaliningrad amber combine, processing 80 per cent of the country's supply of that material, had been dutifully turning out its quota of "planned" *objets d'art*, only to find that nobody would buy them because they did not meet contemporary standards of taste. Press commentators had no doubts that the situation could be remedied only by freeing craftsmen and private entrepreneurs from the strangle hold of state planning and permitting them to operate independently on a defined legal basis.

A similar, although less widely publicized, movement is going on in Soviet agriculture. During the past three years or so, there has been a significant growth of "mechanized links" on farms all over Russia. Each link consists of some four to six peasant households, to whom their farm allocates a given amount of land, along with the necessary equipment, fuel, etc., and a "technological chart" of work to be done each month. The group is then left alone to do the job in its own way and reap the reward of good work. The results have been spectacular, and this release of private initiative on the land has increased production two to six times in the links as compared with the results from communal work on the farms. Here also it is reasonable to predict that well within the next decade, the structure of farming in Russia will be transformed, with state planning confined to the main

crops, and greatly increased autonomy accorded to those responsible for production at local level.

This phenomenon is not confined to Russia. Reports from Yugoslavia a few months ago indicated that private enterprise under the guise of "tourism" was being much more successful in promoting the exchange of consumer goods between East European countries than were the official trade agencies. Unlikely items such as electric ovens were included among the "souvenirs," along with more conventional commodities like nylon shirts, coffee, chocolates, raincoats, etc. One official was quoted as admitting that individual entrepreneurs noticed more quickly "and with an assurance of reliability greater than that of any institute specialized in marketing problems" what people need.

It is not to be expected that central planning in Russia or in Eastern Europe generally will be dismantled overnight, nor indeed would it be desirable for such a vast change to be made so quickly. But a free sector is certain to emerge in their economies. It is being pushed ahead by economic needs that are being widely recognized in responsible quarters, and by pressures from below no less strong than those that forced the adoption of major economic reforms after 1962. The new sector may well remain small from the quantitative angle for some time, but may be expected to exercise beneficial effects out of all proportion to its size. It will enlarge the area of free decision making, confine the planning bodies to duties they can profitably perform, get rid of the innumerable tensions and distortions created by the present unrealistic system, and contribute to the continuing rise in living standards by expanding opportunities for remunerative employment.

PATCHWORK QUILT OF PROTEST

PAUL BOOTH

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Chicago

The Committee for the Formation of the New Party, which has been trying to fulfill the promise of its title for several months, came close to that goal at a meeting in Chicago the day after the conclusion of the Democratic convention, but it adjourned empty-handed. The committee's theoretical requirements—principally a social base numbering in the millions—were delivered to it on a silver platter by Chairmen Bailey and Daley of the National and Cook County Democratic Committees, but it lacked the practical ingredients that would have made its promise into a powerful political reality.

The "Fourth Party" movement met for six hours on August 30, and the 500 founders, mostly veterans of the McCarthy drive, garnished with representatives of two

dozen state New Party committees, spent the day attempting to determine the structure of the national party, naming some of the members of its steering committee, and giving that committee responsibility for finding a suitable candidate. The term "suitable" wasn't defined because almost the whole group yearned to draft Eugene McCarthy, and knew in their heads what their hearts wouldn't admit—that he would shortly take his name out of consideration. On Tuesday, September 3, he did so, leaving the Fourth Party movement in disarray. In fact, if the country weren't in such disarray itself, this brief episode would now be a closed parenthesis in modern American history.

But the sighs of relief from Democratic Party politicians are premature. Take the case of Indiana. The New Party there staged a three-day blitz and met the petition requirements for getting on the November ballot by the deadline, which fell one day after McCarthy had removed his name in Iowa. Though McCarthy was not required to consent to his name being placed on the Indiana ballot, he intervened and had his name dropped. But the party is now a legal entity in Indiana, free to put forward some

other name; today it is a legal shell, but there is a significant movement throughout the state that could fill that shell tomorrow. Governor Branigin and Senator Bayh realize that few McCarthy supporters quite share their unquestioning loyalty to the Democratic Party, but they underestimate the extent to which disloyalty is being transformed into a break with their party machine.

The New Party around the country is a patchwork, and the situation will probably continue to be confused through the November election. In a few of the twenty states where New Party groups have qualified, or soon will qualify for the ballot, it is legally possible for them to run non-candidate McCarthy. A number of these states where New Party groups have qualified, or taintly be set back and possibly abandoned in the wake of Senator McCarthy's withdrawal. But despite confusion and disorganization, the New Party will have something on the ballot (unpledged electors, or McCarthy's name or a "favorite son") to attract protest votes—in many cases enough to play the role of spoiler, and in a few others write-in campaigns will be organized in his behalf.

In addition, two black candidates are filing in a number of large industrial states, and they intend to wage vigorous, radical campaigns. Novelist Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information for the Black Panther Party, has been selected the candidate of a half dozen Peace and Freedom Parties, the strongest of which are the pioneer group in California, with 70,000 registered members, and those in Michigan and New York.

Dick Gregory is the candidate of Peace and Freedom in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and a drive for him is getting under way in New York. His backers hope to convince parties that have already qualified in New Jersey and Utah to place him on the ballot, and they are beginning now to seek the endorsement of New Parties throughout the country. It is barely conceivable that Gregory could win enough backing to emerge as a truly national fourth candidate, even at this late hour. The more likely outcome is a confusing picture of protest campaigns and candidates that will vary from state to state. For example, the Alabama National Democratic Party, which was refused a place at the Chicago convention, is deciding its course of action. And petition actions of one sort or another are proceeding in a dozen states.

The most nearly national of all such efforts to date is the New Party, which was generated by a squad of activists who abandoned the Democratic Party in late June. Specifically, affiliates of the New Party committee have won a ballot line in Indiana, Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, New Mexico, North Dakota, Iowa, Minnesota, New York, Montana and Tennessee. Vermont, New Hampshire and Washington will be gained shortly. In Illinois and Rhode Island the party awaits legal challenges, but stands a good chance of success.

In a grisly way, the emergence of this patchwork quilt of protest is fascinating. It displays several qualities of American protest movements, some compelling, some unsettling. The tenacity of these movements, growing out of a deep commitment to turn the country around, shows

itself in the activity which persists when "realists" say that effectiveness is impossible. But a frightening naïveté, a hangover from the euphoria of the McCarthy bandwagon, allows the activists to continue in the same beaten path of petitions and conventions and buttons and fanfare without any re-examination of the long-term or even medium-term prospects for their activity. The Vietnamese War has given birth to such widespread sentiment of protest that it continually bubbles up in an amazing variety of awkward forms, despite the lack of clear-headed leadership, of strategy, even of an ability to think one month in advance. There is something inherently ungainly about state campaigns for candidates for the Electoral College (an obscure office if there ever was one) pledged to vote for a candidate who not only won't campaign for them but repudiates them.

New political forces cannot be organized overnight. George Wallace has been barnstorming as hard for more than a year, just to get on the ballot, as Nixon and Humphrey will campaign in October. A well-organized political movement, with candidates already selected for the state assembly, school boards, Congress and tax assessor might just risk waiting until August or September to name its national candidate; the New Party obviously cannot do so. Its coordinators—Marcus Raskin and Martin Carnoy—have been so completely engrossed during the two months of its infancy in trying to get on the ballot in twenty-five states that they have been totally unable to crystallize its differences with the major parties (a job George Wallace has certainly attended to), to set up a democratic decision-making structure, or even prepare for the eventuality that McCarthy would prove undraftable. No wonder the New Party is still more a Committee for the Formation than a real party.

There is still, however, an opening for real politics in the country, but it is not an opening forced by the political activists after years of steady persuasion and recruitment. On the contrary, it is the maneuvering space between the two major parties of law and order and the forces of peace and freedom, which have been confronting each other in the streets as the death toll in Vietnam has mounted and the problems of the ghetto have compounded. The difference between a protest party and a political party is that a protest party merely registers the disaffection that has already been created by other social developments, whereas a political party generates more and more demands, organizes them, and seizes the initiative in order to shift the balance in its favor. A clever group seizes on a local issue in which a neighborhood discovers it has been shortchanged by the state legislature

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or the county commission, and by leading a fight on this somewhat narrow point, draws to its more general program a batch of new recruits. The national spokesman for a political party unveils a job of muckraking to identify the private interests that have prospered from the confused policies of the whole country. From the county courthouse to Washington, D.C., a political party must be on the offensive, setting the timetable, rather than letting Larry O'Brien set it.

The major parties, forced to choose sides on the key political issues of law and order and the war, have dumped a sizable section of their following out in the middle of the lake—in effect challenging them to climb back in the rowboat or learn to swim to the other shore. It is impossible to say whether the New Party develop-

ments are simply a lot of splashing, after which the participants will return to the Democrats for another four years of boring from within. Some radicals are already camped out on the far shore, and their activity, despite its erratic, unplanned appearance, remains the most telling opposition to the war and the war system. It has always been, and still is the case that a combination of liberals who decide to seek the roots of the problems they confront, with radicals who seek to be relevant to the grievances of the majority of the people, is the brightest formula for opening up the country to the possibility of substantive social change. The next months will test the New Party activists to see if they can create enduring movements that will grow through competition with the old parties.

REBEL CAUCUS

Political Science Discovers Politics

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Washington, D.C.

In certain respects, and among some of its people, the United States is becoming increasingly sophisticated in its analysis of the evils of our society. In the early sixties, Bull Connor was the archetypal evil man, his dogs and fire hoses the weapons of oppression. More recently, the evil has been McNamara, typical of the national security managers who use propaganda and the myth of democracy to oppress the people. It has become clearer that, as Hannah Arendt wrote, the worst evil resides in the banal bureaucrat who runs the system, that cosmically evil individuals are no longer in evidence.

We are obliged to recognize a new target of attack. Since the "system" has replaced individuals, we must now be concerned with the operators of that "system," with the technicians who provide the knowledge for its elites and who rationalize its existence. Thus the academic associations are coming under attack. Recently, the American Sociological Association and the American Psychological Association formed within their organizations caucuses of people, who are determined to debate the implicit values and assumptions upon which these associations rest. But perhaps the best example of this new trend occurred in the American Political Science Association, during its convention in Washington, D.C., during the first week of September.

Political science, notorious for its conservative stance, has become, over the past few years, a discipline to be avoided by activists or those concerned with policy making. [See "The Battle for Relevance" by Marvin Surkin, *The Nation*, September 2.] Two resolutions were proposed at the annual convention in 1967 to bring the association (if not its individual members) out of its somnambulism.

One called for the dismissal of the APSA's executive director, Dr. Evron Kirkpatrick, and its treasurer-counsel, Mr. Max Kampelman, because of their involvement in Operations and Policy Research, a CIA-financed organization. A second resolution called on the universities to withhold from HUAC membership lists of campus groups.

However, both resolutions were side-stepped. The first was never discussed; instead, a report by four ex-presidents of the association concerning the officers' activities was adopted as part of an omnibus resolution setting up a committee to investigate ethical problems. The second resolution was ruled out of order as requiring a constitutional amendment. (The existing constitution prohibited action on political issues and in the context academic freedom was interpreted to be a political issue.)

The profound dissatisfaction caused by the failure of the association to act on either resolution, coming on top of discontent over convention programs, led to the creation of a splinter group within the association, called Caucus for a New Political Science. The caucus was given a mandate by the 200 people who participated in its founding to set up a series of panels for presentation at the 1968 convention, to introduce a constitutional amendment that would permit the association to encourage the study of controversial issues, and to urge the association to poll its members on their attitudes concerning the war in Vietnam.

During the following year, and especially throughout the week of the annual convention, it became evident that the caucus had simply stated the obvious: it had declared the emperor naked, and most were quick to find him so. The majority agreed that the program was dull, irrelevant, often trivial. They acknowledged that it was ludicrous that a political science association had never held a contested election for president. They agreed that no association concerned with the study of politics should

tolerate in its constitution a provision disavowing any organizational interest in the most divisive issues of the day.

By the time the political scientists were converging on Washington, the association had begun to remove its more blatant irrelevant features. But the debate begun by exposing the surface problems of the association was not to be stopped. As one member of the council of the association said to me at the end, "This week has gone from bad to worse."

At the business meeting on Wednesday night the distance between how far the association had gone and how far it might go became evident. A constitutional amendment giving the association the right to pass resolutions concerning freedom of speech and academic freedom "by and within the association" was passed. But an amendment that attempted to eliminate that intramural phrase, thus broadening the impact of the resolution, was voted down.

On the other hand, the caucus' constitutional amendment asking that the APSA encourage "research in and concern for significant contemporary political and social problems and policies" passed overwhelmingly. In addition, a resolution to prohibit employees and officers of the association from engaging in covert activities also passed, although it was obviously aimed at the activities of the executive director and the treasurer-counsel, and in spite of the fact that the council had unanimously recommended referral of the resolution to a standing committee on ethics (which would have deferred action for at least another year).

The business meeting drew 900 people, an extraordinary number considering, as the president noted, that it has not been uncommon in the past for members to be pulled in from the hall to make up a quorum. A discussion of the previous year's budget and the rubber-stamp election of a president were not what interested the remarkably large group. It was expecting controversy, and was not disappointed.

The business meeting broke up during a discussion of several resolutions concerning the possibility of withdrawing the 1970 convention from Chicago, as a reaction to events there during the Democratic convention. Although it was soon evident that the association would do so, many members felt that the wording of some of the resolutions soft-pedaled the issue—that moving to another city was not enough if Mayor Daley and his police force were not formally condemned at the same time.

However, there was never any debate on the alternative resolutions, partially as a result of forty minutes of parliamentary maneuvering, primarily because everyone seemed eager to get to bed. Political scientists evidently refuse to discuss questions of major importance after 11 o'clock. Citing the lateness of the hour, the chair ruled that there would be no debate on six of the resolutions concerning Chicago. When I and others attempted to appeal the ruling of the chair (a procedure always in order, according to parliamentary procedure), we were not recognized. Parliamentary considerations aside, the similarities between that scene and the scene on the floor of the Democratic convention should have been clear to

everyone—the microphones were cut off, no one on the floor was being recognized, no debate was going on, and resolutions were being railroaded. As a matter of fact, at one point in the proceedings one member of the association began walking up to the podium screaming, "Albert, Albert, Albert," in mocking reference to the arbitrary procedures of Carl Albert, Oklahoma Congressman, when he held the gavel at Chicago.

Despite the unhappy parallel with Chicago, the great majority of the audience disapproved of anyone who interrupted the chairman by yelling or who acted less than decorously. As it became evident that the chair was not going to respond to any voice from the floor, about seventy people walked out of the meeting, causing its premature adjournment. These, joined by another 100 after the adjournment, met in an adjacent room and continued the debate which had been smothered at the regular meeting.

That Wednesday business meeting was the turning point of the convention. The hotel hallways began to boom with discussions on the merits of civility in the presence of injustice, the ethics of the association's officers and the biases of political science. People at a convention were at last talking about real problems in a real way.

The panels presented by the caucus drew large turnouts, even though most of them were held after the regular convention had ended. They proved that political scientists can, and should, use their specialized knowledge to study broad social problems and propose innovative solutions. John McDermott declared at one of the panels that the greatest problem facing this country was the maldistribution of knowledge. To him the political scientist might be not only irrelevant but even dangerous, since he studies the oppressed for the oppressor and influences younger students to follow his corrupt ways. Marcus Raskin suggested on another panel that the social scientist should study the hierarchical and authoritarian nature both of our society and of certain types of knowledge. Lee Webb on a panel dealing with Chicago, suggested that political science was irrelevant because economic forces determine political alignments.

By Saturday night, when the caucus held its own business meeting, the effect of these panels, and the new ideas they presented, was felt by everyone. Although registration for membership in the caucus was begun only on Wednesday, 500 people had joined by Saturday. The association had promised to give the caucus prime space on the 1968 program and had tentatively agreed that a new journal oriented toward questions of policy should be created.

Yet many in the caucus felt that not enough had been done, that the biases of political science had not been effectively challenged. To them, the strong support given the caucus by the very people who were deemed to have the strongest conservative biases was a sign that the purposes of the caucus were being misinterpreted. To others the fact that 500 people had joined so readily meant that quite a few members thought only the program needed to be enlivened.

However, the caucus was changing even as its radical members began expressing doubts about it. On Saturday

it adopted a resolution requesting the parent body not to include a subscription to the regular association journal in its dues, thus permitting each member to decide whether or not he wants it. If approved at next year's business meeting, this could well mean the demise of the *American Political Science Review*. A resolution concerning the Paris negotiations on Vietnam was proposed and would surely have passed but for an amendment asking that all members of the caucus be polled by mail. Commissions were set up to investigate why women and blacks are insufficiently represented in the association. Another commission manned by graduate students was created to study graduate education in political science.

The elections to the executive committee of the caucus indicated a strong commitment to pushing the association still further into the real world. John McDermott, Howard Zinn, Michael Parenti, Theodore Lowi, Alan Wolfe, Marvin Surkin and Alex Gottfried were on the list of twenty-one. My conduct at the Wednesday business meeting did not preclude my election, and Sandy Levinsohn, Paul

Minkoff and Mark Roelofs joined me from the original executive committee of the caucus.

The change within the association over the past year, and especially during that September week, has been profound. By next year the caucus will have more than 1,000 members and possibly its own journal; it will be a permanent organization. There is even talk of running—and electing—a slate of APSA officers.

The success of the caucus, and the way in which it changed its nature as it began to investigate the discipline in which it was involved, suggests a wider trend among the nation's scholars. In more and more professional associations, caucuses will examine the myths and distortions of the various fields, and will organize within the organizations to elect their own officers. It is a growing conviction that, in order to create a radical policy in America, it is necessary to unfetter the brilliance of the many social scientists who are now restricted by bias, myth and misperception—all cloaked in the garb of objectivity and scholasticism.

ARENA OF GOLD

EUROPE DEFIES THE DOLLAR

MICHAEL TANZER

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Within the last year traditionally staid international monetary markets have been rocked twice, first by devaluation of the British pound, and then by a gold panic. For the first time since the 1930s world attention has riveted on the esoteric centers of finance in London, Zurich, Geneva and Paris, with the pulse of the world's economy being measured daily by foreign exchange rates and gold prices. Right now all eyes are on the annual fall meeting of the International Monetary Fund, to be held in Washington September 30-October 4, where decisions taken may affect the lives of U.S. workers, French peasants and Vietnam combatants alike. For behind the dry statistics and the apparently mysterious workings of the international monetary system major forces are engaged in a great power struggle. My aim here is to shed light on the operation of these forces in response to recent events, as well as to suggest prospects for the future.

Since space is limited, my analysis must necessarily be somewhat dogmatic. I shall develop three major ideas: (1) The United States and continental Europe are engaged in a titanic subsurface economic struggle, primarily over the role of U.S. investment in Europe. The outcome may determine whether Europe can survive as an independent entity. (2) The respective roles of gold and the dollar in the world economy are at the focus of this struggle. (3) The mechanics of the struggle are such that

its resolution may be determined in the end, not by the nations involved but by individual speculators on both sides of the Atlantic, with potentially disastrous consequences for all.

First, some historical background. In the 1930s, as a result of the Great Depression and the specter of war, capital fled from Europe to the United States, which built up an enormous gold hoard. This stock of gold rose from \$10 billion in 1935 to \$22 billion in 1940, at which time the United States held the bulk of the world's gold. World War II physically destroyed the economies of all the European powers but Great Britain, which it vastly weakened. At the same time, the economic and financial power of the United States was greatly increased; its gold holdings reached a peak of \$25 billion in 1949. The Marshall Plan helped to rebuild Europe, but partly at the price of increasing U.S. penetration of Europe and former European colonies. [See "The Dollar Invades Europe," *The Nation*, September 18, 1967.] The book value (basically the original cost) of direct U.S. foreign private investment rose world-wide from \$12 billion in 1950—the order of magnitude at which U.S. overseas investment stood in the 1930s—to \$33 billion in 1960, and more than \$60 billion today. And everyone agrees that these figures greatly understate the real value of the assets the United States has accumulated. (As an example, the whole of U.S. Middle Eastern oil investment is carried on the books at \$1.5 billion, but this figure excludes the value of the 150 billion barrels of oil proven to be in the ground; that is one reason why the reported rate of return on Middle East investment is more than 50 per cent per year.) Thus, what these figures really show is not the absolute level of investment but its rapid rate of growth.

At the same time, in almost every year since 1950, the United States has had a balance of payments deficit. This means that, including our foreign investment overseas, we have spent more abroad than foreigners have spent here. How have we paid for this deficit? The answer, of course, is to be found in the historic willingness of foreigners to accept dollars or gold in exchange for giving the United States real economic assets. Up until 1957 foreigners were willing to take dollars, and the U.S. gold hoard stayed at about the 1950 level. From 1958 on, however, foreigners began increasingly to demand gold, and the U.S. gold stock has shrunk to about \$10 billion.

Why the shift? One reason is that, despite current U.S. assertions to the contrary, gold is still the only universally accepted currency. The ultimate strength of the dollar as an international currency lay in the huge supply of gold available to reclaim any unwanted dollars presented at the U.S. bank window. As the supply of dollars in the hands of foreigners grew increasingly larger than the value of U.S. holdings in gold, the creditors naturally became increasingly suspicious of our ability to pay their claims in the only currency they really trusted.

A second reason was the drive, particularly by the French, under de Gaulle, to slow down U.S. investment in Europe. This investment has risen from \$2 billion in 1950 to \$6 billion in 1960 and to \$20 billion today. The theory was that if Europe demanded gold, the United States would have to curb its dollar outflow in order to maintain its gold stock, and ultimately would have to cut its foreign investment. Put another way, as long as Europe was willing to pile up dollars, the United States could go on building and buying real assets in Europe (as elsewhere in the world).

The French foreign trade secretary, on visiting the United States, presented the position as follows:



Jones. Toronto Telegram (Canada)
"PSST"

We could permit a much larger American presence in our economy as the Germans are doing, and it would be easy politically. There would be more jobs and faster growth. But to be politically responsible to the generations to come, we have to see that these generations have the weapons to defend themselves—economic weapons. If we did nothing, in a few years we would have the same problems as Latin America has. The idea has taken hold in American financial circles that the way to take care of the United States' favorable balance of trade with France is to export capital. This is a policy whereby we could become a medium developed country in the future. This explains our attitude on gold. *We don't want to take America's gold, we just want to stop the overabundance of American capital in France.* (Wall Street Journal, February 24, 1966; emphasis added.)

The United States on the other hand has strenuously resisted these efforts to curb its overseas investment. The whole history of the approach to reducing our balance of payments deficit—from the first attempts to decrease loans to foreigners down to recent talk of taxes to reduce overseas travel—shows the desire to find other solutions, short of seriously constraining the growth of U.S. foreign investment.

On a theoretical plane it has sometimes been argued that there is nothing inherently wrong with the deficit. This view was well stated by three leading U.S. economists, Emile Despres, Charles Kindleberger and Walter Salant, writing in the London *Economist* (which dubbed their position "the new nationalism"):

The dollar is the world's standard of value. . . . An annual growth in Europe's dollar holdings averaging, perhaps, \$1.5 to \$2 billion a year or perhaps more for a long time is *normal expansion for a bank the size of the United States with a fast-growing world as its body of customers.* (February 5, 1966; emphasis added.)

Now, if this whole struggle were merely between the United States and France (or between the United States and a de Gaulle obsessed with power, as it is sometimes portrayed), then it would have only fleeting historical interest, thanks to the United States' far greater power. But it seems clear that de Gaulle and the French do not stand alone, that they have strong if quiet support in continental Europe. In the arena of money, actions speak louder than words. Back in the late 1950s most of the continental governments held little gold. Today, while France holds about \$4.5 billion worth of the metal, West Germany has \$4.5 billion, the Benelux countries \$3 billion, and Italy \$2.5 billion. Thus the Common Market countries together hold about \$15 billion in gold, which accounts for almost two-thirds of their international reserves. Lest one think that this merely reflects nervousness on the part of all foreign governments as to the redeemability of the dollar, note that the proportion of gold to total reserves for the rest of the world is reversed. The United States' best customer on the basis of holding dollars is Japan, which keeps less than one-fifth of its reserves in gold. Japan, however, restricts U.S. investment directly.

To sum up, in the last ten years the increasingly dominant factor in U.S.-European economic relations has been the growth of U.S. foreign investment. It has caused the

dollar outflow which, as these dollars are cashed for gold, has led to the gold crisis in the United States. Where do we go from here? The situation is now critical and something must give.

To see what is likely to give one has to examine the balance between two basic sets of economic forces. The first set is the real economic forces, involving the control of production and profits. The second set is the financial forces, involving control of money and gold.

As to the real forces, the most important fact of current international economy is the enormous U.S. position overseas. The view from Europe on this situation has been dramatically summarized in a recent European bestseller, *The American Challenge*, by Jean Servan-Schreiber: "In fifteen years the third industrial power, after the United States and the USSR, could well be not Europe but American industry in Europe." This is true despite the fact that less than 10 per cent of European industry is now controlled by U.S. corporations. While still relatively small, this investment is growing much more rapidly than the indigenous investment. Also, U.S. investment is heavily concentrated in the key growth industries—computers, electronics, chemicals, etc. These are not only the high-profit industries but also the high-technology industries that all agree will dominate the future economy. Moreover, the simple arithmetic of foreign investment must also disturb Europeans: with U.S. investment in Europe earning 10 to 15 per cent per year, while the European economies grow at perhaps 5 per cent a year, the United States could steadily increase its share of industry in Europe merely by plowing back profits made in Europe. Using European labor and European markets, American industry could grow toward domination of Europe without sending an additional dollar from the United States.

For the same reasons—high profits plus great growth potential—U.S. industry has a strong interest in increasing its European investment. In addition, U.S. industry wants a heavy investment in Europe in order to profit from its investment in raw-material production in the underdeveloped world. For example, there would be far less value to the enormous U.S. oil investment in the Middle East if that oil couldn't be pumped into European refineries or marketed to European customers, as is now done on such a huge scale.

While many Europeans have pointed out the dangers of U.S. domination of their industry, they face for several reasons an apparent dilemma in dealing with it. For one thing, the separate European nations are too small to generate consistently companies as large and powerful as those that have grown up in the vast U.S. market and are now invading Europe. Size gives major advantages, not only by allowing low-cost mass production but also by providing the huge resources needed to invest in new developments, particularly those of technology, in training management and in other intangibles. (Thus U.S. international companies have benefited most from the European Common Market because since its inception they have set up operations to compete in the whole market rather than in single countries.)

Another problem for those who would curb the Amer-

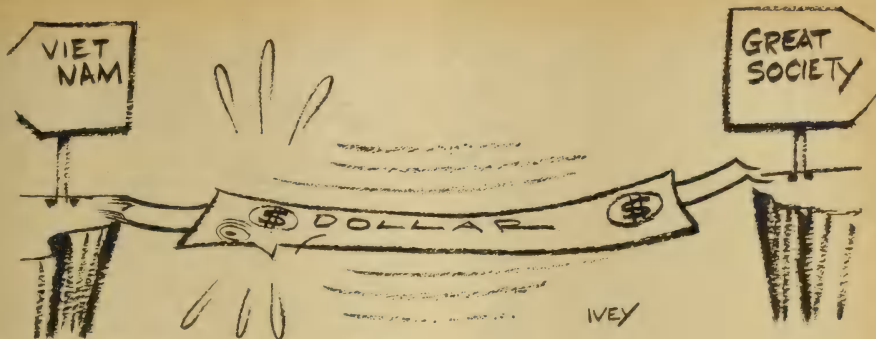
icans is the disunity of the Common Market countries. The fact is, as de Gaulle learned several years ago, that if France says, "No we will not allow a U.S. auto firm to put a plant in France," the company can outflank him by building it in a neighboring country (in this case, Belgium) and exporting to France.

A more fundamental problem is that if the Common Market countries adopted a united front to constrain further U.S. investment, but took no other steps, they would fall further and further behind technologically. But machine breaking, sabotage, will work no better now than it ever has in the past, and one way or another Europe will "acquire" the new technology. If U.S. firms cannot bring it in outright through investment, they will "smuggle" it by embodying it in U.S. exports. Thus the new technology incorporated in cheaper and superior U.S. goods would not only capture markets in Europe but also in the rest of the world and thereby render impotent a European economy heavily dependent on trade. Rather than suffer this catastrophe most Europeans would probably choose direct U.S. investment. The end of that road might be a psychically painful Canada-type satellite economy with the bulk of industry owned by the United States, but at least the standard of living would be relatively high.

The solution which most Europeans would obviously prefer is for Europe "somehow" to create its own resources for overcoming the "technology gap." The major snag is the investment, huge relative to Europe's resources, required not only for building new factories but for research, education, etc. For example, the French Government had to allocate \$80 million, as an initial sum merely for research, to launch an all-French computer company which it is hoped will be a viable competitor to the U.S. giants.

If money is the main obstacle, the key to obtaining resources for European self-development may lie in Europe's vast gold hoards. In a sense, what is needed is a reversal of the basic exchange which has underlain U.S.-European economic relations for two decades. During this period the U.S. has built up enormous real economic power in Europe by investment in factories and business organizations. In exchange, Europeans have accrued enormous financial power, in the form of hoards of gold and dollars. Up to this point it has been a poor trade for the Europeans because the gold and dollar hoards are essentially sterile; the gold earns nothing and the dollars, even when held in U.S. Treasury notes, earn only a few per cent a year. U.S. foreign investment, on the other hand, is far more profitable and can grow rapidly simply by profit plowback. Moreover, while the purchasing power of the dollar declines in the current inflationary period, the value of the U.S. investment rises.

The Europeans cannot catch up now simply by disgorging their gold and dollar hoards, because this would encourage the United States to accelerate its investment. After all, it is only the Europeans' increased appetite for gold that has forced the United States to make any attempt to slow down its overseas investment program. But Europe now has an opportunity to attempt to recoup some of its losses through a world-wide devaluation of the



dollar along with all other currencies, i.e., by a big jump in the price of gold.

A world-wide devaluation of all currencies by the same percentage would not change their relationship: one U.S. dollar would still exchange for four German marks or five French francs. Hence no country would gain a trade advantage over any other. The primary beneficiaries would be the major gold-producing countries—South Africa and the Soviet Union—plus countries with large hoards of gold, that is, most of continental Europe. The Common Market countries alone hold \$15 billion in gold officially, and private accumulations tucked away in mattresses and Swiss safe deposit boxes may be on the order of \$10 billion. Thus, if the price of gold were doubled, the Common Market countries would enjoy a “windfall profit” on the order of \$25 billion, or more than the book value of U.S. investment in all of Europe.

Such an enormous windfall could go a long way toward making Europe a great independent industrial power. Some of it might be used to buy out at premium prices the European plants of U.S. firms, or even in certain key industries to purchase the complete operations of smaller U.S. firms with good technological prospects. More important, most of this money could be spent to improve education, support basic and applied research, and promote European firms in the crucial growth sectors. Such efforts would be greatly assisted by the fact that the bulk of the windfall would accrue directly to the European central governments. While the governments could either set up state (or even interstate) companies or liberally subsidize private firms in the crucial industries, the fundamental point is that the money would be initially concentrated where presumably there would be a will to use it.

The United States Government is completely opposed to such a world-wide devaluation. Still, it is conceivable that the European governments could force the issue, either by threatening to “bankrupt” the United States by demanding gold in exchange for their dollars, or by concertedly devaluing their own currencies and thus threatening the U.S. trade position. Therefore one may well ask why, if a jump in the price of gold would be so enormously profitable for the Europeans, they have not

taken either of these steps toward a devaluation in their currencies.

One deterrent must be the fear that any massive change in the value of currencies could so shatter confidence in international finance and money markets as to wreck international trade and bring on a world depression. Second, the windfall benefit would be unevenly distributed among the European powers. France would benefit by far the most, and West Germany, the strongest European power, might fear such a boost to its neighbor's position. Finally, and probably the most important reason for European caution, is that even if Europe were united on this strategy it would probably provoke an open and violent struggle with the United States, which has a tremendous stake in not letting Europe simply buy out investment that has been built up over twenty years, or in allowing Europe to develop the kind of rival economic base which would threaten the profits of U.S. firms.

One weapon the Americans might use, and which they have hinted at, is the countering of a European run on their gold supply by refusing to have anything further to do with gold. According to these quarters, the value of Europe's gold hoards might then *shrink* drastically since only the willingness of the U.S. Government to buy and sell gold at \$35 an ounce keeps the price that high. Lacking that support, it is said, gold's price would sink toward its use value as an industrial metal, estimated by some at less than \$10 an ounce. While Europeans may doubt the ability of the United States to abandon gold, as well as the consequent drop in price if it did, the situation is sufficiently uncertain to signal caution. For one thing, U.S. abandonment of a fixed gold price would mean freely fluctuating exchange rates, which in turn might prove a serious barrier to international trade.

All parties agree that something must be done soon about the precarious situation. The United States sees a long-run solution in the ultimate elimination of gold's role (and implicitly the triumph of the dollar's role) in the world monetary system. In fact, U.S. monetary experts sometimes talk about the gold problem as if it were caused by a psychological hang-up on the part of those who so tenaciously cling to the yellow metal; the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board even refers to it as a “barbarous

relic." The immediate U.S. aim is to push through at the forthcoming International Monetary Fund meetings the tentatively agreed-on creation of IMF special drawing rights (SDRs), sometimes called "paper gold." As for the technology gap, the U.S. position seems to be that Europe is foolish to worry, since U.S. control of European industry will bring with it a rising standard of living. But if Europeans insist on indigenous control of industry, then a "United States of Europe" should be formed, with Great Britain as a key component. (See U.N. Ambassador George Ball, *The Discipline of Power*.)

The European response varies within and among countries, depending largely on particular self-interests, with the French being the most hostile. But there is certainly a general agreement among the Europeans, who for two decades have provided the United States with billions of dollars worth of factories in exchange for millions of ounces of gold, that now is no time to "forget about" this barbarous relic just because it has little "intrinsic" value. (By analogy, the rest of the world might tell the United States to forget about its overseas factories and mines, since its claim to them rests in ownership certificates which are just worthless pieces of paper that cannot even be used to fill teeth; such is the subversive logic of those who would consign gold to the monetary scrap heap.) Europeans must find this U.S. attempt to downgrade gold particularly irritating because twenty-five years ago at the Bretton Woods Conference the United States rejected Keynes's proposal for an analogue of the current "paper gold" plan precisely because it insisted on the supremacy of metallic gold. At that time of course the United States held two-thirds of the world's supply.

As to the immediate financial crises, Europeans also generally agree that the U.S. balance of payments deficit must be reduced as a first step. It now seems clear that, at the historic Basel meeting of last March, where the two-tier gold price system was established and agreement was tentatively reached on the outlines of the SDRs, this agreement was coupled with an understanding that, at a minimum, the United States would not escalate its commitment in Vietnam. But how much additional pressure the European governments would be willing to exert today is not at all clear. The whole Basel package of hastily constructed financial agreements seems so unworkable in the long run as to suggest that it is a stalling tactic on the part of everyone to cool down the situation, while further struggles and bargaining go on behind the scenes. After all, something was necessary at that time, since the international money markets were running wild and panic was rapidly setting in.

Regarding the proposed U.S. solution for overcoming its real economic lead, France at least seems unalterably opposed to letting Great Britain into "Europe," viewing it as a Trojan horse for the Americans. Since France takes this position there is little need for the other European countries to show their hands. (As with many problems involving delicate relations with the United States, de Gaulle serves as a convenient "lightning rod" for other European governments.) In any event, none of the Common Market countries wants Great Britain to come in

without resolution of its sterling problem, which leads back again to the financial crises.

In an ultimate sense the crucial question would seem to be whether European capital is really prepared to slug it out with U.S. capital for supremacy in Europe, and ultimately for a significant position in the underdeveloped world, or whether it is prepared to accept the subordinate role of running the relatively stagnant and less profitable traditional industries such as textiles and steel. Given the rate at which technology is developing, a decision must be made soon before the U.S. lead becomes virtually insurmountable. Undoubtedly there are strong groups within Europe that would be content with a subordinate position. For example, the Belgian steel producer who can have his profits improved by computerization may be eager for IBM to come in with the best equipment available. Again, European executives of U.S. firms, or the indigenous suppliers of these firms, may be eager for further U.S. expansion.

Nevertheless, the Common Market countries have not reached the point (as Great Britain probably has) where their capitalist class as a whole is so weak as to be unwilling to fight for these new markets. Many competent European companies are holding their own in the face of fierce U.S. competition. Moreover, there is beginning a wave of European mergers which can help strengthen their financial ability to move into the new industries. Thus if the European governments felt they had a reasonable chance to pull off the kind of financial coup discussed earlier, they would probably ultimately attempt it.

However, in the last year the financial crisis has so accelerated that the final resolution may no longer lie in the relatively cool and carefully calculating hands of European and U.S. governments, but rather in the hot and recklessly greedy hands of the world's monetary speculators. International finance has become the world's most widespread crap game, with potential quick profits which make the rewards from speculation in cats and dogs on the American Stock Exchange look feeble by comparison. Bets are placed either by selling short on a specific weak currency which might have to be devalued (and can thereby be bought back later at a lower price) or by buying gold in the hope of a universal currency devaluation.

The first case which whetted the appetites of the world's "hot money" gamblers was last fall's successful raid on the British pound, which ended in devaluation. This was not only enormously profitable to the speculators but also showed such speculation to be a favorite sport for a much larger number of people than ever before. A *Wall Street Journal* report (November 22, 1967) neatly captures the flavor of the game:

Some of the boys in Youngstown, Ohio, found the stock market too erratic for their taste last week, so they looked for something safer—like a raid on the British pound sterling.

The group—eight to 10 doctors, lawyers, and other professional men with a sophisticated bent for speculation—made their decision Friday to plunge into the murky waters of international finance. By 2 P.M. (E.S.T.) when the time difference cut short their trading, they had borrowed and sold short 70,000 pounds.

"We thought we'd have time to sell more pounds short

Monday," says one of the group, but Britain's abrupt devaluation Saturday night ended the foray. Selling short 70,000 pounds is small compared to operations of bigger speculators and bear raiders in Continental Europe. But it was enough, with the devaluation, to assure the Ohioans collectively a profit of more than \$23,000 on the \$20,000 cash they put up to go short on sterling valued Friday at nearly \$196,000.

The second round of speculation centered on private purchases of gold in the open market, which this spring drove the price of gold up to \$45 an ounce. Further, it forced the U.S. and European governments to close down their international gold pool which had previously successfully stabilized gold at \$35 an ounce. While gold's price declined to the \$40 level, speculators who had bought at the official support price of \$35 and sold at \$40 realized a few hundred per cent profit on their investment in a short time (most of the money to buy gold is borrowed from banks, thereby "leveraging" the speculator's own money). Since spring, the free market price of gold has been fluctuating around \$40, indicating that speculators still hope for a world-wide devaluation. (So too does the government of South Africa which has been refusing to sell enough gold on the open market to drive the price back to \$35.)

The very activities of monetary speculators can help to make the rumors of world-wide devaluation a self-fulfilling prophecy. For one thing, the difference between the free market price and the official price of gold is a naked index of world confidence in paper moneys. As the gap—which is itself stimulated by speculative buying—gets wider, governments may begin to panic and turn in their dollars to Washington for gold, thereby bringing on a monetary breakdown. Then, as the gap grows smaller, central banks, which can legally cash their dollars for gold through the U.S. Treasury at \$35, may be tempted to resell this gold secretly on the private market, at perhaps \$50

per ounce, and then seek more gold from the United States at \$35. As an economist connected with a European government put it, "There are a lot of crooks around, and some of them are central bankers" (*Wall Street Journal*, March 18).

Finally, in a period of increasing monetary uncertainty, speculators jump on any currency that looks weak, and sell it short. Since this is a game where he who stumbles gets kicked again to keep him down, such speculative pressures can themselves be the deathblow. Any devaluation now of a major currency could force a self-protective chain reaction ending in universal devaluation. This is important because, even after its recent devaluation, sterling is under renewed speculative fire, as is the franc because of the social upheaval in France.

It is interesting that, while the latter event has weakened de Gaulle's position somewhat, the net effect may yet be to hasten a world devaluation. For one thing, the gold which France has lost since its "revolution" has largely filled the coffers of the other European governments, thereby giving them a greater direct stake in an increased gold price. Moreover, if France is forced to devalue (or chooses to act as if it were) this might bring on the world-wide devaluation.

Given the underlying conflicts of U.S. and European interests in the international economy, the upshot of all this wild speculation could turn out to be a chaotic rout for all. Financial markets could collapse, international trade and investment dry up, and internal economies be badly depressed. The growing brinkmanship between the United States and Europe is thus an extremely dangerous game. However, it would not be the first time that nations in pursuit of their "vital interests" have miscalculated and fallen into the crevasse. The events unfolding at the International Monetary Fund meetings in Washington this time will be studied all over the world for clues as to whether we are moving closer to the edge.

POLITICS TOMORROW

THE NEW COALITIONS

WILLIAM L. ABBOTT

Mr. Abbott, who served on the Steering Committee of Volunteers for McCarthy, was Education Director of the United Rubber Workers from 1960 to April, 1968. He is currently a specialist in labor-management education at the University of Hawaii.

The Humphrey victory at the Chicago Democratic convention may well be the last hurrah for the Liberal-Labor-Negro coalition which has served this nation moderately well since the beginning of FDR's New Deal thirty-five years ago. The times are fast changing and younger Americans are looking for a new kind of politics, as the candidacies of McCarthy and Kennedy so well illustrated.

Louis Harris noted "deep undercurrents of change" in

those he polled during the primaries. "Shaping up in this country," he said, "are two new political coalitions: one advocating change and one resisting change." The new coalitions have been created by three major issues. One is the question of Vietnam and America's mission as a world power. This is a moral or conscience issue, as is the second issue of "whether some 20 million black people in this country are going to be able to obtain the freedom to achieve equal status with the whites." The third issue dividing the American people Harris sees as the generation gap. He asserts that youthful nonconformists "now want to change radically the colleges, the Federal Government, the arts and the style of life to meet their contemporary tastes and standards."

Harris groups the "Change Coalition" into "Negroes,

Spanish-speaking and Jewish people, the young, the affluent and educated." The "No-Change coalition" is the "Deep South whites, low income whites in Northern industrial centers, conservative suburbanites and older people."

The old coalitions were based primarily on economic interests and possessed an economic orientation which is missing to a great degree among the affluent middle class, who in the words of Eugene McCarthy want "to be more rather than to have more or use more." This is a qualitative change from the New Deal economic liberal who was preoccupied with the production of material goods. John Kenneth Galbraith said of him: "... production did more than impress the liberal. It became his program, and it established something akin to a monopoly over his mind. . . . Increased production solved, or seemed to solve, all of the social problems of the day." But the new liberal or radical cannot be satisfied by aspiring to things he inherited at birth. Young people never knew the Great Depression; they had no crying need for material possessions so valuable to their fathers; because of the sacrifices their fathers made for them they could now behave in terms of conscience and individual life styles.

These are the people supporting men like Eugene McCarthy. In New Hampshire, McCarthy lost the older voters but carried those under 35 by a 49-to-41 margin. While he lost the high school educated voter, McCarthy won the college educated Democrat by 51 to 42 per cent.

The mathematics of the situation show that the college educated middle class is gaining rapidly in numerical strength and will become the major political factor of the future. Thirty per cent of our total population is now in school and 6,100,000 are in college. College enrollments have increased by 70 per cent since 1960 and they are expected to rise to between 9,700,000 and 11,800,000 by 1985.

The median family income for 1965 was \$6,900 or more than double the figure for 1947. The gains in real income are up by 61 per cent. Those earning more than \$10,000 a year have increased from 7 per cent in 1947 to 25 per cent of the population in 1965.

Thus American society is becoming richer and better educated. The old conservative coalition and the Liberal-Labor-Negro coalition are being held together more or less artificially by the convention actions of the two American political parties.

Richard Nixon is trying to make sure of the no-change group by writing off the black vote and appealing to the white backlash. One illustration of Nixon's potential power is Milwaukee's Polish South Side, which has successfully barred Negroes from the area, and whose residents in 1967 viciously abused Father Groppi and his open-housing marchers when they ventured across the 6th Street Viaduct separating the North from the South Side. In the past, this heavily unionized area has voted solidly Democratic, but neither the unions nor the Democrats may be able to hold the line in an ethnic area of upward striving people who feel the need to look down on somebody lower on the ladder.

A survey of union members by John Kraft showed that

46 per cent of all union members earn between \$7,500 and \$15,000 a year. Nearly 50 per cent are less than 40 years old, and they support the economics of the welfare state by a hefty 3-to-1 margin. However, as far as open housing is concerned, only 43 per cent of these same unionists supported the idea. Nixon is in a position to capture a sizable portion of the labor vote if he can project a more liberal economic image while appearing opposed to social change. He has competition from George Wallace's crusade against "the preachers, the professors, the judges and the newspaper editors who've been looking down their noses at you and telling you they know better than you do how to run your life." Samuel Lubell feels that the Wallace rebellion promises "the same kind of recognition [for the *nouveau riche* redneck] that Al Smith stood for to the Catholics in the 1920s" and that it is "a kin cousin to the militancy of the Negro."

In pure numbers the middle class will replace the working class as the political muscle for the new coalition. So all labor is divided into at least two parts: the conservatives led by George Meany, head of the AFL-CIO, who want to maintain the *status quo* of unionism; and the progressives, led by Walter Reuther, who want change. When labor could unite on economic matters it was indeed a force to be reckoned with. Its Committee on Political Education is at present composed of knowledgeable, able personnel under Al Barkan who must certainly be rated as one of America's most masterful political organizers. But COPE's propaganda strategy is to terrify the union leaders with pictures of what the Republicans will do to unions once they get in power. COPE uses this appeal because it is far and away the most effective one with aging unionists—and the young are not often around to hear the message. But it is a conservative appeal for maintaining things as they are.

Reuther will undoubtedly support Hubert Humphrey, but he has formed with the giant Teamsters union the Alliance for Labor Action which will undertake joint organizing, community and political efforts. On each of these levels cross-fertilization could occur with allies in the change coalition, and unionists who have Reuther's general orientation must (with pleasure, it is hoped) learn to groove with ghetto blacks and middle-class intellectuals.

For a start, communication has to be re-established with the young worker who constitutes about half the entire labor movement and who is in revolt against the labor establishment, expressing his disapproval often irrationally by rejecting many excellent contracts negotiated by his union leadership. But the union means little to him because his values, as a product of affluence, are different. He doesn't appreciate the sacrifices the old-timers made to give him the benefits he takes for granted; he doesn't value pensions and other benefits as glorious gains dearly won. He sees the union clique and wants to know why it is so difficult for young people to get into office. He wants action and he sees an old-timer debating society. He wants an association which will point to a better way of life, and all he hears about is seniority. He is no longer on the job very long and he has become home-centered; he doesn't see the union doing very much for

him in the community arena where his interests are concentrated.

There are also formidable anti-change forces within the house of labor, from George Meany to the union shop steward. While they could join a coalition for economic change, one is not likely to see even the average union leader allied with white intellectuals, student activists and ghetto blacks. A 1963 survey of one of the most forward-looking international unions in the nation showed typical union leaders favoring national economic planning by 61 per cent, National Health Insurance by 82 per cent and school integration by 78 per cent. But 41 per cent believed that Barry Goldwater should be barred as a speaker at union meetings, 36 per cent believed that no Republican should teach social sciences, 48 per cent said that no Socialist should teach social sciences, and 61 per cent would not permit Communists to speak in public at all. Intolerance of dissent has been an unfortunate mark of the labor movement, which still considers itself a garrison holding off hostiles at gun point.

George Meany has set a pattern of intolerance by saying that a meeting of more than 600 labor leaders who met late in 1967 in Chicago to protest American policies in Vietnam was "planned in Hanoi." He had student anti-Vietnam protesters expelled as "kooks" from the San Francisco convention, and in the 1968 Indiana Presidential primary he ignored the vote of the Indiana State AFL-CIO not to endorse any candidate and, according to Walter Reuther, "intervened massively" on behalf of the Administration candidate, Gov. Roger Branigin. The battle scars from such arbitrary actions are bound to endure; labor faces a future of political division.

If labor is no longer united, the Negro is also going through the throes of change. Bayard Rustin, who is on the speaking circuit for the AFL-CIO, urging unionists to forget their differences over Vietnam and support the "Liberal-Labor-Negro coalition" for the sake of survival, has identified himself with the old politics of Hubert Humphrey, so old in fact, that a recent piece of Humphrey campaign literature discussed the Vice President's record and ideas on both foreign and domestic policy and failed to mention the war in Vietnam even once! The old politics means that you gloss over the issues of division and concentrate on those which unite. But what if the issue is a moral one and looms so large it will not go away? Can the politics of a happy face replace the problem?

Something like that happened in civil rights. White liberals and the black middle class combined to preach the gospel of tolerance for other races. Tolerance would lead to understanding, which would lead to brotherhood, which would lead to blissful integration. Organizations like the National Conference of Christians and Jews put on Brotherhood Dinners where whites and blacks smiled politely at each other, and awarded a brotherhood award to a local newspaper publisher who would give them a good play in his paper.

Liberal mayors formed civic unity committees composed of blue-chip citizens who could be counted on not to create unpleasantness. If some troublemaking group like the Congress on Racial Equality complained about police

brutality, the committee would ask the chief of police if his men were brutal. Upon the chief's shocked denial, it would issue a press release saying such slurs on the noble men in blue were completely unfounded.

Conflict was the enemy because it bred disharmony. Liberal programs of urban renewal displaced the blacks of the slums, destroying their community and crowding them into new and worse slums. The War on Poverty scattered some money for the poor to fight over, and 10



The Spirit of '76

million Americans went to bed hungry each night despite the gilded words of the New Deal, Fair Deal, New Frontier and Great Society.

Then in Alabama conflict began and young people rode South as freedom riders. Martin Luther King began to march and young blacks rediscovered manhood as they sat in at lunch counters, faced jail and dogs and cattle prods to win their rights. The U.S. Supreme Court decision desegregating the schools was a sham without local battles and sacrifices to force the white community to obey the law. Civil rights bills lacked muscle on the local level. The old smiling politics of harmony had been used to keep the community power structure unchallenged and undisturbed. No wonder young militants were antagonistic toward their middle-class elders and their white allies. They didn't try to change society by smiling at people and saying "Yassa boss" with a Harvard accent, but built power centers and cultivated their own strength. They went into battle on the battlefield they chose—that of direct action, of confrontation. They built their own community unions, renters unions and cooperative factories. They formed their own associations, not fraternities and sororities like the Negro middle class, aping the worst of the white world. Theirs were associations with concrete identity and militant solidarity.

Many of these young freedom riders had white skins, and as the civil rights movement colored itself more and more black, the whites began to turn their protest against the war in Vietnam. They began to demand more of a voice in the conditions under which they worked, in most

cases, the university. Hippies rejected the life styles of their parents. The neatly groomed organizational man with his two-car garage and picture-window house in suburbia became a despised symbol of the craven age of McCarthyism and conformity.

Above all, the youthful activist was motivated by conscience. He agreed with Henry David Thoreau: "Must a citizen ever for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislator? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterward. . . ." He saw the Vietnamese War in terms of an immoral American attempt to impose its will on a small defenseless country. And he asked why the United States supports right-wing military dictatorships and calls them members of the "free world." All was hypocrisy. And then Sen. Eugene McCarthy challenged President Johnson's war on moral grounds, and politics took on a new dimension for idealistic young people.

Like any social phenomenon, McCarthy's success didn't just miraculously appear, although a number of pollsters, politicians and newsmen probably thought so when the thunderbolt struck. The McCarthy story, which is the rise of the programmatic liberal with a conscience (probably a more apt description than "intellectual"), is an evolutionary one which began with the World War II veteran who returned determined to build a better world.

In Wisconsin in 1946, the Progressive Party voted to join the GOP in a desperate effort to save its leader, Robert M. LaFollette, from defeat. The result was a national catastrophe, because Joseph McCarthy beat LaFollette and knocked out what was left of the old agrarian protest movement. The field was open for a new kind of idealistic urban liberal and, with an indefatigable full-time organizer, Patrick Lucey, this new breed formed the Democratic Organizing Committee to take the party away from bumbling, ineffectual ward-heeling types. Young liberals like Henry Reuss, Gaylord Nelson and William Proxmire read thoughtful papers on social and economic reform to one another, and with the aid of newspapers like the Madison *Capital Times* they began to create a new ideology that was slow in coming to the fore because their kind were still too few in numbers.

In New York City, Reform Democrats began to challenge Tammany Hall. The Independent Voters of Illinois was formed as a liberal alternative to the Chicago Democratic machine. In California, Democratic clubs proliferated and became a liberal focal point. And there were similar developments in other states, Massachusetts for one. The candidacy of Adlai Stevenson served as an important stimulus for the organization of urban liberals throughout the country.

According to James Q. Wilson, who studied Democratic clubs in depth, all had certain common characteristics. Differentiating the "amateur" from the "professional politician," Wilson said: "The amateur politician sees the political world more in terms of ideas and principles than in terms of persons"; whereas "the professional . . . is preoccupied with the outcome of politics in terms of winning or losing. Politics, to him, consists of concrete questions and specific persons who must be dealt with in a

manner that will 'keep everybody happy' and thus minimize the possibility of defeat at the next election." Written in 1962, this statement aptly describes the division between Eugene McCarthy and his supporters and the Johnson-Humphrey consensus.

These "amateurs" are young, well educated, middle class, often highly mobile, and their clubs contain a large percentage of women. Because they deal more in ideas than in personalities they tend to polarize on issues—the liberals going more toward the left and their conservative, well-educated, middle-class counterparts in the Republican Party going more toward the right.

The new liberal believes that political parties should be issue-oriented and internally democratic. Hence, his outrage over the selection of delegates in a state like Pennsylvania where the voters chose McCarthy and the bosses chose Humphrey supporters to go to the convention. The emphasis on "participatory democracy" means more to the new liberal than simple integration into existing institutions; it really means democratic control for the purpose of effecting change.

In 1937, a study of "Steelport" showed that a CIO municipal victory did not mean any fundamental change for the city. Labor wanted more equality of opportunity for upward mobility; it wanted to join the power structure, not to overthrow it. In a rough sense the CIO-PAC of the 1930s was like the Democratic clubs of today—with one big exception: programmatic liberals want to form or enter associations to change fundamentally power relationships and therefore society.

The Lynds' famous study of "Middletown" showed that as the middle class grew in numbers, so did local associations. Lloyd Warner statistically showed that while 72 per cent of the upper class belonged to associations, only 22 per cent of the lower-lower class were represented. The upper classes were joiners because "associations aid them to control the social life of the community."

Because he is middle class, the programmatic liberal builds his associations with the goal of winning control to bring about change. If he cannot have a full say in the party structure, he has his clubs to keep his identity, and power base.

The single, most important factor of 1968 has been the mounting power of the educated middle class. Because its sets of values differ from the values of those who guide the old Liberal-Labor-Negro coalition, it must form a dynamic new coalition with union dissenters, black-power organizations, and young people. Called "mean" and accused of using "rule-or-ruin tactics," by the partisans of the old coalition, the men and women of the New Politics are pointing to present-day realities: the younger and more educated Democratic voter prefers the style of a Kennedy or McCarthy to a Johnson or Humphrey, and the American population is becoming younger and better educated every day. The census is on the side of the new liberals.

The old coalition is too badly split ever to be revived as economic liberals oppose liberals of conscience, union conservatives oppose union progressives, Negroes oppose blacks. The professional politician will make overtures in

the way Gov. John Burns did when he asked the Hawaii Volunteers for McCarthy to support whatever Democratic team the convention selected because, as he said, the worst Democrat was better than the best Republican. The McCarthyites had a mass meeting and decided to enter the Democratic Party as a separate entity, running their own candidates, and keeping their organization on a permanent basis as the voice of new liberalism in the Pacific.

It would be a disaster if those organizations formed to support New Politics candidates disbanded or allowed themselves to be used by the old political machines. Even when campaigning for established candidates, the organization should insist on its separate identity. One very practical reason for such an action is that official party organizations are hollow shells whose patronage-centered adherents haven't pounded a pavement in the precincts for years, if indeed they ever did. And labor usually has to pay lost time to its political troops to get them into the wards. The manpower this year has come from the McCarthy-Kennedy organizations, and the more these new liberals see how they can get volunteers to work, the more inclined they may be to take over the party. This is al-

ready beginning to happen in Michigan, where irate McCarthyites are out to capture county Democratic units and have succeeded in doing so in Lansing.

A more feasible alternative to a new party would be a National Democratic Organizing Committee, possibly headed by McCarthy manager Pat Lucey who performed some genuine political miracles in Wisconsin. This is something that the UAW-Teamsters political alliance could eventually join, whereas a new party might be too far out for members of this union bloc to accept. A national Democratic Organizing Committee would coordinate all New Politics groups and help them keep their identity; it would also serve to weld together the new coalition of the fast-growing liberal middle class, the labor dissenters from the George Meany establishment, and the restless and angry racial, linguistic and economic minority groups.

Thoreau had a word of advice for this situation: "A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its own weight." And we're not even sure we are the minority any more!

LETTERS (Continued from page 258)

filed somewhere in the vast labyrinth of the Pentagon never to see the light of day again. . . .

Vern L. Bullough, Professor of History
San Fernando Valley State College

make peace, not hate

Altamont, Tenn.

DEAR SIR: The peace movement in this country seems to be falling into the hands of certain reactionary elements of the so-called New Left. Is there no way we can eliminate the obscurities of the "Americong" and other such hate mongers from our cause? . . .

As far as I can determine, the purpose of the peace movement is peace. However small the chances are of achieving this—and chances are very small indeed—is our purpose advanced by showing how much we hate this country? What is possibly gained by showing that policemen, too, are violent? Hell, that's their job. At least, that's what they are told their job is.

One thing is certain: you will never convince Americans that the Vietnamese War is horribly wrong by carrying "enemy" flags. . . . Would it not be better to carry American flags, if we need carry any at all? What would happen if thousands of Americans carried our flag in a march on Washington or any place else? Would the police dare attack people carrying American flags?

But I forget, the New Left does not want peace, they want revolution. So we must suffer it.

Leslie V. Tischer

new bricks

Ithaca, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: Readers of the article "Lobster Land: A Traveler in China" by Alberto Moravia [*The Nation*, Aug. 19] might be interested in knowing that one of the most prominent and influential modern Chinese writers met the problem of the Great Wall in much the way Mr. Moravia might wish. In regard to the importance of this writer, the fol-

lowing is a quote from Mao Tse-tung: "All Communists, all revolutionaries, all revolutionary literary and art workers should learn from the example of Lu Hsun . . ."

This is the short thought of Lu Hsun:

Our wonderful Great Wall!

This engineering feat has left its mark on the map, and is probably known to everyone with any education the whole world over.

Actually, all it has ever done is work many conscripts to death—it never kept out the Huns. Now it is merely an ancient relic, but its final ruin will not take place for a while, and it may even be preserved.

I am always conscious of being surrounded by a Great Wall. The stonework consists of old bricks reinforced at a later date by new bricks. These have combined to make a wall that hems us in.

When shall we stop reinforcing the Great Wall with new bricks?

A curse on this wonderful Great Wall!

Lawrence H. Ravlin

cheap laugh

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR: Citing titles without discussing contents is a common practice of opponents of research and scholarship, both in the Congress and outside. It is a cheap way to gain a laugh, perhaps, and to score a point. Having subscribed to *The Nation* for twenty-two years, I am surprised to find this same technique now used in its pages. If Mr. Roszak [review of *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, *The Nation*, Aug. 19] knows the works he mentions to be trivial, it is because he has examined their contents, not their labels. He ought to know that trivial and even meretricious research in the social sciences and humanities often carries the most resounding titles. One wonders if, coming upon it by title only and for the first time, *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* might not receive the same scorn.

Dell Hymes, Professor of Anthropology
University of Pennsylvania

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Is There an Ethic in the House?

THE CASE AGAINST CONGRESS: A Compelling Indictment of Corruption on Capitol Hill. By Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson. Simon & Schuster. 473 pp. \$5.95.

ABOVE THE LAW: The Rise and Fall of Senator Thomas J. Dodd. By James Boyd. The New American Library. 352 pp. \$6.50.

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of *The Un-Americans* (Ballantine).

There is something old-fashioned about concern with the venality of Congress. Even the rhetoric of this concern is a weary echo of yesterday's futile crusades: "lobbies," "corrupt practices," "special interests," "a public office is a public trust." These issues have largely exhausted American liberalism. After all, it is now sixty years since the publication of David Graham Phillips' *Treason of the Senate*, forty-three years since the passage of the still unamended and now obsolete Corrupt Practices Act, and twenty-two years since the enactment of the Lobbying Act, a statutory placebo, comforting but ineffective. A long time in which the basic evils of corrupt politics have continued to fester. And the new radicalism, swirling in the immensities of history, could hardly care less about the debauchery of Congress by big money. Why belabor the obvious?

Yet the problem irresistibly thrusts itself upon us. The tradition of Jacksonian grab has always burned brightly in Congress. Today's venality, if less crude than that of the past, is more dangerous because it is becoming institutionalized. The struggle to influence the decision-making processes is conducted by powerful private interest groups whose ties to government are multiplying at the very time that disillusionment with the political process is spreading. Politics has become big business; campaign spending in this year's national and local elections is expected to reach \$250 million. To an extent only vaguely grasped by most Americans, the electoral process has become the pawn of powerful special interests, the "big donors."

Beyond this, the campaign contribution is the key that opens the door to legislative largess, the *lingua franca* of

the influence seeker. It is an ideal instrument because it masks the purchase of legislative power as the exercise of a civic duty. It is legitimized by the fiction that the contributor is an altruist and the contribution a *quid* for which no *quo* is expected to return. (How Phillips raged against this fiction in *Treason of the Senate*? "Who pays the big election expenses of your congressman . . . ? The bulk of the money for the 'political trust' comes from 'the interests.' . . . Do you imagine those who foot those huge bills are fools? Don't you know that they make sure of getting their money back, with interest, compound upon compound?")

Supplementing the campaign contributions are other equally safe ways of persuading the reluctant or rewarding the cooperative law maker: testimonial dinners, legal fees, honorariums for lectures and speeches (a lecture bureau in Washington specializes exclusively in booking legislators), office expense funds, poker winnings, insurance and real estate commissions, jobs for relatives and outright gifts of money, goods or services (the use of corporate aircraft, for example).

Paralleling the once unique structure of oil politics, which protects the oil depletion allowance by subsidizing the campaigns of Southern Congressional candidates and lightening the burden of their needy colleagues elsewhere, defense industries are parlaying local jobs together with campaign contributions and related forms of persuasion distributed through subcontractors strategically selected for their influence on key legislators into super-hawkish, self-perpetuating baronies of privilege which thwart Congressional opposition to the Administration's Vietnamese policy.

Theoretically, this one-sided access to Congressional power (the average voter of course cannot make the kind of contribution which would insure his access to legislative power) is banned by statutes outlawing corporate and labor union contributions to federal election campaigns. But this prohibition is a huge joke; corporations and unions routinely evade the law and are solicited to evade it. And corporations regularly cooperate with candidates and campaign committees in dodges which compound their law violations by disguising their contributions as tax-deductible business expenses. The campaign contribution breeds deception and hypocrisy because it forces the

legislator to handle money the origin of which he cannot officially acknowledge. As the late Phillip Graham, publisher of *The Washington Post*, put it:

We force the able man entering public life to launch his career with an initial act of blatant hypocrisy, and to endure this indignity every time he runs again. Even putting the best possible face on the situation, it can be described only as morally squalid, ethically shocking and spiritually revolting.

The Bobby Baker, Powell and Dodd cases have renewed public concern with legislative corruption. The question of campaign subsidies has now been officially recognized as a problem in Executive and Senatorial proposals for democratizing campaign financing as well as in a proposed updating of the Corrupt Practices Act. We have even finally seen the emergence this spring of ethics codes for both chambers.

Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson have indeed made a *Case Against Congress*. Their devastating and timely indictment is the fruit of three decades of crusading exposé journalism. Leading representatives of our militant muckraking tradition and the authorities on Congressional corruption, they have made of it a lively journalistic speciality through their *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, a column syndicated in more than 600 newspapers with an estimated readership of 40 million.

Stiff with names, dates and facts, their book is an encyclopedia of the use of legislative power for private purposes. The authors' gusto carries them over an enormous territory which includes: abuse of privilege, conflicts of interest, the operations of the military-industrial, oil, banking and savings and loan, medical, drug, real estate and housing, transportation, communications, farm and other lobbies; the pay-offs disguised as legal fees, the armed services' lobby of legislators who "double in brass" as commissioned reserve officers; the irresistible power of the pork barrel; the foreign aid and sugar quota lobbyists and their Congressional collaborators and the honorarium racket.

But their angry sweep of the field—a Populist outrage that grabs the reader by the lapels and never lets go—inevitably results in a distortion in scale. The authors never distinguish between the goose and common stealers, between

the petty cheaters who enrich or indulge themselves by converting to their own use the perquisites of office, and the "respectable" institutionalized corruption of the decision-making process in vital areas of our national life by venal legislators, many of whom would never stoop to stealing geese. (The anonymous 18th-century epigram protesting the Enclosure Act reads: "The law doth punish man or woman/That steals the goose from off the common,/But sets the greater felon loose/That steals the common from the goose.")

No matter—it isn't hard to separate out of this God's plenty the "greater felon" from the lowly buck chaser. Top billing, of course, goes to Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, the Prince Charming whose kiss finally awakened the Senate's sleeping conscience. Other case histories include Congressman (now Judge) Multer's exploitation of his position on the House Banking Committee to accept legal fees for services to building and loan associations, plus his fees from organizing a Swiss-style bank and lottery in Bermuda in evasion of the U.S. laws, and from real estate deals and the ground-floor purchase of banking stock; Senator Dirksen's profitable love affair with the drug industry, sealed by campaign contributions; Adam Powell's junketing, expense account and payroll manipulations—(vitruvian goose stealing condemned by a committee which included some seasoned common heisters); the recently retired Texas Congressman Rogers' passion for the communications and advertising industries; the offer to Congressman Mike Kirwan of a job for his son, to induce him to change his mind and authorize, after an initial rejection, a \$91 million dredging project for the benefit of U.S. Steel; and the labors of the late millionaire oilman, Senator Kerr (who most resembles the magnificent Senatorial spoilsman of the 19th century) on behalf of the oil depletion allowance.

These heavies and a half dozen others are presented in detailed biographical sketches; Dodd's and Dirksen's are especially revealing. The authors use the same technique to demonstrate the relationship between corruption and the power of committee chairmen, automatically elevated by seniority to posts for which they are unfit.

The full treatment is also accorded a group of super lobbyists and operators including Clark Clifford (the Defense Secretary emerges as a man of formidable talent; in the 1960 election he "sat solemnly at the strategy councils of the three leading Presidential contenders, advising each how to wrest the nomination from the other two") and Julius Klein, Dodd's Rasputin.

A survey of lawyer-legislators illumi-

nates a highly important area of Congressional corruption—the use of legal fees to reward legislative favors. Of the 535 members of Congress, more than 300 are lawyers and many of them continue an active practice while serving in Congress, or draw income from their firms. The authors' study of fifty law firms with Congressional partners concludes that clients are "the vested interests of America: the banks, insurance companies, gas and oil interests, great corporations."

The authors have somehow overlooked my favorite lawyer-legislator, Sen. Sam Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina, the Claghorn's Hammurabi. Senator Ervin is a member of the Judiciary Committee, whose jurisdiction includes the courts and qualifications of judges. No labor expert, Ervin nevertheless accepted a retainer from a perennial federal labor violator for a 1964 Supreme Court argument of a case involving the law's meaning. He received a fee for his services, a violation of the spirit, if not the letter of the Corrupt Practices Act.

He subsequently defended himself against criticism for this conflict of interest by pointing to the example of Sen. Daniel Webster, but neglected to mention that Webster's legislative venality on behalf of his private clients is a well-documented part of the historical record: Webster charged the Second Bank of America for his legislative services in support of a charter renewal measure and asked the bank's president, Nicholas Biddle, to burn his correspondence. After Ervin lost the case in the Supreme Court, he conducted a hostile investigation of the Court's alleged violation of the separation of powers principle and is now leading the fight against the confirmation of Abe Fortas as Chief Justice, and continuing his attack on the Court under the banner of constitutional purity.

Ervin's citation of historical precedent is part of an extensive canon of Congressional self-justification whose modern Urquell is Nixon's 1952 "Checkers" speech in defense of his slush fund. The most common ploys: the charges are the work of political enemies, especially the Reds (Rivers even blamed Pearson's grave charges against him on the ADA); the legislator had no knowledge that the challenged conduct was wrong; everybody does it—why pick on me; the money was accepted without strings and thus gave the recipient the means to stay honest by refusing more compromising offers; George Washington had a stepson on his staff at Yorktown (Senator Yarborough in defense of his nepotism). Junketing, an abuse which generates the most diverting excuses, has been defended on the ground, among others, that it is "broadening" (even for lame ducks). Racist District of Columbia

Chairman McMillan, a tireless foe of self-government for the District, justifies his trips to Paris on the ground that he wants to understand how urban self-government works in the event that the District (over his dead body) attains that status.

Since 1951, concerned members of both Houses have pressed for ethical codes only to be systematically frustrated by parliamentary ruses or the insistence that further study is needed. At the root of much of the resistance is the myth that the legislator has a part-time job, that he is a modern Cincinnatus who has dropped the plow after spring planting, rushed off to Washington on his horse, planning to return home for the harvesting. It is his private activity which assertedly makes him a true representative of his constituency, a notion which is at odds with the legislator's spiraling responsibilities, his lengthening political life expectancy, the amount of his compensation and his steadily improving pension rights.

Those who insist that the legislator's right to make a buck on the side is integral to his function are equally adamant in resisting financial disclosure requirements which might illuminate con-

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flicts of interest. They complain, as Pearson and Anderson tell us, "it's not fair to deprive constituents of a voice on a vital issue simply because their elected Representative has a stake in it himself."

The Code of Ethics finally adopted by the Senate is a pathetic confession of failure. The House code is an improvement over the Senate's but still falls far short of what is realistically required. And apart from the substantive weaknesses of both codes, it is questionable whether either chamber can effectively police itself through its own committees.

Such housekeeping responsibilities are traditionally delegated to Snopesish clubby types, past masters of the art of not making waves. The collective cover-up is an indelible part of the folkways of both chambers which operate on the

principle that the sin is not in cheating but in getting caught. Self-policing is defeated by the prevailing bipartisan "guild ethics" (the *schlock* ethics of Senatorial courtesy), a reluctance to alienate voting support by challenging practices which are widespread, and by the fear of reprisal. Each chamber can point to its official scourges. Catos who specialize in denouncing goose theft. They are the ritualistic budget shearers for whom the evil of corruption is not so much moral as fiscal.

The Dodd case illuminates the extraordinary tenderness of the Senate toward its own. The Stennis committee held no hearing until six months after the Dodd charges were aired—and then only because of the pressures generated by Pearson and Anderson. The charges and hearing ignored the documented evidence

of Dodd's wholesale acceptance of "gifts" from persons and interests he was charged with investigating on the curious ground that censurable misconduct "might be difficult to prove" because "questions of judgment" were involved. In short, it embraces the thesis of the "quid without a quo," even though uncontradicted evidence showed that Dodd gave full value to his benefactors.

In its zeal to confine the case to the narrowest possible grounds, the Stennis committee even refused to act on any conduct which might also constitute a law violation. As James Boyd puts it, "The committee adopted the curious position that when a violation of ethics turned out to be so serious as to constitute a violation of law, the Senate must cease to pursue it."

The committee was content to characterize Dodd's squalid manipulation by Julius Klein as "indiscreet." With an eye to its own interests, it even took care to denounce the four employees whose disillusionment had led them to turn over incriminating documents to Pearson and Anderson. And the whole Senate could not bring itself to uphold the double-billing ground of censure—although the documentary record showed a pattern of even triple billing. (What a contrast to the treatment and punishment of Powell both by the investigating committee and the House—a difference that can only be explained by the special lust that inflames influential sections of the House whenever it is confronted with claimed wrong-doings by blacks. And when Powell was re-elected last year, more than 130 Congressmen demanded that he be prosecuted for the acts for which he was originally excluded and, indeed, the report of the Celler committee contemplated the possibility of such dual punishment.)

Dodd committed the deadliest of all of the legislative sins—the sin of excess. What the Senate establishment feared most was that Dodd's greedy overreaching would endanger its own questionable practices; would in its view,

*Break ope the locks o' th' Senate, and
bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.*

James Boyd's account of the Dodd affair is well written and sensitive. Boyd, Dodd's former administrative assistant who blew the whistle on the Senator, tells his dramatic story with admirable fairness and balance. This is a curiously gentle, almost impersonal, book, wholly free of the strident self-justification which frequently mars the disclosures of the disillusioned defector. For Boyd, an inspiring father figure failed him—an experience to which he responds with grief. But those readers who are familiar with Dodd's background are not likely to

THE VENTRILOQUIST

(In Memory of J.P.)

*Four years ago, dear old ventriloquist,
Your outcast voice, as pickled as von Zell's,
Buzzed chandelier, bounced off the hamster cage,
Balked, cracked, and broke out cackling
From your frozen daiquiri
To charm my daughter toward your dentures propped
Across the room (The posh part of the skull!),
An eerie death piece on the radio.*

*Before it died your throat had such control
That my ears now can't tell who's listening.
Today, they say, this foxglove in the park
Tells me your father couldn't understand
Why marriage was for you against the law.
One orange poppy, overweight, intones:
I drank to get myself away from me.
A model sailboat whispers: Cutty Sark . . .
Hart Crane and I loved crew cuts, liked to park,
Liked green, long, sun, deep, seals, beds, loved the dark.*

*Comes then from a motel in Florida—
Via this bobbing lily or the gills
Of some deep-feeder sheephead, carp—
Your last cast as the final unclear sound
Your body must have tried to make your voice
Become its echo, emptying the tub
Of all but what remains. Found you that way.
Still buoyant, said the clerk: your belly
Full of blood, the doctor said, internal
Hemorrhage; no teeth in your head.
They too submerged beside an empty bed.*

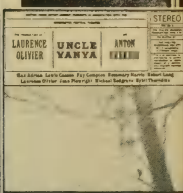
*Dear lonely creature, kind ventriloquist,
You had a trick of playing with your mouth
Right to the end—I hear it in this park,
Tuning me in before you flew down South,
Speak through the blighted chestnut: Was a lark.*

ROBERT HUFF

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view the Senator's disgrace as a Great Fall; he is closer to the stage of Arthur Miller than of Sophocles.

If there is bitterness in the book, it is only toward the smug lords of the Senate who took such pains to screw the lid on the case and to avoid issues which might broaden into a demand for basic reform. In the meantime, the law-enforcement agencies (the Internal Revenue Service and the Department of Justice) whose superior claims gave the Stennis committee a pretext for limiting its charges, seem to have lost interest in the whole affair. The Senator has announced his intention to run again in 1970 and predicts an easy victory.

These books sour faith in representative government. They should be especially depressing to the pluralists among our political scientists who argue that out of the interplay of contending interest-centered private groups emerges a self-regulating politics that is rational and just and what's more delivers us

from the asserted horrors of mass movements and extremism threatened by a politics based on the public interest. The books demonstrate that corruption is a handmaiden of pluralist politics because private interest-centered groups buy power for a price which is determined by intergroup competition in the influence market.

Can the dispossessed who are now clamoring for inclusion in the decision-making process achieve their objectives without the capital needed to buy access to legislative power? It is not too farfetched to propose that their leader-lobbyists be supplied by the government with slush funds sufficient to buy the favor of powerful legislators. Think how the heartbreak of Resurrection City might have been avoided by campaign contributions where they could "do the most good." Maybe a huge testimonial dinner tendered by the poor to selected key committee chairmen could even now do some good.

they are, there's not going to be anything to apologize about. What we are, we're going to wait with on this whole trip."

The world divided into those who have had the experience and were *out front* and were *on the bus*—and those who hadn't, and weren't.

In 1964 that \$1,500 bus was wired so sophisticatedly that inside you could record outside, and vice versa, broadcast over, replay it instantly and, frantically, cut the variable time lag between past action and present sense of it to one-thirtieth of a second. Was it fun? Wow! Did they feel bad about Stark Naked, poor gal, going stark raving mad from a bad trip? No! Didn't they later learn to give someone having a bad trip Total Attention, to sympathize, feel with her, and thus bring her out? Wasn't it, in fact, like being in a rolling, drug-induced state of Esalen-type group therapy, a roaring, joyous, record-breaking, mind-sharing, group-feeling Marathon Encounter? Yes, it was very much like that.

Day-Glo & Light Nights

THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST. By Tom Wolfe. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 413 pp. \$5.95.

JOEL LIEBER

Mr. Lieber's latest novel is *Move!* A new novel. The Chair, will be published early next year (both David McKay).

No atheist can properly understand or really explain the belief of a thoroughgoing believing Catholic: that's what I thought when I read Albert Goldman on rock music in *New American Review* #3 and Benjamin DeMott on the same subject in *The New York Times Magazine*. You can't get across the emotional, body-responding, Dionysian, mentally charged thing with the kind of erudite academese they brought to the subject—even though they were intellectually accurate in most of their explanations. The rock movement and the scene it grew out of—drugs, hippies, dropping out—is anti-intellectual. Its emphasis is on feeling, on the physical and the sensual.

What Tom Wolfe has done in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* is come as close as seems possible, with words, at re-creating the entire mental atmosphere of a scene in which one's understanding is based on feeling rather than verbalization. His book on Ken Kesey and the origins of the psychedelic movement is nonfiction told as experimental fiction; it is a genuine feat and a landmark in reporting style.

Kesey—a small-town boy from Ore-

gon, most likely to succeed in high school, athlete, actor and diamond-in-the-rough novelist (*Sometimes A Great Notion* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, both Viking)—was introduced to drugs in 1959. He was paid \$75 a day to take drugs experimentally at the Veterans Hospital in Menlo Park, Calif. Although the doctors treated him like a laboratory animal, Kesey discovered that he was no longer shut off from the world, that doors opened in his mind that he never knew existed; he found "intuitively that, he experienced the, well, it was difficult to put into words."

A clique gathered around him, the Merry Pranksters, and he became its spiritual navigator. He felt himself becoming a superhero, charismatic leader, mythological chieftain, fabulist, wizard. The group pushed further on; they bought an old school bus, wired it with sound and movie equipment, and took off with 400-horsepower energy, with tons of elaborate Ampex recording equipment, movie projectors, gallons of Day-Glo paint and, of course, whatever drug or chemical made them feel more intensely, more magically the "things" of themselves and mid-20th-century America they had previously been closed to.

Everybody went "right out front" on that bus. He could say: "I'm sorry I kicked you in the ass, but I'm not sorry I'm an ass-kicker. That's what I do, I kick people in the ass." Everybody is going to be what they are, whatever

What started out as being a fun trip became a mission and the mission became a religion, a religion totally dedicated to *Now*, the ecstasy of living in the present. It was a devotion to capturing the unknown present experience exemplified by the desire to "wire the place so you can hear a flea fart." Kesey became the prophet, experiencing that prophetic flash of ecstasy just like Saul on the road to Damascus, Mohammed near Mecca. It wasn't that, in breaking with life's ordinary pursuits, Kesey was coming on as an "ethical prophet of conduct." Rather, he was an exemplary prophet, his own life an example for his followers. And his followers developed their own symbols, vocabulary, cultic practices, art forms and music—an entire life style.

On they roared, alert, alive—Neal Cassady monologuing while flipping sledge hammers, the others catching and throwing rubber balls to prove their competence, recording themselves and America's gas-station attendants. The Pranksters visited Leary at Millbrook and laughed at the group. They had turned their backs and were living in the dead past, in a meditative 3,000-year-old thing on some hillside in India; but *we're* alive, *now*, in mid-20th-century, neon-plastic-chrome-electronic America, and it's fantastic!

They were uninterested in the standard intellectual pursuits, in books, movies and politics. They spiked a Vietnam Day parade. They were the first to rediscover and dig Hermann Hesse's legendary trip, *Journey to the East*. And Kesey, footing the bill for everything, spent \$103,000 of his own money on Intrepid Trips, Inc. Along the way they

got busted on possession-of, played at zany Chaplinesque cops-and-robbers chases, got through to the Hell's Angels, and influenced the Beatles' music (Wolfe clearly suggests that the Beatles got to Sgt. Pepper via their California-born LSD experiences and that they plagiarized the Magical Mystery Tour bus idea from Kesey's Day-Glo bus trip.)

The Acid Tests themselves—orgies of strobos, dancers, projectors, drugs, acid-rock music, amplifiers and sound mixers—turned the world onto their discoveries, introduced the styles and cults that became the Haight-Ashbury era of 1966, setting all the styles of hippies, psychedelia, and the whole anti-cerebral Probation Generation.

Kesey, felon and fugitive, slips in and out of Mexico, is chased by the *federals* and the FBI, appears and disappears like the Scarlet Pimpernel, finally emerging again but only after internal friction and cruelly directed Acid Tests have crumbled the Pranksters' oncemystical unity. I'm going further, said this new Kesey, beyond jail and beyond drugs, without drugs, to . . . where? It's not clear, he doesn't quite say, and either Kesey is keeping it a secret or he

said it and Wolfe didn't understand it.

One finishes the book, wondering: who was Ken Kesey? Did Wolfe quote Kesey enough, really analyze the man who brought middle-class kids to hippiedom and psychedelia? I think not. Somehow, Wolfe's amazing gifts of perception fell short of capturing Kesey. And beyond being "a madonna of the hill country," who was Kesey's wife, Faye, and how did she feel about sharing him with Mountain Girl and Black Maria? How do their children fare living in this world of the ecstatic present? Never a word about it. Couldn't the book have been 100 pages shorter? Yes, yes, YES:: :::: as Wolfe would say.

But you get excited reading this history. Its words reach as close to the feverishness of the thing itself as possible. The Pranksters recorded and preserved their own images and actions and pandemonium; then Wolfe, the Contemporary Historian, recorded that pandemonium, using such equipment as word-of-mouth, tapes, movies, letters and his own eyes and ears, probably some drugs, a sense of wonder and empathy and of life, and a beautiful, special kind of talent.

A Genius for Unsavoryness

SOREN KIERKEGAARD: JOURNALS & PAPERS. *Translated and edited by Howard V. Hong and Edna H. Hong.* Indiana University Press. Vol. 1. 539 pp. \$15.

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches at Columbia University.

It is no longer necessary to defend Kierkegaard, or to apologize for still another translation of his work into English. Thirty years after Walter Lowrie's first courageous efforts on his behalf, Kierkegaard is no longer debatable. The National Book Award is given to his translators; at a proper age (no later than adolescence), we are taught a healthy familiarity with his favorite words: existence, anxiety, the absurd. To be sure, his language is often eccentric, his style arrogantly complicated at times, and his feud with Hegel (or a ghost of Hegel) costly because of all the exhausting terminology he takes over from his enemy. But one is willing to forgive Kierkegaard these blemishes. He has a place on our cultural family tree: one of those who stirred the life force, and in his own angry way helped give birth to what (and how) we value.

Yet the more I read this interesting

new edition of his journals and papers, the more I would like to defend Kierkegaard. Not his curious mastery of style or the genius he had for conceptualizing his own (and our) most difficult experiences. Here Kierkegaard needs no defending.

I would prefer, rather, to defend his unsavoryness, his unusual gift for being disagreeable. I would like to remember the many times I have found him to be an irascible, cruelly brilliant man who worked at suffering the way some men work at making money: day and night, especially if there was a prospect of making others as ill at ease in their lives as he couldn't help but be in his. Often enough I find myself giving in to the temptation that Kierkegaard himself dangled willfully in front of all eyes: the temptation to taunt him; to laugh at his ridiculous trouser legs and his ruthless polemical mind. Kierkegaard did not think that he was easy to get along with. If anyone found him so, and there were indeed few, he was apt to think the man a fool.

The passages in his Journal which deal with his betrothal to Regina, for example (they are not included in this first volume of the present edition), are almost unbearable. When Kierkegaard was in his mid-20s he fell in love with Regina

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Olsen, the very young daughter of an acquaintance. Following several months of surprising happiness, during which time he was engaged to Regina, Kierkegaard became convinced that the affair was a mistake. He loved the girl but felt, compulsively, that he could never make her happy: that life with him would indeed be a hell. The impossibility of marriage obsessed him. He came to think of himself as a kind of cripple, calling this inability to lead a normal life his "thorn in the flesh." The affair was a torment to Kierkegaard, and in the Journal it becomes a torment to the reader, as slowly Kierkegaard begins to chide Regina for being weak and sentimental; for lowering herself on at least one occasion when she actually begged him

to return. In the end he hits upon a fine plan to "detach" Regina from him. He lets it be known in Copenhagen that he is an unscrupulous playboy. Every night for a year he shows up at all the fashionable theatres, and intimates to Regina how much he values his erotic freedom, though perhaps some day, when he is tired, he may settle down with a young girl.

That he chose to suffer so much and to inflict suffering in the name of his spiritual integrity is rare and admirable. I have no doubt. But it cannot be waved aside as an eccentricity of genius. In this affair Kierkegaard was a cad: not only did he humiliate Regina and her family but the Journal betrays a curious fascination with the power his decision gave him over the young girl. An unwholesome business to say the least. Yet it is worth mentioning, for Kierkegaard, in one form or another, made it the subject of his most popular works: *Either/Or*, *Fear and Trembling*, *Repetition*. The affair with Regina established a pattern for his life which he repeats and conceptualizes into his most characteristic philosophy.

It is a philosophy of the disagreeable; a philosophy of discomfort; and the word he used to express the discomfort—*anxiety*—has become part of our household vocabulary. "Anxiety is the first reflex of possibility," he tells us; loneliness and above all disagreement are like spiritual talismans. The important thing is to live accused, and to deserve the accusation: for "only a person who is bitten by men becomes an apostle." When there is no one to revile your quirky (by public standards) behavior, it is a sign that, in all probability, you have sold your soul.

Several years before his death, in the midst of a single-handed polemic against the entire establishment of the Danish church, he noted in the Journal: "Action expressing personal integrity never makes a hit at the time; instead it offends people. But when twenty years have gone by, for example, and the person is still living, and if by this time he has also become a windbag, then he is recognized for that action. But only on the condition that by this time he has become a windbag, for otherwise he will be about to initiate new character-action and so recognition fails to appear."

Kierkegaard was no windbag. He took his precautions, and knew how to discourage anyone who was tempted to admire him too frankly, without the discomfort which he felt was inseparable from self-discovery. In his literary style, he developed the art of ironical obscurity, partly because of the obsessive reticence he felt about revealing his thoughts and

emotions, and partly (as he intimates above) by design, in accordance with his theory of "indirect communication": a policy of skillful annoyance destined to keep the reader disoriented, and at least partly convinced of his own stupidity. In this anxious condition, the *coup de grâce* of spiritual insight can be administered with verve and rhetorical elegance. But in his life also, Kierkegaard observed the uncomfortable policy of keeping people at a distance, just far enough away to revile him, to "bite" him as he says. "It seems to be forgotten that to be an author is action"; and that to maintain the flow of action one must "gesticulate with his entire personal existence." To prevent one's ideas from being "taught" and "recognized," one must rub the entire world of readers the wrong way, fascinating them, and drawing them, thought by thought, suffering by suffering, into knowledge of themselves. This was Kierkegaard's life project, but it was also his character. He chose to wield his "thorn in the flesh" and to draw blood with it. And he succeeded.

I would not have liked to live with Søren Kierkegaard; and I'm not sure I'd have wanted him as a friend. I must admit that when he talks about the courage of "isolation" and the purgative virtues of anxiety, there are times when I feel like going to a movie. I admit also to other days when the uneasy humility Kierkegaard induces feels all too much like a necessary touch. Surely he understood more about "isolation," and the secret landscape of "inwardness" (another word he taught us to use), than any man of his century.

One is therefore glad—and a bit impatient—that a very ample selection from Kierkegaard's papers and journals is at last being published in English. When the present edition is complete it will run to five volumes. The translation itself is lively and remarkably faithful to the range of styles (from clumsy to incisive to elegant) which characterizes Kierkegaard, especially in his voluminous private writings. The Honges have resisted the temptation to smooth over Kierkegaard's notations, remaining faithful to the spirit he himself assigned to the Journals: "to let the thoughts come forth with the umbilical cord of the original mood, and to forget as much as possible all regard for their possible use. . . ." The result is vigorous, and as engaging as Kierkegaard allowed himself to be, even in private.

I was disconcerted, however, by the Honges' decision to group the material of the Journal and Papers not chronologically but according to subject matter. This first volume, for example, goes

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alphabetically from "Abstract, Abstraction" to "The Extraordinary, The Exception." The others will follow suit, and the final volume will group entries related to Kierkegaard's personal life. There is no doubt that such an arrangement is useful in many ways, especially to readers who are already quite familiar with Kierkegaard. What we have is a vast encyclopedia of Kierkegaardiana. When in doubt, flip open the dictionary of Kierkegaard's private mind; avoid the discomfort of a meandering, chaotic, multi-threaded discourse.

I do not mean to quarrel with the Hongs's choice of subject headings, or with their selection of the material to go under each heading. They have labored with delicacy, grasping the many notes of complication which Kierkegaard introduces endlessly into his thoughts. But, in the end, they have given us *their* Kierkegaard. Between us and the difficult, perhaps disorderly self-invention of the man, they have interposed their own admittedly worthy, understanding.

I would have preferred to be alone with Kierkegaard, painful as that sometimes is. To be exasperated by his coyly involute sentences, shocked into recognition by his sudden pathetic brilliance; happy to discover for myself the interruptions and innovations which the man came upon in the daily work of his own idiosyncrasy. True the chronology is often difficult to establish, but surely no more difficult than this division into subject headings which, at best, is an affair of opinion since any number of items could, with perfect ease, fit into half a dozen of the categories.

The very idea of a Journal, no matter how conceptualized and apparently distant from life it may be, implies disorder, tentativeness. There is, after all, a pleasure which disorder procures for us, and it was a pleasure Kierkegaard did not feel ashamed to give himself as he recorded his vanishing moods and reflections. Such, we may say, is the shape of our mind: it is not pretty, but understanding grows from it, and I am planted in it for better and for worse. That is the pleasure the Hongs have chosen not to give us in their edition of Kierkegaard. To recall Kierkegaard's own words, they have cut "the umbilical cord" and ruffled the "original mood," by having too much regard for the "possible use" the Journal might have.

We must, however, be grateful to the Hongs for their enormous labor. Even in alphabetical order, Kierkegaard's Journals and Papers are worth having for angry days, or "inward" days; especially when they have been translated in as lively and sensitive a manner as are the texts in this first volume.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

A MARRIED MAN. By Benjamin DeMott. Harcourt, Brace & World. 153 pp. \$3.95.

Mr. DeMott has here written the contemporary American novel about a married man's affair with a younger woman. Although neither of his main characters is particularly likable—he's a worldly, successful and uneasy intellectual, and she is a debutante—"communications" type full of maddening superficialities—Mr. DeMott manages to make both enormously sympathetic as he takes them swiftly through their embarrassed meeting, their ecstatic love-makings, and the final decision to part which proves almost literally unbearable for both. The author's depiction of the tension and panic that grip people who find themselves unprepared for where their lives have gone is particularly acute, as is, in a very brief section, his touching portrait of his hero's wife. In making the various aspects of their pain and their love for each other so tangible, DeMott has expanded his characters from the slick stereotypes which they at first seem into substantial human beings.

WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE. By Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Delacorte Press. 298 pp. \$5.95.

I was about to say that this volume reads like a collection of old *Collier's* stories when I noted that seven of them did really appear in *Collier's*. Mr. Vonnegut writes that they are all "examples of work I sold in order to finance the writing of the novels." With very few exceptions, they are slick formula tales, each with its own little twist, so that the twist becomes a predictable part of the formula after a while. This refinancing seems unfair to Mr. Vonnegut's large audience of readers, who should hereby be warned to purchase his novels in larger quantities so that their author is not driven to prepare news releases or want ads.

J C SAVES. By Robert Gover. Trident Press. 191 pp. \$4.50.

In a note that deserves to serve as epilogue to this novel, the man from *The New York Times Book Review* was put out recently that Mr. Gover and Kitten, of all people, should turn up as the voice of reason. Kitten and J. C. meet again during a riot in the very black neighborhood where Kitten was peddling her gorgeous wares along with the rest of the "hoes." In this third installment (*One*

Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding, Here Goes Kitten) of the adventures of Kitten and J. C., Gover's wonderful alternating descriptions (by Kitten and white, maybe-not-so-hopelessly square J. C., now married to a suburban harpy) take us through the police-instigated "riot" near Kitten's whorehouse to J. C.'s beach house, where he has dreams of installing Kitten as a maid if he can stop making love to her long enough to work out the details. Kitten turns J. C. onto LSD, and he's finally brought out of his J.C.-dom into the dazzling knowledge of just what Kitten's been talking about through his three-book tryst with her. Will J.C. have to go crazy again to get out of the hospital he's landed in? Because Gover seems to think that Kitten might help him to stay sane this time.

DAYBREAK. By Joan Baez. The Dial Press. 159 pp. \$3.95.

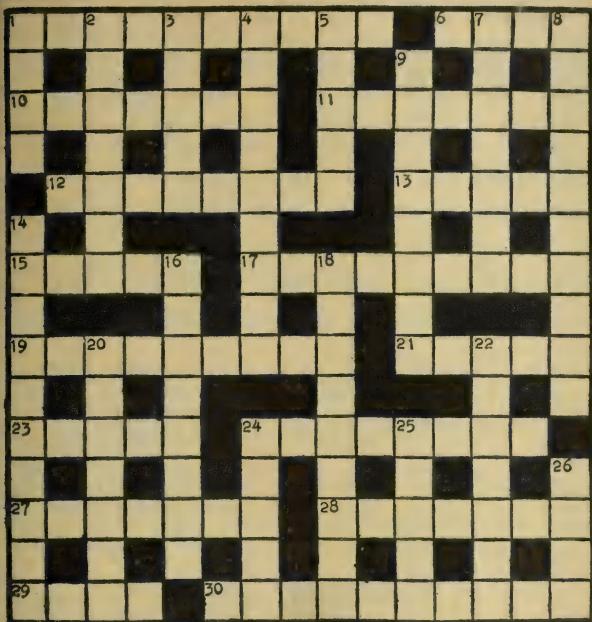
Joan Baez wants to give her audience as much of herself as she and they can bear; in this elliptical autobiographical memoir, she does it, and often beautifully. Very little is said about her singing career except as mention of it occurs naturally among her other concerns here: nonviolence, draft resistance, her relationship with her family, and a general struggle toward openness. The scenes in which her father appears, and a collage of impressions from the time she spent in jail for draft-resistance activities, are particularly vivid. Some readers may feel that much of it borders on the goody-goody, or that Miss Baez's unresolved childhood fears about aggression make her belief in nonviolence more emotional than philosophical. That such questions occur at all is exactly because she has allowed them to in this artless and revealing memoir.

THE EXAGGERATIONS OF PETER PRINCE. By Steve Katz. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 281 pp. \$6.95.

Steve Katz may be a good writer, but it's hard to tell from this doggedly vacant novel, in which intentionally comic-strip characters undergo an intentionally stupid series of (intentionally) wildly boring adventures, intent on attracting negative reviews. Every once in a while Mr. Katz drops his guard and lets in something that's really funny, but not often enough to make me believe that anyone but its proofreader has been able to read through every one of its beautifully designed pages. The book contains maps, photos, three-column simultaneous narratives, and all kinds of typographical games, but they're so carefully zany that they seem to be right out of Creative Playthings.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1264

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Did he question what twists an early gardener's back? (10)
- 6 See 1 down
- 10 and 13 Evidently the executives are candidates for what the pursuing police no longer stand on. (7, 5)
- 11 Construct a possibly artificial elevation? (5-2)
- 12 Divers mechanical parts, one of which might be better if big. (8)
- 13 See 10 across
- 15 and 29 Made by those who fell in controlling the direction taken. (9)
- 17 One of the things a writer might dip into. (3, 6)
- 19 Tom is docked here, naturally. (4, 2, 3)
- 21 Residents of some developments complain of such a boom. (5)
- 23 Cut of a man's walk? Probably not! (5)
- 24 Traditionalists might after dinner, with a cigar and a document. (8)
- 27 Descriptive of Emma Lazarus' shore. (7)
- 28 There's a song about the last letter on the state of it. (7)
- 29 See 15 across
- 30 Called attention to the drive's date, conceivably. (10)

DOWN

- 1 and 6 across A penny, in the case of Simple Simon? One might have a little salt with it. (8)

- 2 Irritated because social standing came first? (7)
- 3 Not likely to be formed by scabs. (5)
- 4 An attractive quality, obviously. (9)
- 5 Trespasses in another version? (5)
- 7 See 26 down
- 8 Means justification? (10)
- 9 Part of a cheer and a raspberry, a little way up for those in deep water. (3, 5)
- 14 Relating to the matter of dollars and cents, perhaps. (10)
- 16 A lot of land, but it shouldn't be if I'd a horse! (8)
- 18 Ruler over wind and low creature. (4, 5)
- 20 Ten-line composition made easy. (7)
- 22 Managed to come up with arguments in the passage? (7)
- 24 Books are probably so called. (5)
- 25 Not a negative way to create character.
- 26 and 7 down Like a well-packed toboggan run, as a rule? (4, 3, 4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1263

ACROSS: 6 Stud; 10 Ease off; 11 Burrows; 12 and 27 Oil slick; 13 Elucidated; 15 Ensigns; 16 Olympia; 17 In-group; 20 Inhabit; 22 Near and far; 23 Bang; 25 Ithacan; 26 Animato; 28 Aspersions. DOWN: 1 The Bohemian Girl; 2 Insults; 3 Taos; 4 Enfold; 5 Tobacco; 7 Two-step 8 Disadvantageous; 9 and 1 across Friday the thirteenth; 14 Ignorance; 18 Graphic; 19 Pedants; 20 Imamate; 21 Bravado; 24 Dips.

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LETTERS

a delicate balance

Rio Piedras, P.R.

DEAR SIR: In the *Texas Observer*, where rhetoric and conviction are no such even-paced team as in *The Nation*, I found these two sentences shortly before the Chicago convention: "Americans conscientiously shocked and appalled by this war should not be trapped by the question, 'What will you do if it's Humphrey vs. Nixon?' . . . If the political bosses present us, who are the people, with this miserable choice, to hell with them; we will begin anew."

Well, they have presented us with the choice, and I for one am compromiser enough to hope *The Nation* will make it. Getting out of the war has to be a protracted and discouraging process in any event; and the nice balancers of words are already telling us that on domestic as well as foreign issues they can scarcely tell one of the two programs from the other; but the more that balances the more the scales tip. Balance for balance, I don't want to see Mr. Nixon and his States' rights friends administering our domestic policies.

Robert C. Stephenson

how to spot one

Lexington, Ky.

DEAR SIR: I was amused by this passage from an article in the September 10 *Wall Street Journal*: "Patrolman Lin Fowler has turned to 'uncovering Socialists, pacifists and do-gooders in the civil rights movement.' Mr. Fowler, who mingles with newsmen to take photos of demonstrators, also keeps careful note of which civil rights leaders read such 'radical publications' as *The Nation* and *The New Republic*. He says the 'tip-off that Communist influence is involved comes when someone 'talks about social change.'"

R. L. Zimmerman

choice

Cleveland, O.

DEAR SIR: I watched the political development in Czechoslovakia throughout the past six months from a vantage point inside East Germany, and had innumerable political discussions with Czech colleagues and friends. Benjamin Page's "The Voices of Prague," [*The Nation*, Sept. 9] seems to me a fair average of what the Czech intelligentsia thinks and wants. Thus I would recommend to every Socialist that he read Mr. Page's article together with Alexander Werth's bitter condemnation [*The Censorship War: What Moscow Fears*], *The Nation*, Sept. 16], and then decide whether Mr. Werth's evaluation can possibly be considered the result of a balanced view of the Czechoslovak situation.

G. Kuerli

the church in Greece

New York City

DEAR SIR: I enjoyed reading the review written by John Arthos on Seferis' *Collected Poems* [*The Nation*, Sept. 16]. I am, however, puzzled by the emphasis the author puts on the significance of the Greek church which "has preserved more of the ancient feeling . . . than religions of the West."

It seems to me that the very opposite is the case. Christianity and the Hellenic spirit have battled for centuries against each other; the early Christians behaved very much like Mao's Red Guards against the Greek culture; the Christian church, which called the Greeks "*mysaros*" (abominable), did not allow the overwhelmingly Greek Byzantine Empire to take the name of Hellenic Empire.

(Continued on page 308)

EDITORIALS

The 'Austere' Defense Budget

Editorial writers, columnists, professors, sermonizers and others, whose attention is, as usual, directed elsewhere, could employ their talents usefully by scanning the *Congressional Record* (House) for September 11, pp. 8505-8532. The discussion, opened by the Hon. George Mahon (D., Tex.), concerns the largest single appropriation bill ever presented to the Congress in the history of the United States. The money, of course, is to be used for our "defense," which ranges all over the globe and out into space. In what can only be described as a love feast—marred slightly by a few easily dismissed objections by Rep. John G. Dow (D., N.Y.), Rep. Sidney R. Yates (D., Ill.) and a few others—the measure was explained, praised and made ready for passage.

The budget authority requested by the President was \$77 billion, the amount recommended was \$72.2 billion, making it appear that a reduction of \$4.8 billion had been effected. The bill was touted as an "austerity budget," and one proponent said sorrowfully that "there may be those who will say that the bill as recommended is too austere, that the committee possibly cut too deeply." Anyone who comes to this conclusion needs a course in remedial reading. The cuts are largely phony. It is simply another case of the military-industrial complex raiding the Treasury.

One item labeled a "reduction" in the amount of \$755 million was an application of funds appropriated in previous years to 1969 programs. A much more sizable misrepresentation was in the amount of the appropriation for Vietnam. Rep. Melvin R. Laird (R., Wis.) pointed out that in the past three fiscal years expenditures for our adventure in Southeast Asia had been underestimated by no less than \$30 billion in appropriations and \$20 billion in expenditures. "This underestimation of war costs," he suggested, "is one of the major causes of the tremendous increase in the cost of living we are experiencing today." On the basis of daily expenditures being incurred, the bill before the House, Mr. Laird said, underestimated the cost of the war by at least \$4.5 billion.

Nobody was much worried by such caviling. "It seems to me," Mr. Mahon said in introducing the bill, "that we should show our unanimity. While this is an election year, it still behooves us all, because we are all in the same boat—Democrats and Republicans and Independents—to show our unanimity when it comes to the matter of defending the United States and standing firm against any enemy who would challenge our efforts to promote peace." Peace comes high, with \$72 billion as a down payment.

The good fellowship of the House in doling out the tidbits evoked the atmosphere at a reunion of middle-aged college alumni after the fourth drink. L. Mendel Rivers, who needs no introduction, outdid himself in paying tribute to the "incomparable" Charlie Halleck. Mr. Rivers described the retiring Mr. Halleck as "one of the most amazing, most versatile, most dependable, most colorful, most congenial, and most effective men who ever served

in the Congress. . . " Rivers confessed that he did not know how to describe a "living institution," but he kept on trying for a few hundred words more.

Mr. Yates spoke to the question and called attention to the *Congressional Quarterly* finding, based on highly placed sources at the Pentagon, that \$10.8 billion in "fat" could be cut out of the military budget (see editorial, *The Nation*, July 22, p. 37). He got short shrift. "This conclusion," Mr. Mahon pontificated, "is contrary to that of the Committees on Armed Services of the House and the Senate and the Committee on Appropriations of the House and the views of the President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. I do not believe the article is based on hundreds of hours of testimony and six volumes of printed hearings, and the pending bill is." Mr. Yates made one more effort and then sat down, having wasted his breath.

The electorate should realize that this budget is "the ball game." If some restraints are not imposed, there is not much use debating the other items before the Congress. Nor is there much point in talking about a re-directed foreign policy, because as long as the President has the hardware and the manpower, the danger of further involvements will persist.

During his campaign, Senator McCarthy attempted to raise this crucial issue, but none of the nominees addresses himself to it. And since it has not been made a political issue, it will receive scant critical attention in Congress. Mr. Dow, at the end of his remarks, promised that renewed efforts would be made for cuts, and Senator Proxmire has a proposal to investigate defense profits. Action of this sort would help, but it falls far short of what is needed.

More 'Austerity'

This last summer the White House worked out a cozy bipartisan understanding to insure that legislation under which agricultural subsidies are paid would be quietly, and quickly, extended for one year. Since the existing legislation does not expire for a year, a one-year renewal would maintain the subsidy payments until 1971 and tie the hands of the new administration. With the plot so well grooved and greased, on both sides of the aisle, it was thought that a debate might be avoided.

But then Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.)—a spoilsport if ever there was one—moved an amendment which would eliminate from the program all subsidies of \$20,000 or more to any one grower, and on July 31 managed to secure its adoption by a vote of 230 to 160. Several efforts to amend the legislation in this fashion failed in the Senate. Last week, the House voted to send the legislation to conference shorn of the Findley amendment. Mr. Findley then sought to be recognized for the purpose of offering a motion to instruct the House conferees to vote for a one-year extension with the \$20,000 limitation, but he was not recognized. On another motion, the House voted to send the legislation to conference with no reference to the limitation. When it is reported back, it will doubtless be passed in its original form.

All the same, Mr. Findley succeeded in bringing out

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 10

the facts concerning one of the least defensible of the numerous, largely bipartisan, "subsidies" which are being pushed through the Congress before the new administration takes office. As H. J. Maidenberger reported in a recent issue of *The New York Times Magazine*, a lame duck can lay golden eggs. Part of Mr. Findley's achievement was to secure and place in the *Congressional Record* (September 9) the list, by states, of all growers who received \$20,000 or more in subsidy payments for the year 1967. Had the \$20,000 limitation been adopted, it would have reduced the costs of the program by \$209,099,006. In twelve states no farmers received more than \$20,000; in the Corn Belt states of Illinois, Iowa and Indiana, only sixty-six farmers were in this category. Of the 9,952 farmers whose payments exceeded \$20,000, 8,778 were in fifteen cotton states—states many of whose Representatives think it sinful for mothers with dependent children to receive federal funds. Texas was a country mile ahead of all the others: 2,975 farmers were in the golden \$20,000-or-more category, for a grand total of \$99,619,326. Arizona and California also had long lists of \$20,000-or-more recipients.

A measure of Congressional generosity in this moment of "austerity" is the fact that payments to cotton growers alone totaled \$935 million last year, compared with an anti-poverty allocation of \$1.75 billion.

Although he lost the battle, Mr. Findley may have won the war. This may be the last year of the big agricultural subsidies; in critical areas the program has not reduced surpluses nor maintained price levels. But for another year—really another two years—the fat cats of the cotton states, Arizona and California included, need not worry nor want.

Preserving Disorder

Wilhelm Vill, a 59-year-old steelworker from Valparaiso, Ind., received a letter from his runaway 16-year-old son, postmarked Chicago. He came up to hunt for him. "I looked at the TV and saw so many young people here," he told Magistrate Louis Gilberto of Chicago's Mass Arrest Court on September 10, "I thought I would be here too." At 11:30 on the morning of August 29, he asked two of Chicago's finest if they'd seen his boy in Lincoln Park. "What do you want here?" one of them responded. "Get out of here or I'll hit you."

Vill answered in his thick-toned German accent: "Hit me. I'm an old man." He was placed under arrest and charged with disorderly conduct. The police report was laced with a charge of drunkenness. "I don't even drink," Vill told Gilberto, who ordered him released.

Meanwhile, at City Hall, the thickest tongue in American politics was blaming outside agitators for the local miseries. Whatever truth there was in the Mayor's defense was riddled by his terrier-like crudeness, the odd, high giggle which freaked his responses, and his losing engagement with his native tongue. "It's the police job to preserve disorder," he tripped once.

A fine local film maker, Tom Paolozzo, is making a convention film which will compare the decline of the

Roman Empire to Mayor Daley's Chicago. (The flailing billy clubs, for example, are photographed against the classical façades of Michigan Avenue.) In a time when the policeman's unhappy lot sees him here and there turning into a kind of Praetorian Guard, Paolozzo might be able to use a reminder from Gibbon's account of those bands formed by "the crafty tyrant" Augustus "to prevent or to crush the first motions of rebellion." Wrote the great historian, their "licentious fury was the first symptom and cause of the decline of the Roman Empire."

RICHARD STERN

Political Necessity: Cuban Style

The Cubans boast of the *élan* and moral excellence of their revolution. There is a great deal in what they say, as we have acknowledged in these pages more than once. It is the more dismaying, therefore, that Fidel Castro has seized the occasion of Russia's invasion of Czechoslovakia to deliver a ranting—one is forced to say irresponsible—speech, the official translation of which has come to us in the *Granma* of Havana.

Prime Minister Castro admits that there was no legal justification for the Soviet intrusion: "Not the slightest trace of legality exists. Frankly, none whatever." Justification he finds, however, in political necessity. Czechoslovakia was falling into the hands of capitalist imperialism, and that was not tolerable to the Socialist world community. Leaving aside the conspicuous absence of any persuasive evidence that Czechoslovakia was so tending, Castro's position comes to saying that strong nations may trespass on small nations when they deem it appropriate to do so. Considering his belligerence—appropriate enough—against the United States, it is an odd stance.

* He couples this with some veiled but rather cruel jibes at the Czechoslovaks, to the effect that Cubans would never allow a bully from the north to set foot on *their* soil: that they would never cry for outside help (here he accepts the transparent Russian myth that such a cry came from Prague) to save the purity of their socialism, since it is inconceivable that it could so far degenerate.

Castro is proud of the unified will of the Cuban people; he detects no unity in the people of Czechoslovakia but sees rather a nation worm-ridden by Yankee imperialism, succumbing to the blandishments of Latin American oligarchy and the cynicism of Yugoslav pseudo-communism. This core of his speech he embellishes with disdain for Communist endorsement of peace, relish for indications that the nuclear nonproliferation pact may be delayed or indeed abandoned after the recent Russian action, hope that an end has now been put to any commercial, cultural or political accommodation between East and West.

It would be inappropriate for an American magazine to lecture Castro on international relations or diplomatic manners, but he himself says in this speech that it is not incumbent on Cuba to interfere in the affairs of any sovereign power, including Czechoslovakia. Yet, for motives which one feels he does not divulge, he approves such interference on the part of Russia. He quotes a Latin American source as saying that the logic of Moscow's po-

political "necessity" could be applied to a similar action of the United States against Cuba, and adduces from this a hint of further plotting against his country. That, we believe, is not derivable from his citation, which means to point out that international morality is not subject to national convenience. According to Castro, the world is out of step with Cuba; his nation's progress has been great against great hazards, and the disorientation of viewpoint is understandable. While it persists, however, the moral stature of the Cuban revolution remains in hazard.

Failure To Plan

In an editorial, "Magic Words," *The Nation* (June 10, 1968) quoted Senator Byrd on the nation's school system: "I feel strongly that the closer we can keep the schools to the people, the more effective school system we will have. . . . I want the Federal Government to keep its hands off the operation of the schools in the various localities. . . . I want decentralization of the schools."

What Byrd wants, of course, is segregation. But as for decentralization, there is no magic in the word or the idea behind it; if proof of that is needed, the present unholy mess in the New York City school system provides it. Here decentralization was applied for therapeutic reasons, by people who would not be found dead with Byrd, yet it has resulted in near chaos. The primary reasons are two: first, integration of the schools was thwarted by white resistance, resulting in a demand for a large measure of school autonomy in the Negro and Puerto Rican ghettos; second, the experiment in decentralized education was not carefully planned. Obstacles would have been encountered in any case, but they could have been surmounted if reasonable foresight had been brought to the task. As it is, racial conflict is now complicating an already difficult task.

Given the situation in New York, experimentation in the area of decentralization was no doubt necessary. But the local board was set up hastily, so that even today no one knows to what extent it really represents the community. No realistic attempt was made to work out details in advance with the teachers' union and to reassure its members on the issue of job security. This almost guaranteed that Albert Shanker, the abrasive president of the union, would find a situation ready-made for a knock-down, drag-out fight. If willingness to go to jail is a virtue, then Shanker is virtuous, but it can scarcely be said that he has a genius for creative compromise. He does excel in abuse of the Mayor of the city and anyone else who does not see the situation from his viewpoint.

Whatever the duration of the teachers' strike and its outcome, a close look should be taken at the impenetrable bureaucracy that prevails in the New York public school system. Size in itself does not necessitate bureaucratic inefficiency—the bureaucracies of some large corporations are reasonably efficient, because the people who run them have the requisite managerial skills. But there are few such people in the city's educational system, and the problem of this entrenched, insensitive, shortsighted bureaucracy has never been tackled. If the schools are to be de-

centralized, there must nevertheless be a central administration to handle labor relations and allocation of funds, or the districts will be fighting one another.

While carefully planned decentralization is tried, the ideal of integration must not be dropped. It should be not only an ideal but the unwavering goal. "Integration" is not a magic word either; but the fact is, as many studies have shown (the Coleman Report among others), that children cannot receive quality education in segregated schools. As New York suffers the throes of a kind of re-segregation in parts of the city, a completely integrated school system is operating in Berkeley, and another in San Mateo. The problems of these California cities are not comparable to those of New York, but neither are they totally different. Looking across the country, the contestants in the New York struggle should not feel complacent. They might, in fact, be ashamed of themselves.

Franco's Price

Last week the Spanish Foreign Minister presented Franco's price for a renewal of the five-year agreement on bases, which expires September 26. Negotiations will continue for another six months if no agreement is reached by then, but if by March 26 the agreement is not renewed we shall have to remove our equipment, close the bases, and bring home some 25,000 servicemen and their dependents. Among other items, Franco's invoice includes: \$1 billion in military aid over a period of five years; an upgrading of the agreement to the status of an alliance or pact (which would commit the United States to come to Spain's defense, as it is now committed to defend its NATO allies); greater rights to try U.S. "tourist" servicemen for crimes on Spanish territory outside the bases; and pressure on Britain to give up Gibraltar.

The price, which is about what *The Nation* expected, constitutes a form of blackmail. But in the end it will probably be paid—not all of it but most of it. The Pentagon has a high tolerance for blackmail of this kind. In addition we now have a substantial investment in Spain, quite apart from the bases. It has been estimated that 70 per cent of foreign investments in Spain are American and that 175 of the 300 largest American corporations have branches there. And, of course, the Russians have strengthened Franco's blackmail potential by increasing their naval forces in the Mediterranean.

The basic question is not whether the price is too high but whether the agreement should be renewed in any form. There are numerous signs of unrest in Spain. In August, the Spanish Government had to place one of the four Basque provinces under a form of martial law. Many Basques, according to *Newsweek* (August 19) were "quietly arrested and whisked away to jail incommunicado."

And there is the increasingly urgent problem of what happens when Franco, now in his 70s, passes from the scene. Franco has been frustrating those who speculate as to his demise for so long now that he has come to be regarded as immortal. But he is not. Nor is Salazar, age 79, who now lies near death in an iron lung following a stroke. His departure may well precipitate serious dis-

orders in Portugal. The Communists have already announced, from Algiers, that the death of Salazar must be the death of Salazarism. The prospect of trouble in Portugal should be a sufficient reason for deferring action on the bases agreement. Should serious trouble occur, incidentally, it will be instructive to see how Washington reacts. What happens in Portugal could well foreshadow what might later happen in Spain.

New Politics Among Scientists

It is hardly surprising that the American Political Science Association and the American Sociological Society are beginning to accept responsibility for bridging the gap between national politics and the disciplines in which their members possess special knowledge and insight. [See "Political Science Discovers Politics" by David K. J. Morris, *The Nation*, September 23.] It is surprising, rather, that it took them so long—almost like a fire company stopping for a beer while responding to a general alarm. What was less to be expected is that many of those versed in the pure and applied sciences are also awakening politically.

Purdue University, which for many years has had the largest engineering student enrollment in the country, reports "impressive success" in the fourth year of its graduate study program on the effects of science and technology on society. In some cases a man with a Ph.D. in mathematics, engineering, chemistry or physics, after ten years of research in his specialty, decides to return to Purdue to earn another Ph.D., which will enable him to work directly in the public policy area, with his scientific expertise as a background. Many undergraduates also take introductory courses in political science.

On a larger scale, the American Institute of Physics has been involved in controversy over the relation between physics and politics. It began when, in May, 1967, Charles Schwartz of the University of California wrote a letter to the institute's monthly, *Physics Today*, beginning "I am one of a great many Americans who believe that the present course of this country's actions in Southeast Asia is wrong, dead wrong," and arguing that with physics "firmly tied" to government and business, physicists must share the responsibility. The editors refused to print the letter, whereupon Professor Schwartz offered an amendment to the constitution of the American Physical Society, the most prominent member society of AIP, which would permit APS members to "express their opinion, will or intent on any matter of concern to the society. . . ." After months of debate, the amendment came to a vote and lost, 9,214 against, 3,553 for. But, as the editor of *Physics Today* wrote in the August issue, the controversy "brought to the surface considerable turbulence that apparently has been bothering many for some time," and the campaign "has strengthened our conviction that the physicist is concerned and wants to be involved"—as an individual. So Schwartz and his supporters have not labored in vain.

Traditionally, engineering has been regarded as the most conservative of the professions, yet the Engineers Joint Council bimonthly, *Engineer*, with a circulation of about 450,000, encourages political discussion in its pages. Its

editorial policy seems to be based on the premise that since engineering plays a large part in the physical and economic functioning of the country, engineers should concern themselves on a national scale with the societal effects of technological activity.

Not to be neglected in this area is the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, an international organization which for nearly twenty years has been teaching the scientists, engineers, physicians, et al., should strive to foresee the results of their professional work, and as far as possible confine themselves to beneficial projects. Each individual draws his own line as to what is beneficial. I doubt of self-sacrificing effort on the part of its officers and members. SSRS has had a liberalizing influence on science and engineering out of all proportion to its resources.

Clean Minds

Ronald Reagan is making sure that California's kiddies will have clean minds as well as the proverbial sound bodies. The State Board of Education, dominated by Reagan appointees, has just "cleaned up" four literature books for seventh and eighth graders. These pupils of 12 and 14 will not have their minds corrupted by such corrosive phrases as "For Christ's sake," "Damn you," "What the hell!"

This is one more stirring triumph for the "Creative Society" of Governor Reagan, that model of decorum and civility. However, he faces an even bigger problem with the University of California, which is bringing Eldridge Cleaver on campus to participate (no state funds will be used) in an experimental course on the "dehumanization and regeneration of the American social order."

Cleaver, author of *Soul on Ice* and "Minister of Information" for the Black Panthers, is known to use earth language, as a *Newsweek* article on one of his speech demonstrations:

So I have to say [] the White House [] the electoral system, and [] all the pigs and [] the power structure You can take all your wallets, credit cards and cut your mother [] necks.

Max Rafferty (known affectionately in California as "the Blue Max") has been having a fit about Cleaver's recognition by the university, as one might expect. He and his followers see it as another example of the way California's state colleges and universities are undermining the excellent work being done by all the good, clean-law and order loving people of the state. They keep crying out about how these academic institutions are full of "suckers, maniacs, atheists and fanatical revolutionaries," but so far their words have fallen on strangely deaf ears.

With newspapers and radio and television programs full of Vietnam death counts and violence—not to speak of sex—and with much more open, realistic and healthy attitudes toward sex evident through all our society, I attempt to shelter teen-agers from a few swear words. It comes comic. The California education system is in crisis by wasting its time on trivia, the Board of Education making itself the laughingstock of the country.

RENDEZVOUS IN OCTOBER

JOHN FREARS

Mr. Frears teaches in the Department of Politics at Nottingham University, England. He was lecturing at Nantes University last year and so saw the events of last spring in France at first hand.

France is preparing to reopen for business after the summer vacation. In October Parliament will reassemble, students will return to faculties where the red flag and the black floated a few brief months ago; plants, schools and offices, where 9 million workers were on strike, will be back to diligent normalcy. But some Frenchmen hope, and more fear, that the "May Revolution" will keep, in the words of the militants' slogan, its "*rendez-vous en octobre*."

The ashes of May are still smoldering. Student leaders have not spent the summer acquiring sun tans. The second highest rate of industrial unemployment in Western Europe, rapidly rising prices, housing shortages, regional imbalance—no basic cause of industrial unrest has miraculously disappeared. The Gaullist government, in an impregnable parliamentary position after the June electoral landslide, has also spent a busy summer, preparing tactics to prevent the revival of last spring's near-insurrectionary situation. Its field of maneuver is defined by three strategic assumptions. The first is that in spite of social discontent, no political or industrial challenge need be feared for the moment. Second, that trouble, if there is any, will start, as in May, at the universities. Finally, the Gaullist electorate is, above all else, a "law and order" constituency and will require a demonstration of vigorous enforcement.

On the industrial front the government can count on at least a few months' respite. The general strike in May, which very nearly caused—and which, if better led, would have caused—the fall of the Pompidou administration, was never really an insurrection against capitalism but more an infectiously seized moment of opportunity to press wage claims. (That at any rate, was the analysis, or possibly the excuse, of the Communist party, which is supposed to be the specialist in the revolution business, and of the CGT, the big Communist-led union.) And insurrection or no, family budgets were too hard hit by the strike for there to be much immediate enthusiasm for further industrial action. For the moment, the wage increases that were won by the strike will stay ahead of rising prices, and full-time work (for those who have jobs) is assured by the backlog of strike-delayed orders and by a consumer demand that has been swollen by those same wage increases.

In addition, the unions and the left-wing political parties are badly split. In recent years, aware that without unity it could never challenge Gaullist power, the Left had been trying to build a popular front alliance between Communists and non-Communists. This unity crumbled in

May. The old Communist paranoia of being overtaken on the Left appeared once again and the party strove night and day to break up the revolution they are supposed to be in business to bring about. The moment of opportunity to overthrow the government came and went. The voice of the Left echoed hollow with the failure to incarnate a unified popular voice, and emitted the discordant note of illicit opportunism. Since it was unable to look like an alternative government, the Left's electoral massacre was inevitable, and the administration will have no worries from that quarter for a considerable time to come. The left-wing parties, like the Democrats after Chicago, no longer represent even the aspirations of progressives in the universities. The enthusiasm of the student movement for socialism is equaled only by its scorn for the old political parties who officially endorse that philosophy.

So de Gaulle's first priority is to neutralize the universities as incubators of subversion. University reform will not wait. Every faculty in France spent the strike-bound weeks evolving elaborate constitutions for self-government. At Nantes, for example, we all sat down under the chairmanship of the gentle and conservative dean to draft, down to the last detail of voting procedure, proportional representation by slate and parity of student participation, a document which would govern the future operation of the faculty. It was precise, elegant, probably unworkable and totally illegal. Yet the consigning of these documents to the wastebasket is inconceivable, and the slates returned by the elections that have already taken place show that the government will find few allies among the professors, two-thirds of whom supported the aims, if not in every case the methods, of the student movement.

The wily and experienced Edgar Faure, Minister of Education in the new Couve de Murville cabinet, read the situation and showed his hand before the vacation. The universities are to be killed with kindness. Far from trying to oppose change, to maintain the old hierarchical structure, to reassert the old ministerial control, Faure, with as many liberal advisers as he can get his hands on, intends to outreform the reformers. Local autonomy? By all means! Changes in the Napoleonic examination system? Should have been done years ago! The right of students to hold political meetings on campus? Basic democracy, *mon cher!* All this will be very good for the French universities, but it should have the additional advantage, from the government's point of view, of splitting the moderate students and a large number of professors from the militant student leadership. This is not certain. The professors' union SNESUP and the students' UNEF were collaborating closely throughout the strike and neither will have failed to notice the implication of the Faure strategy. The great strength of the student movement (and the weakness of its inability to define precise

aims) came from the fact that its protest was not limited to demands for a few university reforms and improved conditions for students. It threw itself against the whole ethos of an industrial society (both the capitalist and the bureaucratic varieties) and refused its future role of a technocratic elite administering to a mindless army of consumers. (Industrial workers, not unnaturally, view this attitude with a certain disdain.) Student leaders, therefore, will not want even to discuss reform with Faure. Many professors will share this generous and sweeping but essentially unpractical point of view, but a majority, even of those on the Left, will probably take the view that half a loaf (of good quality) is better than no bread.

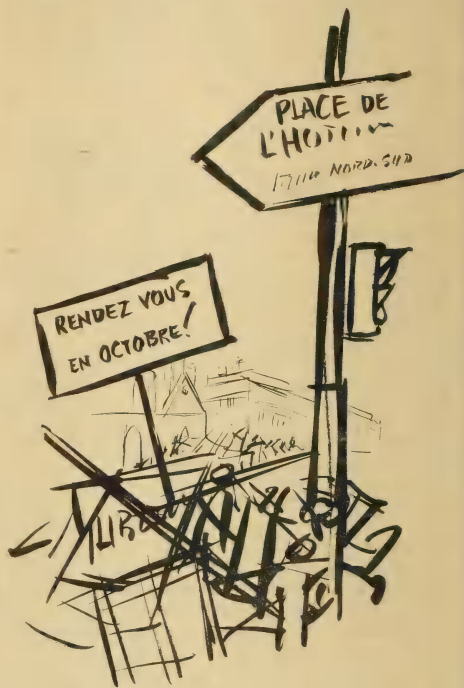
The Faure strategy therefore presents a serious problem for those who wish to keep revolutionary ardor alive. The only thing that could cement the unity of professors and student leaders, that could perpetuate the radicalization of the student majority, is police brutality directed against student demonstrators. That is precisely what the government's electoral commitment to law and order could bring about, under conditions that would destroy its own hopes for the Faure reforms. The revolutionary's best friend is therefore Minister of the Interior Marcellin who, in fighting speeches up and down the land, promises that not even the most elementary prudence will deflect him from his duty to smash sedition. General de Gaulle is the prisoner of the law and order faction. He knows that only stylish nationalism, the careful maintenance of the interests of wealth and big business and the fear of communism have kept his essentially right-wing electorate behind his highly unorthodox initiatives: Algeria, a pro-Soviet, anti-American foreign policy, economic interventionism. He also knows that, if law and order break down again, the alternative to Gaullism is more likely to be, not communism as the electorate was told, but a military *coup d'état* from the extreme Right of the kind by which he himself was brought to power in 1958.

The government's need to de-fuse the spirit of revolution in the universities is its most urgent priority. To do this it must sell university reform, and at the same time it must show its supporters that it is not soft on subversives. This will work very nicely if the Faure reforms gain wide acceptance, leaving only a small intransigent minority, isolated as "unreasonable," to be dealt with by M. Marcellin's police.

M. Marcellin, however, with the approval of a vociferous Right, has spent the summer rounding up the idealistic and (among students) popular leaders of Jeunesse Communiste Revolutionnaire and other proscribed organizations. The events of May proved that if there is one slogan above all others that unites all students, commands the sympathy of the teaching profession, and insures maximum participation in demonstrations, it is Free our Comrades. If Marcellin gets in with suppression before Faure gets in with reform, there will be trouble in France this fall.

Even if the government makes sufficient errors to encourage further disturbances, however, it is difficult to

envisage stupidity on a scale large enough to provoke trouble on the divided and weakened industrial front (serious though worker discontent is). With dissenting journalists dismissed (including major TV personalities), television is safely in the government's hands once again. Gaullists have a further, if improbable, ally in that most



conservative of organizations, the French Communist party. Its Stalinist reflexes can be depended upon to prevent any danger of united action on the Left, while providing an indispensable scarecrow to keep middle-of-the-road voters out of the beckoning fields of political change. In May and June the government was able to pin on the Communists the blame for the barricades which the party had denounced from the outset, and for the strike pickets it could not command. The least that the General, in simple gratitude, can do is to continue a foreign policy that in the past has earned one of the highest words of praise in the Communist vocabulary: the epithet "positive."

With disunity on the Left, no coordinated voice for social and industrial discontent, and the universities alienated from the political parties, all de Gaulle need do is stay the heavy hand of M. Marcellin's police long enough for those who refuse M. Faure's reforms to look isolated and unreasonable. Then he will be able to get back to his dossier marked "*Grandeur de la France*" and once more forget about the French.

CRISIS AND HOPE

A Conversation with Jean-Paul Sartre

Jean-Paul Sartre visited Rome in August, and while there was interviewed by *Paese Sera*. We print herewith a section of the conversation. The translation is by Herbert Weinstock.

In the ferment that is agitating—and which characterizes—the whole democratic area of the world, what chief duties and roles do you assign to the intellectuals?

Naturally, the intellectuals do not, as intellectuals, make politics. But to the extent that they participate in events and live in history, they have the exclusive duty to attempt analysis of events, to examine situations freely, to identify positive and negative peculiarities, to denounce, to scrutinize and to speak out—all without hypocrisy and outside any false respectful consensus. For example, it is precisely because I deeply respect the history of the Soviet Union and am anything but an anti-Communist that I feel it my duty today to condemn without reservation the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

You say that analysis is the intellectuals' function, but in what way can they become involved in the synthesis of history?

By allying themselves with the working classes. I would even say that they can be conceived of only through the functioning of such a link. We saw a significant example of the necessity for this constant, living rapport in France last May, when students and workers fought together. But it appears that the Communist parties everywhere harbor doubts as to the validity of such an alliance.

Doesn't it seem to you that the Communist parties—or, at least, many of them—have tried to carry forward a constructive, concrete organizing operation of the kind that is indispensable to every political struggle?

Yes, that has happened too. The Italian Communist party has not lagged behind, and has made its own the demands of the young; their struggles have been supported, sustained, defended. But things went differently in France. And it was precisely the Communist party that agreed to having the movement brusquely shut off. In my view, it committed an error.

Today, all the same, the French Communist party has taken positions in favor of Czechoslovakia. How do you judge its attitude of yesterday with respect to that of today?

I should say that we are dealing with two contradictory attitudes. In France 10 million people wanted revolution, but the Communist party rejected them. Also one might say that in part there is ■

close analogy in the antitheses of Czechoslovaks and Soviets, students and French Communist party.

But the France of de Gaulle is not Dubcek's Czechoslovakia. Perhaps it is not legitimate to unleash a rebellion if there is no certainty that it will prevail; perhaps a revolution in a capitalist, industrial country with an ancient historical tradition needs different, less conspicuous instrumentalities.

Certainly I am not speaking of revolution in ■ traditional sense. To be more exact, we might say that what both the French workers and the French students were demanding was revolutionary reforms. But—I repeat—the French party preferred not to make these demands its own. That is not the way to achieve the constitution and reinforcement of a New Left upon which it would truly be possible to place humanity's hopes. Nonetheless, that New Left now exists and is on the move, growing, consolidating itself. The young come to it by various roads: Catholics, atheists, Marxists, pacifists. Also Maoists and Trotskyites. How ignore them if they exist, if they make up a living, objective reality? They are diverse, but they are allied by the desire to unite against common perils: war, destruction, slavery—in short, against the fruits of the capitalist world. It is necessary to receive them, accept them, understand them, for the future of humanity is in them. In Paris, even children of 10 are now eager to join the student movement. And in May the boys who made up the basic committees in every quarter were only a little older: much less than 20 years of age.

On the basis of these considerations and, on the other hand, in view of events meant to stifle the healthiest instincts of society, what is your outlook for the world?

A hard question. Precisely because of the constant presence of such stimuli and forces, the world of today is complex, chaotic, terrible, and yet full of promise. To express overall judgments certainly is not easy—much less to hazard programs.

I have been led toward pessimism, but I hold that the only hope in the overdramatic situation through which we are living is offered by those who struggle to change things, who have the courage to imagine and propose new realities, who know how to destroy myths and stereotypes in the name of man and of his right to life—those, in short, who fight for peaceful coexistence and for democracy. Today the Soviet model is no longer valid, suffocated as it is by bureaucracy. The model that was being developed in the new Czechoslovak movement may, on the other hand, attract many men. In that sense, Prague, beyond being the highest testimony to Socialist civilization, is a hope.

FLAGS, TANKS AND STUDENTS

G. M. BERGMAN

Mr. Bergman is a West Coast businessman who has published widely in the magazines of that area.

A great student strike has been going on in Mexico City since July 26, involving well over 100,000 students of the huge National University and twenty-nine affiliated schools. The army has invaded several campuses; many students have been killed. I visited Mexico in August and saw some of the action, especially on the evening of August 27, when 300,000 students and supporters put on a great march through Mexico City ending on the Zocalo, the central square that lies before the Presidential Palace and the cathedral.

My wife and I were watching from the sidewalk by our hotel when suddenly we became inadvertent participants of this march. Our elbows were seized by a group of exuberant students and we were lifted off our feet into the line of march. We demurred, but the kids held us firm, and were so full of enthusiasm, so eager to have us, that we followed the line of least resistance and marched along. Soon we reached the Zocalo, where we all sat down on the cement to await the rest of the marchers.

What were the marchers like, what was it all about? We saw that best from the sidelines before we got drawn in. Most marchers were students, aged 15 and up, boys and girls. They came from a whole complex of schools affiliated with the university, preparatory, normal and technical, many of which would be called high schools in the states. We saw no one with long hair or far-out dress.

Besides the students, there were great numbers of teachers and professors. There were parents, both mothers and fathers, workers, small businessmen and proprietors (looking the part), farm laborers, and a general mass of adults, including one elderly blind man. Banners identified each group of supporters. Medical students and nurses were prominent in white. All cars, buses and ambulances in the march were school property.

Placards told a story. One said the real agitators were "Ignorancia, Hambre (hunger) and Miseria." Another placard contrasted the lot of a political prisoner with the high life of a government official. Many small placards called for freedom for such prisoners. Another sign accused the government of assassinating a number of students who have disappeared.

A great many placards depicted Juarez and other patriotic heroes of Mexico's past. These expressed the theme of the demonstration, which was that the student movement was carrying on the "historic forward march" of the Mexican people, while the government was thwarting that march.

Displayed prominently, too, were the six demands of the march: Removal of Police Chief Cueto Ramirez and two assistants; dissolution of the Corps of Grenadiers (riot police); repeal of article 145 of the constitution, which gives the government extraordinary powers to deal

with subversion; indemnification of the families of slain students; investigation of those responsible, and freedom for all political prisoners.

When the Zocalo was filled, the march became a meeting. Speakers began addressing it from atop a school bus, the national flag beside them. The first speaker brought cry on cry of *Viva Mexico!* from the kids around us. The next read a list of political prisoners, eighty-six names in all, and after each name the crowd would shout *Libertad!*

Then a bugle sounded taps, and everyone stood in respect for the student dead. My wife had difficulty rising; many helping hands reached for her. The next speaker, an impassioned woman teacher, said her generation had had a poor education, wanted the young to have a better one. The next talked of the government's repressive policy, said that if a farm laborer asked for better wages or tried to join an effective union, his employer spoke to the police and the man was jailed.

The meeting ended at 9:40 P.M. with the singing of the national hymn. Then the crowd made torches out of newspapers and held them aloft; it was a memorable sight, with the ancient cathedral and Presidential Palace in the dark background. Some 3,500 students stayed on after the meeting to make a "permanent" demonstration, but three hours later, at 1 A.M., they were driven off by army tanks. From my hotel I heard them shouting in the night, and wondered why.

Next morning my wife and I walked down to the square. No students were there, but a cordon of police and secret service men formed a large circle around a flagpole in the center. They were there, one told me confidentially, to prevent the students from taking down a flag—a strike flag put up the night before—because they wanted to show the public "what the students were like."

The small, red and black flag hung limp on the pole. We retreated to the cathedral steps to await what would happen next. Soon hundreds of Grenadiers filed onto the square. Next, government trucks drove up and discharged hundreds of farm workers taken from their jobs, who joined the cordon around the flagpole. Great numbers of office workers came out of the Presidential Palace and other government buildings and joined the group around the pole. Then I noticed a file of thirteen army tanks coming down Moneda, a side street. A well-dressed, middle-aged man said to me: "You are about to see a small part of Mexico's history take place." (Ironically, American tourists filed in and out of the ancient cathedral, reading their guidebooks on its history, seemingly unaware of or uninterested in current history.)

At 1 P.M. a municipal bus drove up to the flagpole. On its top were cameramen who took pictures as the strike flag was hauled down and burned on top of the bus. Then, to cheering by the government supporters, the national flag was raised on the pole, looking silken and resplendent

comparison with the homemade strike pennant. The cathedral bells tolled, rung by two government supporters mainly visible in the bell tower. No spectators cheered.

Suddenly, a few students dashed up and snatched their barred emblem from the top of the bus, wrapped it in newspapers and walked off. Then from another direction heard the chant of the students, the *Huellum! Huellum!* pronounced wayloom, holding the oom) of the university yell, as 500 of them came marching around the square, right into the midst of police, government workers and supporters, and poised tanks. Along they came, chanting slogans and that college yell, in a very orderly manner. The spectators cheered them, out of support either for their principles or for their courage. They marched to the front of the Presidential Palace, still shouting.

Then a loud-speaker ordered everyone to disperse. Spectators ran for refuge to the cathedral, but it barred its door in their faces, though many were women, some elderly. Next, the light tanks (wheel and tire vehicles) dashed from the side street directly into the students, running at them like hounds after prey. Soldiers with fixed bayonets followed. The students fled down Madero, from which rapid gunfire broke out. My wife and I ducked into a café. The proprietor closed the steel shutters, blocking out the street. All was quiet, except the high wail of ambulances. We heard later that two bystanders had been killed by gunfire, and a little girl run down by a tank. The army aid the gunfire was prompted by sniper attacks from an office building balcony. Two office buildings on Madero were pock-marked with about twenty-five bullet holes, up high, some through windows.

Emerging from the café, we found the whole area cor-

doned off by the army and riot police. We returned to the hotel to read the daily papers, of which there are many. The front page of every paper blew up large the flagpole incident, played down or completely ignored the great march and meeting of the night before. Photos showed the flag crowd as large, talked of "popular vindication" of the national flag and of the "delirio" and "emoción" roused by its raising.

For the next few days the papers were full of the flag incident. News articles and editorials talked of the student "profanation" of and "insult" to the flag. President Diaz Ordaz was quoted as saying that Mexico could have only one flag. A half-page ad proclaimed the formation of a coalition of organizations to vindicate the flag, and one paper dedicated the whole month of September to the flag.

However, two carpenters in a restaurant commented to me that the flag raising was "forzado" (forced), done by order of the government. That was how it appeared to me.

I found the article which questioned the flag incident in the moderate paper *Excelsior*. Columnist Gomez Arias said the flag furor was based on a false premise. The students hadn't insulted the national flag, for no flag normally flies on that pole in the Zocalo. The students had merely hoisted their strike flag on an empty pole.

The student banner, said Arias, "flew on high with the idea not of treason but of a strike. It was not a dirty rag, nor a cloth without history. It was not the flag of a foreign power, not the insignia of communism. Rather, it symbolized the longing for justice, the cry for vindication



from the exploited, the poor. And when they nail up this flag in factories and shops, no one, with reason, may call them traitors." It would be a sad day, said Arias, if the young had desecrated the emblem of "Mexico's sorrowful history and expression of hope for the future," but such was not the case.

Columnist Arias drew attention to the student march and meeting, which he said was not forced but voluntary, and was a "memorable spectacle the significance of which it would be impossible to conceal." Who, he said, seeing that "torrent of humanity of such magnitude" could doubt the "interest of the Mexican people in political and social problems"?

I would agree with Gomez Arias. Two weeks earlier, my wife and I had observed another huge demonstration on the Zocalo. We saw 100,000 students face the Presidential Palace and call for Diaz Ordaz to come out and answer their petition; they received no response. They thereupon burned an effigy of Police Chief Cueto Ramirez, in the form of a gorilla, in the very doorway of the palace.

As best I could learn, the precipitating event of the strike was the army's invasion of a university-affiliated school to quell a fracas over girls on July 26. Several students were killed. Students in the whole university system struck to protest the deaths and the violation of university autonomy, which is written into the Mexican constitution.

The struggle has since escalated into one with wide political implications. The government has not at any time responded favorably to student demands. It claims a "Red conspiracy" and uses armed force to the point where the Defense Minister, General Garcia Barragan, denied to the press in late August that the administration contemplated a military or civil dictatorship. The students, in a

printed brochure, *Porqué?*, scoff at the Red conspiracy charge, saying it is merely a "pretexto" to justify armed repression.

Students claim that some thirty to forty of their number have been killed, and show in addition a list of thirty-seven students who have disappeared. No casualty figures are available. The government is especially sensitive right now, for the International Olympics Committee could cancel the October games if Mexico cannot demonstrate its tranquillity. And reports of turmoil generally scare tourists—a serious matter in a country where tourism is a major industry.

In mid-August the Student Strike Council asked for a "dialogue" with the government, but arrangements broke down when the government wanted the talks private, while the students wanted them on television. With the situation becoming worse, the strike council called for wisdom and moderation, and repeated its call for dialogue, saying this time that it need not be on TV. It asked students not to taunt riot police, and shifted from a policy of immediate confrontation to one of carefully organizing itself and its supporters "district by district, block by block," throughout the city.

To me, and to many tourists, the overriding problem in Mexico is poverty, and I am certain that it is what motivates the strike. I was not surprised when a newspaper reported that "thousands of slum dwellers" supported student demonstration, and the strike council claimed many adherents among the poor.

For the first time in years the ruling PRI party (Institutional Party of the Revolution) is being seriously challenged on issues that may break its virtual monopoly in Mexico. There might come another revolution in Mexico. Many students, I heard, were reading Che Guevara.

VERDICT ON HUEY NEWTON

AN OVERSUPPLY OF DOUBT

WILBUR WOOD

Mr. Wood is news and features editor of the San Francisco Bay Guardian.

San Francisco

When I first started driving over to the Alameda County Courthouse in Oakland for the trial of Huey P. Newton, the Black Panther leader, I assumed he had done what The Man had charged him with: killed one Oakland policeman, wounded another, in an early morning shoot-out at Seventh and Willow last October 28.

I knew that, curiously, the murder weapon had not been found, and that Newton had taken a shot through the stomach. The word on the street, I'd heard, was that John Frey, the dead pig (a cop is a pig to a man on Seventh), had been caught in a cross fire.

I knew that so far the other officer, Herbert Heanes, was the only prosecution eyewitness. He said Frey had

been walking Newton toward a police car—to frisk Newton, I assumed, again—when Newton pulled a gun and opened up. A cop, I figured, would say that. I wondered what had really happened.

Assistant District Attorney Lowell Jensen turned up another eyewitness. He had actually had him all along but did not reveal this fact to Newton's attorney, Charles Garry, until four days before the prosecution opened its case. (The trial, with jury selection, lasted seven weeks.)

The eyewitness was a man named Henry Grier, a Negro bus driver who lived in Hayward, a mostly white suburb of Oakland. Too good to live with his own people? I could hear myself thinking. And then double-think: but why should any man live in a slum?

Grier had been a bus driver for AC transit two years now; before that, something like twenty years in the Navy. Veteran. Workingman. A big man, too. Grier's brother

shoulders are set high. His eyes widen as he acts out the positions of Newton and Frey as he, Grier, drives up in his bus.

Grier demonstrates how Newton wheeled away from Frey and opened up on Heanes; he explains how Frey and Newton struggled for the gun. Then he stands and aims his cocked index finger at the floor, showing Huey pumping shots into Frey's back.

Into Frey's back? But the first time Grier described the shooting—an hour and a half after it happened, to an Inspector McConnell—Grier said Frey fell on his back, face up. Why the discrepancy? (The fatal shot entered Frey's back, the autopsy decided.)

There are gaping contradictions in the prosecution's whole case, but Grier's are the ones to concentrate on, for his is the key prosecution testimony.

On October 28, Grier described the man who shot Frey as: "a peewee sort of a guy," under 5 feet tall, about 125 pounds; wearing a black shirt, tan jacket and black hat. On August 7 and 8, testifying before Superior Court Judge Monroe Friedman and a jury of twelve middle-class citizens of Alameda County, Grier pointed to Huey Newton and said: This is the man.

But Newton, though slender, is no "peewee," is 5 feet 10, weighs about 160. And more important, he was wearing a white shirt, black jacket, black beret (not hat). These bloodstained clothes are all in evidence.

Grier was shown pictures of Newton on the morning of October 28. He couldn't say positive, he said then, if Newton was the man. It was dark and the man had his face down, he told McConnell.

The transcript made from the tape-recording McConnell took of Grier's October 28th statement had a key error in it, and the error almost made it through to the jury, despite Garry's objections. The transcript read that Grier "did" get a clear view of Newton's face, when the context of the sentence (there are three negative verbs besides the one in question) clearly indicated it should be "didn't."

The 72-year-old Judge Friedman turned down Garry's original request to have the transcript corrected. All the evidence was in, the judge said, and the jury is out. Rules are rules. But when Friedman heard the actual recording of Grier's voice, he ordered the record changed to "didn't."

Newton was charged with first-degree murder (Frey) and assault with a deadly weapon (Heanes), as well as kidnapping, a charge which was subsequently thrown out when the kidnapping "victim," Dell Ross, refused to testify against Newton on the ground that he might incriminate himself (he took the Fifth Amendment).

Incriminate yourself of what wondered Prosecutor Jensen aloud, and then granted Ross immunity from incriminating himself. Immunity, that is, against everything but perjury. If Ross contradicted his grand jury testimony—in which he had said the wounded Newton waved a gun at him and told him to drive to Kaiser Hospital—Jensen would have Ross up for perjury plenty fast.

Ross then suddenly lost his memory. He couldn't remember anything about October 28, 1967. He couldn't

remember testifying before the grand jury. Jensen read Ross's whole grand jury testimony into the record, "to refresh the witness's memory," but it didn't help.

Ross also could not remember, when Garry arose to cross-examine, going to Garry's office and taping a statement which Garry played in court—"to refresh the witness's memory."

In Garry's tape, Ross had said some interesting things.



Huey P. Newton

He had lied to the grand jury, he said, because the police had warrants out on him, some parking tickets, and he did not want to go to jail. Newton had been taken to the hospital in Ross's car all right, but he was "kinda out," doubled over his gut wound, in the back seat. Newton had no gun. The man with the gun was a darker-skinned Negro (Ross is also a Negro), and this man with the gun sat in front and issued directions.

But since Ross refused to remember anything in court, the judge had to throw out all his testimony and acquit Newton of that charge.

Who was this other man? The prosecution never seemed to want to find out. They had their case against Newton and didn't want to muddy it up. There was another person

in the car Newton was driving that early morning, but the prosecution never produced him.

Officer Heanes described him: about Newton's height, white shirt and tie, maybe a mustache. So one day Garry had this man sworn in as a witness for the defense. His name is Gene McKinney. McKinney didn't have much to say, because he didn't want to incriminate himself. Yes, he was the passenger. And, no, Newton had had no gun that night and shot no one. But that's all he would say, and Jensen did not want to grant him immunity to testify. What if he testified that he shot Heanes and Frey?

The judge sent McKinney to jail for taking the Fifth Amendment in contempt of court.

The prosecution had its case against Newton, and the white power structure in Oakland badly wanted Newton's neck. Because Huey Newton has a very good head on his shoulders and knows how to organize black people.

The whites do not want the black people of Oakland organized. Black people, they fear, are going to take over the city in a few years. Already blacks number one-third of the 400,000 population. Already black kids number 50 per cent of the school population. Schools that were lily white ten years ago are now mostly black.

Even whites who are willing to integrate tend to "moralize downward," to assume that the majority culture is superior, and that the minority culture should simply dissolve into the bigger stew.

Charles Garry calls this sort of thing "subjective racism." He talked a lot about subjective racism during the jury selection. He talked about the report of the President's Commission on Civil Disorders and its conclusion that white racism was at the root of the American race problem. Had any of the prospective jurors—the white ones—heard of white racism? Not very many. Garry had to define it again and again.

To Judge Friedman all this was simply annoying. "Huey Newton is not on trial here," he said one day, "because of any ideas he may have about the social system."

I think he is, said Garry.

I believed Newton to have done the shooting, but I believed also that that was not the point. I felt that Newton probably had done it in self-defense. Frey's death, to my way of thinking, was unfortunate, but it was probably justifiable homicide.

Frey had made a lot of very bitter enemies in the ghetto; he was one of the worst of the "pigs." He'd hang around, said one of Garry's witnesses, until he could find something wrong—a cracked taillight or something—or he simply would invent an infraction, like faulty brakes. Then he'd write out a ticket.

I knew about the John Freys on Oakland's police force. They are numerous. I knew about the cops' list of Panther vehicles. The cops would hold outstanding warrants—for minor traffic violations—on these cars. Then they would bust the car at a convenient time, perhaps when the Panthers were patrolling the ghetto for signs of police harassment of black people.

That is how Newton got stopped on October 28. The Volkswagen did not belong to him; it belonged to his fiancée, Laverne Williams. Laverne had two parking

tickets—both from Berkeley. Frey found that out over the radio, after he called in to ask if there were any outstanding warrants on this "known Panther vehicle" he was about to stop at Seventh and Willow. The warrants were there, but Frey couldn't serve them on Newton because he was not the registered owner.

The prosecution claims that Newton failed to identify himself properly to Frey. (As if Frey did not know who Newton was.) It claims that Newton showed Laverne Williams' auto registration to Frey, but did not show his own driver's license.

Frey started to write out a ticket, but he made the mistake of putting Laverne (he left off the "e") Williams' name down, but Huey Newton's address. How did he get Newton's address if Newton did not identify himself?

Cops used to hound the Negroes who conked their hair and dressed up in slick suits. These were the obvious pimps, dealers, criminals. The guys with the Cadillacs. Now the cops hound the blacks who leave their hair alone and wear African colors. They are the new criminal element in the ghetto, but they are *political* criminals: revolutionaries.

Newton is a leader of revolutionaries. He wants the white man's cops ("the occupying army"), the white man's businesses, the white man's government *out* of the ghetto.

He wants black self-determination, peacefully, if possible—but you get that notion only from talking to him face to face, not from reading his press.

Newton has been picked up by the cops, he says, at least fifty or sixty times in the last couple of years. Subtract the ten months spent under guard in the hospital or in jail—since October 28—and that is about once in every six days.

So I could believe that Newton finally opened up on some "pigs" who pressed too close. But Newton says he didn't have a gun that night, and the cops have never found one. What he had in his hand, he says, when Frey made him get out of the Volkswagen, was a lawbook. How do you shoot someone with a lawbook? Garry asks.

Newton says that Frey did frisk him—hard—then walked him back toward the second police car, Heanes's car. Heanes was supposed to be checking out the passenger in the Volkswagen. Instead, he watched Frey and Newton. Why, Garry wondered, cross-examining. Was Heanes afraid of what Frey might do to Huey Newton?

"Not necessarily," Heanes replied.

Not necessarily? Newton says he turned to ask Frey what the bust was about, and started to open his lawbook.

"You can shove that book up your ass," Frey said, according to Newton's testimony. And with that, Frey straight-armed Huey in the face, and Newton went down on one knee in the street. The next thing Newton remembers is seeing Frey draw his revolver. Then the sound of gunfire—like thunder. And a feeling like hot soup spilled on his stomach.

As Newton talks on the stand, you start putting things together. The trajectory of the bullet through his body? It slopes down, as if he were shot by a man standing over his kneeling body. That checks.

And other things check. The word from the street that Frey was caught in a cross fire. The fact that the lawbook

is covered with blood—Newton's blood, Garry maintains, though the police failed to check that.

The next thing Newton remembers, he says, is a feeling of motion blurred and hazy. Then he is in front of Kaiser Hospital, trying to figure how to get up onto a platform and into the building for medical help.

It took the white nurse twenty-five minutes, maybe forty-five, to get Newton onto a stretcher and into the room where the doctor was. Meanwhile, the cops had already arrived—the nurse called them before she called a doctor—and the cops had handcuffed Newton's hands *over his head*, stretching his stomach wound painfully.

Several hours of cross-examination by Jensen reveal no cracks in Newton's story. And the prosecutor's case looks bad: there is no murder weapon. (Jensen claims Newton carried a gun, and also stole Frey's gun, which is missing.) Officer Heanes says he never saw a gun in Newton's hand. He also says he did not know where the shooting came from—although he says he was looking right at Newton and Frey.

There are so many contradictions in Heanes's testimony that it is hard to know what to believe, if anything. But for the sake of argument, say that Heanes did not know where the shots came from.

That checks with another thing Heanes said: that he wheeled—away from Newton and Frey—and spotted somebody on the sidewalk, somebody answering to the description of Gene McKinney.

McKinney, Heanes testified (not using McKinney's name, of course), put his hands in the air, "declared he was unarmed and had no intention of harming me."

Heanes, hit in the right hand, switched his gun to his left hand and blazed away in the direction of Frey and Newton.

Cross fire?

And this brings us back to Grier's testimony again. What did Grier actually see?

Probably not much. A passenger on his bus, Tommy D. Miller, testifying for the defense, placed the bus farther down the street than Grier did. Miller had just gotten on at Seventh and Willow and handed Grier a \$5 bill, Miller said. Grier was driving and making change at the same time. It was 5 A.M. and dark, and a little hazy. (Grier said it was hazy, too.)

What did Grier see? He described a man in a tan jacket, and thirty minutes after the shooting the police suspect was a man in a tan jacket, identified sometimes as Lavern (no "e") Williams, sometimes as Huey Newton. Newton and Williams are both "known Black Panthers," the radio man keeps saying (on the tape played in court), and he also keeps saying: look for a man in a tan jacket.

Neither Newton nor McKinney is a "pecwce"; neither was wearing a tan jacket that night. There may have been a third individual. He could have watched the whole ten-minute process, watched Frey knock Newton down, watched Frey pull his gun, and then. . . .

But that is only speculation. Nobody knows if there was a third man. Or maybe McKinney knows—maybe Newton knows. The point is, Newton's defense is "reasonable doubt." There's an oversupply of that.

The jury's verdict? The one black man on the jury, David B. Harper, a young executive at Bank of America, handed the slip to the bailiff late Sunday evening, September 8, after four days of deliberation.

Guilty of "voluntary manslaughter." Not guilty of assault with a deadly weapon.

The judge, rereading his instructions to the jury for the second time, had emphasized: "To reduce the charge from murder . . . to manslaughter, you must find the provocation to be considerable."

Provoked into shooting Frey, but not guilty of shooting Heanes? This is real schizophrenia. As Rush Greenlee put it in the September 9 San Francisco *Examiner*: "If Newton did not shoot Heanes—and the jury says he did not—then who did?"

Garry has built an excellent appellate case, and even stands a chance of getting a new trial. (Judge Friedman will set Newton's sentence—from two to fifteen years—and will rule on Garry's retrial motion, as well as decide whether to set bail, on September 27.) One of Garry's grounds for retrial is that the corrected Grier statement—reading that Grier "didn't" see the face of the assailant—was handed to the jury without comment. No juror knew that there had been any problem with such a key word.

Much of this entire trial went on outside the hearing of the jury. Garry having to argue again and again to have testimony about police brutality in Oakland admitted as evidence. Once the judge refused to allow a man who had been in the hospital with Newton to testify that the police threatened Newton and aimed a gun at his head. That happened after October 28, 1967, the judge ruled, and so was irrelevant.

The judge also ignored Garry's numerous motions for mistrial on grounds of jury selection (which tends to exclude ghetto blacks), the hysteria created in the public mind by the omnipresent guards in the courthouse, the daily frisks at the courtroom doors, and the tensions raised by the statements of public figures.

While the jury was still deliberating, Oakland's Mayor John Reading said that no matter what the verdict in the Newton trial, there would be explosions in the West Oakland ghetto. Newton replied immediately from his cell, calling Reading a "rabble rouser," and saying that the Panthers planned no retaliatory action but were going to exhaust all legal possibilities.

The first post-trial "explosion," as a matter of fact, came not from black people but from two off-duty Oakland policemen. Thirty hours after the manslaughter conviction and assault acquittal, they drove by Panther headquarters and riddled the building with a dozen bullets. No one was inside at the time, but there were several witnesses. The two were apprehended, and almost immediately fired by Oakland Police Chief Charles Gain. They face felony charges. Chief Gain, over television, said he wanted to emphasize that these men acted as two individuals, that their isolated action should not reflect on the fine performance of the 600 men of the force.

I thought of the 150 or 200 off-duty New York policemen who ganged up on twelve Black Panthers recently. And I thought of Chicago.

THE IMMACULATE DECEPTION

G. SCOTT REYNOLDS

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Elizur Wright, the first insurance commissioner of Massachusetts, and the man generally regarded as the father of American life insurance, said in 1862 that he had "become persuaded that life insurance was the most available, convenient, and permanent breeding place for rogues that civilization had ever presented." And lest any objection be raised as to the time that has elapsed since that utterance, note that he said "permanent."

The life insurance industry occupies a unique position in our society. It owns or controls more than two-thirds of the corporate wealth of this country. It sells no product, yet its 1967 income was nearly \$36 billion. This income, added to approximately \$12 billion from matured and redeemed bonds, mortgage amortizations and prepayments, and sales of various holdings, gave the industry an influx of money in the area of \$50 billion. Life insurance operates under a socio-religious mantle, supposedly having as its uppermost concern the welfare of widows, orphans and old people.

With such impressive credentials, what can be wrong with the institution? The answer is surprisingly simple. The industry has almost abandoned the function that justifies its existence—the providing of adequate, reasonably priced, easy-to-understand financial death protection. It has relegated this essential death protection to the status of a sideline, and in doing so has become a phantom savings media. The life insurance policy is represented as providing either for life or death, and in attempting to accommodate these opposites, it has failed in both. This failure has been to the detriment of the policyholder who has been hypnotized into thinking he is getting something for nothing, and at the same time has created monumental wealth for the industry that pretends to cherish him.

At the root of this failure is the prime offering of the industry—so-called "permanent" life insurance. Permanent insurance, as opposed to pure death protection in the form of term insurance, is misleadingly represented as providing a level amount of protection in return for the payment of a level premium. As an example, a man of 35 contracts for a \$10,000 "whole" or "straight" life policy, the least expensive form of permanent life insurance. Supposedly, this contract will provide him with \$10,000 worth of protection for the "whole" of life, now regarded actuarially as age 100. A typical premium for this coverage would be about \$200 annually, or \$20 per \$1,000 of protection.

This appears simple enough, and the vast majority of policyholders accept it at face value. But it crumbles under close scrutiny, because the level premium concept of permanent life insurance calls for substantial overpay-

ments in the earlier years in order that the premium payments in later years (assuming the policyholder reaches those years alive, or if he does, is still carrying the insurance) will not appear to be prohibitive. This overpayment, through the non-forfeiture provisions that were forced on the industry, creates what is known as the cash surrender value of the policy. This cash surrender value has come to be represented as the "savings" or "investment" element of the policy. This, as life insurance men point out, "builds" over the years. They are most reluctant, however, to point out an opposite effect: as the cash surrender value grows, the life insurance company comes off the risk at the precise same rate, for at any given time a "permanent" life insurance policy is made up of two things—the cash surrender value "savings" element, and the amount for which the company actually remains on the risk, the sum of the two being the stated face amount of the policy.

In other words, when the man who took out the \$10,000 whole life policy at 35 reaches the age of 65, he will find (on an average throughout the industry) that his policy will have a cash surrender value of approximately one-half the face amount. If he dies at this point, his beneficiaries will receive his "savings" of \$5,000, plus the \$5,000 for which the company remains on the risk. The total, incidentally, will appear on the company's statement for the year as a death benefit paid out.

His premium, meanwhile, does not lessen as the protection element of the policy decreases. In fact, his premium actually rises, for he is not only paying a level premium for a steadily decreasing amount of protection—he is also forgoing interest on his cash surrender value "savings." At a realistic rate of 4 per cent he is forgoing \$200 in a single year at the time his cash surrender value is \$5,000. This plus his annual cash premium brings his payment to \$400 a year, and the larger premium is buying half the protection that the original premium purchased in the beginning. He is in fact paying four times the original rate, or \$80 per \$1,000 of protection.

Life insurance men, in arguing against term insurance, are quick to point out that the cost of the protection rises each year. This is true not only of pure term insurance but of the conglomeration of "permanent" policies as well, the difference being that the increase is hidden from the buyer in the latter, while it can clearly be seen in the former.

Over the past century, hundreds of millions of Americans have been drawn into the trap of permanent life insurance, with the inevitable result of inadequate provision for the beneficiaries should the policyholder die a premature death, and the equally inadequate provision for the policyholder himself in retirement should he reach older age. Permanent life insurance attempts to provide for dying too soon and living too long. The failure is apparent in the number of young widows who must support

their families, and in the number of older people who must rely upon their families for support.

Permanent, cash-surrender-value life insurance is at the root of a whole family of abuses. One of the most flagrant is the misleading concept of "paid up" insurance. This consists of the limited payment policies on which premiums are paid over a specified period, such as twenty-year, thirty-year, paid up at age 65, and so on. There is also a non-forfeiture provision in other permanent policies that provides for "paid up" insurance should the policyholder cease paying premiums.

This is merely an extension of the original shell game that ensnared the policyholder in the first place. Suppose our young man with the \$10,000 whole life policy elects at 65 to stop paying his premiums and take a "paid up" policy. Such a policy, on the average, would be approximately one-half cash surrender value at this time. Also, on the average, at age 65 each \$1,000 of cash surrender value in a policy will buy \$1,320 of paid-up insurance. The key word here is *buy*, for that is precisely what must be done. He must take his \$5,000 savings account and in a single premium, buy a paid-up policy. Thus for each \$1,000 he gets \$320 of actual protection.

Even after this exorbitant payment is made it is not the end of paying, even though the policyholder may never become aware of the payments he continues to make. At 4 per cent the \$5,000 he has turned over to the insurance company could be earning \$200 annually in a true savings medium. His single payment of \$5,000 has bought him a \$6,600 paid-up policy. The difference between the money he already had (\$5,000) and the amount the policy will pay on his death (\$6,600) is \$1,600. This represents the actual protection and for this he is paying \$200 a year in forgone interest at only 4 per cent. This figures to a per \$1,000 cost of \$125. He could buy a new permanent policy for approximately one-half this rate, assuming he had any requirement for protection beyond 65.

The advertising, sales practices, in fact everything said and done by the life insurance industry is aimed directly at promoting the sale of so-called permanent life insurance. Always overlooked is the fact that the protection element of every life insurance policy ever sold is nothing more than term insurance—there is no other kind of life insurance. All the rest is window dressing, but it is window dressing that generates the profits. Life insurance men are frank to admit (at least, when being candid with one another in their trade papers) that term insurance is a tough row to hoe. If it is insisted upon, and their arguments cannot overcome the insistence, they will sell it with reluctance. They do not, however, consider the battle lost, for there is a provision in a term policy which allows for the "privilege" of conversion to a permanent plan. It is significant that the reverse of this privilege, the conversion of permanent insurance into term, is not allowed. Once in the trap, they do not want you out.

The borrowing of cash surrender values can have an eye-opening effect upon the policyholder. Our man with the \$10,000 whole life policy may find himself in need of money at the time his cash surrender value is \$5,000,

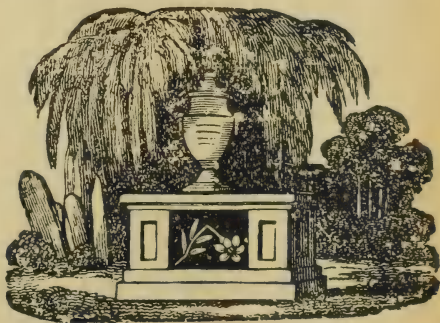
but he may not want to give up the remaining \$5,000 of protection in his policy. In this case he may borrow from the company at a pre-stated rate of interest, usually 5 per cent. So he makes the loan, and he now finds that he continues to pay the same premium as before, \$200, *plus* interest of \$250, or a total annual payment to the life insurance company of \$450.

If he dies, his beneficiaries will receive \$5,000, for the outstanding loan must be deducted from the face amount of the policy. Once again it becomes apparent that life insurance is nothing more than a pseudo-savings medium. In borrowing his own "savings" the policyholder discovers he has given up that exact amount of his death protection, but continues to pay the same premium as before in addition to the fact that he must pay interest on his lost protection.

One life insurance man, in defense of this practice, said that he knew of no bank that would continue to pay interest on withdrawn savings. This statement, as is often the case in life insurance, completely inverts the situation. Certainly no bank pays interest on withdrawn savings accounts—the point is, what bank *charges* interest on withdrawn savings?

The industry stubbornly clings to the inefficient instrument of permanent life insurance. And because of its enormous profitability, the misrepresentation involved in its sale will probably continue unchecked. There is no effective regulation of the industry. Each state has its own insurance department and commissioner, making a total of fifty agencies charged with the impossible task of regulating and controlling the biggest interstate industry in America. The writings and utterances of many state insurance commissioners indicate strongly that their allegiance lies entirely with the industry. The policyholder then, in a very real sense, must fend for himself in his contacts with the life insurance industry. Until now this has been a grossly unfair match.

But, through knowledge, the individual can do something about his own situation, even if he cannot bring about universal reform. There has long been in the minds of many policyholders an indefinable distrust of an industry that grows so enormously wealthy in the exercise of beneficence. This feeling is becoming less indefinable, and with definition will come change.



VOLSTEAD EXHUMED?

EDWARD JOSEPH SHOEN, JR.

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Pending before the current Congress is a bill known as the Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments of 1968 (H.R. 15355 and S. 2990). If enacted, it will impose new and heavy penalties for not only the distribution and sale but the possession for personal use of "hallucinogenic drugs (including LSD) and other depressant and stimulant drugs." From testimony so far given in hearings by the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce and the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, it is clear that the proposed legislation has been at least partly engendered by an increase in the use of marijuana, already covered by the Harrison Narcotics Act; it is also clear that its comprehensive language covers a very wide range of very different pharmacological agents—the amphetamines or "pep pills," barbiturates, benzedrine, and a variety of others. It is further evident that the recommended law is directed primarily against young people, especially against college students, who are identified as the great bulk of users of psychoactive devices that affect the qualities of consciousness.

That there is a real need for federal intervention in the business of drug abuse and control is beyond doubt. Whether the Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments of 1968 even approach the criteria of a desirable federal law is, to put it mildly, a moot question. To discuss it critically, however, is often difficult because public sentiment about the use of drugs often approaches hysteria or entails a set of powerful stereotypes derived from the problems associated with heroin and other narcotics, a very different order of chemical agents that is not at all under discussion here.

In the light of these traits of the public temper, it therefore becomes incumbent upon anyone who worries aloud about potentially ugly and self-defeating characteristics of drug legislation to make clear his own posture. I am not now nor have I ever been a user of pot, LSD or any of the other drugs at which H.R. 15355 and S. 2990 are aimed. I value the qualities of my alleged consciousness, such as they are, and I want no warping of them by the pharmacologist's art. On the other hand, I must confess to drinking an exorbitant amount of coffee, smoking a pipe to something like excess, and sometimes being guilty of a cocktail at lunch as well as one before dinner. In short, like many members of the respectable middle class, I can be described as relatively hooked on caffeine, nicotine and alcohol—all drugs with very dangerous properties.

I also assert rather than admit that I am approaching 50 and, finding the years comfortable, have little sympathy with cults of youth. Associated for the greater part of my adult life with universities and the enterprise of higher education in the United States, I bluntly repudiate

any notion of their serving as a sanctuary for criminals or as a haven for special forms of self-indulgence. Finally, I regard dangerous drugs as defining a social evil of serious consequence, and I firmly believe that the establishment of appropriate controls over their administration and use is a pressing necessity.

Having indicated that I am a good-guy member of the middle class, I find it necessary to register some strong objections to the Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments of 1968. To get on to more important matters, I shall run rather lightly over the first one. In lumping together a number of very heterogeneous drugs, the proposed law ignores a great deal of available evidence about their quite different chemical, physiological and behavioral properties and effects. In this respect, the amendments are inappropriately indiscriminate and based on needless ignorance.

Far more crucial is the observation that by adding to existing statutes new and stringent penalties for possession for personal use (in addition to manufacture, distribution and sale), the law could brand for life as criminals large numbers of young people, a majority of them college students, who have simply engaged in experiments with drugs that have wide currency in present-day American life. The problem is not one of whether these experiments are intelligent or wise; it is one of whether it is in the public interest to make them a federal offense. Recent estimates from the National Institutes of Health and other sources are that from one-fifth to one-third of college students have used, one or more times, marijuana or other drugs covered by the proposed legislation. In California alone, it is reported that something of the order of 30,000 arrests were made in 1967 for pot smoking, about two-thirds of them affecting college students. Such figures suggest that the bill under consideration is strongly analogous to the ill-starred Volstead Act, with special and ominous implications for the university campus and its most numerous constituency, those future alumni and leaders of our citizenry who are now called students.

Like the Volstead Act, as Dr. James Goddard, former director of the Food and Drug Administration and Dr. Stanley Yolles of the National Institute of Mental Health have pointed out, this legislation is virtually unenforceable in any effective or fair fashion. Directed primarily against young people, a very high proportion of whom are now in college, it invites an increase in that disrespect for law among youth that is a genuinely fundamental issue in our present time of societal troubles. It also suggests a basis for those aperiodic, sudden and concentrated crack-downs, not infrequently directed against college communities, that often terrify and enrage but that seldom serve as efficient deterrents or as decently effective ways of supporting just social rules. If the correspondence to the unhappiest features of the Volstead Act implies the horrors of the dramatic but fundamentally pointless police raid, it also raises the specter of a sharp increase in the more

violent and criminal features of the traffic in non-narcotic drugs.

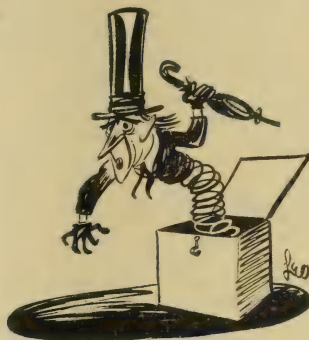
The central issue is that of whether the Volstead-like punitive and repressive measures of the Administration are at all likely to have socially useful effects comparable with those achieved by more vigorous programs of research and education, and a focus in enforcement on illegal manufacture and sale. It is noteworthy here that the use of LSD began to decline quickly and abruptly as persuasive evidence became available that the hallucinogen may produce serious and often irreversible psychological and genetic damage. In contrast, the widespread increase in the use of marijuana is occurring in the presence of already stiff legal penalties for its use, and is associated with the fact that there is virtually no scientific and medical evidence of any serious consequences from it. It is little wonder that our young often challenge our values when, in the light of these facts, we recall that the *mandatory* penalties in some states are more severe for using marijuana than are those for second degree murder!

It is frequently argued that the use of marijuana must be severely controlled because it leads to later dependence on narcotics like heroin or opium. It is quite true that one finds in the histories of narcotics addicts a high frequency of marijuana usage. One also finds, however, a high frequency of glue sniffing, excessive drinking and virtually any other activity that will obliterate consciousness. It is only a small oversimplification to say that narcotics addicts are basically "experience-deniers," people seeking escape from the impact of the world on their underdeveloped psychological apparatus. Three observations are centrally relevant here. First, young people, especially college students, who have been experimenting with marijuana and even with LSD are overwhelmingly "experience-seekers," individuals looking toward and valuing the experience of expansion in their own consciousness. This sort of personality is simply not one in which drug dependence takes root. In addition, the vast majority of cases of experimentation with pot and hallucinogens by college students have been essentially casual, limited to a single or few episodes, and closely associated with membership in social groups the life and viability of which are not long. Second, it is thoroughly illogical, as well as simply contradictory of evidence, to argue that because narcotics addicts have histories of marijuana usage, it follows that marijuana users will become addicts. Narcotics users also wear shirts, but shirt wearers rarely become narcotics addicts! And third, because the sale of narcotics is enormously lucrative, and the sale of marijuana, LSD and comparable drugs is, by comparison, a matter of almost no financial consequence, there is little crossing of the traffic lanes along which these very different chemicals move. In consequence, the youngster looking for pot is unlikely to make contact with pushers of dope; and the highly "professional" distributor of narcotics is even more unlikely to take criminal risks for small returns when big money can be had if he sticks to his special brand of viciousness.

So far, I have suggested that this latter-day Volstead Act is unenforceable, an invitation both to increased crime

and ineffectual police activity, illogical, and at best highly dubious in its reading of relevant evidence. If they are persuasive, these contentions should alone be sufficient to avoid the stigmatizing for life as federal offenders the young people who are convicted under it. But there is a social consideration of even greater if slightly more subtle proportions.

It is highly probable that difficulties in the Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments would considerably exacerbate the alienation of contemporary youth. It must be remembered that I am not in any sense arguing for making access to dangerous drugs easier. I am worrying only about the severity of penalties attached to possession for personal use, and the reason is a straightforward one. In the eyes of many of our brightest and most perceptive young, there is a vast hypocrisy in a society that characterizes kids as going to hell in a handbasket by virtue of



their experiment with pot, while the most respectable members of that society are themselves heavily committed to psychoactive drugs. Aspirin, nicotine, tea and coffee and alcohol should be a sufficient list of the pharmacological agents on which almost all of us now heavily rely; but there is still that vast panoply of tranquilizers, sleeping tablets and stimulants that fill the medicine cabinets of our most stable citizens and the leaders of our civic life. Ours is a society in which the use of drugs to deaden pain, to help us achieve a night's rest, or to increase our feelings of intellectual or physical vigor is increasingly widespread. The national bills paid annually for liquor and for tranquilizers are staggeringly large and on the increase, and the number of both stimulants and depressants bought without prescription has been a fantastic boon to the proprietary drug industry. If we lose sight of this context, we lose our capacity to understand the processes that underlie the experimentation with marijuana and some other psychoactive drugs among youngsters, just as we lose our capacity to understand and to respond maturely to the bitterness of youth as they examine our attitudes and find us both hypocritical and closed-minded.

It can be argued, of course, that the alienation of youth is less important than justice or the society's larger need

to regulate certain forms of behavior. I completely agree. My only point is that no society that is self-respecting, or wise about its future, risks alienating its young without taking serious thought and persuasively formulating the necessity for the measures it adopts. It seems doubtful that any persuasive case for either justice or necessity can really be built on *this specific law*.

There is still a further source of concern. By putting a heavily punitive emphasis on possession for personal use, the effect of the proposed Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments could well be a kind of federalizing of the sort of episode that occurred recently at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Those interested in the worth and potentialities of higher education can be troubled by the easing of a process whereby outside authorities may invade a campus—a process which makes college decision vulnerable to current political sentiment from outside its precincts rather than responsive to academic and humanly constructive considerations. They will also be deeply troubled by the advent of undercover agents, masquerading as students or as visitors to classrooms or campus gatherings, reporting to police and to federal bureaus a wide variety of information well beyond what is relevant to the distribution and use of drugs. The precedents established at Stony Brook and elsewhere indicate that material bearing on the political, social and moral ideas of faculty members and students become part of official dossiers. Such a state of affairs militates powerfully against the conditions that safeguard intellectual freedom and the integrity of the educational enterprise. Any presence in a college or university that would inhibit the free discussion of political, social and moral issues is a source of intense worry. In the present case, a serious threat to academic freedom interacts with another step in the erosion of privacy. To pay such prices for the control of drug usage seems high at best; when there are grounds for arguing that this sort of deterrence is unlikely to deter, it seems dreadfully exorbitant and well beyond what a genuinely healthy society would be willing to afford. Again, the lessons of the Volstead Act should be useful.

Finally, it seems odd that there should be such pressure for the passage of these bills when the National Commission on Reform of the Federal Criminal Laws is now at work, with the problem of drug laws and their enforcement well up on its scale of priorities. The preliminary report from this body is due on November 8. Is it conceivable that the rush with respect to H.R. 15355 and S. 2990 has something to do with its being an election year—that politics rather than justice or social necessity is primary here? The question becomes all the more troubling when another fact is noted: on recommendation of the President's Commission on Crime and the Administration of Justice, the National Institute of Mental Health has developed a large-scale and intensive program of research on all aspects of marijuana and the hallucinogens. Authorization for this enterprise suggests that our knowledge is too faulty at this particular moment to permit action that is wise.

At the same time, the case for effective federal inter-

vention is one that hardly needs making. The distribution and use of dangerous drugs are menacing to our health and stability, and there is every reason for a strong national policy. If the Congress feels that the work of the National Commission on Reform of the Federal Criminal Laws and the research of the National Institute of Mental Health needs monitoring and supervision, there is a highly desirable alternative to the proposed Dangerous Drug Penalty Amendments of 1968. A Congressional Commission on Drug Abuse and Control could readily be formed to coordinate the efforts of the National Commission and the NIMH, to review and synthesize the large body of growing evidence about the drugs under scrutiny, to formulate the problems in a knowledgeable fashion, and to propose remedial legislation on an informed and constructive basis. The commission procedure has been employed with respect to a number of other large-scale social issues to good effect. Not only has it led to wiser and more intelligently developed law; it has afforded an opportunity for public education almost as valuable as the legislation it has instigated. With respect to the control of drug traffic, the commission model seems particularly germane, especially if the group appointed includes eminent biochemists, lawyers, physicians, behavioral scientists and educators. Such an arrangement almost certainly would result in legislative proposals that pay more heed to the enormous differences among psychopharmacological agents, that would attend more sensitively and positively to the profound social questions that are bound up with the drug issue, and that would reflect a broader and more sophisticated range of genuinely effective concern with highly probable and ugly inroads on personal privacy and intellectual freedom than is true of H.R. 15355 and S.2990. It seems likely that neither the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce nor the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare are interested in repeating the mistakes of the Volstead Act, and would welcome salvation through a more enlightened expression of public opinion.

LETTERS (Continued from page 290)

preferring to the very end to call it the Roman Empire; currently, the present Greek military regime, in suppressing freedom of expression and other basic liberties, does it in the name of Christianity.

In poetry, more than in any other form of art, the fact that the Greeks have never fully become more than superficially Christian, is abundantly clear. For, despite the extraordinary breadth and productivity of modern Greek literature, there is no "religious" poetry. Christian organizations in Greece that tried to produce anthologies of religious poetry, have failed abysmally for more than one century. . . .

Spyridon Granitsas

correction

The editors regret that a typographical error appeared in John Logan's poem, "The Search," in the Sept. 16th issue. The lines should have read:

Now I think I hunt with so much rage
that I will risk or lose
family or friends for the ghost of my youth

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Humanities and Inhumanities

LOUIS KAMPE

Mr. Kampf teaches at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is the author of On Modernism: The Prospects for Literature and Freedom (MIT Press).

American higher education, like any institution, lives by myths. Still feeling threatened by the seriousness of purpose shown by students during last spring's campus rebellions, the educator's myth of the moment informs us of both the practicality and the transcendent beauty of a liberal (or humanistic) education. The same noble speech is being (or has recently been) addressed to thousands of freshmen: whether at West Point, Swarthmore, the Texas College of Mines, M.I.T., or the University of Michigan hardly seems to matter. It informs them of the primacy of a liberal—rather than a specialized, or technical—education. The humanities, the speech continues, release us from irrationally held prejudices; they open our minds; they teach us to be generalists instead of specialists. In short, a liberal education transforms the narrow career-oriented youth into a free, though of course responsible, man or woman of culture.

The underlying assumption of the speech is that four years of exposure to a balanced curriculum will produce young men and women who are objective, rational, yet not without feeling; who being free of ideological blinders will be blessed with a sense of their own autonomy. Having been made intellectually independent by their study of Homer, the Renaissance, atomic particles, Wordsworth, brain waves, Pop art and total environments, they are capable of discovering the relevant past and applying it to the problems of the moment. They are prisoners neither of history nor of the imperatives of current urgencies. Consequently they are eminently capable of dealing with the insistent pressures of change. Having absorbed the best civilization has to offer, they will be able to retain their humanity though practically engulfed by inhuman events. Briefly put, they will be liberal. Certainly, they will not resort to the barbarism of riots.

I suppose there is a grain of truth at the center of this hollow rhetoric. Certainly the motives which generate such words are often decent enough. Yet I suspect that the hearts of most academics attending freshman orientation sink as

they hear the noble sentiments being piled on. There is a moment when one expects the dean of freshmen either to burst into tears, to choke on his own words, or perhaps to double up with laughter. He knows that his colleagues know his words are fake; and I suspect that most of the students see us all—teachers, deans, administrators—for the frauds we are. Is it not time we forgot about the nobility of the humanities and asked what their real function is, what social purposes they, in fact, serve?

Hardly a day passes without some representative of the industrial elite letting us know that America's corporate enterprises, not to speak of its government agencies, need managers who are not only steeped in the techniques of operations research but who are equally adept at quoting John Donne or T. S. Eliot. At M.I.T., the Sloan Fellows in Industrial Management are expected to devote a fairly substantial amount of their time to the study of literature. The exposure to literature, we are to assume, makes them better—indeed, more enlightened—managers. But who are these managers? What is their task?

No one knows who will live in this cage in the future, or whether at the end of this tremendous development entirely new prophets will arise, or there will be a great rebirth of old ideas and ideals, or, if neither, mechanized petrification, embellished with a sort of convulsive self-importance. For the last stage of this cultural development, it might well be truly said: "Specialists without spirit, sensualists without hearts; this nullity imagines that it has attained a level of civilization never before achieved."

The melancholy words are Max Weber's. The occupants of his cage are the functionaries of the bureaucracy bequeathed us by the Protestant ethic and the spirit of capitalism. The culture he feared was one in which rationalization of the profit motive, rather than the simple urge to earn money, becomes its own end, and efficiency is pursued with religious—yet mechanical—zeal. To further such ends, traditional education is replaced by training programs for technicians and efficiency experts. M.I.T., the Harvard Business School, and their brothers and sisters were fathered by the needs of industrial capitalism.

But today such an analysis may seem

naïve, even simple-minded. We know that our business schools give courses in social responsibility; moreover, our industrial managers conduct seminars on the needs of the Third World and the family structure of the poor. And who would doubt that this derives from anything but the best of motives? But before we congratulate ourselves on our good luck, we might take a closer look at modern capitalism. Clearly we have moved beyond that stage of rationalization which merely involves problems in engineering. Moreover, the complexities of modern finance—the mother of industrial development—involve a subtlety of human manipulation undreamed of by Weber's contemporaries. And as the complexity insinuates itself into all areas of the social system, we reach a point where our corporations and financial institutions effectively control most public—as well as private—institutions. As Kenneth Galbraith has pointed out, in this situation the main function of the American Government is not to promote the public sector but to keep the social order stable enough for business to do its business. Its second large task is to see that America's educational institutions provide the corporate machine with enough functionaries to keep it oiled.

The function of higher education, then, is to turn out those industrial cadres, rocket engineers, researchers, planners, personnel managers and development experts needed by the economy. But not only this; our colleges and universities have also been charged with the task of shaping the more ordinary functionaries: the kind who were once not subject to a four-year grind through the educational mill. Looked at in terms of real industrial need these four years of classes, laboratories, football games, hours in the library and bull sessions seem entirely superfluous. But that is not the point. For beyond immediate mechanical requirements there are the larger social imperatives. Social order must be maintained, and the whole fabric of traditions which gives a society its continuity must be kept intact. If this proves to be impossible, then at least appearances must be kept up; patches covering up the rents must be made invisible. As ordinary mechanical tasks multiply, as more of the labor force takes on white-collar jobs and finds itself pushed into the

middle class, the process of acculturation becomes increasingly difficult. Formerly, those few who climbed the social ladder learned their manners—were educated to the proper social style—by their gradual exposure to the more or less culturally advanced. This was a slow and haphazard process; many fell by the wayside and never attained the style of life appropriate to their economic station. If the pro-

duction of consumer goods is to expand, the goods must be consumed. To accomplish this, the new industrial cadres must be prepared for an "enriched"—that is, a cultured—style of life. Above all, the new class must never be allowed to feel that it constitutes a new industrial proletariat.

Let me return to Weber's metaphor: the animals in the bureaucratic cage

must be civilized. Yet having consciousness, the task of civilizing tends to go beyond the development of conditioned reflexes. It must concern itself with the inescapable fact of human creativity and with the reality of man's historical memory. Both are, after all, basic components of what we call culture; they are integral to man as a species. The ordinary functionary, then, must be convinced that the rationalized task he performs—his ordinary, and inexplicable, job of work—is somehow connected to traditional culture—to all those monuments, both artistic and social, which represent our historical aspirations. What had formerly been the property of an elite now also belongs to the bureaucrat; for he, after all, has become a member of that elite. Or so he thinks. In any case, he knows he has his place in the traditions of the social system—and it is good. Consequently, there is no point in directing the anger of one's frustrations, of one's secret dissatisfactions, at the system itself, for one would be turning them against oneself—against that historic culture one has attained.

And therefore the future home economist, insurance salesman, even department store floorwalker must be made to believe that these tasks are—however mysteriously—connected to Homer, the Athenians, the Judeo-Christian tradition, and the rest of our cultural baggage. The connections may not be clear, but we feel a terrible guilt if we do not perceive them.

To perform this job of acculturation requires an expanding system of colleges and universities; to run them, a force of educational functionaries whose size seems to have no limit. The opportunities for administrators, professors, research executives, even writers, painters and composers are getting better every day. If nothing else, our colleges provide a marvelous haven for Cabinet members, mayors, Presidential advisers and generals, who are temporarily out of work. They, like their fellow humanities professors, are also students of the liberal arts. But, once more, this job of training and acculturation must proceed without upsetting our traditional notion of the university's function. The educational cadres must believe that they perform the humane tasks of scholarship. So they all write articles, and monographs, and books, and reviews of books and bibliographies of these reviews. At the highest level, in our important graduate schools, they train people like themselves to train people like themselves, to train people like themselves. . . .

Far from teaching young people to become aware of their capacities, a liberal education allows them—worse,

TOUCH AND GO

With us, any time, it is just touch and go.

*Even though we have begun to turn back to it,
the winter sun is so low in the south it blinds
our eyes at every moment.*

*Shoulder high, it stays even with our eyes
and blinds them into visions of cerise and purple
blossoms on jagged stalks.*

*The book we try to read is stained with the red
blotches of these flowers and we are blind
to all the words.*

*Pale brightest, pale light of pure tonic of sky
with the winter away down below the blueness
and the mighty thinwhite jetlines.*

*Erotic feelers, lusts of old age, accentuate
this beauty, related to the noon of shadows,
for all is struck and shadowed*

*Blaze horizontal, struck in our eyes, so that
looking up north we see the pavilions of greenness,
familiar of the winter trees.*

*We do not have to bother with heat from overhead
and can choose south-light or north-light,
left or right face.*

*Or after the night blizzard in a grayness of whirling
noon, platinum fulsome through scud, elevated lost
over the cup of horizon.*

*Now in the fair the winter sun knowing no winter
will approximate our hilarity, unaware that one
crucifixion upholds it.*

*All the blue emptiness north: plunk with shock
to the stomach, plunk with shock to the heart:
plunk, plunk with shock to the groin.*

*Every moral dilemma, every agapic need heisted
up there, hello, jolt of the planting, soft
snarl of the sword.*

....

*Touch and Go: lungs in a choking oedema, release
of the bleeding: he is all curved and strained
out there looking at us.*

Whom shall we touch? Where shall we go?

ELLIOTT COLEMAN

forces them—to ignore themselves. As for the nagging reality of a world desperately in need of social change, the ordinary liberal education pretends either that the need does not exist, or that it can be taken care of painlessly, as a matter of ordinary academic routine. One thing is certain: change must do no violence to the traditional humanistic values embedded in the curriculum. These foundations of a liberal education are sacred. Thus the master task of the humanities becomes one of accommodating students to the social dislocations of industrial society by hiding their painful apprenticeship—their rite of admission to an appropriate office—behind the mask of a traditional culture. Confronted by the radical transformation of roles played by the educated, the liberal arts must assure us that the *status quo* is, after all, being maintained.

An odd development. Matthew Arnold once taught us that the object of studying the best that had been thought or said is to criticize our present mode of life, to make us see the object as it really is. Instead the study of our classics seems to provide us with ideological blinders. It mystifies—to use R. D. Laing's phrase—the very basis of our experience: our way of seeing, feeling, knowing. The humanities have been the educational system's unwitting collaborators in destroying our experience—that is, our humanity. For by blinding us to social mechanisms they have made us unconscious; they have made us the victims of a myth; they have kept us from seeing things as they really are. And, to quote Laing again, "If our experience is destroyed, our behavior will be destructive." And so it is. It is so because our culture has taught us to disguise competitive aggression as social benevolence, oppression as freedom, hate as love. These marvelous transformations have been effected not only by those who control our most powerful institutions but by our educators—our experts in acculturation. The lesson concerning the relationship of culture to aggression taught us by *Civilization and Its Discontents* seems not to have sunk in. Or perhaps it has sunk in all too well. As Freud observed, we

desperately stand in need of our defense mechanisms.

But perhaps we are running out of defense mechanisms. Perhaps the contradictions liberal education creates for students are beginning to turn on us; perhaps the young will make us ask those questions we have so long refused to ask.

How so? The meaning of life is in action—whether the acts be physical or mental. Fulfilled action frees us; it makes us independent. When we can relate our thoughts, our yearnings, to activity; when our vague projections issue in conscious work—then we may rightly feel that we have our lives under a measure of control. Formerly the purpose of a traditional liberal education had been to train a cultured—and humane—elite. The act of ruling, of governing and giving guidance, was the activity which gave life its meaning; it fulfilled the objectives of the education. Clearly we still have the same goals in mind for the liberal arts today. Supposedly they teach us to be creative and to act humanely. And are these not the standards we set for our elite? But consciousness has made a fool of our objectives; for the young—or at least for some of them—the ideological fog has been cleared by the very contradictions of their education.

Precisely because we have been liberal in our education, our best students have come to understand that their deepest intellectual concerns—their very enthusiasms, their most intense involvements—cannot issue in any sort of activity which makes a claim to any social relevance beyond acculturation. And if there be no such social relevance, how can activity be fulfilling? Thus there is an almost inevitable split between thought and action. Thought may be free, but activity is controlled; stated educational objectives may be ethical, but actions immoral. The thoughts and feelings engendered by liberal education—the cultural enrichment we offer the young—become ideological masks for the politics of those who rule.

And the best of our students know this. They know that their studies are divorced from meaningful activity. They know that their courses are not intended to further their self-development; rather they become a part of the students' property, their capital. Their knowledge—technical or humanistic—makes them a product. As the material and cultural embodiments of this knowledge grow—and recall, these embodiments are products of man's self-formation, actualizations of his ideas—our practical activities, in a most ironic fashion, become ever more faintly related to our thoughts and feelings; their connection to the meaningful development of ideas and passions becomes more and more tenuous.

Consciousness has once more played us for the destructive fools we are. For the object of a liberal education, we tell ourselves, is the fulfillment of individual capacities, of ideas and passions. Through such fulfillment, we assume, men can become whole, sane, peaceful and free—that is, humane.

But the split we have created in the student's life has allowed him to see his education for what it is. He knows that his studies—especially those in the humanities, he is informed by our managers—make him a more valuable piece of private property. He knows that his labor in the classroom transforms him into an object; that he makes of himself a product.

Since it is the student himself who becomes the product of his own labor, he is in tension with himself; he is split. He sells those treasures which, we have taught him, best represent his humanity—that is, his civilization, his culture, his liberal education. And so he is at war with his own being, for the battle over this piece of private property is a battle over himself. For the best of our students the study of the humanities creates a more intense consciousness of this situation. Indeed, self-knowledge creates a condition which puts that very education—the act of preparing oneself for one's role—beyond endurance. What truly

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liberally educated human being can bear to be a commodity with consciousness?

Such are the ends of a liberal education—or at least one of the unintended ends. In their attempt to use the traditional liberal arts to gain social consent, our managers have created a situation where students must risk their sanity in order to enact the lessons of their education; or they must turn into commodities, accommodating themselves—consciously or otherwise—to the lie on which their education is based.

In seeking alternatives, the educator's first impulse is to suggest curricular reform: jiggle the mechanism a bit, make a great-books course out of freshman composition, even have them reading Norman Mailer and Mao Tse-tung. Such reforms, we assume, will effect a fundamental change in the lives of our students. I doubt it. Changes in the curriculum—though often valuable and necessary—may have the ultimate effect of making the acculturating mechanisms more efficient. They may make the beast more cultured, but will not change its objectives. To break out of Weber's cage, to face the imperatives of fundamental change without dogma—if these are the conditions to which we hope our students will aspire, we shall need a most fundamental critique of the very social basis and function of higher education. Much academic political science will serve as an example. Aside from its more gross involvements with the CIA, the field's major object is to put government *policy*—unlike the more trivial matter of its *execution*—beyond criticism: to harden ideologies like the "national interest" into unassailable dogmas. Political science has done its job well, for it has succeeded in putting real political inquiry beyond the pale of academic respectability. This situation will not be changed by curricular reforms alone. If students are once more to ask meaningful questions about the state, and if they are to meet these questions with programs they can translate into action, the very *ends* we set for political science will have to be changed.

[See "Political Science Discovers Politics," *The Nation*, September 23.]

The objective of a liberal education, it seems to me, should be the harmonious reconciliation of philosophy (that is, our ways of thinking), action and nature (the world; what there is). This condition is possible only when we do not feel estranged from the products of our thoughts and actions, when we do not feel separated from the nature we have helped to create. Unhappily, industrial capitalism is rooted in these divisions. In our divided state philosophy (our principles of education) must not be allowed to become an integral expression of culture; it must not serve to rationalize the divisions induced by the industrial system. It can remain philosophy, rather than ideology, only as it is *critical*. And so for the humanities or liberal arts.

How is this criticism to be expressed? Most often, I suspect, in acts which appear irrational, if not deranged. On October 16, 1967, while watching nearly 300 students turning in their draft cards at Arlington Street Church in Boston, I understood—and was saddened by that understanding—that these young men were involved in a desperate act of rejecting a civilization. The moral outrage required for this heroic act is disfiguring; it warps one's sense of reality; it too makes one's view of the world partial. Yet this seemingly mad act of rejecting an illegitimate and immoral authority was really an attempt to relate thought to action: to assert that the products of one's actions are one's own; that freedom—or at least the struggle for it—is a human necessity. Saying "Hell, no, we won't go!" is one way for the student to expose the lie of his education. Exploiting the class privilege of one's college deferment is, after all, a moral fraud—a fraud to which higher education not only closes its eyes but which it encourages. Ironically, in their act of criticism, in their act of rejection in willfully separating themselves from society these draft resisters tried to assert their wholeness.

Yet what of the madness of this act? Recent studies of schizophrenics have shown that insanity may provide the morally sensitive with the only means of staying alive in a disordered world. The ordering principle imposed by insanity on destructive chaos keeps one from suicide. This is one way of relating thought to action; or, more simply, to *act*—rather than turning inward self-destructively. Yet there is an alternative to pathology. And the students who take their education seriously and resist the draft have pointed to that alternative. Our ordering principle as educators must be criticism or, going further, counter-action, resistance. This may not sound much like the detachment, the wholeness,

we associate with the humanities. Indeed, we know criticism tends to induce disorder and most of its serious practitioners often act like uncivilized madmen. But consider that the only real choice may be whether to be mad (though civilized) on society's terms, or on one's own.

If resistance be madness, it is at least human madness, not the rationalized lunacy of an abstract process. If our students are to retain—or perhaps discover—their humanity, they will have to oppose the system of acculturation and spiritual servitude which our colleges encourage. And opposition to abstractions constantly tempts one into irrational confrontations; the bars of the cage are beyond rationality.

Surely, the truly humanistic educator must strive to create a world which does not demand of our students acts of madness as the price for spiritual wholeness. Our primary need then is not for a liberal education but for one which is actively committed to an end. If we are to break out of the empty rhetoric of liberal educational reform, scholarship may need to become allied with activism.

Activism on what front? Not on the campus alone. For one thing, the university is not the place where students and their teachers are most likely to liberate themselves from the shackles of ideology. For higher education's institutional nature has shaped it into an instrument of perpetuation for our most cherished—that is, humanistic—ideologies; the university and most of its faculty has a vested interest to protect. And if we are to take Richard Hofstadter's commencement address at Columbia as an index, that vested interest will be defended against campus activists in the name of free scholarly inquiry. For it is the student strikers, Professor Hofstadter would have us believe, who are the chief threat to the values of humane scholarship.

Those scholars concerned with liberating themselves from such academic dogma and effecting fundamental change in the role played by the liberal arts, might have to begin by forming political groupings (such as the New University Conference) which create alliances both within and outside the university. These groupings will have to gain a sense of identity by taking clear, strong and public stances on the most important moral issues which confront our students: Vietnam, the draft, race, poverty, the nature of higher education, the uses of scholarship. Or to go deeper: American imperialism, war itself, the function of private property, sex and aggression. What is more, analyses should be complemented by meaningful political action. Such activity may, in some cases, involve divisions within the faculty. But this surely

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must be the first step if our philosophy is to relate to our acts. Some things cannot—and must not—be smoothed over. Surely one thing our students must learn is to take their thoughts seriously.

The special urgency and occasional violence of the students' demands for university reform derive, I think, from an intuition that the liberal arts, rather than being the property of educational establishments, should embody our civilization's highest achievements. This intuition makes the integration of the liberal arts into the students' daily lives a condition toward which they (and we) desperately yearn. Yet if we are to see the object as it is, in Matthew Arnold's sense, we must look at the liberal arts within their social context. If liberal education is to perform its proper function—to help the students see things as they are, to face

them humanely and freely—then that education must be placed within an appropriate social context. Creating this context becomes, consequently, the foremost task for the liberal arts.

This involves a transformation of consciousness, a transformation which must be radical—that is, it must take hold at the root. To reach this goal, the economic and social conditions which enslave our students must also be radically transformed. Is this possible inside our educational institutions? Within the imperatives of our social system? I doubt it. Yet our society is being shaken; it changes radically in spite of ourselves, and in spite of our universities. Though we have no clear answers or directives for action, we must make the attempt. For only in the attempt will our analyses unfold, our activity become consciously meaningful.

Leaping Ahead of Theory

TOM NAIRN

Mr. Nairn is the co-author of a study of the May events in France which will be published in England under the title The Beginning of the End: France, 1968, and is at present at work on a study of Marshall McLuhan. Mr. Nairn's work appears in New Society.

It will be a very long time before an acceptable history of the 1968 May revolution is written. The originality, the importance, and the continuing life of the "events" all insure this.

But what has already begun is a swelling torrent of debate about May, which is certain to have a profound effect upon political and social thought and action everywhere in the West. The first few landmarks have now appeared.

Two studies, in fact, stand out head and shoulders above the tide of more ephemeral literature, and point the way to strikingly different interpretations of May. One might label them as respectively the classical Marxist view, and the "sociological" counter-view.

The first is brilliantly conveyed in André Glucksmann's *Stratégie et Révolution en France 1968* (Christian Bourgois), and the other in a collection of essays by three sociologists, Edgar Morin, Claude Lefort and Jean-Marc Coudray, called *Mai 1968: la Brèche* (Fayard).

Glucksmann's thesis is trenchantly re-expressed in his concluding sentences:

The May struggles demonstrate the revolt of modern productive forces against bourgeois relations of production. In the last century, no movement has come closer to what Marx had in mind in 1848.

The May revolution was the beginning of the great apocalypse foreseen in *The Communist Manifesto*, the violent end to man's prehistory that would occur when capitalism had reached its fullest point of development.

Obviously this argument runs directly counter to that of the French Communist party (PCF), which maintained throughout that there was no "revolutionary situation" in May, and no likelihood of one in the foreseeable future. Therefore the revolutionaries were wild

"adventurists" inhabiting a dream world, and wisdom lay in going back to work. Glucksmann's answer is that, in Marxist terms, it was the PCF which was living out the dream—exactly as, in a former era, the German Social-Democratic Party had done, until the cruel moment of truth in August, 1914. Then they were abruptly revealed (to the amazement of Lenin, among others) as staunch pillars of bourgeois society. Their revolutionary ideology had been merely the mask of an increasingly conservative practice. May, 1968, was in fact "the August 4th of the Parti Communiste Français. . . ."

It is amusing to see the PCF flayed with a hail of quotes from Marx, Engels and Lenin. But the method has its limits. However well the apparatus of Marxist scholarship is employed, the overall effect is inevitably that of suggesting that there was nothing really novel about the May events. The overwhelming impression of originality, the immense surprise of what happened, was due to our forgetfulness of the truths in *The Communist Manifesto* and certain other key texts. And while Glucksmann argues convincingly that May was much closer to these classic ideas of revolution than was realized at the time (and certainly very much closer than the muscle-bound PCF bureaucracy imagined), he falls down badly on the elementary point of what was different about May.

Most obvious was the new role of the students. This was certainly not envisaged in any of the great Marxist statements about revolution. Glucksmann is therefore forced to say that the student

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*I lean on the notched
stick of my spine
as the sun machine
is cranked down.
The angelus peals.
Across furrows
sown with seeds
that will not mature,
I watch my charred
shadow grow
as though I were a gnomon
that casts hours on stone.
This is not so.
Dripless candles
leave no
trace at windows,
yet my sturdy dog
will lead me home
in the dark
to dream of harvests
preserved, under glass,
in a museum with an asbestos
dome. They say Time,
a grim balm,
will soothe burns
delivered without heat.*

CAROLYN STOLOFF

movement "took the place of the missing revolutionary organization and theory," and did what they should have done "as far as it was able to." Hence, the student *avant-garde* of Nanterre and the Sorbonne was a substitute for the real thing—and presumably would have been unnecessary, had the "real thing" actually existed.

To this, one must object that there was no absence of revolutionary organizations and theories in France—on the contrary, as in many other countries, there was a plethora of them—Trotskyite, Maoist and many others. And the point is, it is simply not conceivable that any one, or any assortment of them could have done what the student explosion accomplished.

The reason is, that the student movement represented new forces, new needs, falling outside the classic Marxist framework of ideas which they all defended in so many different ways (much more intelligently than the PCF). So, it is absurd not to recognize that this framework has to be significantly developed, to take account of the facts of May. In a sense quite admissible to Marxists, practice has leapt ahead of theory, and theory must catch up. Glucksmann admits as much later, when he states that the students also crystallize most directly the contradiction between productive forces and productive relations, between the living force of labor and the dead,

constricting weight of capital. Hence their ability to function as a "detonator" of the revolution. But if this is indeed true in modern society, then in certain vital respects the world has changed out of all recognition since 1848. There has been a profound mutation of social reality, which the May revolution simply manifested openly and dramatically for the first time. And it is surely the first task of any explanation to grasp the nature of the change.

This is where the sociologists come off better. Glucksmann's remains a neat, combative political analysis: it lies within that French tradition, whose essentially political character Marx both admired and sharply criticized. Morin and his colleagues, on the other hand, place their emphasis on the originality of May, and on the social changes behind the upheaval.

Morin's two long essays appeared serially in *Le Monde*, as the events occurred. They are among the most extraordinary journalism of recent times, commentary both vivid and reflective, enlivened by anthropological and sociological insights. Morin is also the author of a number of other studies in sociology and media, notably an extensive analysis of change in a Brittany village, *Commune en France: la métamorphose de Plo-démet* (Fayard).

For Morin and the others, the new leverage which rebellious students and other intellectual strata have obtained over society reflects an underlying change in the social equilibrium. The May cataclysm first showed clearly (in Morin's words):

... the drama of modern bourgeois society, or "industrial society." The old traditional values which modelled bourgeois societies in the past have been progressively eaten away by a materialistic dynamism, by the concentration of all values on private individualism—that is, by a kind of nihilism ... which leaves finally an extraordinarily soft, protoplasmic society, a society with a very feeble sense of community ... ready to crumble away at the first serious shock.

Within this decaying order, the older working class has become of less significance. However, at the same time, a process of general "proletarianization" has occurred. And this has transferred the main cutting edge of social contradiction from factory workers to those engaged in nonmaterial production: administration, media, the information and culture industries.

Thus, it may still be true that the forces of production conflict with the social relations of production; but the forces are very different, and so are the relations. So therefore is the revolution.

It may be the Western social revolution vaguely foreseen by Marxists; but it is very different from what Marx had in mind in 1848.

Forms of "mental" production become more and more important under late capitalism. And while within the apparatus of material production the worst contradictions of the bureaucratic, authoritarian system are held in check by the elemental needs of the production process itself, and by a well-worked-out institutional order (trade unions, etc.), outside it they run wild. They are felt most keenly of all in the huge modern workshops of nonmaterial production, among the "apprentice" laborers of the universities.

This then is what the students "crystallize," this is why they are no longer a secondary, marginal social grouping. As Coudray puts it, it is precisely the things which render student agitation unimportant to the *Times* or to orthodox CP communism that in fact make it important:

It is quite superficial to see in the "limbo" of student "irresponsibility" merely a passing condition of life, soon left behind. ... This condition is in fact ultra-typical of modern society, where everyone inhabits a "limbo" of growing "irresponsibility," under an authoritarianism that pretends to be something else, equipped with empty formal "rights" and no real power, confronting derisory jobs perceived as such ... all in a material "security" accompanied by an "objectless" anxiety.

True, the student revolt and what comes from it also looks to the past, and carries the red and black flags. But revolutionaries have always done this, as they created a new world, disguising the future in the clothes of the past. Rather than as re-creators of the classic Marxist revolution, the May revolutionaries must be seen as the harbingers, the first stage, of a new 1789 qualitatively different from the revolts of the past two centuries.

Wherever the truth lies in this debate, some people may want to recall the facts, and the atmosphere of May, rather than plunge into interpretation. There is a first-rate collection of pictures from the photographers of the excellent GAMMA agency, sympathetically presented by Philippe Labro: *Les Barricades de Mai* (ed. Solar). And there are two good collections of the extraordinary wall writings and poster slogans of the revolution: *Les Murs ont la Parole* (ed. Tchou), and *L'Imagination au Pouvoir* (ed. Eric Losfeld, Le Terrain Vague). [See also "Revolution on the Walls," *The Nation*, August 5.] These are all the things that will survive.

By the way, the under-left Situation-

ist group—responsible for a lot of the best revolutionary graffiti—have also produced a first inimitable version of the May happenings. In their version, realizing that police brutality isn't paying off, the government orders in the Special Sociological Integration Brigades. Their job is to soften revolutionary fiber by getting people to read books and see movies again ("Lisez! Vous allez à la

mort!"). Their special agent zips through the Latin Quarter defending "culture," buying up the latest Foucault, and dragging people to see the latest Godard. The cultural front is held, and the revolution founders. Everything reverts to normal ("Not bad, our new Prof!," "Have you read Marcuse? Really excellent!"). It's called *La Contestation Aliénée* by Hubert Tonka (J-J. Pauvert).

Advances and Retreats

NAACP: A History of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Vol. 1, 1909-1920. By Charles Flint Kellogg. The Johns Hopkins Press. 332 pp. \$8.75.

LOUIS RUCHAMES

Mr. Ruchames is chairman of the History Department at the University of Massachusetts (Boston). He edited *The Abolitionists: A Collection of Their Writings* (Putnam).

This book may never be a bestseller but it is an important contribution to our understanding of Negro history and civil rights. It is the first of a two-volume history of the NAACP, by Charles Flint Kellogg, chairman of the Department of History at Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pa. Judging by the first volume, this sober study, when completed, should take its place as the most detailed history of the NAACP, and scholars will mine its information for years to come.

The America of 1909, into which the NAACP was born, was hardly conducive to the growth of a vigorous organization devoted to the protection of the Negro's civil rights or to the advancement of racial equality. The condition of the Negro was far worse than it had been forty or so years earlier during Reconstruction. Segregation and discrimination pervaded the South, while discrimination was taken for granted in the North; few voices were raised to condemn the terror, lynchings and burnings which were being used to keep the Negro in his place; and a belief in Negro racial inferiority dominated the minds of scholars as well as the man in the street. Only the sense of outrage of a few white radicals, some of whom had ancestral ties to the Abolitionist past, and a handful of Negroes whose spirits were not subdued by allegiance to the philosophy of accommodation of Booker T. Washington, provided the impetus to the formation of the new organization.

Kellogg presents, in great detail, the early tentative attempts at organization, in response to the Springfield, Ill., race riot of August, 1908; the efforts of such Socialist-oriented men and women as

William English Walling, a wealthy former Southerner, Mary White Ovington, a social worker, Charles Edward Russell, Dr. Henry Moskowitz, and Oswald Garrison Villard, the fighting editor of *The New York Evening Post* and later *The Nation*, anti-imperialist, and grandson of William Lloyd Garrison. These were soon joined by such Negro leaders as Bishop Alexander Walters of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, Rev. William Henry Brooks of St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, and the incomparable W.E.B. DuBois, then professor at Atlanta University. With more than fifty other prominent Americans, they called for the National Negro Conference, which convened in New York on May 31 and June 1, 1909, and which led to the permanent organization of the NAACP in 1910.

Some of the problems which faced the new organization, e.g., the choice of a name, were relatively simple; others were more complex and have yet to be solved. These included the relationship of *The Crisis*, the official organ of the NAACP, and its editor, DuBois, who was also an officer of the NAACP, to the organization's board of directors. The question of DuBois' right to take issue with national NAACP policy in *The Crisis* was frequently vexing. It was no nearer solution at the end of the first decade than at the beginning. In fact, as DuBois has reported in his *Autobiography*, it ultimately led to his resignation from *The Crisis* and from the association in 1934.

Another issue concerned the relative roles of whites and blacks in organizational leadership, policy making and day-to-day activities. From time to time, Negroes charged that the NAACP was dominated by whites, as it certainly was during its early years. DuBois, in conflicts with certain white leaders of the association, especially Oswald Garrison Villard, sometimes ascribed his differences to the "color line." Behind this accusation lay the fundamental question, which has come increasingly to the fore in our own day, whether an organization

devoted to the civil and political rights of the Negro ought to have whites in its membership and leadership. The NAACP's achievements during the first ten years of existence—its growth from a minuscule group to 310 branches and 91,203 members, with more than half of them in the South; the many court cases it initiated and sometimes won; its public protests against federal, state and local discrimination against Negroes, which sometimes produced results; its efforts to mold public opinion in opposition to discrimination and segregation—provided proof of the efficacy and need for an organization which, though predominantly black, has included whites in its membership and leadership, with both races cooperating to achieve justice and rights for the Negro.

Yet one may also ask whether Negroes have not paid a price for the NAACP's success in terms of their own ultimate welfare. The aims of the NAACP were devoted to the elimination of racial discrimination, to the welfare of the Negro as an individual American. In a sense, its object was to reduce the Negro ghetto by providing for equality of opportunity and integration. It did not, to any extent, address itself to problems of the Negro ghetto per se, its economic, educational and political improvement as a segregated community within a community. The concept of Black Power, whatever else it may be, is an effort to wrestle with these very problems which for so long were overlooked.

Finally one of the most important early problems which has still to be solved is the political posture of the NAACP, its policy toward political parties and candidates, as well as its attitude toward broader social and political problems which ultimately impinge upon the welfare of the Negro and his civil rights. The failure of the NAACP to condemn the Vietnamese War had a parallel in its failure to oppose the First World War. At that time, by its demand that Negroes be permitted to participate fully in all branches of the armed forces, it directly supported the war, though some of its individual leaders were either

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pacifists or considered the war an imperialist one. In view of the detrimental impact of that war, and especially its aftermath, upon Negro welfare, one may argue that in the long run, despite the hazards involved, it might have been far better to condemn the war than to support it.

Unfortunately, Kellogg does not directly confront any of these issues. Indeed, here lies the essential weakness of

the book. Its author presents a multitude of facts concerning the history of the NAACP, but he does not attempt to evaluate its philosophy and strategy, its failures and successes, in the perspective of history. The result is that though he provides us with a very detailed, dispassionate and scholarly study, he diminishes its importance by avoiding the historian's rightful tasks of evaluation and interpretation.

SLAVE LANGUAGE

Is it possible, for example, for a white southern gentleman to tune in on the impulses, beliefs, emotions, and thought-patterns of a black slave? This miracle of empathy entails an imaginative leap not only into history, but across cultures. It necessitates that writer divorcing himself from that vast mythic tradition about slavery, black people, and history which is so integral a part of his background. Then he has to devise a literary idiom through which to record his insights, since the gentleman and the slave lack common language or experience.

When black people were brought to America they were deprived of their language and of the underpinnings in cultural experience out of which a language comes. It is clear that they developed two languages, one for themselves and another for the white masters. The latter has been preserved ("parodied" is a better word) as the "Sambo" dialect in the works of southern dialect humorists—and even in Samuel Clemens at times—to whom it was often simply quaint and humorous. The only vestiges we can find of the real language of the slaves are in the few spirituals which have come down to us, which give a clue to its true tenor. It is a language produced by oppression, but one whose central impulse is survival and resistance. And it is undoubtedly the language in which Turner's rebellion and the countless other plots for insurrection were formulated. Anyone who has been privileged to catch the performance of a good black preacher in the rural South (or has heard Martin Luther King talking to a black audience) understands something of the range and flexibility of this language. Lacking complicated syntactical structure and vast vocabulary, it depends on what linguists call *paralanguage*; that is, gesture, physical expression, and modulation of ca-

dences and intonation which serve to change the meaning—in incredibly subtle ways—of the same collection of words. It is intensely poetic and expressive, since vivid simile, creative and effective juxtaposition of images, and metaphor must serve in the absence of large vocabulary to cause the audience to see and feel. It is undoubtedly a language of action rather than a language of reflection, and thus more available to the dramatist than the novelist.

But the characterization of Nat Turner requires some literary approximation of this language. Yet Mr. Styron's *Nat* speaks, or rather meditates in no language at all. His creator places in his mouth a sterile and leaden prose that not even massive transfusions of Old Testament rhetoric can vitalize, a strange fusion of Latinate classicism, a kind of New England Episcopalian prissiness. At times it would seem that Mr. Styron was trying, for whatever reason, to imitate the stodgy "official" prose of the nineteenth-century lawyer who recorded the original confessions, at other times *Nat* sounds like nothing so much as a conscious parody of the prose voice of James Baldwin, the Negro Mr. Styron knows best, or Faulkner at his least inspired. This is not to say that the prose is not clear, even elegant in a baroque Victorian way, especially in the functionally inexplicable passages of nature writing that continuously interrupt the narrative. But, finally, it is the language of the essay, heavy and declarative.

From an essay by Mike Thelwell, in *William Styron's Nat Turner: Ten Black Writers Respond*, edited by John Henrik Clarke (Beacon Press), a collection of pieces of special interest to those concerned with the continuing controversy centering on the best-selling novel.

Book Marks

JOSE YGLESIAS

Mr. Yglesias is the author of In the First of the Revolution: Life in a Cuban Country Town. His current book is a novel, An Orderly Life (both Pantheon).

VENCEREMOS! The Speeches and Writings of Ernesto Che Guevara. Edited and with an introduction by John Gerassi. Macmillan. 442 pp. \$7.95.

The editor, an admirer of Che, is proud of the fact that this large anthology was put together in one month. He is, no doubt, quite sincere when he states that one will find in Che's articles "clichés, misstatements, and factual errors, not to mention sheer bad writing," and in claiming Che for the Love Generation. For the first statement, his authority must be the dreadful translations he has rushed into print; for the second, God alone knows; but it is simply the reverse of that view which presents Che as cold and ruthless. Nevertheless, this book is the most comprehensive of the several now on the market. It contains thirty-five pieces, arranged chronologically. They are not only descriptive essays on the history of the Cuban revolution, Che's speeches at international conferences, but also his theoretical exhortations on the proper economic and spiritual development of socialism—those views that have made him the ideological leader of the new generation of revolutionaries. The book is fittingly climaxed by the much quoted but little understood "Message to the Tricontinental." This last is the "What Is To Be Done" of the Third World, but written with a command of rhetoric that was never Lenin's—or was he, too, badly translated?

CHE GUEVARA SPEAKS. Edited by George Lavan. Merit Publishers. 159 pp. \$1.95 paper. Grove Press. 95c paper.

An unpretentious little collection that is concise and pointed in the way it slashes through Che's speeches and writings to get to those statements and analyses that challenge the orthodox contemporary Communists. The translations are no better—perhaps worse—than the Gerassi collection, and almost every piece in it can be found in the larger anthology; so it must be the price, its modesty, and the dry tone of its editor's comments that make it more appealing. Certainly, it seems less of a potpourri and is likely to be more useful to those who want a quick look at Che's views.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR. By Ernesto

The Guevara. Translated by Victoria Ortiz. Monthly Review Press. 287 pp. \$6.95. Grove Press. \$1.25 paper.

EPISODES OF THE REVOLUTION-ARY WAR. By Ernesto Che Guevara. International Publishers. 144 pp. \$4.95. Paper \$1.65.

The problems in translating Che are exemplified in the handling of the title of this work, which also appears in the Gerassi collection as "The Revolutionary War." The original title is *Pasajes de la Guerra Revolucionaria* (or *Passages from the Revolutionary War*) which in Spanish subsumes that these are significant scenes. The official Cuban translation, used by International Publishers, comes closest with *Episodes*, (though that word perhaps emphasizes disconnectedness too much. It seems picky to deal this way with the several editions, but the fact is that Che was a very careful writer and this work, along with the Bolivian diary, most deserves a translation to match Che's exact sense of the meaning and affective reverberations of words, for it is his admittedly personal view of individuals and incidents encountered in the fighting in the Sierra Maestra—all of it, of course, yielding lessons he felt were valuable for future fighters.

The Monthly Review version, despite its absurd title—Che was incapable of the self-indulgence of reminiscing—is the smoothest reading (though translated from the French), and it also contains some thirteen chapters more than the others. These last are articles issued both before and after publication in Cuba of the original book. Monthly Review, which gives no byline to an editor, has apparently taken over the Maspero French edition without explaining why it is switching chapters around; it also throws in—as goodies—twenty-six letters by Che, Castro's eulogy at the Havana ceremony, and a biographical sketch taken from the Cuban newspaper *Granma*.

But instead of being grateful, one is tempted to decry the publisher's sloppiness, its air of doing the reader a favor when, in fact, it is simply rushing into the market place like any publisher with a campaign biography. The International Publishers' edition is more straightforward; for example, it adds four articles by Che, in which he gives a précis of the military history of the revolution, and details their source. The Monthly Review edition has transformed these articles into two chapters which appear (with no explanation and, in one case, cut) at the beginning and end of the book. None of the three versions of this simple, beautiful, politically prophetic book is satisfactory but International

al Publishers, with its honest reproduction of the text, its explanatory and biographical notes, does best.

GUERRILLA WARFARE. By Che Guevara. Translated by J. P. Morray. Prefatory note by I. F. Stone. Vintage Books. 133 pp. \$1.65 paper.

A reissue of the handbook on guerrilla warfare which, combined with the *Episodes*, is the best history, discussion and analysis of the insurrectionary phase of the Cuban Revolution yet written. Reading it anew, one is surprised to see how true Che and Castro have been to their original experiences, for in this lively little book appears in pristine form the theory of armed insurrection as the only way to achieve the revolution. It is undogmatic, tentative, wary of setting up formulas—in other words, more than aware that revolutions have to be created, not duplicated—and one wishes those journalists who have been instructing Che's corpse in maxims about the inexportability of revolutions would read it. They might learn that Che was at least as smart as they. The translation by J. P. Morray is excellent. The prefatory note, an article published in the *New Statesman* by I. F. Stone when Che died, is ignorant (post 1959 Cuba had become boring) and tasteless (Che was Galahad not Robespierre). The short time since Che's death has already made the article irrelevant, but it is galling, nevertheless, to find enconced in a great revolutionary's handbook for the liberation of a continent, an elitist liberal saying that "stupidity is humanity's most salient characteristic."

MY FRIEND CHE. By Ricardo Rojo. Translated by Julian Casari. The Dial Press. 220 pp. \$4.95.

Like Stone, Rojo may not always grasp what Che was trying to do; he has other faults too: he speculates with insufficient evidence, makes assertions without naming sources, writes hurriedly, gets some facts wrong. All that, but he never patronizes Che, he can never be a gringo and, consequently, never tasteless. Rojo, an old friend of Che's, tells best the story of those years of their relationship before Che set off on the *Granma* to invade Cuba, and Rojo returned to Argentina after the fall of Perón. It's the story of a whole Latin American generation wandering throughout the continent in exile or in search of adventure, and Rojo, who put his faith in Frondizi, sounds the note so often heard from the activists of his generation: that armed struggle against puppet governments—a clean sweep—is the only way to achieve even the simplest reforms. Rojo was the attorney for the Argentine

ian artist captured with Régis Debray and knows a great deal about the actions of the guerrillas in Bolivia, but the publication of Che's diary has rubbed off the novelty of these revelations. Nevertheless, his book is always interesting, always compassionate, and the portrait he achieves of Che is full-bodied and convincing. There's an especially fine sheaf of snapshots in the book, some taken by Rojo in Cuba in 1961. My favorites are those showing Che and his wife cutting cane.

THE COMPLETE BOLIVIAN DIARIES OF CHE GUEVARA. Edited and with an introduction by Daniel James. Stein & Day. 330 pp. \$6.95.

THE DIARY OF CHE GUEVARA. Bantam Books. 191 pp. \$1.25 paper.

The Stein & Day edition, which includes the diaries of three other Cuban members of the guerrilla group, is the best one available in English; the translation is better, the identification of the members of the group, the chronology of events—all are very helpful (though the translator is not given, nor any information as to how the diaries were obtained). But the 69-page introduction by Daniel James, former managing editor of *The New Leader*, is as apt as having Lenin's *State and Revolution* interpreted by a not too talented follower of Keresky. The Bantam-Ramparts edition is worth getting for the introduction by Castro who, though reticent about many aspects of the formation of the guerrilla band,

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is eloquent and candid about its objectives.

Che's diary brings one closer to his mind and person than any of his previous writings or speeches, an experience no one living in our time should miss. Of the others, the 24-year-old Rolando's is most affecting: he'd been a boy when he acted as a messenger in Che's column when it took Santa Clara, the battle that convinced Batista to pack and leave, and he followed Che to Bolivia. To see him on sentry duty in the diary's opening pages, thinking of his family, enjoying the beautiful scenery and reading Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*, is to encounter the human values that have brought him and others to this difficult terrain to make the continental revolution. Che's diary, written for himself, tells all by indirection, though its surface is the detailing of facts and plans and the analyses (once each month) of the group's activities; it is hard to explain why all these should be so interesting and why, knowing the guerrillas' end, it should all have such suspense. The Archbishop in Sartre's *The Devil and the Good Lord* interrupts a messenger's account of a battle won with the words: "A victory described in detail is indistinguishable from a defeat." The reverse seems true: the account of the trials, sufferings, death of these men throbs with the triumphant spirit of the coming revolution in Latin America.

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Warrendale is surely one of the most extraordinary, one of the most moving and fascinating, documentaries ever made. It was directed by Allan King for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, was shown last year at the New York Film Festival, and is now being released commercially by Grove Press.

Warrendale was a school for seriously disturbed children (not mentally deficient but psychologically distraught), organized on the house plan with a staff member for every three or four of the young, predominantly adolescent patients. The ratio of staff to children is none too great—there are moments when these young men and women look on the edge of physical and mental exhaustion. They create families, acting themselves the roles of mothers and fathers and insisting that the children see themselves as belonging and valued. These "parents" offer love, provide discipline, play games, heal bruises, exorcise fears. They are capable of descending to the kids' level, screaming back at the screams they endure. But they never hit back.

Instead, a child in physical passion is held. What this means at times is that three staff members are spread-eagled on the floor, clinging to arms and legs, cradling a head, being spit upon and cursed, avoiding teeth and nails. They hold and at last the nightmare passes.

Nothing that happens at Warrendale will seem incomprehensible to parents of "normal" children. All children have tantrums, all children are irrational, stubborn, rude and hateful in their despair. But misery this intense, violence this extreme does not strike many households. Any one of these children could destroy a normal family.

When a cook who had been close to the kids dies, the house must be told. Five minutes later, every adult in the room is wrestling to the last ounce of his strength to prevent the most excitable of the children from damaging themselves and their companions. The floor is writhing with bodies; some of the other children help with a curiously dispassionate tact. Why this tumult? Because the frantic ones fear that their own beloved staff members will die, because they are haunted by the belief that they in some way killed the woman (why else did she die?). It is all familiar enough, but on the level of a heroic combat of terror and love.

These children are also endearing; affectionate, sometimes generous, often merry. In a terrible way, they are more vivid, more alive than any normal children. The staff is superb beyond com-

ment. And so, indeed, is the picture. I cannot imagine what ingenuity went into its filming: I am in awe of the compassion and taste with which it was done.

Should it have been done? Is there something suspect about this terrible excitement? It can be argued, but I feel myself that the beauty of what happened at Warrendale should be known. And quite seriously I think that any parent could learn from the firm grace and courage of the Warrendale staff.

The school no longer exists as it was when this film was made, but the theories of its founder, Dr. John Brown, are now being applied in several centers across Canada. These theories are still in psychiatric controversy; it is not yet certain that this incredible dedication will produce a percentage of cures high enough to justify the human expenditure. Some hope may be taken from the fact that one of the most violent and tragic girls in the small group filmed by King is now out in the world, herself engaged in social work.

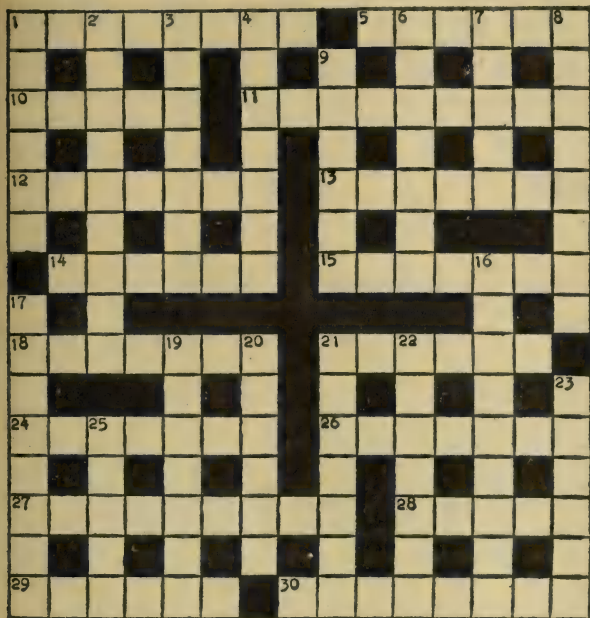
Despite the far-out implications of the advertising, *Duffy* romps down the middle of the upper-class British heist. Two half-brothers, bullied into surly malvolence by their tycoon father (James Mason) determine to rob him of a million pounds to the end of enriching themselves and embarrassing him in a moment of financial chicanery. The scheme involves piracy aboard a vessel outward bound from Tangiers, and the strategy, *Topkapi* style, is based on witty complication of technical devices. The action detonates into a fusillade of double and triple crosses, ending in rueful laughter.

Onto this useful wagon is applied a psychedelic patina in the popular department-store mode. The elder son (James Fox) is a poisonous flower child, hiding an agile mind behind languishments of lace and flowing locks; the younger (John Alderton) looks like Paul McCartney with a mean streak. Available sex is supplied by Susannah York, who says "groovy" often enough to remind us of what decade we are in. On the Costa del Sol these three enlist Duffy (James Coburn), a larcenous beach bum recently retired to Zen contemplation. His contributions to the authentic lingo are "cool" and "man." It's wonderful how script writers get the hang of the argot—however the Mediterranean scenery is authentic and beautiful. And the assemblages with which Duffy has transformed his Moorish-quarters apartment into a psychotic nightmare are entertaining; they look like Marisols gone necrophiliac.

There is no deep virtue to the film, but it has a lively, grinning surface and the players go at the nonsense as though they enjoyed spending their considerable talents so frivolously.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1265

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Patriot state? Like the clergyman rather. (8)
- 5 See 10
- 10 and 5 Australian perhaps, if sober, who might appear in Hamlet. (5, 6)
- 11 Related to a flower pot? (9)
- 12 One way of striking out. (7)
- 13 A spread put on for show, possibly. (7)
- 14 and 21 across Is a confirmed bachelor so sincere? (6-6)
- 15 The Raphael Madonna. (7)
- 18 Blocks one in the revolutionary system. (7)
- 21 See 14 across
- 24 Letters of remembrance, with nothing set ajar in return, if quick. (7)
- 26 Abundantly supplied. (7)
- 27 Shade to notice, but it might prove dangerous for the driver. (5, 4)
- 28 Not fitted in with small living quarters. (5)
- 29 It brings back the mountains with quiet display. (6)
- 30 Only a little cunning, not heavy-hearted. (8)

DOWN

- 1 Solid oak flooring might be. (6)
- 2 A comparatively small number of Romans have the know-how, but one can live with it! (9)
- 3 Falling back with Roger de Coverley? (7)

- 4 One might be put up for the office. (7)
- 6 Damages. (7)
- 7 One degree more remote in descent. (5)
- 8 This old car should have been efficient in a way. (8)
- 9 Figures of speech when one leaves 24, in a way. (6)
- 16 Rather common form of eglantine. (9)
- 17 A writer in like attributes. (8)
- 19 More delicate word for guts. (7)
- 20 Plain dance figure, by the sound of it. (6)
- 21 The grammar Italians use shows the ties of a couple. (7)
- 22 Drawing up the fuzzy ends? It might make one less fuzzy later. (7)
- 23 Ordered to go by the railway guard? (6)
- 25 Small vessel put away, by the sound of it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1264

ACROSS: 1 Torquemada; 10 and 13 Running board; 11 Build-up; 12 Plungers; 15 and 29 Undercuts; 17 Ink bottle; 19 Isle of Man; 21 Sonic; 23 Mince; 24 Passport; 27 Teeming; 28 Arizona; 30 Advertised.
DOWN: 1 and 6 across Tartrate; 2 Rinked; 3 Union; 4 Magnetism; 5 Debts; 8 Expediency; 9 Hip boots; 14 Numismatic; 16 Rhodesia; 18 King snake; 20 Lenient; 22 Narrows; 24 Paged; 25 Print; 26 and 7 down Hard and fast.

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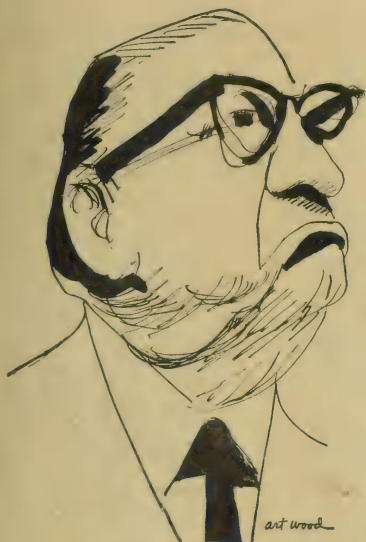
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LETTERS

speak up!

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Richard Nixon, disparaging the "demonstrators and protesters" and attempting to cash in on whatever bad publicity they have received, has decided to canonize the so-called "silent Americans" and to wangle their votes. He thus makes common cause with Eric Hoffer, *Los Angeles Times* columnist, apologist for the Lyndon Johnson-Hubert Humphrey brand of political razzle-dazzle and the loud, vociferous and strident voice of something known as the "Silent Center."

So here we have a Republican-Democratic axis extolling the virtues of political and democratic silence. I am thus reminded of what Rev. Martin Niemöller, the world-renowned German clergyman who spent considerable time in Hitler's concentration camps, had to say on the subject:

In Germany, the Nazis first came for the Communists, and I did not speak up because I was not a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak up because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the Trade Unionists and I did not speak up because I was not a Trade Unionist. Then they came for the Catholics and I was a Protestant so I did not speak up. Then they came for me . . . and by that time there was no one to speak up for anyone.

G. Kuno

studies in nonviolence

Chester, Pa.

DEAR SIR: Students may be interested in combining their academic work with studies about nonviolent action in political conflicts. Term papers, honors theses, graduate theses and dissertations can contribute significantly to the advance of knowledge about this frontier area. New knowledge and understanding may in time be useful for those considering or trying to use the technique of nonviolent action.

For a memorandum on research areas related to nonviolent action generally and to civilian defense, write to: Martin Luther King, Jr., School of Social Change, 21st and Upland Avenue, Chester, Pa. 19013.

Gene Sharp, Center for International Affairs,
Harvard University

George Lakey, M. L. King, Jr. School of Social Change

Chomsky's assumption

Saskatoon, Canada

DEAR SIR: Revolutionary as Noam Chomsky's contribution to linguistics is [see "Chomsky's Revolution in Linguistics" by Robert Sklar, *The Nation*, Sept. 9], it is still based upon the ethnocentric and dubious assumption that the world's 3,500-plus languages share a single basic structure, and that is the one familiar to us. In so assuming, Chomsky and his followers repeat the mistake of linguists a century ago who tried to describe every language in terms of Greek and Latin grammar. A. Koutsoudas' *Writing Transformational Grammars*, for instance, reduces some forty-five languages, most of them African or Asian, to tree diagrams which assume that every sentence in all these languages is basically a noun-phrase plus a verb-phrase, when that may not be the most useful description even for sentences in English, and it seems only a restatement of Aristotle's comment about Greek, that sentences have subjects and predicates—an assumption which needs examining because it is so universally taken for granted.

Another omission in Mr. Sklar's article also puzzles me: just how is Chomsky's grammar going to transform society?

Robert Ian Scott, University of Saskatchewan

EDITORIALS

The Real Danger

What with Wallace threatening to run over "anarchists" who persist in "laying down" in front of official cars, Humphrey struggling ineffectually to free himself from the Johnson incubus, and the quiet menace of the "new Nixon," a lot of people who are only a millimeter left of Center are getting nervous. Their apprehension is not unreasonable, but when they speak of a "new [Joe] McCarthyism" they are looking over the wrong shoulder. McCarthyism is not coming back, for the situation is entirely different from that of the fifties. Anticipating the wrong danger can divert attention from the real one that lies ahead, and may result in costly tactical errors.

When Joe McCarthy flourished, the public was worried about H-bombs, "secrets," infiltration of spies, "agents," etc. The Senator sensed the public mood (one of his few skills) and built his operation on it. Accordingly, he and his followers expended most of their energy in clobbering individual Reds and "subversives"; organizations were involved only secondarily. It was mainly a campaign of terror. When McCarthy reached into the high echelons of finance and government (John J. McCloy) and tackled the United States Army through one of its minor generals and a captain-dentist, his end was near.

The setting is now different in at least three respects: (1) The civil rights movement (1955-65), from which stem the new insurgent movements of one kind or another. (2) The peace drive and the Eugene McCarthy upsurge in the period from 1965 to date. (3) A much greater sophistication in politics, notwithstanding the struggle for survival of old-line politicians and obscurantists. Despite much unfocused dissent, there is broad awareness that we live amid the forms of democracy but without its essence.

McCarthy and his henchmen could run bawling after "Reds," but who today can define a "Red"? And with the Russians embroiled with China on one border and with the Czechs, Slovaks, Yugoslavs and Romanians on the other, where, oh where, is the monolithic "international Communist conspiracy"? Most of today's "troublemakers" are not identifiable by ideological tags; many, in fact, are anti-ideological. The action today is out in the open—in the streets, in the parks, on the campuses. The old-style witch hunt has lost most of its effectiveness.

But another kind of threat is clear for all to see. HUAC, hoping for rejuvenation, is scheduling hearings with Mayor Daley as a star witness. J. Edgar Hoover is sounding off as usual. *Barron's* runs a series of articles attacking the American Civil Liberties Union. Some university administrators are talking about a crackdown and being "combat-ready," while more enlightened presidents and deans are worried about impending Congressional action against students who resort to "force, disruption, or the seizure of property" at a college or university, the penalty being loss of federal education-aid loans and fellowships. All this, together with the big campaign build-up of "law and order," signals an approaching storm.

As a consequence of this new configuration, the big

bust, when it comes, will be repressive on a wide front. It will entail a general police crackdown, with military backing, aimed at overruling dissent on crucial issues, such as the Vietnamese War, ghetto unrest, the draft, militarized think tanks, and the like.

During the coming administration, the Right will not waste time proving that someone was a Red ten or twenty years ago. Instead, it will concentrate on forcible repression. What the Left—and equally the intelligent Center—must realize is that the new forms of rightist action are much more dangerous than the old. If not thwarted, this counterrevolution, still in nascent form, can develop into an American version of fascism.

'Let's Find Out'

The long-standing disagreement between the Secretary-General of the United Nations and the successive plenipotentiaries representing the United States (and in particular President Johnson) has come to a head. U Thant took the extraordinary step of suggesting, at a news conference, a specific resolution for consideration by the General Assembly, which convened on September 24 for its twenty-third session. This precedent-making resolution deals with the Vietnamese War. Not satisfied with putting his idea forward in general form, Mr. Thant actually phrased the proposed resolution:

"The General Assembly, deeply concerned at the war in Vietnam, convinced that essential first steps should be taken to move the conflict from the battlefield to the conference table, so as to lead to meaningful and positive steps toward a peaceful settlement of the problem:

"Requests that the bombing of North Vietnam—that is, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam—should cease."

Mr. Thant added the comment that his idea was not practical because the issue of Vietnam was not on the present agenda, but of course he knows that the resolution could be added to the agenda by a simple majority, if some delegation took it on itself to put the proposal before the Assembly. In effect he was inviting such action by his forecast that, if offered, the resolution would be approved by a majority of the 124 member nations. And the wording was obviously designed to put the United States and the South Vietnamese government on the spot; "meaningful and positive" steps are to be initiated by a cessation of the bombing—an action which only the United States can take. Obviously, also, Mr. Thant does not regard the discussions in Paris as promising such a development. For further emphasis he explained that he was trying to reflect "the conscience of humanity"; from the circumstances it would follow that he is appealing to the conscience of the American people.

It would be interesting to have a photograph of Lyndon Johnson's face when he read U Thant's proposal. It would also be interesting to play back a tape of any subsequent telephone conversations (if there were any) between President Johnson and Ambassador George W. Ball. Perhaps Mr. Ball knew what was expected of him without any Presidential directive. At any rate he called on Mr. Thant a few hours after the news conference and informed him

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THE NATION

Volume 207

No. 11

that the United States did not regard his discussion of the problem of Vietnam as in any way helpful in furthering the negotiations in progress in Paris.

An interesting commentary related to this diplomatic ruckus came from Arthur Goldberg, Mr. Ball's predecessor at the UN. "I am convinced," Mr. Goldberg said to Michael J. Berlin of the *New York Post*, "that the time has come to halt all American bombing of North Vietnam, in order to move forward to obtain an honorable political settlement of the war." He suggested that there was no need to rely on Hanoi's word. Asked whether it didn't really matter whether or not we can believe what Hanoi says, he replied: "Exactly. We'll soon find out, and on the ground, where it counts."

It has been proved over and over again that Hanoi's infiltration of South Vietnam is not affected by bombing. When the President announced a bombing "limitation" at the end of March, it turned out that he meant a concentration in the North Vietnam panhandle, with a step-up in that narrow passageway from a total of about 3,000 sorties a month to about 10,000 now. But the infiltration has not dropped off. (See article p. 335.) About all that the bombing accomplishes is to save face for Mr. Johnson, and to enable him to plead that he is "saving the lives of American boys"—while feeding them into the maelstrom.

Mr. Goldberg's "let's find out" proposal is not the least instructive aspect of these events. It is marvelous to behold the clarifying effect of dissociation from the Johnson influence. Retirement from office, however delayed, can almost make a new man out of one who takes the walk.

Sabotaging Nonproliferation

One of the few genuine accomplishments of the Johnson Administration in international relations is the negotiation and signing of the treaty limiting the spread of nuclear weapons. And now this success is being dissipated, through no fault of the Administration, but by obstruction in the Senate and an electoral campaign reminiscent of the defeat of the League of Nations after World War I.

The treaty has become a hot campaign issue, in a manner damaging to the interests of the United States and in fact of all countries, except those that may be itching to join the nuclear club. It took terrific effort to get the treaty to a point where the U.S. and the USSR could agree on it. It cleared the Foreign Relations Committee by a vote of 13 to 3. Those voting against were Senators Lausche, Dodd and Mundt—hardly a brilliant galaxy—and there were three abstentions.

But Richard Nixon saw a chance to cadge votes, not by a forthright rejection of the treaty (which could have had the opposite effect), but by counseling delay because of Soviet malevolence in Czechoslovakia. He was by no means alone. Many Senators are afraid of the soft-on-the-Soviets accusation in the election year, and the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia gave them an out.

There will always be political differences with the Soviets. There will also be possible political agreements which are to the advantage of both the superpowers. These are separate areas and one should not be super-

imposed on the other. Some Senators understand this. Stephen Young of Ohio, for instance, deplors the fact that the exhilaration which accompanied President Johnson's signing of the treaty on July 1 is being allowed to ebb. The treaty is not a gift or reward, Mr. Young points out; it is not even a Soviet-American arrangement. It is a step toward putting an end to the international anarchy in which we live.

A more surprising proponent of the treaty is Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, who can surely not be accused of dovish tendencies, much less of being soft on the Soviets. He voted against the consular treaty with the Soviet Union and would again, he says, as long as it continues to supply North Vietnam with arms. He has opposed all efforts to "appease" the Russians, but he rejects the argument that because of the wrong done Czechoslovakia we should do a wrong of another kind to ourselves and other nations.

Hubert H. Humphrey is in favor of the treaty, but that does it little good. The fortunes of politics being what they are, his support may even hurt its chances. Because so many concerned Democrats are rightly aggrieved at Humphrey, they are not putting their backs into the fight for the treaty. But Humphrey's errors and misdemeanors have no more to do with the treaty than have those of the Russians. He can be right on occasion—and on this one, he is.

The Fantasy World of HHH

In desperation, Vice President Humphrey has apparently decided that the only way he can win in November is to stage another "Give 'Em Hell!" campaign in the manner of Harry S. Truman in 1948. In this belief, the Vice President is the victim of multiple illusions.

(1) He is not Harry S. Truman. President Truman had no "image" problem; he was exactly the person that everyone knew him to be. He came on strong and clear.

(2) President Truman did not have to contend with an incumbent President of his own party who gave every sign of actually preferring a Republican victory. The Texas situation could quickly be straightened out for the Vice President by President Johnson and Governor Connally, were it not for the fact that they have a feeling he may yet "betray" them on Vietnam.

(3) There was an entirely different social atmosphere in 1948. In the view of many observers, President Truman won the 1948 election when he vetoed the Taft-Hartley legislation. Today a significant part of labor's rank and file is going to vote for George C. Wallace who, in so many respects, resembles George Meany. On the civil rights issue, which Humphrey had set up for Truman in 1948, the Democrats were odds-on favorites with Negro voters. Today Negroes are divided—moderates against militants, militants against militants, nationalists against nationalists. If many Negroes decide not to vote, it will be difficult to chide them. Would ghetto Negroes really suffer more under Nixon than under Humphrey?

(4) The Gideon's Army of Henry Wallace was much less numerous than the following of Senators McCarthy-McGovern-Kennedy. The voters who in 1948 were disaffected by Truman's cold-war policies were a fraction of

those who are today disenchanted with the results of twenty years' adherence to these same policies.

(5) In 1948 there was no significant "new politics" or "youth movement." The Kennedy Mystique was yet to be.

(6) There was no such issue as Vietnam in 1948.

(7) In 1948 Truman could stage a "whistle stop" campaign; with the spread of TV that is no longer possible.

(8) George C. Wallace is not Strom Thurmond. Thurmond and Henry Wallace each received 2.4 per cent of the vote in 1948; George Wallace may well receive four times their combined vote; he may get 15 million votes, which would be about what Al Smith received in 1928. Wallace's name has been certified for a place on the ballot in forty-three states—an accomplishment no third-party candidate has ever equaled—and may yet get on the ballot in all fifty. Strom Thurmond took votes from Truman in the South; Wallace will take votes from Humphrey in every major region. While he will also take votes from Nixon, on balance the damage to Humphrey is likely to be the greater.

There are other differences between the situation now and then, but these should be enough to indicate that the Vice President had better re-examine his strategy. It may work, but if it does it will be because in politics there is still room for miracles, not because 1968 is like 1948.

Victims All

The morale of the South Vietnamese army continues to trouble the Pentagon's Saigon office. Desertions are rising again, up now to about 8 per cent. Reassuring "explanations" are given for this evidence that the local troops are reluctant to hunt their countrymen: there has been a recent very large mobilization of unseasoned personnel, the Tet offensive struck when many soldiers were home on leave and they prudently chose to stay there. However, a Defense Department official has characterized the situation as "an open wound."

It should not be assumed from this solicitude, however, that American troop morale is high. Richard West, writing in *The Listener* after a recent trip to Vietnam, calls our Marines "a brutal rabble." He says that Americans "shoot at civilians out of hand" and torture prisoners in full view of outside observers. Tanks, he says, carry Confederate flags on their turrets, a vigilante symbol that any American recognizes; at the same time, he saw GIs with McCarthy buttons on their helmet liners.

One may want to dismiss West as a European outraged by the war and venting his indignation on the troops who fight it, but there is still the American press. A recent C.B.S. newcast reported on six American soldiers charged with murdering Vietnamese civilians, none of whom was alleged to be a VC. The method used was to toss the victims into a canal and throw hand grenades after them.

An AP dispatch of September 23 reported the sentencing of Marine Lance Corp. John D. Belknap to two years' hard labor for his part in murdering an unarmed Vietcong prisoner, one of five so dispatched by Belknap and his buddies. This man was bound, placed on a chair, a noose flung over his neck and then the chair kicked out from

under him. The hanging failed, and the man was then kicked, beaten and stabbed to death. Asked by the court if he had known what he was doing, Belknap replied: "Yes, sir, but I didn't give it a thought."

If one does give it a thought, one asks oneself under what circumstances do soldiers behave in this way? The answer is when they feel betrayed by their superiors (West reports that on some operations no officers are to be seen), frightened for their lives, have lost faith in the virtue of their mission, and despair of victory.

From that viewpoint, these blood-lusting men are not villains; they are—like the Vietnamese regulars, the napalmed villagers, the corralled refugees, the call girls of Saigon, the corrupt officeholders of the Thieu-Ky puppet government—victims of a foreign policy that made war without reason and therefore can find no reason for making peace. And these are victims on what is called our side; we do not even speak of the Vietcong or the North.

The Liberation of William Clark

Shortly after the Battle of Chicago, Mayor Richard J. Daley showed up at a fund-raising dinner for William Clark, Attorney General of Illinois, who is running this year for the Senate in Democratic opposition to Everett Dirksen. Daley was there as much to counter the main speaker, Senator McGovern, as to rally support for Clark. However, the dinner raised \$150,000, which Clark badly needs. In 1966 the unions backed Paul Douglas with \$250,000 or more; they have given Clark \$5,000. A good lawyer, Clark does not make accusations but he suspects that the union bag has been tied at the very top.

Clark has seen the leader of his party only once, a couple of months before the Back-to-the-Texas-Plow speech. "I know and respect your friendship with Dirksen," he told the President, "but as head of the party I hope you're supporting me." He was assured by the President of his total support: "We need you down here." "Will you call in the press to announce it?" Clark asked. LBJ replied that this would not be convenient, nor would he be able to speak at the fund-raising dinner. Said the amused Clark: "He didn't look at his engagement book."

Last week Clark accused President Johnson of using "wheel and deal" methods in an effort to secure confirmation of Justice Abe Fortas as Chief Justice. Last June, according to Clark, Senator Dirksen was summoned to the White House and given the task of delivering the Republican minority for a Fortas confirmation. It was, he says, a "backdoor assignment," from which Dirksen now wants to "cop out." Donald Janson of *The New York Times*, says this was "the first time in memory that a Democratic candidate for office in Illinois had attacked a Democratic President." Obviously Clark, Gilligan and a few others are looking beyond the smog of 1968. Even if some of them do not survive this year's enfilade of Populist bafflement and rage, they have the self-confidence of thoughtful men whose actions stem from analysis and right feelings. "Next time I nominate George McGovern for President in the Illinois caucus," says Clark, "he's going to get a good many more than three votes."

FASCISM FOR THE FUTURE

GABRIEL JACKSON

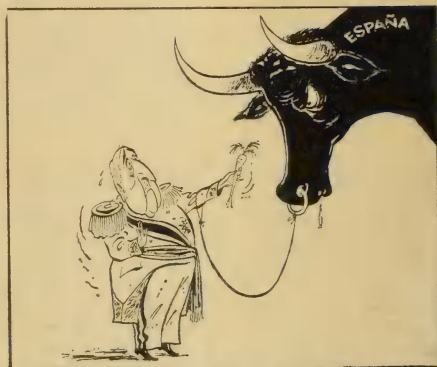
Mr. Jackson, author of *The Spanish Republic and the Civil War* (Princeton University Press), is a professor of history at the University of California, San Diego.

What follows here is based upon my reading, observation and travel between March and early August, 1968. I had known Spain intimately in two previous periods—1950-52 and 1960-62—and on those earlier occasions my researches on the history of the Second Republic and the Civil War had brought me into contact with Spaniards of all political views and economic standings. In 1968 my professional concern was with medieval Spain, but I saw many of the same persons and places I had known earlier. In addition, on trips to archaeological sites in the mountains I often passed dams, electric power stations, children's camps and reforestation projects. And on visits to small diocesan museums I sometimes struck up illuminating conversations with local priests and municipal officials.

Almost everywhere I went I found evidence of substantial, if unstable, economic progress, coupled with extreme anxiety concerning the future. My friends, who took the subway to work in 1960, drive small cars today. Their wives, who cooked on coal stoves and kept the butter on a shady corner of the balcony, now have electric or gas stoves and refrigerators. The younger members of white-collar families manage to marry in their early 20s and to take summer vacations, which their later marrying parents could never afford. In the villages, peasants who went barefoot or wore rope-soled sandals, now wear shoes. The blind lottery salesmen in the cities, and the shepherds on the hillsides, carry transistor radios. In Aragon, Catalonia, parts of Andalusia and much of Castile, the grain farmers have tractors and mechanical reapers, sometimes owned individually, more frequently rented from a rural cooperative under Falange or Catholic social management. Chemical fertilizers and sprays are increasingly available, and trucks deliver excellent fruit and vegetables to the markets of modest urban districts where one rarely saw fresh produce eight years ago. In western Castile and Leon the farmers still winnow the grain on mule-drawn sledges, and in traditionally overpopulated Galicia one still sees three or four able-bodied men guarding two or three cows. But even in these more backward areas the men have motor bikes, the younger women wear dresses that could have come from J. C. Penney's, electricity has reached all but the most isolated villages, and inside adobe houses, still without plumbing, are television sets and butane stoves. In both country towns and cities one constantly sees new elementary schools, infirmaries and swimming pools, all built since the mid-1950s, and while elementary education is neither universal nor of high intellectual quality, absolute illiteracy has been almost eliminated.

At the same time that there has been an undeniable rise in the standard of living there is much that is

unstable, and even partly fictitious, about the overall economic development. Most worrisome is the excessive dependence on tourism and on foreign capital. Thus a 1967 trade deficit of more than \$2 billion was covered in most part by receipts from 18 million tourists, and large sections of the gorgeous Mediterranean coast are becoming the unrestricted private property of European real estate developers. Almost all industries except construction and food processing depend upon American or West European capital. Automobiles, machine tools and sophisticated chemical and electronic equipment can be produced only under foreign patents and with the help of foreign personnel. Tens of thousands of workers have



Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)

found well-paid jobs only by emigrating to the Common Market countries, and the combination of inflation, competition for the tourist trade, and dependence on British markets obliged Spain to devalue hastily last November, when England did. The studies of Spain's ablest economists, such as Ramón Tamames and Jesús Prados Arate, and such collective publications as the UNESCO-sponsored *L'Espagne à l'heure du développement* (1967) and Ruedo Ibérico's two-volume study, *Horizonte Español* (1966) all tend to agree that there are excessive dependence on foreign capital, poor planning with regard to potential consumer markets, higher unemployment rates than in the rest of Western Europe, fantastic bank profits (of the order of 18 to 20 per cent per annum), and a concentration of interlocking industrial directorships in the hands of Spain's "100 families."

I think, however, that the pessimistic conclusions of these studies may be somewhat exaggerated. Spain is so beautiful and fascinating a country, and its people so attractive and fundamentally honest, that tourism may well be a long-term economic resource as stable and as income producing as are other well-managed forms of enterprise. A century ago, Germany and the United States depended

heavily on foreign capital during the "take-off" decades of their industrialization. But if a nation simultaneously raises its educational standards and its labor productivity it need not become permanently dependent upon foreign technique and investment. The Spaniards, who in the past ten years have built excellent roads, hotels, low-cost housing units and hydroelectric plants, and who are rapidly modernizing their agriculture, have proved that they are capable of hard work and high technical performance. There is no practical reason why in future decades they should not be able to accumulate the capital and the skills to free themselves from excessive dependence on foreign industry. In any case, despite technical errors and social injustices, Spain has made immense economic progress in the past decade, and while the rate of progress has slowed down notably since 1966, I am sure the country will never again experience the stagnation and misery which I knew in 1950.

It is much more difficult, at least for a democrat, to be optimistic about Spain's political future. The present regime dates from the military rebellion of July, 1936. The thirty-two-month dogged resistance of the majority of the Spanish people rapidly converted the military junta into a cruelly repressive dictatorship. After 1945, the regime scaled down the number of prisoners, and the use of torture and executions. In place of crude repression it has, over the past twenty years, developed more sophisticated ways to maintain control. For example, the law states that a worker may be fired if he is absent from his job for seventy-two hours for reasons other than illness. Nothing simpler, with politically activist workers, than for the police to hold them incommunicado for seventy-two hours, and then to release them, usually without physical maltreatment, perhaps without even intensive questioning—but deprived of their jobs, their seniority rights, their social security.

Intellectuals and businessmen who step out of line can be controlled even more gently. The slightest sign of opposition may easily result in the refusal of a passport, or of an import license. Thus the student who has won a foreign scholarship, or the businessman who wishes to establish a new industry, will pay the price for his independence of mind. And in a regime where the citizen has no effective recourse to law, and where such indirect punishments have been handed out for two decades, the threat of harassment alone is sufficient to intimidate most people. In fairness to thousands of decent Spaniards, it should also be realized that personal gestures frequently lighten the fate of political opponents. The employer will often not fire the dissident worker despite the seventy-two-hour law. A highly placed friend may intervene effectively to see that the brilliant student or the enterprising businessman does get the necessary passport or license. Many "ex-Reds" hold responsible jobs, and are protected from occasional witch hunts by rightist employers who value their abilities, and who may also feel some remorse for the terrible oppressions of the decade following 1936.

Thus the *de facto* conduct of the regime has been humanized, but in ways which are completely arbitrary,

which depend on the good will of individuals, and which do not in the slightest supersede those laws and precedents upon which the earlier murderous dictatorship was based. In early August the assassination of a hated secret police chief produced an immediate wave of arbitrary arrests and subsequent tortures in the Basque country, and Spanish lawyers are still frequently fined for the "crime" of defending militant workers and priests.

Two hopeful factors contribute to any assessment of the future. First, improved living standards and the vivid memory of the Civil War make a violent revolutionary attempt most unlikely. Second, the marked effort of the younger clergy to associate themselves with the spirit of John XXIII, and to back the economic and social demands of the workers, makes it improbable that anticlerical outbreaks like those of 1936 will occur again. But against these hopeful signs must be placed the total lack of political liberty and democratic political experience over a period of more than thirty years. By way of contrast: in 1931, when the Second Republic was inaugurated, Spaniards had for several decades known freedom of the press, freedom of parliamentary debate, and in the cities at least, increasingly honest elections. There were well-organized Republican and Socialist parties, and free trade union associations, both Socialist and Catholic. It is true that the Republic was immediately preceded by seven years of erratic, relatively mild military rule, but in the perspective of the times that dictatorship had been considered a temporary interruption of the country's steady progress toward Western European political norms.

Spaniards today have absolutely no such experience of liberty. Political parties and free trade unions are forbidden. In the eyes of the regime they represent the specific evils which in 1936 led Spain to anarchy and disaster. There is a parliament, but its members are not chosen by any form of democratic competition, and its agenda is prepared strictly by the government. Last year press censorship as such was ended, but editors know very well that they must not "abuse" their new liberty. To cite only the most recent and celebrated incident: when on May 30 *Madrid* published an editorial suggesting that General de Gaulle ought to resign, and suggesting it in terms clearly applicable to another General, the paper was heavily fined; it has not yet resumed publication.

Some of my acquaintances among lawyers and possible political leaders, while recognizing the truth of the situation as I have just described it, nevertheless hope that a restored monarchy may offer the institutional framework of a gradual, orderly return to political liberty. I see no firm basis for such hopes. The 19th-century monarchy always depended upon privileged minorities, and the last king, Alfonso XIII, could keep his throne only while the army supported him. There is no strong monarchist sentiment in Spain, and neither Don Juan nor his son Juan Carlos has shown such distinguished personal qualities as might overcome the heavy heritage of the Bourbon monarchy. If one of them should mount the throne a few years hence, and should (an unlikely hypothesis in my view) seek political support from the Left,

the entrenched military and Falangist officials would rapidly call him to order. Any king who may follow General Franco will be the closely guarded prisoner of the army and of the Right, which will have made his accession possible.

The painful truth is that democrats throughout the world have underestimated the skill and the adaptability of the Franco dictatorship. It has been thought of simply as a vestige of pre-World War II fascism, or as a patchwork of old-fashioned nationalist and militarist ideologies. But it may well be the prototype of a more sophisticated military dictatorship than we have seen before, in Spain or elsewhere, based upon the following ingredients:

(1) A more agreeable material life for all, coupled with continuing financial privileges for the ruling bourgeoisie.

(2) Control of dissident intellectuals and youth by harassments usually short of imprisonment and physical torture.

(3) A façade of political "freedom" in the permitted antics of rival monarchist, Carlist and Falangist factions.

(4) Maintenance of spiritual order through the continued dominant position of the Catholic Church and of government-controlled television.

(5) Maintenance of the secular order by the army and the several forms of police, acting with a minimum of publicity and with carefully adjusted doses of brutality or leniency as the specific situation may demand.

In the past ten to fifteen years, the Franco regime has had marked success in establishing this kind of government. There is a long tradition in Spain of civil administration by soldiers, and of military supremacy in any major conflict between military and civilian interests. Indeed the military instinctively hated the Republic of 1931 because the Republic proclaimed its intention to establish a tradition of civilian supremacy in government. Considering its success during the past decade, and its roots in Span-

ish tradition, it is certainly very possible that the kind of sophisticated military dictatorship I have sketched above will remain the fundamental reality in Spanish political life for decades to come, whether or not a "king" is displayed in the front window.

Another major reason why the regime may in fact last for decades is that the classic circumstances for a revolution do not exist. Every revolution in the Western world since the mid-18th century has been based upon an alliance, however temporary or unstable, between revolutionary intellectuals and a mass of peasants and workers who really felt themselves to be both materially and spiritually oppressed. Enough economic progress has been made, with more in the offing, so that the Spanish masses do not feel materially oppressed. The day may very well come when more than a small minority of university students, Basque and Catalan nationalists, leftist priests and young industrial workers will actively resent the spiritual oppression of an official religion, a conformist press and the absence of any freedom of association. It is also quite possible that there might one day be a massive reaction of injured pride over dependence on the tourist trade and on foreign capital. The current challenge to British sovereignty at Gibraltar is in some measure an effort to channel such feelings of national pride. And this example suggests also that a continuing dictatorship of the present sort might be able to harness such feelings to its own ends. But the main reflection induced by my travels in Spain in recent months is that, given the rising standard of living and the substitution of milder sanctions for the earlier heavy-handed oppressions, a Franquist type of dictatorship may continue for decades in Spain and by so doing may provide a "model" for other nations that achieve a minimum of economic prosperity in the absence of strong traditions of political liberty. This is a problem for democrats to ponder.

DOSSIER ON DALEY

RAYMOND R. COFFEY

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Chicago

As long ago as 1957 *Fortune*, regarded in some precincts as the official assay office for measuring success, anointed Chicago's Richard J. Daley as one of the nine outstanding mayors in the United States. That was only two years after he had moved into City Hall and it was, also, only the beginning of the Daley worship. Over the years, *Fortune* was followed by a seeming nonstop parade of other journals (and by itself a second time around), all contributing to a litany of praise for Daley. The worst thing anyone seemed able to discover about the Chicago wonder worker was that he was jowly, looked like an overweight Buddha and

mangled the English language with "dis's" and "dat's."

Then came the Democratic National Convention in Chicago with its barbed wire and MACE and tear gas and red-baiting and club swinging and gallery packing, and Daley suddenly found himself listed as public enemy number one by some of the same sort of people who were very much responsible for his heretofore exalted reputation.

Daley, determined to play host to the convention come hell, high water, crippling bus-taxi-telephone strikes and invasion by young dissidents, now became notorious as the Fascist proprietor of a police state rechristened "Prague West," "Stalag '68" and other names less soothing than Sandburg's "Hog butcher to the world" or even Nelson Algren's "City on the Make."

What happened? What happened is that that decade of publicity for Daley had confused regular garbage pickups—twice a week in selected neighborhoods—with greatness.

Administrative efficiency and reasonable honesty—reasonable for Chicago anyhow—were all that counted in the making of a mayor, his admirers suggested.

There always were people in Chicago, a lot of them, who knew better, but somehow they never got heard in all the dazzle over all the new skyscrapers and airports and ever-greater pluralities Daley was building from election to election.

It may be true, as the Mayor's supporters still ruefully say, that Daley is the best mayor Chicago ever had. But given the competition, that, as Chicago *Daily News* columnist Mike Royko has observed, is like singling out the best player on the New York Mets. It is also true that Daley is personally honest (though he tolerates graft among his political underlings, as long as it doesn't become embarrassing) and that he really loves this city.

But Daley has lost touch with the times. Lyndon Johnson caught on that it wasn't his kind of country any more, but Johnson is still Daley's kind of guy and for Daley the world is still—or by God better be—the kind of place it was when he was working his way up.

The Mayor has never been what is called these days an issue-oriented politician. For him it's still purely a business of patronage, "clout," ringing more doorbells than the other guy, and getting the most votes. To this day his automobile license number is not 1 or anything similarly distinctive; it is 708,222—the number of votes that first put him into City Hall in 1955.

For anyone who was surprised by Daley's performance during the Democratic convention and his reaction to the demonstrations, here are some aspects of the Daley record that the glowing publicity overlooked during those good old years before Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, Dave Dellinger and company hit town. To begin, Daley's stance as a straight and strong "law-and-order" man, to use the current political idiom, is downright laughable to a lot of people here.

"The thing that really scalds me" about the whole controversy over Daley and the police's handling of the convention, says state Rep. Anthony Scariano, a distinguished, tough-minded Reform Democrat who has been doing battle with the seamier side of the Daley machine for more than ten years, "is that Daley has suddenly become in the popular mind a symbol of law and order."

Daley is not only mayor but also chairman of the Cook County Democratic Committee and thus has practically unlimited power in the party. Yet, Scariano notes, he still allows the crime syndicate to run the city's First Ward, which embraces the rich Loop area. John D'Arco, a longtime associate of Mafia gangsters, is still First Ward Democratic committeeman, while in other wards men whose only sin was an occasional hesitation in carrying out Daley orders have been pushed into oblivion.

Until a few years ago D'Arco was also First Ward alderman and when he "retired," says Scariano, it was not Daley but the crime syndicate that "tapped him on the shoulder and told him to move over." The syndicate first chose as his successor a relative by marriage of crime boss Sam Giancana. When the press exploded at that, they

tried to foist off a suburbanite who didn't even live in the city. Through all the unsavory maneuvering Daley sat back, playing the innocent and pretending it was all a matter for the people of the First Ward to decide.

Scariano, chief sponsor of a law that created a state crime investigating commission, says "the only time Daley lets anything like the crime commission bill get through is when the heat is so bad that he can't help it." Scariano adds, "He has never supported one piece of good government legislation in all the time I've been in the legislature."

But Daley's greatest failing by far—at least until he turned the police loose at the convention—is that he has never understood the race problem. He still lives in the working-class neighborhood, Bridgeport, near the stockyards, where he grew up and where Negroes to this day dare not live. And he lives by the old feeling, still strong in many Chicago neighborhoods, that people should stay with their own kind. As long as the garbage is picked up, the street lights work, and the Negro Democratic committeemen get a cut of the patronage, things are supposed to be all right.

Thus in 1966 Daley could tell a convention of Negro beauty-shop operators that under his administration 368,000 rooms had been inspected for roaches, 153,000 rat holes had been closed, and more than 300,000 citizens had benefited. Daley had found that statistics always impressed visiting magazine writers and the businessmen—mostly Republicans who voted in the suburbs and came into Chicago only to make their money. The Negro beauty-shop operators, however, may have been thinking about a different kind of statistics—such as the fact that one of every nine whites on the Police Department is a sergeant but only one of every twenty-one is a Negro.

The first big crack in Daley's reputation came last spring when much of the city's sprawling West Side black ghetto went up in smoke and violence after the assassination of Martin Luther King.

Daley was outraged and promptly blew his cool, issuing orders that henceforth police were to "shoot to kill" arsonists and "shoot to maim" looters. What happened at the convention, therefore, should hardly have come as a surprise.

Daley was also astonished and deeply wounded that such a thing as the West Side ghetto riots could happen in the city he loves, the city blessed with his administration. Others were less surprised. The Democratic committeemen in the West Side wards—stalwarts of the Daley organization (and remember he is supposed to be a political genius)—have names like Vito Marzullo, Bernie Neistein, Tony Girolami, John Touhy, Matt Biesczat, John D'Arco and George Collins. Only Collins is a Negro. The aldermen have names like Stanley Zydlo, Harry Sain, Joe Jambrone, Marzullo, Collins and Robert Biggs. Only Collins and Biggs are Negroes and Biggs is a flunky for Neistein, the boss of the all-black 29th Ward. (Neistein, by the way, is another of the people with crime-syndicate connections whom Daley continues to tolerate in the party hierarchy.)

Anti-Vietnamese War sentiment is another issue of the sort Daley cannot understand. The son of a poor



Irish family, he worked his way through college and law school at a time and in a place where the only excuse for going to college was to make the kind of success *Fortune* exalts.

For the Mayor success is practically synonymous with morality. Intellectualism that wastes time on issues, morality that goes beyond marital fidelity and honest gain are suspect. (His only advice to Robert F. Kennedy when the New York Senator decided to go after the Presidential nomination was, reportedly, "get a haircut.")

Thus weeks before the convention the Mayor told a throng of precinct captains celebrating Democratic Day at the State Fair that he had no use for the "intellectual and university professor" critics of Mr. Johnson's Vietnamese policy. "Our Democrats are solidly behind Lyndon B. Johnson all the way," Daley said, demonstrating well in advance of the convention just how far out of touch he was.

Similarly, during the convention Frank Sullivan, public relations man for the police department, sneeringly referred to "the intellectuals" of C.B.S. and N.B.C. as largely responsible for the city's black eye.

And Daley went Sullivan one better in emulation of the late Joseph McCarthy. Sullivan had referred also to "Communists" as being responsible for violence at the convention. Daley was asked about this in a television interview with Walter Cronkite after the police had done their handiwork on Michigan Avenue the night Hubert Humphrey got his nomination. The Mayor said promptly, "There isn't any doubt about it. You know who they are." He then mentioned the names of Hayden, Dellinger and a couple of others.

"Well, I don't know that they're Communists," said a puzzled Cronkite. "Well certainly neither do I," said the Mayor, establishing what must be a track record for throwing mud and then ducking.

One of the reasons why Daley no longer understands his city or even his times is that he is extremely sensitive to criticism—or to any questioning. And over the years his power has grown to the point where he almost never encounters either of them. "Maybe the tragedy is that he's never had to learn to take it," says Alderman Seymour Simon, a sometime Daley ally who is now one of the more cerebral critics of the way things are done at City Hall.

In the days when it was fashionable to describe Daley as the Chicago paragon, it was often said that big cities were becoming ungovernable and that only Daley seemed to retain the secret. What was ignored was that Daley doubles in brass as party chairman, which gives him practically life-or-death authority over the city's political life.

John Lindsay in New York, for example, might find life less frustrating if he, like Daley, had 60,000 patronage jobs at his command—and the votes and livelihoods of the wives, mothers-in-law, aunts, uncles and star boards that go with them. As columnist Royko has put it, "In the East some families register a newborn son at Harvard or Yale. In (Daley's neighborhood) they sign him on with the city water department."

Daley has never been one to lead in new directions or break new political ground. He has been, rather, a steady consolidator of power, until today he owns all but a half-dozen or so of the city's fifty aldermen. One of the council robots, Alderman Joseph Krska, is renowned locally for an oratorical repertory consisting entirely of the sentence, "God bless Mayor Daley," which he uses to answer yea or nay or handle any other crisis that comes up.

The Mayor's power reaches far beyond the City Council. The much admired former U.S. Sen. Paul H. Douglas, for just one example, led a noisy conservationist fight to

save the Dunes in neighboring Indiana. But when conservationists in Douglas' own neighborhood fought a Daley plan to cut down 2,000 trees to make room for a wider road through a park, there was not a peep from Douglas. When the Democrats are in power at the state capital at Springfield, Daley is also, in effect, the House, the Senate and the Governor.

In the post-convention bitterness here, state Sen. James P. Loukas, a long-time maverick Democrat, was finally moved to announce his support for the Republican candidate for governor this year. If the Democrat is elected, Loukas declared, the powers of the governor "would be turned over to Daley. . . . If Daley wants to legislate he should run for the legislature; if he wants to run the state he should run for governor."

That is not the kind of sentiment Daley admires. What he prefers are practical young men like state Rep. Paul Elward, who started out ten years ago as a rampaging, anti-machine reformer—and got nowhere. He then joined the team and is now so staunch a Daley man that he could weep at the convention tribute to Robert Kennedy until he was wet up to the ankles—and then without catching breath pronounce the convention a great success since no one had been killed or wounded. The new Elward, Elward in Daley's pocket, has now moved up to the position of unofficial whip for the statehouse Democrats. Elward multiplied is the kind of thing that really warms the Mayor's heart.

And so it should have been no surprise when Daley packed the convention galleries with sewer workers waving "We Love Mayor Daley" signs. Nor should it have been a surprise when—with no one else able to do it—Daley chopped off the emotional tribute to Robert Kennedy by having his sewer workers drown it out with chants of "We Want Daley."

Nor should anyone have been astonished, knowing how Daley likes having his own way and has grown accustomed to having it, that the Mayor ran the whole convention from his seat in front of the podium. Convention chairman Carl Albert had to do little more than watch Daley for cues—a throat-slitting motion to adjourn for the night, arms waving to strike up the band and drown out the dissidents, etc.

In the aftermath, Daley made much of the vulgar provocative language that had been directed at his police. He was horrified. But this same concern for propriety did not deter him and the Illinois delegation from shouting epithets at Abraham Ribicoff when the Senator dared to speak of Gestapo tactics.

Daley's constant complaints about the language the police had to endure—along with all his other statements about "outsiders" causing trouble (as if only Chicagoans belonged in town for a national convention), about leftist agitators who have been to Hanoi, about the demonstrators' determination to force a confrontation with police—illustrate again that he just doesn't understand what it's all about. As Alderman William Cousins, an anti-Daley Negro, put it:

The city is attempting to cloud the real issues, which

have nothing to do with whether someone had been to Cuba or was a revolutionary or whether someone had violated a city ordinance.

The real question is whether or not the police have the authority to physically harm someone in a situation such as that which developed. Even when a person is guilty of some wrongdoing, we cannot justify a summary punishment of that person by a policeman on the street.

One of the people in Chicago who has had Daley in perspective right along—who was not at all surprised by the way things went during the convention—is Alderman Leon M. Despres, the liberal independent from the 5th Ward around the University of Chicago, and one of the few voices raised regularly over the years against the way Daley was running roughshod through the city. Now, suggests Despres, things may be catching up with him.

Daley, says Despres, "has created a chasm between himself and the black community and also has moved away from the liberals"—two major elements of Democratic strength, which in Chicago means Daley strength. Having used his power over the years to immunize himself from criticism and questioning, "repression now is the only way [Daley] knows how to deal with any kind of dissent."

Ironically, Despres added, Daley now finds that the most enthusiastic support for his handling of the convention comes from "the Wallace and Nixon people—the people who would like to bury all his [Democratic] candidates." Daley, said Despres, is "moving to the right . . . he's lost his touch on this issue . . . he's really in bad trouble."

Daley and the men around him do not, of course, admit any such thing. They are trying to smile through, publicly taking comfort in the letters and phone calls of support that have been pouring into City Hall. But the fact seems to be that Daley has indeed been hurt. "What went on in the streets of Chicago is the tragedy and shame of our city," says Abner J. Mikva, the liberal reformer who is the Democratic candidate for Congress in the 2d District. "Chicago has suffered a distressing blow to its reputation. . . . The loss in business, the loss in prestige, the ridicule to which we have been and will be put have hurt a great deal."

An even harsher indictment came from State Treasurer Adlai E. Stevenson III, the party's biggest vote getter in recent elections and a man who was denied the U.S. Senate nomination for refusing to pledge allegiance to LBJ on Vietnam. "Illinois Democrats are restless within the confines of a feudal structure that exists by rewarding homage with jobs and favors," Stevenson said in a 2,500-word post-convention blast at the Daley way of doing things.

The surest sign that Daley has been hurt—and that he knows it—is the great length to which he has gone to tell and retell and tell again his "side" of the story in special reports, in the press and on television. The whole thing, he suggests, was the fault of the papers and broadcasters. He sounds a lot like the Goldwater Republicans of 1964 who blamed their fate on the press. And Hubert Humphrey and Daley's Democratic state ticket candidates surely cannot have forgotten what happened to Goldwater.

FINESSING THE POOR

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Welfare officials are trying to finesse New York City's 875,000 welfare poor by calling a major economy measure a major reform. More important, this "reform" is intended to deal a lethal blow to the most extensive organization of New York's poor in recent memory—the welfare rights movement. And it has an odds-on chance of succeeding.

The reform is quite easily described. Until now, a recipient, once certified as eligible, was entitled to two kinds of payment. The first was a semi-monthly check for food, rent and miscellaneous items. But in addition, the law prescribed that every recipient be maintained at a "minimum standard of decency" in heavy clothing and household furnishings. Each child, for example, was supposed to have an overcoat, hat and galoshes. A child was also supposed to have his own bed, a family was entitled to enough chairs so that they could all sit together to eat, and so forth. So the second kind of payment—"special grants" of money to enable recipients to purchase these items—was to be made on an "as needed" basis. The trouble was that before the welfare client movement began, such grants were rare. Clients got an average of only \$40 in 1965. The department—like welfare departments everywhere—economized by violating its own regulations.

Nor would that situation have changed without organized action by masses of recipients. Under the leadership of the City-Wide Coordinating Committee of Welfare Groups, which formed early in 1966, hundreds of thousands of copies of the official schedules of items for which people are supposed to get money were mimeographed and distributed throughout the city's ghettos. Recipients were instructed to check off the items they did not have, and told to meet at an appointed time at the local welfare office. There, client leaders turned in huge stacks of applications and demanded payment, while large numbers of clients demonstrated in the waiting rooms, refusing to move until their checks were processed.

The results, from the beginning, were spectacular. Under impact of successive campaigns, the aggregate costs of special grants zoomed from about \$20 million in 1965 to an estimated \$90 million in the present fiscal year. A small part of this increase is accounted for by the increase in the number of people on welfare (up about 325,000 since 1965); had the department continued to give this enlarged population an average of \$40 per year, aggregate disbursements would have risen from \$20 million to about \$35 million in 1968. But costs have now reached \$90 million, and it is the welfare movement which is responsible for the difference. Stated another way, the movement forced an increase in the level of special grants from an average of \$40 per person in 1965 to an estimated average of \$100 in 1968. The city's "reform" freezes the average disbursement at this level. Beginning immediately, each

recipient will get a "flat grant" of \$100 per year, payable in four installments of \$25.

Although at first glance it appears that the "flat-grant" plan will not reduce the level of disbursements to the poor, it is in fact an economy measure. The organizing drives which forced costs up to their present level involved hundreds of thousands of recipients, but still more hundreds of thousands have not yet been reached. Organized recipients have been getting far more than \$100 per person, while the unorganized have, as always, been getting far less, or getting nothing at all. This vast reservoir, with its potential of hundreds of millions of dollars in legitimate claims, posed what *The New York Times* called editorially a "threat to [New York City's] treasury." The movement was growing so rapidly that it would soon have organized many thousands more people to make claims. Without the new "reform," the movement might have driven costs to the \$200-million mark within another year.

By an introverted bit of logic, City Hall says that the new payment method will not only be more economical but also more "equitable." By that it means that no one, organized or unorganized, will get more than \$100. The city's concern for "equity" would be rather more convincing, however, had it also announced retroactive grants to those hundreds of thousands of unorganized people who never got their legal benefits in the first place. This was precisely what the spread of the movement threatened to do. To insure that it would not, the flat grant was instituted, as the *Times* approvingly said, in order to "stem a fiscal threat."

Since the reform is an economy measure, there is little doubt of overall public support. But the Lindsay administration also wishes to be defined as sympathetic to the poor, not as drawing the purse strings more tightly about their necks. And so the new economy has been couched in a series of pieties to the effect that an automatic disbursement plan rather than discretionary grants will reduce paperwork, freeing welfare workers to counsel and guide recipients along the path to "rehabilitation." This definition will also be received favorably by the public. Americans are always prepared to believe that poverty results from individual defects, not social and economic injustices, and the Lindsay administration seems prepared to pander to that belief if it will keep the fiscal lid on welfare. But recipients who have now learned to organize and fight the welfare system may not submit any longer to the preachments of case workers. Indeed, the movement may soon demand that welfare workers stay out of the ghettos and barrios, thus putting a halt to routine invasions of recipients' homes which take place under the guise of establishing rapport and conducting rehabilitation (in probable violation of the Fourth Amendment).

Far more important than immediate economies in the planning of the city is its hope that by this "reform" it can dissipate the welfare organizing movement and avert the trouble the movement has already created for New York officialdom. Recurrent demonstrations at local wel-

fare centers have generated one incident after another with welfare workers and police, each episode being a threat to the tranquillity of the ghettos. Welfare officials have complained in the press that the movement virtually controls some of the local centers, and there is much truth in the charge. In recent actions, they have driven case workers out of the centers, taking over desks and files, and spent the day reading the department's dossiers on them and other recipients. Once the financial benefits which mobilized large numbers of people are eliminated, officials hope that the movement will wither away. Hugh H. Jones, chairman of the State Board of Social Welfare, announced recently that the flat-grant program would both "stabilize outgoing expenditures" and "very seriously handicap" the welfare recipients' movement. With the movement weakened, the welfare system can presumably regularize the operation of its local centers, and re-establish effective control over the clients who depend on it. In the long run, too, welfare economies depend on such control.

Recipient leaders also understand that the flat-grant reform could cripple their movement. They know that it is their success in producing money that has built and emboldened their constituencies, and so a search is under way to find new means for prying loose substantial sums for substantial numbers of the welfare poor.

A tentative decision has been reached. In early fall, the movement plans to mount a "spend the rent" campaign. By using their rent money for other purposes, welfare clients can circumvent the flat grant. What the city saves by restricting grants for clothing and furniture, the clients can make up from the rent money which is included in their regular welfare checks. In any case, the condition of slum housing is cause enough for a rent strike, and the movement is likely to find many in the ghetto who will join in this new strategy.

Rent strikes have been tried before in New York, but have usually bogged down in cumbersome legalistic procedures. In the 1963-64 rent strike, for example, organizers tried to follow the complex statutes governing rent withholding. The law prescribed an elaborate bureaucratic course, and the courts interpreted the law rigidly. Judges admitted only the inspection records of the Department of Buildings as evidence of hazardous violations. To obtain those records, organizers had first to fill out forms, then arrange and follow up appointments for inspections, then check housing agency files to make sure that hazardous violations had in fact been posted. Meanwhile the organizers also had to make sure that rents withheld by tenants from the landlord were being collected and deposited in private escrow accounts. Finally, organizers had to shepherd tenants through the courts. And when they got there, it often turned out that violations were mysteriously missing from the official records. When the tenants lost in court, as they usually did, their escrow funds were turned over to the landlord; if by some chance they won, the money was turned over to the clerk of the court, to be given to the landlord after repairs were made. In no case did the tenants keep the money.

The bureaucratic rites by which housing repairs were to be exacted exhausted organizers and bewildered tenants. To make agency procedures work on your behalf you need money, expertise and political influence—resources which landlords possess and tenants do not. Thus landlords exploited the intricacies of bureaucratic procedure and the corruptibility of bureaucratic officials to evade or overcome the challenge from tenants. Even rare victories in the courts yielded tenants only minor—and short-lived—improvements. Since it could not produce repairs quickly or multiply them widely, the strike attracted few tenants and developed little political force.

Welfare leaders know by now not to repeat these mis-



takes. First, they will tell people to keep the rent money and to spend it for clothing and household furnishings. There will be no escrow accounts. Then it will prepare tenants to meet retaliation on the stoop, not in the courtroom where they would lose. People will be trained in tactics to resist evictions, such as sitting on the furniture, crowding hallways so the furniture cannot be removed, and putting it back if it is removed. That the welfare clients' movement in New York is now strong enough, and bold enough, for such tactics should be evident from the recent flat-grant protests at City Hall, where mothers with

children in their arms rushed police barricades and screamed angrily at policemen charging on horses.

The city hopes to stop the recurrent disorders in welfare centers by its flat-grant reform. But evictions will provoke street confrontations with the police and marshals, and may constitute an even greater threat to placidity in the ghettos. Ironically, if the welfare movement succeeds in mounting a widespread and prolonged rent strike, some of the credit will have to go to the "reform" which forced the movement to intensify its tactics, and angered the poor enough so that they were ready to take up the challenge.

HARRY GOLDEN

Jewish apathy is a frustrating, ever-present factor which clouds the future of Jewish-Negro relationships as the Negro fights for his place in the American society. That is the conclusion of a rabbinical student, Laurence Lauer, based on a ten-week study of the poor in Milwaukee's inner city. His report appeared in a story in the *National Jewish Post* (September 13).

Lauer served as an "intern" with a summer-liaison project, part of a program inaugurated by the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion; four cities, Milwaukee among them, accepted the students for the work. Lauer and his bride spent their honeymoon living in the Milwaukee central city, surrounded by heavily Negro population. He attended meetings of Negro organizations wherever he would be admitted, listened to the leaders airing their problems to the "establishment" or carrying the results of such conferences back to their people.

He thus reinforced his previous idea that so-called Negro anti-Semitism is basically only an anti-white attitude rather than something directed specifically against the Jew. On the other hand, the traditional role of Jewish civil rights organizations in bringing help to the Negro has made little or no impression on either the Negro or Jew, Lauer said. And he could find no ordinary Jewish citizens who seemed to care whether the Negro made progress or not. The Jewish community remains uncommitted, apart, unknowing and uninvolved.

This fact alone, he warned, will help to increase the gap between the Jewish community and Jewish youth, because today's educated young Jews are increasingly nonreligious and committed to aid the poor and the black.

In only a few instances did Lauer have occasion to approach Jewish merchants or citizens directly in the inner city, seeking help for the Negro. In one attempt he tried to get some merchants to invest idle funds in a Negro credit union formed to aid the poor. The merchants would not deposit funds because for the time being little or no interest was promised on savings, and he could convince no one that the effort would be good for the community. One merchant bragged of his relationships with Negroes,

but Lauer noticed that he had surrounded his store entrances with the latest protection devices. Lauer felt that mistrust of the residents was being excessively advertised.

In 1955 I urged the B'nai B'rith to organize help for the Negro. I said that for the first time in 1,500 years we had an opportunity to fight for democracy in a situation where we are not the target of oppression, and that when you fight for others you build a wall of security around yourself. I urged them to put an ad in all the big papers of America saying that we Jews, as a community, would use our funds and our energies, and our social-action know-how in the fight for the Negro, because the Negro has indeed given the Jews a free ride, the biggest free ride in history. They have gone into the courts of America and proved that the Constitution means what it says. And in this respect they have served the Jews as well as all other Americans. This free ride hasn't cost the Jews anything.

At a lecture in Grossinger's a lady said to me, "Mr. Golden, why do you always talk about civil rights? What have the Negroes ever done for us? Anyway they are all anti-Semites."

I said, "Lady, as soon as the Negroes have a Grossinger's I'll stop talking about civil rights. And anyway a Negro anti-Semite is about as convincing as a Jewish white supremacist."

Lauer's complaint that the Jews are not interested in the Negro bespeaks the secularization of their religion. The rabbi has lost his classical function as a teacher, the laity has taken over. It was the same with the Protestant sects in the South when their churches backed away from the moral issue in 1954 and the ministers were told to "stick to religion, leave politics and controversial issues alone." How many Protestant clergymen lost their jobs because they said a word about the battle between 1955 and 1960 will never be known. I know of at least twenty who were fired.

If Lauer succeeds in awakening the Jewish community on behalf of the Negro he will have served the Negroes and America, but mostly he will have served the Jews.

TALKS WITH THE VIETNAMESE

MARILYN B. YOUNG

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Some time in early June, Dave Dellinger and Robert Greenblatt had discussed the possibility of holding a large peace conference of intellectuals in Paris. By late August the proposal was more modest: five American academics would, at their own expense, go to Paris and, meeting with the North Vietnamese delegation, discuss such matters as seemed fruitful to bring up. We were an oddly homogeneous group despite differences in age, temperament, specific political approach and experience: Jonathan Mirsky, professor of Chinese at Dartmouth and head of its East Asia Center; George Kahin, head of Cornell University's Southeast Asia program; Douglas Dowd, professor of economics at Cornell; Howard Zinn, professor of political science at Boston University, and myself. What bound us together was a desire to make the trip serve the cause of peace in Vietnam. We were not likely to succeed where so many had failed, but the idea of merely exchanging pleasantries with the North Vietnamese appealed to none of us. We could not quite get rid of a deep hope that our trip would somehow make a difference. We wanted to get from the North Vietnamese a clear statement of their position, a confirmation of what many observers saw as de-escalation on their part, an understanding of why the peace talks were so hopelessly stalled and what might be done to propel them. We got all of these things. That it will make any difference remains to be seen.

The North Vietnamese live and work in a large compound which was once a school named after Maurice Thorez. It is in the suburb of Choisy-le-Roi, whose elegant mayoral residence is occupied by a Communist. Every afternoon at five o'clock the French car-pool drivers and the Vietnamese staff members play a vigorous game of volley ball. Throughout the day one hears the soft thud of *bocce* balls. The compound is a complete world: not a bit of Vietnam transferred to Paris (in our meeting room there were only a few Vietnamese objects, and they seemed to have been tacked upon the wall in much the way a lonely person tacks up pictures of his family), but an anonymous place which would retain no memories of the Vietnamese once they were gone. We asked Mr. Oanh, head of the North Vietnamese Peace Committee, if he had had much opportunity to enjoy Paris. His answer was brief: "No, I have too much work. Besides, what is there to see? Paris is a city like any other." Since we were, all of us, overwhelmed by the beauty of the city in this soft, late summer, the reply sounded almost like a rebuke. Being in Paris was no pleasure for Mr. Oanh, or for anyone else in that compound. It was an irrelevance; they wanted to go home.

Our first meeting took place on the afternoon of the day we arrived, September 5. It was a long, hard session of questions. The Vietnamese wished to know what

was the meaning of Chicago; was there an alliance between McCarthy, McGovern and Kennedy, and would it continue even after Chicago; did the American public understand what was happening in Paris, and so on. We answered as best we could, describing Chicago and its possible consequences; the powerfully negative effect of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia; the widespread confusion about the significance of the Paris talks; our speculation on Johnson's alternatives and likely choices. The Vietnamese listened politely, took notes, asked more specific questions, and then invited questions from us. These were carefully written down, assurances were given that there would be time to answer them in full, and we filed into an adjoining room for dinner.

The room was strictly functional and, except for an attractive photograph of Ho Chi Minh at his most patriarchal, without decoration. I sat next to a Southerner, Tran Cong Tuong, head of the Association of Vietnamese Lawyers, a plump and genial man whose very amiability misled me. He looked like the still affluent Shanghai exiles one meets in Hong Kong and Taipei, men whose ability to operate allows them to thrive against all adversity, men who delight, for reasons hard to fathom, in entertaining whatever Westerner they come across, however unimportant he may be. But when Mr. Tuong had finished heaping my plate with food, he began to talk about other conferences—at which he had been a delegate—Geneva in 1954 and again in 1962 over Laos. He spoke with wry bitterness of the closing session of the 1954 conference, when the head of each delegation rose to give his government's position. "Oh yes," Mr. Tuong said, "I will always remember Bedell Smith. . . . We knew then the difficulties ahead of us." I told Mr. Tuong that no more than a handful of Americans had then had any notion of the possible meaning of Bedell Smith's speech. He nodded silently. There was a pause during which he again overburdened my dinner plate. Then, rather suddenly, he told me that his wife had been killed by the French, that his second wife lived and worked in the jungle so as to avoid American bombs, that the history of his country had been one of war and death for so long. He left abruptly after dinner and I had no chance to tell him—what?—how sorry I was, how helpless?

After dinner Minister Xuan Thuy joined us briefly. Since the Vietnamese delegation worked closely as a committee he would leave the task of answering our questions to two members whom we had already met—Nguyen Thanh Le, principal spokesman for the delegation in Paris, and Nguyen Minh Vy, a deputy of the National Assembly. He wanted only to tell us, as friends, a few things. Thuy is a well-dressed, confident and compactly built man. His speech, even in translation, is succinct and forceful. He was eager to disabuse us of any notion that the Vietnamese were delaying the talks in the hope of getting a better deal from a new administration. The Viet-

name. Thuy explained, "have never accepted peace as a law of nature." They were ready to fight for as long as necessary. The issue, in Paris, was simple: the United States must unconditionally end all bombing and other acts of war against the North. As soon as that occurred, negotiations on substantive matters would begin. It made no sense to speak of the Vietnamese as deliberately delaying the talks. They awaited an American decision. Indeed, as far as Thuy could see, the platforms of the Republican and Democratic Parties on Vietnam were substantially the same; both reaffirming current Administration policy.

The basic themes we were to hear again and again from Vy and Le were laid out by Thuy that night. The North Vietnamese did not seek peace on any terms. A peace which looked to permanent partition or the continuation of a "new colonialism" through a puppet government in Saigon was no peace at all. Peace must be based on genuine independence and a respect for Vietnam's territorial integrity. Thuy, and the other members of his delegation, stressed that it was in such a peace as they sought that American honor lay. It was evident that, listening to the repeated demands by Johnson and others for an "honorable peace," the North Vietnamese had come to believe that the notion of national honor has great significance for the American people. It is a concept they well appreciate and they attempted to allay the American public's presumed concern.

Thuy insisted that his country respected America's honor and its people's long tradition of freedom. Vietnam had no desire to humiliate the United States. Indeed, how could a country as small as his humiliate a "great power"? No, Thuy reflected, only by making peace could American honor be served, only then could America escape the "onus of being a bully. . . . Johnson's notion of honor is not to withdraw but to stay in Vietnam. We cannot accept that. Johnson himself has lost America's honor." Vietnam, Thuy assured us, is a country which knows how to "behave correctly with those who are correct with us." The French had been fought and beaten, against all odds. Now relations between the two countries were good. It could be the same with America.

Thuy had brought an atmosphere of formality to the meeting which disappeared when he left. Our exhaustion was obvious and the Vietnamese agreed to meet with us again the next day, rather than attempt any further discussion that night. The second session lasted more than five hours, during which time Mr. Vy and Mr. Le answered our questions, interrupting each other in their desire to make their case plain, but turning aside our often clumsy efforts to get them to say more than they wished. Le is a thin, fragile, scholarly-looking man. He smiles easily and broadly but his speech is always calm, almost passive. Vy, a Southerner and descendant of princes, is quick and passionate. He speaks with large and insistent gestures. When he learned that George Kahin had been in South Vietnam recently, he began at once to ask questions—how did this look, or that? Then he sighed hugely. Vietnam, he explained, was one, yet he missed the South. Hue was "the most beautiful place I have ever seen. I don't know if it is as it was before. I don't see how it could resist the

bombing." That was why, he continued, "this problem concerns us in our very hearts. And that is why it is absurd to demand conditions from us." Mr. Vy said he had heard that the people of the United States "cherished" the city of Boston. Yet Hue had been destroyed. How could Harriman continue to demand reciprocity? "We haven't touched even a needle or a thread of the United States."

Both Vy and Le discussed the issue of reciprocity at length. It is an important one for Americans to understand. The Vietnamese feel that they cannot grant reciprocity in return for a total bombing halt in the North. They maintain that they are the victims of a foreign intrusion and must, perforce, defend themselves *wherever* necessary. To trade off action in the South for a halt of bombing in the North would, step by step, grant the United States everything—without even negotiating. For we could, bit by bit, exchange de-escalation in the North for their reciprocal action in the South, without at all reducing our own military activities in that area. In the end, the United States would be, as it apparently wishes to be, in total control of the South. A truly reciprocal response to an end of bombing in North Vietnam would be an end to bombing in North America.

Only one other point was made with equal insistence: the Vietnamese had come to Paris for one purpose alone, to determine the time and manner of an unconditional halt to the bombing and other acts of war against the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. The United States had given the Vietnamese no reason to think that this was not clearly understood. Thus our agreement to go to Paris was taken as an implicit acceptance of the notion that the bombing would end. Instead, four months and twenty sessions later, there had been no progress whatsoever.

And during that period, the North Vietnamese had watched with growing distress the deliberate effort of the American delegation to "sow confusion" everywhere. For example, Vy complained, instead of concentrating on the single issue of bombing, Harriman had raised an aimless series of topics—restoration of the DMZ, a reduction of troop infiltration, respect for the neutrality of Laos and Cambodia, etc. *Mr. Vy did not object, in principle, to discussing any of these.* All were legitimate subjects for consideration—once the bombing had been halted. Mr. Le broke in to describe the intense efforts of the American delegation to get the Vietnamese to swallow reciprocity in one form or another. "It is like a man who can't eat cheese, and is offered Camembert when he has just refused Chèvres. Cheese is cheese."

What of de-escalation? Mr. Harriman frequently told them of President Johnson's major de-escalatory move on March 31. In fact, Mr. Vy explained, Johnson had simply realized that bombing all of North Vietnam had not proved effective. His calculation, ingenious if brutal, was to concentrate and intensify the bombing on a smaller area. Nor was the restricted area an unpopulated wasteland, as the American people had apparently been led to believe. More than 4 million people lived between the 17th and 20th Parallels, 25 per cent of the total population. Later, Mr. Le gave us statistics on the bombing "frenzy" currently under way. Before March 31, the average monthly

bombing raids on all of North Vietnam were 2,500. By May, raids between the 17th and 20th Parallels alone numbered 4,700 and by August, 6,500. The tonnage of explosive bombs dropped monthly showed a similar increase, from 21,000 in May to 73,000 by the end of July. In August, 211 out of 426 villages in Nghe An were bombed, in Ha Tinh, 217 out of 250 villages were hit, in Quang Binh, 124 out of 131, and all twenty-three villages of the small province of Vinh Linh near the DMZ were bombed. Coinciding with the harvest season, anti-per-



H. Zander, Toronto Star

sonnel fragmentation bombs increased from 250,000 in May to 1,350,000 in August. Doing a quick calculation, Professor Dowd remarked to me that over the four-month period (May to August) one fragmentation bomb had been dropped for every man, woman and child living between those Parallels.*

Mr. Vy noted that instead of allowing the "majority of Vietnamese to sleep tranquilly," as he had assured the American people he would, Mr. Johnson had escalated the war not only in the North but in the South. There had been an increase in B-52 attacks, 40,000 additional American troops had arrived, the Thai contingent was reinforced, and the South Vietnamese army had similarly been increased. To claim, as Johnson did, that these moves had been planned before May and therefore could not be taken as escalation, was absurd. Plans can always be canceled.

Looking angry and puzzled, Mr. Vy said he was "uneasy" about President Johnson. Why did he distort everything so completely? Why was a guerrilla who threw a grenade called a terrorist, "while B-52s are carpet-

bombing in the North and the South and no one calls the man who sent them a terrorist? If we Vietnamese call this bombing a barbarous act, we are accused of misusing the language."

The proper use of language is important to the Vietnamese. Having, as forcefully as possible, established the right of all Vietnamese to defend themselves anywhere in their country, having dismissed as utterly unacceptable any possibility of reciprocity, they were ready to point to recent actions in South Vietnam as evidence of their "good will." Only in this context did they discuss, and stress, events in the South. Early in June, Mr. Le told us, Harriman had made ambiguous reference to the possibility that a halt in the rocketing of Saigon might lead to the cessation of American bombing. For sixty-six days, beginning on June 21, those rocket attacks did cease; but the only American response was an intensification of the air war, North and South.

Le's plain statement that the rocketing of Saigon had been halted as an "act of good will" is of major importance. Moreover, the Vietnamese asked us to consider the meaning of American casualty statistics. In early May they had averaged between 400 and 500 per week. During June, July and August, the figure dropped to about 100, despite an increase in American sweeps in the Mekong Delta and elsewhere. "Tell the people the truth as it is," Vy insisted. Only "obstinacy" prevents Johnson from seeing the "objective reality of the situation in the South."

In response to our questions, Mr. Le discussed Edward Kennedy's speech of August 21 (we met before Arthur Goldberg's statement, which would have served a similar purpose). Both Le and Vy expressed approval of Kennedy's approach to the problem. He had understood, and they cited his words, that the United States must "make an end to this war, not five or ten years from now; not after the expenditure of another \$100 billion and the lives of another 25,000 of our finest sons; but as quickly as it is physically possible to reach the essential agreements. . . . Specifically, our government should undertake as soon as possible: first, to end unconditionally all bombing of North Vietnam." As for Kennedy's other points, the Vietnamese were more than ready to discuss them, and any other questions, when the bombing and other acts of war (naval bombardment, etc.) ended.

"The United States," Le said quietly, "cannot subdue us. We have lived under the French and the Japanese and know the fate of those who lose their independence. We have gone through days when we lived as cattle, without permitting ourselves to stand up straight in front of our oppressors. But since 1945 we have stood up and 'under our feet is the soil and above us the heavens.'" Vietnam was one country. The retention of a puppet government in the South would not be tolerated. (How, Vy wished to know, did Johnson square his sense of honor with his support of—and words failed him for a moment—hoologans and scoundrels like Thieu and Ky?) Self-determination could not occur under the guns of foreign troops. As the NLF had repeatedly stressed, questions concerning South Vietnam alone would be dealt with by the South Viet-

*The figures given are from North Vietnamese sources, but we were reminded by Mr. Le that Secretary of Defense Clifford had, before a Congressional committee, confirmed that the number of sorties flown over the North had doubled to a figure of 10,000 since the President's announcement.

namese. The issue of reunification, a different order of problem, would be discussed by both North and South.

It was almost eight o'clock in the evening and none of us had eaten. The session was clearly drawing to a close. For the first time I was reminded that the North Vietnamese were Communists as well as nationalists. Full of good feeling for us, they tried to reassure us. As intellectuals we had had the "righteousness and straightforwardness" to oppose the war. In some circumstances "intellectuals play an important and glorious role." We were not, in short, to feel badly about our class background.

"The struggle for the truth," a Vietnamese proverb runs, "is itself the truth." A comforting thought, if human lives did not hang on it. We drove through the quiet streets of Choisy-le-Roi to the light and movement of Paris. The North Vietnamese had stated their case with precision, with a minimum of rhetoric, with understanding for the peculiarities of the American situation. For hours we worked on a statement which, as simply as possible, set forth their position to the American public. Confident that, after all, we were bringing back something which would justify the trip, we held a press conference in New York. We made three points:

(1) The North Vietnamese had come to Paris with the clear understanding that the first step would be to determine quickly the date upon which all United States bombing and other acts of war against the North would stop, and that only then would substantive talks take place. The American decision to come to Paris signified for the North

Vietnamese a readiness on the part of the United States to stop the bombing. Instead there had been a steady escalation of the war since May.

(2) While rejecting reciprocity, the North Vietnamese have recently taken significant steps to show their desire to move forward to substantive negotiations. As evidence of this, their delegation pointed to the sixty-six-day halt in the rocketing of Saigon and the dramatic decrease in American casualties between May and September.

(3) Like Senator Kennedy, they stressed that the cessation of the bombing, since it would lead directly to substantive negotiations on peace, would save American lives, not risk them.

Four reporters listened to us. Two took notes, plainly skeptical that what we said had any news value; a third was so unaware of the issues that he couldn't seem to take notes at all, and the fourth began to debate with us the legitimacy of the war. Afterward, there was a brief but successful C.B.S.-TV interview. Our statement has received only scant newspaper coverage. Our TV interview was never put on the air. A major part of the American people continues to believe that Vietnamese obstinacy alone holds up the talks, that on March 31, Johnson substantially reduced the bombing, that the Vietnamese, foolishly, postpone progress in vain hope of a change on the American political scene.

The Vietnamese, who are fond of proverbs, offered us one as we left: Lies first ruin their author. That may be, but while the lies go on, Vietnam is being destroyed—and so, perhaps, is the United States.

SOCIALIST CONFERENCE

SEARCH FOR RELEVANCE

MARVIN E. GETTLEMAN

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The Socialist Scholars Conference, founded in 1964 by a group of Rutgers historians, held its fourth annual meeting at the university's New Brunswick campus from September 7 to 9. The original call had been for a conference of "scholars who share a Socialist perspective." No rigid definition of membership was established. "We do not propose to examine closely anyone's credentials. Whoever thinks he might be at home or interested will be welcome." Many hundreds of interested persons did gather in early September, 1965, at Columbia University to participate in the first Socialist Scholars Conference. In 1966 and 1967, meetings were again held, and increased attendance attested to the revived interest in socialism. (See "What Is a Socialist?" by James O'Connor, *The Nation*, October 4, 1965, and "Marx and Shame: Socialism Today" by Harvey Swados, *The Nation*, October 10, 1966.)

The meetings followed the format of such other scholarly bodies as the American Historical Association and the Modern Language Association, where formal papers and commentators make up the panels. Over the years, conference papers and discussions have covered a wide variety of subjects: working-class life and poverty, American conservatism, literary realism, the media, the welfare state, origins of the cold war, blacks in the United States, the Marxist-Catholic dialogue, Marxian theory, radicals and hippies. Many of these have subsequently appeared in such journals as *Monthly Review*, *Science and Society*, *Partisan Review*, the now defunct *Studies on the Left* and in a number of anthologies.

Despite the importance and excellence of much of this scholarship, dissatisfaction with the conference has begun to develop. A number of groups on the left have complained that their particular "tendency" was inadequately represented; they were not mollified on being informed that the conference's policy is to invite participants not on the basis of factional representation but rather on that of demonstrated scholarly talent. Scores of people criticized the decision to hold the 1966 and 1967 conferences in

hotels. As hippie activist Abby Hoffman put it during the third conference at the New York Hilton: "You can't tell the Socialists from the capitalists." However, this choice was forced upon the organizers by the refusal of many universities in the New York area to provide facilities.

The steering committee wisely returned the conference to an academic setting in 1968, although it meant moving out of New York City. Also, this year, an ambitious attempt was made to organize the conference around a unifying theme—"The Socialist Perspective in the Advanced Countries." The program included panel discussion on five topics: the role of intellectuals in social change, the history of the American working class, Black Power and socialism, the contemporary working class and neo-capitalism, and a final provocative session devoted to exploring the preconditions for a mass Socialist party in the United States. The smaller attendance at the Rutgers meeting (about 550 compared with more than 2,000 in 1966) made possible lengthy discussions of the issues raised, with extensive audience participation. Debate was vigorous, if not always on a high scholarly plane.

One subject that generated particular interest this year was the role of the contemporary working class in the advanced countries. Ernest Mandel, a Belgian Marxist scholar and journalist, predicted that this class, eclipsed for the past two decades, would soon reassume the revolutionary role assigned to it by Marx. Most of Mandel's empirical evidence came from the events in France during last May and June, in which he himself was so active as to be expelled from the country. Mandel's theoretical assumptions derived from the Marxian concept of alienation—the situation of the worker who is forced to sell his labor as a commodity. None of the changes in the conditions of work since Marx's time (the shift to white collar, the service jobs, the increased wages) has fundamentally altered man's relation to the productive process. In Mandel's view, the basic work situation in advanced capitalist countries still results in a dissatisfaction that under certain circumstances may become revolutionary discontent.

Mandel's interpretation, based partly upon "faith" and "confidence" in the ultimate revolutionary destiny of the working class, did not go unchallenged. It was argued that automation has rendered this class obsolescent. Another critic doubted that advanced capitalism would fall into the serious troubles that Mandel's predictions assumed. Mandel responded with data and conclusions drawn from his experience and close examination of the French uprisings. Strikers there not only occupied factories but raised demands for worker control of the productive process. Such demands were inherently revolutionary. Of course, the French "revolution" of May-June was contained by the adroit maneuvers of the de Gaulle regime, aided by the conservatism of established trade union leadership and the Communist party. Nevertheless, Mandel saw these events as proof that the industrial working class could still exert revolutionary influence. His analysis was rich with historical allusions and subtle political insights. He did not apply Marxian concepts mechanically but in a stirring and creative manner which pointed clearly to the political work that Socialists need to do in the decades ahead. His pres-

entation was the high point of the Rutgers conference.

Mandel's participation in this year's conference continued a policy of inviting distinguished European Socialists to the meetings. In 1967, two Soviet scholars, Yuri Zemoshkin and Timur Timofeev of the Institute of the World Labor Movement in Moscow, delivered papers. That year also, Owen Lattimore, now at the University of Leeds, spoke elegantly on contemporary Asia at the dinner meeting. In 1966, the late Isaac Deutscher, biographer of Trotsky and Stalin and the author of many books on Soviet affairs, gave a memorable talk "On Socialist Man." Thus, one of the major functions of the conference has been to reaffirm Socialist internationalism by bringing the European and American movements closer together.

Mandel this year and Isaac Deutscher in 1966 both called for intensive effort to win the working class to socialism, but in the United States many Socialists have written off the workers as hopelessly wedded to the capitalist *status quo*. Special characteristics of American workers which engender this pessimism about their revolutionary role were discussed in a conference session on "New Thoughts on the Historiography of the American Working Class." Prof. Herbert Gutman of the University of Rochester offered a provocative analysis of the enduring pattern of conflict and violence within American labor history. He suggested that in most industrializing countries, as for example England, "the painful transition from a preindustrial to an industrial society occurred once, dominated the ethos of an entire era, and then faded in relative importance. But the United States has continually absorbed and sought to transform preindustrial peoples at each stage of its development." The protracted process of incorporating ever new ethnic strata into the work force has produced cultural tensions often resulting in strife.

Gutman saw the widespread violence that has been endemic in American labor history as flowing largely from conflict between workers nurtured in a nonindustrial discipline and the rational regimen of the modern factory. From this perspective, intraclass conflict, as well as struggle between worker and boss, are placed in the wider context of the evolution of American society. Lack of class-conscious militancy is the natural result of a repeatedly re-enforced heterogeneity of the working class. Gutman developed his thesis with a wealth of empirical data, reading excerpts from letters, writings and official reports, ranging over whole epochs in American history—and losing some of his audience in the web of his subtle argument.

Gutman's commentators questioned his emphasis on the protracted ethnic adjustment that accompanied industrialization here. Melvin Dubofsky of the University of Massachusetts doubted that such a sharp distinction could be made between the multiple process of acculturation of the working class in the United States and the allegedly one-shot process in a country like England. Another critic, Philip Foner of Lincoln University, protested Gutman's strictures on labor historians, whom he had charged with too exclusive focus on the trade union movement, and consequent neglect of cultural and ethnic factors. Foner suggested that the accusation could be better laid against labor leaders, particularly Samuel Gompers of the

AFL, who systematically neglected foreign elements in the working class, not to speak of American Negroes.

Vigorous discussion of Gutman's paper followed at luncheon on Saturday among Foner, Dubofsky and the author himself. They made no attempt to involve the audience in this private debate. Nor did they make evident the relevance of Gutman's interpretation to the contemporary scene. None of the issues raised by Ernest Mandel about the revolutionary role of workers was discussed, although an abstract of Mandel's paper was available before the conference. Nor did anyone mention a paper delivered to the first Socialist Scholars Conference in 1965 by Princeton sociologist Richard Hamilton on rural and preindustrial survivals in contemporary working classes. Hamilton's work anticipated many of the conclusions that were implicit in Gutman's paper but never made really explicit. This failure to build on earlier Socialist scholarship testifies to the isolation in which American Socialists still operate, and which the conference was intended to dispel.

And isolation in another context was the source for much of the criticism directed at this year's conference. Although its original task of creating a body of radical theory and analysis for the contemporary situation has barely begun, the Socialist Scholars Conference this year was called upon by many of the young political activists present to undertake yet additional responsibility. They demanded that the conference become more "relevant." The word "relevance" came up continually and was used to define what some thought was missing in this year's display of Socialist scholarship.

The panel on "The Role of the Intellectuals in Social Change" precipitated much of the activist criticism. Papers by Christopher Lasch of Northwestern University and Warren Susman of Rutgers both presented the case for intellectual autonomy and a scholarly role of relative detachment. Their papers stressed the cultural aspects of the struggle to transform America, and they set the tone for much of the conference. If any overall perspective on socialism in the advanced countries emerged, it was the priority of the "cultural front." The session on the working class, as said above, explored the clash of cultures. Even the panel on Black Power and socialism had an essentially cultural focus. Harold Cruse's new book, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*, which deals largely with the need to build an authentic black culture, was discussed. (Cruse was attacked for adopting a simple model of ethnic group conflict to explain American society, and insisting that Socialist ideas should be "excluded from the new black consciousness.") Even Ernest Mandel referred to the need for intellectual struggle to combat the "mystifying" cultural apparatus of capitalism. But Lasch and Susman made most explicit the notion of the priority of cultural effort for radical intellectuals, and it was their formulation that came in for most vehement abuse. Some even maintained that portly, witty, scholarly Prof. Warren Susman was "the enemy."

It was evident that dissatisfaction with the content of the Socialist Scholars Conference was only part of what was troubling the younger activists. Many of them, fresh

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from the battles at Columbia University or in Mayor Daley's Chicago, found Socialist scholarship too remote from their day-to-day concerns in the movements. (By way of startling contrast, right-wing journalist, Alice Widener, writing in *Barron's* business and financial weekly, discovered that the conference was the seat of America's "revolutionary Marxist brain trust," actively plotting imminent insurrection.)

At its worst, the activist criticism amounted to a crude attack on the life styles of academic radicals, and brought to the surface deeply anti-intellectual tendencies in the New Left. But it also demonstrated that over the past four years the Socialist Scholars Conference has created a constituency of nonacademic activists, younger teachers and graduate students. At the business meeting this year, a large contingent of these people, including some of the most vehement critics of the conference, was enrolled in the steering committee. Future annual meetings promise to have a more activist cast.

The polarization between academic intellectuals and movement activists dampened the reception of a call for a new mass Socialist party in the United States. James Weinstein, former editor of *Studies on the Left*, made this proposal at the final conference session on Sunday morning. The past failure of socialism in America, he observed, was not simply a failure to seize power (there had never been a moment when that was dimly possible), but the inability to sustain in popular consciousness the image of a socialism that was appropriate to an advanced industrial society. In his important recent book, *The Decline of Socialism in America*, Weinstein has analyzed that failure. A new party organization, free of entanglement with any of the now existing Socialist sects, could best reverse the trend and make socialism a vital force in the United States.

Underlying Weinstein's appeal—and indeed underlying this whole conference on "The Socialist Perspective in the Advanced Countries"—is the poignant fact that socialism has come to power so far only in underdeveloped countries, most notably China and Czarist Russia. In these places, the building of a humane socialism has been distorted by the need to complete the economic tasks of the preceding (capitalist) epoch. The goal now is to fulfill the original Marxian vision of a mature socialism emerging in an advanced industrial society, where the process of capital accumulation is complete and where democratic traditions still have validity. There will be no need then for political and economic authoritarianism. If the Socialist Scholars Conference can begin to awaken such a vision, and specify the conditions for its fulfillment, it will have made a contribution not only to understanding the world but also to transforming it.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Solzhenitsyn: Ring of Truth

THE FIRST CIRCLE. By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn. Translated from the Russian by Thomas P. Whitney. Harper & Row. \$80 pp. \$10.

DONALD FANGER

The author of *Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism* (Harvard University Press), Mr. Fanger is professor of Slavic and comparative literature at Stanford University.

Ortega once wrote that a work of art yields not to frontal attack, but to him who sets out to take it like Jericho. He was speaking of *Don Quixote* and, as it turned out, his circlings led him through questions concerning nothing less than the nature of literature and the very fate of Spain.

Solzhenitsyn's new novel (begun in 1955, completed in 1964) invites a like approach, though for very different reasons. Socially and humanly complex, it is not artistically complex—not "modern"—so the challenge it poses is not to say what it is or how it works, but rather to see it adequately and truly, to find a proper perspective. Here the difficulties cluster: history and politics have mined the circumference of Jericho.

The difficulties are partly literary but mainly extra-literary. They begin with the fact that *The First Circle*—whether or not the rumors are true that the KGB sent the manuscript abroad as a provocation—has been published in the West, but not in Russia. This immediately makes it a political event in a special sense, hurting the author at home, where his protests against foreign publication go unreported*; inevitably complicating our own responses, and involving us willy-nilly in the campaign against him, because our public reactions will be used to justify keeping the book from its first and true audience.

In its fate, then, as in its high seriousness, *The First Circle* resembles *Doctor Zhivago*. Both works are pitched precisely to the experience and awareness of the Soviet citizen, in an attempt to clear the air by truth-telling. An author need not be "right" to do this; disputes about the validity of Pasternak's view of history cannot touch the basic artistic validity of his novel. His book, like

Solzhenitsyn's, seems to be aiming at a kind of radical moral therapy, by treating national traumas in terms that cut through all the usual abstractions, sophistries and silences in order to reassert the primacy of intimate, individual human experience, of those basic things which alone can command unqualified credence and assent. But there the likeness ends. Pasternak's novel was artistically eccentric and sophisticated, its ultimate themes death and immortality. Solzhenitsyn's novel is squarely in the tradition of Tolstoy, accessible without difficulty to the common reader (that, presumably, is why Surkov, who led the attack on *Doctor Zhivago* ten years ago, calls Solzhenitsyn's works in general "more dangerous")—and its subject is the ugliest, postwar stage of Stalinism.

The title is from Dante's *Inferno*, the first circle being that privileged section of hell reserved for wise men whose only offense was to have been born in pre-Christian times. Solzhenitsyn's narrative centers on the inmates of an institution representing the first circle within the Stalinist prison system—a *sharashka* or scientific research institute, staffed with specialists drawn from the more brutal labor camps. Here the prisoners are granted certain amenities (sheets, cigarettes, meat at dinner) and immunities (no beatings, no hard physical labor), the better to exploit their talents. The *sharashka* in question, on the outskirts of Moscow, is engaged at the end of 1949 in two of Stalin's pet projects—an automatic telephone encoder, and a device for identifying the voices in recorded telephone conversations.

Success at such work may mean early release; but promises are unreliable, and in any case success is all but precluded by unrealistic deadlines, absurd regulations and the impossibility anywhere along the line of speaking the simple truth. This is perhaps the main continuum in the book: the absolutely hopeless, vicious circle of absurdity. One prisoner, an engineer who had refused to work with the Germans, received a ten-year sentence on his return to Russia; another engineer who did work for the Germans also got ten years. "That was Stalin's signature—that magnificent equating of friends and enemies which made him unique in all human history." When the aging, paranoid dictator is himself in-

troduced, in a section that is at once more savage and more humane than any of Tolstoy's depictions of despots, the reader is told: "His first thought always was: how far can this person be trusted? And his second: has not the moment come for this person to be liquidated?" Small wonder that the prisoners of his system can argue, heatedly and earnestly, about the point in a man's life when it is best to be imprisoned. There is no escape.

Solzhenitsyn's novel is—like the novels of Tolstoy—lateral and cumulative in its effect, formed from a series of interlocking portraits, of separate arrested fates. These may be ultimately exemplary, but none of the characters exists simply to show or prove something. The emphasis throughout is on what the author calls at one point "the whole astounding world of an individual human being." Even Stalin, whose megalomania requires that entirely successful performance be ascribable to him alone, thus insuring muddle and mediocrity everywhere down the line, is pictured in a final vignette as a terrified, empty old man: "Growing old like a dog. An old age without friends. An old age without love. An old age without desire."

And even Stalin is presented as not merely an actor in the present time of the novel, but in terms of his own past and evolution. Each of the several dozen characters is individuated biographically as well as temperamentally, his past invoked to give perspective and resonance to his present situation; each is the center of another, possible novel. The lines of implication run from Stalin and his security minister, Abakumov, through the bosses of the *sharashka*—Yakovlev, struggling to hide his own former imprisonment; Roitman, about to fall victim to the new campaign of anti-Semitism; Myshkin and Shikin, careerists jealous of each other—to the prisoners themselves.

And from the prisoners—the humane philologist Rubin, unable to reconcile his experience with the party loyalty to which he clings; Kondrashev, the prison artist pursuing a dream of perfection; Doronin, the happy-go-lucky drifter who signs up as an informer to expose the other informers; Spiridon, the janitor, who comes to incarnate the stubborn virtues of the peasantry; Sologdin, the brilliant engineer, anticipating release but capable, for the sake of integrity, of

*He has also expressed concern over hasty and inept translations. This one can at best be called uneven. Dialogue is frequently wooden, and the narration is apt to lack nuance, grace and sometimes clarity.

renouncing it—from these and others the ties of relationship lead to portraits of people on the outside.

There are wives and families, in Moscow, in the villages, existing tenuously as persecution intensifies and the lines of hope go slack. The reader moves through the dormitories of the University, and learns of such necessities as the expunging of the names of foreigners from dissertations. He is given fascinating glimpses into the psychology and way of life of the rich and privileged postwar elite—a subject, to my knowledge, seldom treated in Soviet literature and never before with such fullness. Solzhenitsyn introduces a famous novelist and a rising young critic (who “did not so much write himself as reject other writers”); indeed, in a chapter written with appalling high spirits he presents a Mrs. R. (Roosevelt?), for whose visit a “model” prison cell is temporarily constructed, complete with tablecloth, cigarettes, icon, priest in residence, specially washed and absolutely astonished inmates.

It will be clear from this incomplete catalogue that the book is really more an anatomy than a story. Solzhenitsyn deliberately refuses to impose a preconceived shape or order on his material, beyond limiting it to four days in December of 1949. So he makes no attempt to point up the horror of this life; quite the contrary, even horror is resolved into its simplest, mundane constituents. (The horror, one character ruminates, “lies in the gray methodology of years. . . . Your thoughts occupied with how you can grab the heel of the loaf rather than the middle from the prison tray; how you can get untorn underwear that will not be too small at the next bath.”) So also the novel contains few events, properly speaking.

The semblance of a plot attaches to Innokenty Volodin, a diplomat; the book opens with his telephoning an eminent doctor to warn him against a frameup. It is the first hesitant ethical act of Volodin's hedonistic young life. The call is intercepted, Volodin's voice recorded and sent to the *sharashka* for identification. The doctor, needless to say, is arrested; so too—three days and 500 pages later—is Volodin, with a feeling of relief: Now there is “nothing more to fear, nothing more to fight against, no more need to pretend.”

He has fallen, paradoxically, into the only kind of freedom possible in this world. It has nothing to do with action; it is an existential freedom, the conscious repossession of one's integrity, and it is the fundamental good in Solzhenitsyn's world. The engineer Bobynin found it in prison, and so can taunt Minister Abakumov: “what else is there you

can threaten me with? What can you deprive me of?” Incidental characters like Captain Schagov found it in the war: “In roadside ditches, in washed-out trenches, among the ruins of burned houses he learned the value of a can of soup, an hour of quiet, the meaning of true friendship, of life itself.”

And the more fortunate of the book's main characters undergo this quintessentially Tolstoyan experience. Volodin, who up to the eve of his arrest has been conscious only of the truth that you have but one life, comes to sense “a new law, in himself and in the world; you also have only one conscience.” Even Roitman, a major in the MGB, is brought to ask: “Where should one begin to set the world aright? With others? Or with oneself?”

The chief spokesman for the author, standing to Solzhenitsyn as Levin does to Tolstoy in *Anna Karenina*, is Gleb Nerzhin, a brilliant 31-year-old mathematician. It is he who indicates the moral axiom behind all these portraits in reflecting on “the Tolstoyan teaching that no one in the world is just and no one guilty.” It is he who seeks “to resolve in prison everything he had not been able to decide about in freedom,” who is driven from his own field into that of history in an attempt to account for Stalin and Stalinism.

Nerzhin's fate is sealed early in the book, when he refuses to cooperate on a cryptography project, and renounces indignantly the prospect of the pardon which cooperation might buy. He will settle for nothing less than truth and justice—and so at the end he is transported back to the camps, having destroyed the clandestine manuscript which he has been living for years to complete.

This refusal to deny the core of one's authenticity is echoed by a few others in the book. Trapped in an absurd game

(and Solzhenitsyn, like Tolstoy, delights in underlining absurdities), they refuse finally to play. They are the “saints,” whose quixotic stubbornness offers the only ground for faith in the possibility of a juster future.

In sureness of touch, brilliance of observation, depth of moral concern and breadth of sympathy—in the ring of truth he achieves—Solzhenitsyn does, as I have tried to make clear, bear comparison with Tolstoy. The likeness might, in fact, serve as the basis for an extended essay. In the present context, however, it suggests one uneasy question about the ability of realism, a hundred years after Tolstoy, to deal with such subject matter. It is not simply that Tolstoy's characters are free to work out their destinies, whereas for Solzhenitsyn's all the conclusions are foregone; the sense of no exit and the immobility of hell that dominate *The First Circle* are as appropriate as they are powerful, given the author's initial strategy.

The question is how well that strategy can serve even a major writer, after all that the literature of the past fifty years has accustomed us to. One may be troubled by a suspicion that the themes treated here by now require not so much to be realistically dramatized as somehow encompassed and mastered—and that the language of everyday life may no longer suffice for the purpose. At this point in history, it may be that some metalanguage is needed to deal freshly with such numbing enormities.

And here one feels the false position again. To pursue these questions at such a moment seems as plainly impossible as not to raise them at all. *The First Circle* is a very great achievement—for us to value, but not to fault. It is for us—but not in the first place.

The Poor Specialists

CULTURE AND POVERTY: Critique and Counter Proposals. By Charles A. Valentine. The University of Chicago Press. 216 pp. \$5.95.

NAN PENDRELL

Mrs. Pendrell is associate professor of anthropology at Chatham College, Pittsburgh.

Mr. Valentine describes his essay as “ambitious” and I am glad to say that he is quite right. It is also provocative and should raise hackles in the right places, among social scientists and anti-poverty programmers. Especially provocative is Valentine's handling of Oscar

Lewis' concept, “the culture of poverty” and to his working-over of Daniel P. Moynihan. Valentine's thesis is that many (if not all) social science interpretations of poverty have had a “pernicious net effect” on social policy. Hence they must be countered by alternative interpretations, free of class bias and of the pervasive confusion of class and color categories.

The book begins with a rather conventional explication of “culture” as a system of symbols—internalized rules of the game—that ought to be conceptualized as distinct from “society,” which is a structure of institutional arrange-

ments. The concepts of a "self-perpetuating lower class" and an "international culture of poverty" then come under attack, and are followed by an overview of "accepted notions of the poor," and an outline for "new understandings." The concluding section of the central essay presents "alternative views of poverty and the poor, present and future." Anti-poverty policy proposals are made in a postscript that precedes an appendix which is surely the first comprehensive—probably too comprehensive—urban "ethnographic research design" to appear in print.

Valentine's criticisms of the Moynihan thesis are equaled in incisiveness only by the authors of *Black Rage*, in which Doctors Grier and Cobbs establish the vacuity of myths about the so-called "weak Negro family." In 5 pages Valentine develops a masterly analysis of the essentially retrograde nature of Moynihan's proposals for a federal program of family or children's allowances. A main thrust of Valentine's policy proposals is that the central connotation of poverty in the United States is inequality, since poverty contradicts the crux of American ideology, which is said to be equality. This may have *An American Dilemma* as its referent; Myrdal too appears to regard equality as the significant variable in the national ideology; hence the dilemma, the gap between ideal and real behavior. The premise may not be valid, but who would argue with a definition of poverty as inequality?

Nor can there be substantive objections to Valentine's "anti-inequality" specifics: massive restructuring of federal, state and local policy to incorporate "positive discrimination" in favor of the poor; predominant local power and genuinely effective participation of the poor in decision making; genuinely effective measures to compel compliance. These proposals are far superior to others within the genre of last-ditch writing; but already they may have passed into the realm of the penultimate. Valentine is aware of this. He wonders whether there is "any hope for the black masses other than a vision of Black Power somehow to be forged from their collective internal strength," whether after all, "class warfare and revolution may be the only solution for the poor."

Valentine cannot be criticized if his policy proposals should prove to be too late but, unfortunately, he can be, on other grounds. For example, despite his high regard for the work of Oscar Lewis, he somehow conveys the impression that Lewis is the source of errors perpetrated by those at whom Valentine directs his sharpest, and often very acute criticisms: Nathan Glazer, Moynihan,

Walter Miller, David Matza, Charles Keil, Thomas Gladwin. This may be because Valentine appears to credit Lewis with original sin: the invention of the phrase "the culture of poverty." Much of Valentine's dissatisfaction with Lewis' term stems from his belief that what Lewis calls the "culture of poverty" is actually a "subculture." But Lewis does not claim more for the concept:

In my writings it is the label for a specific conceptual model that describes in positive terms a *subculture*, a way of life handed on from generation to generation along family lines. (My emphasis.)

Lewis repeats this in the introduction to *La Vida* where he refers to the "subculture of poverty," and in a footnote, he states: "While the term subculture of poverty is technically more correct, I have used 'culture of poverty' as a shorter form." Much of *Black Rage* supports Lewis' contention that the subculture of poverty is maintained across the generations, not merely by exploitation and discrimination but also by enculturation and socialization. However, Grier and Cobbs go far beyond Lewis by relating their case histories concretely to historical and contemporary racism and exploitation of the black masses.

Valentine's quotations from Lewis' works are sometimes oddly truncated. I shall give but one of several instances of the resulting distortion. Following his discussion of Lewis' description of the "culture of poverty" as lacking integration "in the major institutions of the larger society," Valentine cites Lewis as follows: "This is a complex matter and results from a variety of factors which may include . . . fear, suspicion, or apathy. . . ." Contrast this with the full statement: "This is a complex matter and results from a variety of factors which may include lack of economic resources, segregation and discrimination, fear, suspicion, or apathy. . . ." (My emphasis.)

Such excision reflects a strain to depict Lewis as mistaking a variable (the subculture) for the total system. But the evidence is rather that Lewis does relate the subculture to the environing milieu. For example, he emphasizes that "chronic unemployment and under-employment" are factors that lead to the "reduced possibility of effective participation in the larger system" (*La Vida*). More seriously, Valentine rejects Lewis' contention that it is easier to eliminate poverty than to eliminate the "culture of poverty." But surely Lewis is only restating the Marxist principle of superstructural lag: Relations of production may be changed more definitively than ideological and value systems. He also objects strongly to Lewis' focus on the family as the study unit. One wonders whether he

would be content with the family as the unit, if Lewis had linked his families more concretely to the larger system? Probably not, since he opts for "community" study, although as he knows there are enormous difficulties with this concept too; perhaps that is why Lewis has chosen to focus on the family.

The question is not Lewis' choice of unit, but whether more significant generalizations can be drawn from family studies. Lewis has been criticized elsewhere (*Current Anthropology*) for his failure to interpret the autobiographical materials adequately, but Valentine suggests additionally that Lewis exhibits undue confidence in current social service solutions.

I cannot conclude without pointing to another instance of the misinterpretation of original texts. In refuting Lewis' characterization of the "culture of poverty" as lacking organization, Valentine points to William Mangin who is said to have found that "squatter settlements around Latin American cities manifest a high degree of community organization." He regards this as evidence for "well-defined community structures among the urban poor." Here is Mangin's statement from *Latin American Research Review*:

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MARRIED PRIESTS & MARRIED NUNS

Edited with an introduction by James F. Colaianni, Director of the National Liturgical Conference.

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I believe existing evidence indicates that inhabitants of squatter settlements are less alienated from the national state, and more involved with each other than are residents of city slums. . . . One of the reasons for this difference is that squatters can constantly see around them a major accomplishment of their own, i.e., the seizure of land and the creation of a community. (My emphasis.)

Mangin emphatically specifies that he wishes to lay to rest the widely held identification of Latin American urban squatters with slum dwellers and Valentine's point here must go the way of this myth. Far too little is known about relationships between Latin American urban squatters and slum dwellers.

Squatters frequently successfully defend their interests as putative home owners despite sporadic attempts to dislodge them. Slum dwellers are of course rent payers. This distinction may have considerable political and socio-economic significance. What Mangin implies is that slum dwellers may indeed exhibit at least some of the characteristics that Lewis regards as diagnostic of the "culture of poverty."

Such lapses from precision are a pity, for Valentine has a great many sharp things to say; he says them without regard for falling chips, and he breaks new ground for urban anthropologists. Surely, predictable subsequent editions of his bristling essay will give him the opportunity for revision and expansion.

Most of the imagery in *The Dark Birds* is on a level with that of "Pigeons," which is what makes this so exemplary a book. Some of the other poems, though, do not aim so high; sometimes the aim is high but the target isn't hit dead center. Only to be expected. What is true of the poems as a whole is that there is no statement in them apart from the context of the imagery; the best ones are singularly unified, achieved, such as these lines from *Stars* "Climb Girders of Light":

*Man brief as the storm,
more than five feet of lightning,
twisted and beautiful.
Man made like his roads,
with somewhere to go.*

"Man"—such a big, abstract word. But in this poem, potentially, the guy next door.

I admire Stock's effort in *Covenants* to use the language as if it were a dazzling aquarium, a full spectrum of colors in graceful motion. There is room in poetry for elegance, courtliness, no matter how far our time has traveled from the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Richness abounds in nature, in the spirit of man, and in the American language. But Stock's work strikes me as carefully constructed jungle growth; I would like to take a machete to some poems:

*Autumn's ultimate will regina in ice
and testament seen in any leaf besieged
and riddled to shambles in the skirling
sphynx,
or, haloing a hill, in sumach crownfire—
these disappear as you draw nearer the
glass.
Behold your power over the reproach
as details of décor, oil astern, stream
off
the swollen cenotaph, leaving you:
power lover to lover falls relinquished,
inviolable images by inviolate tokens
conduct you to where the mimic's cap-
tives, reachless,
in the cycle unhouseled, still abide
epiphany through warrant you have
loved.*

from "Epithalamium, I"

There are humor and virtuosity in Stock's poems, particularly in "The Synapse" and "Portrait of Gertrude Stein," though the latter does carry on too long. The best poems in *Covenants* seem to me those written "after Carlos Drummond de Andrade," whom Stock regards as the greatest of living poets. Whether he is or not is beside the point; what is important is that under the force of his direction Stock shows he can write crisply, cleanly, movingly, as in "Confession":

*I have not loved my counterpart
enough,
have neither hunted his lice nor nursed*

Private & Public Hurt

THE DARK BIRDS. By Bert Meyers. Doubleday & Co. 68 pp. \$3.95.

COVENANTS. By Robert Stock. Trident Press. 81 pp. \$3.95.

GENE FRUMKIN

Mr. Frumkin is a poet who teaches at the University of New Mexico.

Bert Meyers, in his second book of poems, *The Dark Birds*, continues and refines his use of clean, hard imagery which was the touchstone of his first book, *Early Rain*. In this respect he is the antithesis of Robert Stock in his first volume, *Covenants*.

If *The Dark Birds* is less adventure—some than *Early Rain*, the deficit is made up by greater control. Thematically, Meyers' work retains its sense of private and public hurt: the poems are songlike, and this is the secret of their success in dealing with the large concerns as well as the smaller ones. We haven't often experienced social criticism sung in autotelic poetry (as distinct from poetry written in conjunction with music, by Bob

Dylan, for example). The slenderness of the song, the tenderness, in fact, of the device, plays off against the toughness of what is being said.

There is no separation in this book between the pain felt in one's self and the pain felt for the entire human condition. The poem "Pigeons" rings terrible and true:

*Wherever I go to find
peace or an island
under palms in the afternoon
at midnight to pity my neighborhood
at dawn in the shrubs
to look for a child*

*I hear them
they fly by
applauding themselves
I see them
they pray as they walk
their eyes are halos
around a pit
they look amazed*

*Who are these that come
as a cloud to our windows
who rush up like smoke
before the town burns*

*You will find one
on a mountain
in a carpenter's shop
at home on the lawn
of an old estate
at the library
in the forehead of paradise*

*Whoever is mad
can accuse them
thousands were killed in a day*

*What happens to them
happens to me
when I can't sleep
they moan and I'm there
and it's still like that*

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his itch.

*I have proffered only some few words,
melodious, late, upon returning from
the feast.*

*Without giving I gave and without kiss-
ing kissed.*

*He who hides his eyes beneath the cot
perhaps is blind. And in the halflight
treasures, even the most peerless,
tarnish.*

*How, from what is left, compose a man
and all that he implies of suavity,*

*vegetable harmony, murmured
laughter, love, surrender, and mercy?*

*I have not even loved myself enough,
close as I am. No one have I loved
except that bird—crazed and blue it
came—
that ended smash against the airplane's
wing.*

Maybe, as they say. Stock hasn't found
his voice yet. Maybe, when he does, it
will more resemble the one he uses in
"Confession."

Letter from a Former Optimist

EVE MERRIAM

*Miss Merriam is the author of After Nora
Slammed the Door (World) and Figleaf:
The Business of Being in Fashion (Lippin-
cott), among other books.*

In Brecht's play *In the Jungle of Cities*,
a character keeps crossing himself and
muttering gently, "Things are getting
worse, things are getting worse." I sec-
ond the notion.

The young radicals are planning more
confrontations: a "celebration march"
to commemorate one month After Daley.
What they do not realize is that they
may be in a revolutionary condition, but
the state is not. We have skipped over
the coming revolution and gone direct
to counterrevolution. The dedicated
young are refusing to die in Vietnam
but they are going to get clobbered on
the local battlegrounds.

Gloomy Sunday these days leads to
doomsday Monday. Talking to a real
estate agent in upstate New York over
the weekend: "Never mind how inflated
prices are now," he says, "if you think
they're sky-high, wait until after the
election in November. Everybody will
want to flee the cities. There won't be
any country places to buy at any price.
Better get a hideaway now." His sales
talk seems only slightly exaggerated.

Passing the gates of Columbia Uni-
versity and the posters announcing
stepped-up meetings of SDS scheduled
for the coming week. Is it possible that
violence on the campus can be avoided
this fall? My Pollyanna heart insists that
bloody April will not be re-enacted. But
as Chicago was a self-fulfilling prophecy,
so the stage is now set at Columbia for
the many pseudo acts that will manage
to lead to the real thing. There have been
innumerable warm-up interviews with
administration spokesmen, faculty, rad-
ical leaders, concerned parents, worried
alumni. "Do you expect there will be
violence?" the microphone thrusts to
any passer-by. "Well, there may be,
but we won't be the ones to start it."

righteously reply all segments. But the
initial shove will come from somewhere,
you can bet your subscription to *Life*,
with its handsome full-color, black-blue-
and-blood spread laid out in advance.

Every day more teachers' strikes are
reported across the country; Shanker's
union is only the biggest and most head-
lined. It still seems astonishing that
such groups should become militant, yet
their walkouts are now almost as fre-
quent as were the sit-ins a few years
ago in the ancient history of the civil
rights movement. (Remember Greens-

boro, N.C., in 1960? Look it up in some
reminisced almanac.) Teachers strike;
so do subway workers, garbage men,
hospital workers; police and firemen
threaten. What ever happened to our
old concern about the Condon-Wadlin
Act? Welfare workers picket on one side
of the street; welfare clients on the
other. Alternate parking for placards
from the Peace and Freedom Party and
the Freedom and Peace Party. What group
does not speak out, make demands, these
days? Only the entrenched machine poli-
ticians of the two morgue conventions.

In light of the increasing formidability
of George Wallace and the Agnewizations
of law 'n order, will I later regret not
supporting Lyndon's little shortbread?
For a while I was tempted by the lesser-
evil theory, but Hubert himself keeps
escalating blunders, and every time I'm
ready to hand him my vote he snatches
it away by another colossal crudity. He
is either a bigger fool than anyone
imagined or he is even more snobbish
than William Buckley. His preposterous
claim that he could have just as well
supported the minority-party plank on
Vietnam if that had been adopted. What
of the provision in the plank for an un-
conditional bombing halt? Oh, dimples
Hubie, I didn't read it all that carefully;
I didn't know that fine print was in it.
Does he really take us for a bunch of

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illiterates? Or does he think we know but don't care?

Fastidious about the niceties of language, I have demurred radical slogans of the "Fascist pigs" variety. Here in Morningside Heights where I live, I have been asked to sign a petition protesting "Columbia University's rape of the community." Just a few weeks ago a young girl was raped in Riverside Park; I suggest to the youthful petitioners that they tone down their metaphors. But their hyperboles no longer seem so strident to me. With the unchoice of the coming elections, with the war continuing, with white racism rampant, and with the lawless conduct of police officers, in uniform and out, I become what I would once have considered paranoid. I am suspicious of every burly guy I see wearing a bulging jacket; I flinch for the youngsters dressed in jeans and sandals. I want them to cut their hair: not for conformity's sake but for their own safety. I lived through the McCarthy witch hunts of the fifties, and now I sense those days will seem tame compared to future repression. Even here I cannot break out of my middle-class mildness. "Repression" is a pale euphemism. Police state, fascism, are what I mean. I had better get used to the sound of it.

I fear I will.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

BOUND FOR GLORY. By Woody Guthrie. Foreword by Pete Seeger. E. P. Dutton & Co, 430 pp. \$6.95.

One reviewer called Woody Guthrie's 1943 autobiography "far more stirring... than *The Grapes of Wrath*." This reissue of the book (it covers 1912-42, before he became really famous) might have been more appropriate before the commercial Guthrie boom that followed his death last year, when he had already become a cherished hero for so many kids today, but we should be grateful to have it now. Even readers who never heard him or his songs will understand the current esteem in which he's held after reading only a few pages. It has taken Woody's sensibilities twenty-five years to come into style: he didn't want to be tied down. The book describes growing up in Oklahoma and West Texas oil-boom towns—with Woody wondering why the poor people did the work and stayed poor while the rich man got the profits. It tells of his family, and

life with migrant workers, but it is mostly about the long years of riding the rails and the conversations he had with boomers and other boxcar types (he, with his guitar, was always one of them) who made that almost vanished culture so memorable. Some of it is a little corny and sentimental, but it is always shockingly immediate and real, written as if Woody were telling it out loud. It's not often in literature that we get a work by someone who loves and is one of the people; this is a book to make novelists and sociologists jealous.

THE PARADOX PLAYERS. By Maureen Duffy. Simon & Schuster. 222 pp. \$4.95.

A young writer who has left his wife and child and pretty well given up on the possibilities of living in the square world buys a small boat and sets up house in it through a winter on the Thames. Although the writer and the oddball members of the small river community who become his friends are fairly dull folk (all are running away from the usual something, but it's not very interesting and they talk about it too much), Miss Duffy's novel is very much worth reading because of how well she conveys the snug world of river life.

A FAN'S NOTES. By Frederick Exley. Harper & Row. 385 pp. \$6.95.

The author bills this touching and depressing autobiography of sorts as "a fictional memoir," and asks to be judged as "a writer of fantasy." It is the story of Mr. Exley, the son of a hero-worshiped high school athlete from upstate New York, doomed by the accepted insanities of America to live out his life as a fan, not just of the New York Giants, toward whom most of his real passion and affection get channeled but of the process of daily survival, a game he can't/won't play and must be content to admire, observe, damn, and be periodically driven mad by. Mr. Exley is a very good writer, and although his descriptions of his family life, his forays into love, business, marriage, alcoholism, teaching and mental hospitals are all remarkably good-humored, they add up to an American nightmare. The hero's inability to alter his sanity makes him crack under the weight of it. There's a lot of wit and bravado in this book, but it's more painful than funny.

ALL THE LITTLE ANIMALS. By Walker Hamilton. Simon & Schuster. 125 pp. \$3.95.

In which Bobby Platt, a retarded and badly brutalized 31-year-old boy, runs away from his hideously evil stepfather

and teams up with Mr. Summers, a lovely little old man who, having himself been brutalized, has dedicated himself to burying small dead animals. They decide together to kill the stepfather. Mr. Summers gets beaten to death in the process, and Bobby has to kill his Dickensian stepfather himself: good and gentleness have triumphed over brutality and evil, and Bobby carries on the animal burying, filled with grief for his dead friend, but somehow cleansed by the act of removing the man who had been responsible for so much of his own sorrow. This is the kind of novel that is often hailed as a beautiful and sensitive little classic; if you care for the genre (I do not), you'll find it exquisitely written.

THE BLACKING FACTORY AND PENNSYLVANIA GOTHIC. By Wilfrid Sheed. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 246 pp. \$5.50.

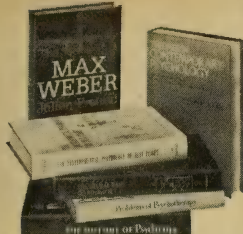
"A short novel and a long story," both of these eerie works catch the feelings of profound childhood isolation with the accuracy and impact of a black-and-white photograph. In *Pennsylvania Gothic* a young boy finds himself driven, by almost the same inescapable circumstances, into the same hopeless syndrome that caused his father's suicide. In *The Blacking Factory*, the waxen personality of a right-wing radio commentator is traced back to the polite but deadly brutalities of a British public school which he attended during a crucial time in his adolescence (again, a distant, puzzled father bumbles things). In different ways, both pieces are about the impossibility of parent-child contact, and the real desperation of children who never get beyond it; it's the intensity of this desperation which makes Wilfrid Sheed's book so chilling.

FILMS

HAROLD CLURMAN

There is often something attractive about even a (moderately) bad film. Its background, for instance, may be nicely photographed. Several of the films I saw during the first week of the sixth New York Film Festival are very pretty. Most of them are regarded as superior. But I soon came to realize that what I enjoyed most was their "landscapes."

They are highly sophisticated films: their boldness about sex and their nudes are immediately striking. (A motion picture nowadays without one or more views of a naked woman is simply not with it.) The films were also very psycho-



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logical. But I find that I prefer their pornography to their psychology.

I relished the Italian lakes, walks, hotels, casinos of *Twenty-Four Hours in the Life of a Woman*, the St. Tropez of *Les Biches*. Even the pigmented *Two or Three Things I Know About Her*, which dwells on the disagreeably altered face of Paris, is somehow made to look delicious. Whatever their subject or message it was the chromatic candy of their images and a sense of luxury in their sites which compensated for my indifference to their content.

Max Ophul's 1955 film *Lola Montes* is visually exquisite. The director's cultivated eye is everywhere apparent: the composition of a concert in Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens is a perfect Manet. Anton Walbrook plays the King of Bavaria, Lola's most notable lover; in the very tilt of his top hat one recognizes the director's dash. Yet for all its nostalgic evocation of the early 19th century in Europe—something I especially appreciate—the film is pap.

Orson Welles's sixty-three-minute *The Immortal Story* which takes place in Macao is also a handsome sight. In it Jeanne Moreau, recumbent to receive a passing bedmate supposedly 17—although he looks 35—is rendered more sensuously appealing than ever. The picture is based on one of Isak Dinesen's Gothic tales. It indicates once more Welles's penchant for the mysterious macabre. A program note declares that it is about "the artist playing God" and "that life imitates art with ironic consequences." But the total effect is inconsequential, despite its suggestion of even more portentous meanings.

Les Biches (The Does) is a complicated story of inverted and involuted sex. Two Lesbians have an affair. Then in turn they go to bed with one man. Finally the girl who has been left out insists on living with the "normal" couple who have settled down together, so that she may enjoy both her former lovers vicariously. When she is refused this privilege the lone girl goes mad and kills her erstwhile "mistress." "There is something unhealthy here," says the man who slept with each of the women on two successive nights.

All this may be fascinating to many, but I found myself altogether unconcerned. Sex is an endlessly absorbing preoccupation and activity but the use made of it in many films today is as humanly relevant as *True Story* fiction or the mannequins in display windows.

I shall return to Godard's *Two or Three Things I Know About Her* when I have seen two other of his films which the festival announces. Godard is a deservedly controversial figure because

hardly any of his films is entirely without merit. Being extremely prolific, he improvises or "guesses" as often as he creates. His ambiguity is frequently accidental and sometimes fraudulent. He is at his worst when he philosophizes: his own comment in *Two or Three Things*, spoken in a hush, is adolescent woolgathering with absurd pretensions to existentialist paradox.

La Religieuse (The Nun), based on an anti-clerical novella by Diderot, has been banned in France. It relates to the mores of the 18th century; it depicts a young lady unable to survive in a society in which the aristocracy, the middle class, the peasantry and the government are vilely corrupt. I reserve further comment on this film till a later date.

There were also such items as the *Report on the Party and the Guests* as well as *Capricious Summer*, which did not inspire any particular pleasure in me but still contained something more substantial than spurious erotica. The first of these two Czech films is a somewhat Kafkaesque parable with political implications. One cannot blame the Czechs for being opaque and devious in their symbolism; that has for some time been their manner and more recently their necessity. *Capricious Summer* directed (and among others acted) by Jiri Menzel of *Closely Watched Trains* seemed to bore its first-night audience—its pace was too leisurely—but I found an odd charm both in its lyric color and in its comic-pathetic overtones. A third Czech film is scheduled and I shall discuss the general characteristics of Czech film making next week.

Though most of these films afford agreeable pastime at least, I had begun to despair of the festival as a source of any great personal satisfaction when I came upon Robert Bresson's *Mouchette*. Bresson's art is a relief from factitiousness. Every shot of his picture is a simple and telling declarative sentence. He doesn't hurry; he looks and sees. He eschews tricks and that "art of the cinema" which so preoccupies the *cognoscenti*. His is an ascetic art, laconic and penetrating. It is deeply human without bathos.

Mouchette is a girl of perhaps 14 who lives in one of those very small French villages in which the inhabitants seem to hide behind closed shutters as if they were keeping watch over corpses. Her father is a hard and soundless peasant worker, her mother deathly ill and her infant brother squalls through hunger and neglect. The family is wretchedly poor. Tenderly she ministers to her mother and fondles and feeds the child maternally. Her schoolmates mock her shabby clothes, her dank complexion. The boys call her "rat face." She re-

venge herself by throwing mud at them. The town's women are dry; the men, incapable of easy communication, spend their moments of rest in bitter silence at the café terrasses after consuming several draughts of harsh liquor. Only when Mouchette's mother dies is kindness shown her by the gift of a free tumbler of coffee and an extra croissant which she disdainfully throws away.

There is a gratified smile on her face when a boy in a miniature auto deliberately and continuously bumps into hers at the fun-fair "race course." Attracted by the boy she follows him, but only to be spurned. And finally when she experiences an intimate contact, the impulse of desire toward her, it is through rape by a drunkard, the town's epileptic poacher whom she later speaks of as her "lover." When her father tells her that her mother was a "brave woman" she responds with "*Merde*." When an old woman, enamored of mortality, offers her material to serve as a shroud in which to bury her mother, Mouchette curses the "old witch" and drowns herself, wrapped in a dress from the bounty. It is a terrible story but it sinks into the consciousness as something more than a brutal tale of rural darkness and suffering. It conveys the unnoticed, the unsensational agony, the secret and insidious pain of all human isolation.

It may be concluded from the above that in preferring the black and white *Mouchette* to most of the lush melodramas whose gorgeous males and females suffer the torments of our time—one asks oneself why Bonnie and Clyde didn't go into the movies—that my predilection is for unvarnished realism as contrasted to refined art or camera manipulation. It would be much more exact to say that I am definitely averse to the gay but morally sleazy drapery so frequently used to conceal the diseases it pretends to disclose.

TV: Daley's Hour

CHARLES HORMAN

Mr. Horman is a free-lance writer and film maker.

Mayor Richard Daley's hour-documentary defending the tactics of his Chicago Police Department was broadcast on Sunday, September 15, on prime-time television in 142 cities. The people of Chicago—Democrats and Republicans, Left and Right, blacks, Poles and Chinese—can rest assured that their \$50,000 or so of tax money has produced a highly persuasive film—certainly far better than the grade-B thrillers HUAC

cranked out to smear demonstrators on the West Coast.

Directed by Henry Ushijima, the film—called *What Trees Do They Plant?*—tactfully mixed chosen quotations from police and professors with hand-held coverage of the major street confrontations on the Wednesday Hubert Humphrey was nominated. Rennie Davis and Dave Dellinger of the National Mobilization had a chance to explain in some detail their distress about being denied a marching permit. As a matter of fact, I tuned in just after the opening credits, and thought for a moment it was not the Daley film after all, so scrupulous was it in presenting Mobilization's viewpoint.

After the discussion of the permit, however, *What Trees Do They Plant* held few surprises. The film—and Mayor Daley's—basic point was that the scenario for the battle of Chicago had been written months before by full-time agitators, several of whom had visited Cuba and Hanoi. These “hard-boiled revolutionaries” expected three things—to disrupt the convention, to paralyze the city, and to discredit the government by confrontations with the police.

The shock troops, said the film, were a particularly disreputable group called Yippies who set the tone of the demonstrations and were far from nonviolent. A deputy superintendent of the Los Angeles police, who had come up to watch his Midwestern cousins handle crowds, assured us that although there might have been a few right-wing excesses, the police handled themselves with remarkable restraint.

Police Commander James J. Riordan showed us “weapons” which the police had gathered in the wake of the Yippies. These included a baseball bat, broken glass, a broken bottle, and a pickax handle which, he said, “showed obvious intention of malice—no doubt what the intention of this was.”

This documentary is aimed not at the ultra Right who are already persuaded of what is necessary to restore law and order but at the good Democrats, liberal and moderate, who are wondering if they'd rather stay home this time around than get out and vote the Humphrey slate. “The purpose of this program,” said Homewood of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, “is to explore that middle ground of cause and effects.”

During the melee in Chicago, as police charged demonstrators, radical interpretations of America became suddenly persuasive to many Americans who thought themselves moderates. However, if either leftist or rightist analyses are correct—if, say, America is either a police state or on the edge of Red anarchy—then it is oddly irrelevant to vote Democratic in the fall. And thus, *What Trees Do They Plant* tries to re-

store a middle ground for Democratic candidates to occupy in November.

Homewood introduced Prof. Richard Wade of the University of Chicago as a man concerned with the problems of the cities. Professor Wade pointed out that both the chanting of obscenities and throwing of missiles and the “clubbing of citizens without regard to innocence or guilt” had occurred. “Unless we see the two sides, we won't get anywhere in analyzing the event or in solving these problems for next time.”

“The gainer,” Wade feared, “will be the forces of George Wallace. The loser is the decent center of American politics.” Even Daley, who can be an immoderate man, assured Walter Cronkite that he would not have taken such drastic precautions had he not been informed by his security forces that there were several assassination plots afoot.

Because it is skillfully written and assembled, the film will certainly convince many who are disturbed, but not dissenting, Democrats. People who were there during the key moments shown in the documentary will realize that the narration evades or, more simply, lies about crucial facts. But the film has not chosen as its audience the people who were there.

The narration is evasive, for example, during the excellent footage of police charging the authorized rally in Grant Park on Wednesday afternoon. The sound track rambles rather irrelevantly about thousands who gathered to hear the speakers and “demonstrators dressed like Castro” as the picture shows tear-gas grenades going off and police busting heads. The narration does not explain why the police attacked the meeting, which had been given a permit. Because I was there, I know the attack was unprovoked.

The film's next shot shows a line of demonstrators with joined hands. Behind them mills a disorderly crowd. The narration says: “The long line of march is formed up by those who want to disrupt the convention.” The narration thus implies that time has passed, the rally is over, and the demonstrators are now preparing an illegal disruption.

In fact, the shot was taken at the same time as the preceding ones, but from the viewpoint of the police lines. When the police charged, Rennie Davis, Vernon Grizzard and others from the National Mobilization lined up the marshals between the police and the crowd, which had been listening to the speeches. They tried to quiet things down and back the crowd away from the police—but the police charged faster than the marshals could move the crowd. Davis was then clubbed.

The sequence filmed outside the Hilton

that same day is quicker and more deceptive. “All the agitation, all the planning, all of the pressure leads to this,” intones the narrator. “The moment of confrontation. It cannot be avoided.”

Then there is a nice action sequence of the police scrambling through the crowd, packing kids into paddy wagons. Not too much of the beating. “The crowd surges forward,” says the narrator, “and police clear the streets.”

That Wednesday night I was in the front line of that odd mix of demonstrators, oglers, poor people's caravan and newsmen who faced the police at the corner of Michigan and Balbo. More than 25 feet of clear space separated the crowd from the cops. No one on our side did any surging, and everyone who watched television that night, looked down from the windows of the Hilton, or was in the crowd knows it. The police assault was completely unprovoked by the demonstrators, who were chanting slogans but doing nothing else.

I had rushed to the side behind the

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police barricade where the crowd was jammed so tight it was impossible to move anything but my head. Two women, who had just come out of the hotel, were clinging to each other and wailing. A third was trying to climb up their backs to the sheer walls of the Hilton.

The police wheeled 90 degrees and charged. They began clubbing the people in the first row behind the barricade. I

was in the second. A woman shrieked, "Don't hit me! Don't hit me!" But they did.

Nearby to the left, a group of long-haired students were chanting, "The whole world is watching, the whole world is watching." Above them, on a platform, the television cameras—their red lights on—were tilted almost straight down at the crowd and the police.

I heard the plate-glass windows in the Hilton begin to crack. Then they shattered, and someone cried out in pain. People near the windows began pushing forward to get away from the broken glass, forcing those of us in front back into the night sticks. A girl in front of me was clubbed. Blood sprayed over her blond hair and green V-neck sweater. She fell down, and I couldn't see her any more.

The police moved back a few feet and took out their cans of MACE. In hunched, gun-slinger stances, they moved up and down the barricade, squirting steady streams at us.

The MACE hit me on the neck, chin and forehead. It splashed off my glasses, clouding them, but didn't get in my eyes. It stung on my face. I ducked down; and, as I did, I heard the screams of those directly behind me who up to then I'd shielded.

What an extraordinary spectacle so many people saw in their living rooms that evening during the time slot usually reserved for *The Virginians*. For many, the shock by-passed politics; surely this was not the way to handle things.

Reporters, who had been a special target of police attack, reacted sharply. Jack Mabley, whose columns in the *Chicago American* had shown strong support for the police and distaste for the demonstrators, changed his mind for that Thursday's edition of the paper. "Scores of people under the Palmer House canopy watched in horror," he wrote, "as a policeman went animal when a crippled man couldn't get away fast enough. The man hopped with his stick as fast as he could, but the policeman shoved him in the back, then hit him with the night stick, hit him again and finally crashed him into a lamppost."

Mabley went on to describe Jerry Rubin's arrest by four policemen who had followed him in an unmarked car: "I have heard Rubin speak, and he was obscene and revolting. In America a man may be arrested for obscenity or revolution. But Rubin was grabbed off the street and rushed to jail because of what he thinks."

"This is the way it's done in Prague. This is what happens to candidates who finish second in Vietnam. This is not the beginning of a police state, it is the police state."

That reality in the streets—transmitted electronically to the living room—seemed to require that people make one of those simple choices which are the most difficult. It lined up the police against citizens assembled to petition for redress of grievances; and the violence in the streets underlined the quieter violence being done to democratic process inside the amphitheatre.

Mayor Daley's film is only the last step in a moderating process of revision which began that Thursday when Che Huntley, chatting with his reporters pointed out that there was a whole of a difference between the responsible demonstrators and the hard core of ruffian agitators who wanted trouble. Soor after the convention folded, commentators began giving some of the demonstrators those multi-syllabic nicknames—like "hard-boiled revolutionaries" and "professional agitators"—which meant that these were the real bad apples, so it was O.K. to beat them up or put them in jail. The rest were responsible, which meant they would probably stop soon.

What Trees Do They Plant, in effect welcomes those who are ready to step back into the party. We've had some misunderstandings, dissent has been registered; but now there's work to be done. The lesser of two evils is waiting to be elected again. But even the balanced statement of the urbanologist and the slick narration cannot bind together the wound which was opened in Chicago.

The final scene in the documentary is a shot of the crowd outside the Hilton. During the speeches on Thursday afternoon, a voice from a megaphone is saying, "We're going back to create 2-3, 200-300 Chicagos in our local communities." The voice is repeated and the words are superimposed on the milling demonstrators. What trees do they plant indeed! Rooted in sedition, these demonstrations will bear bitter fruit. Two hundred to 300 Chicagos? How immoderate! How irresponsible! Wallace will gain, Nixon will be elected!

The film will persuade people; but I doubt that it can dispel that enervation which grips the liberal center of the Democratic Party, because in one sense, the film is right. The demonstrators—all of them—came to Chicago, as the film points out, to disrupt the convention, paralyze the city, and discredit the government by confrontations with the police. And they succeeded. Perhaps not many had the resolution to desire what happened; but all who came, knowing what the convention must be like, anticipated somewhere in their minds that terrifying, conclusive eighteen minutes outside the Hilton Hotel. After it, not all of Daley's film makers can put Humphrey Dumphy together again.

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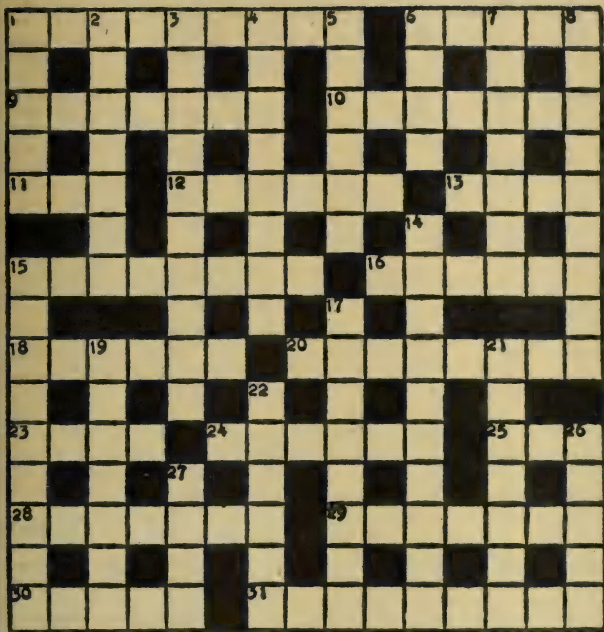
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ACROSS:

For one in the legal battle, it seems to be just an ordinary set-to. (9)
A sign of advance in a little matter might mark the highly opinionated. (5)
No offensive implications in such as a Venus? (7)
Snake-eyes? Two degrees to one! (7)
See 12 across.
11 and 13 You might find several stripes on one with such as Chiroptera and Formicidae, but they shouldn't hurt you. (13)
Walked vainly, when supported? (8)
Somewhat like a pot of gold, as the French say, in all frankness? (6)
You might have a potential need around four for a salad, perhaps. (6)
Wearied about the disturbed condition? Tense that is imparted by sound? (4)
Held by a sailor or a farmer? (6)
See 19 down.
Is the fricassee of veal in one not expected to work? (2, 5)
Game hunters might look for this. (7)
Elbow. (5)
Acted like Bonnie Prince Charlie when young? (9)

DOWN:

and 6 down Get to the bottom of Roberts, perhaps, if you want leads on the line. (5,4)
One who might prepare for the movies makes the publicity a little more fitting.

3 and 27 down Not a matter of name-calling, though the subject might come up in it. (10,4)
4 Brought in like some servants used to be? (8)
5 A staff might have at least one bottle.
6 See 1 down.
7 Reading letters with the appearance of wood or stone? (7)
8 Certain in step, and held in esteem. (9)
14 They picture him going out each year like a rude hermit surrounded by destiny. (6,4)
15 Never a grain of bitterness here! (5,4)
17 Game allowed in the street? (8)
19 and 25 across Hurried and dined, as some couples do. (6,4)
21 Street litter? It's basic to our ways! (7)
22 Queue taken in hand by the umpire? (4,2)
26 Correct, whether or not 25 follows. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1265

ACROSS: 1 Reverend; 10 and 5 Grave digger; 11 Marijuana; 12 Elision; 13 Parades; 14 and 21 Single-minded; 15 Sistine; 18 Stylist; 24 Riposte; 26 Replete; 27 Blind spot; 28 Inapt; 29 Splash; 30 Slightly. DOWN: 1 Rugged; 2 Viability; 3 Reeling; 4 Nominee; 6 Injuries; 7 Grand; 8 Roadster; 9 Tropes; 16 Inelegant; 17 Ascribes; 19 Insides; 20 Steppe; 21 Marital; 22 Napping; 23 Sentry; 25 Phial.

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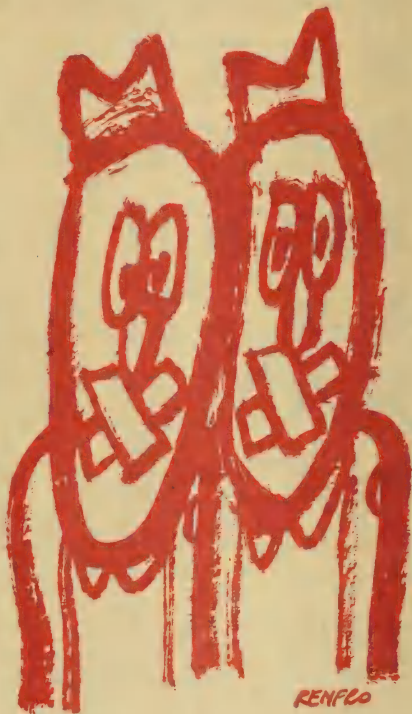
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LETTERS

cool pill

Johnston, Vt.

DEAR SIR: In your editorial about the new censorship of schoolbooks in California ["Clean Minds," Sept. 30] you speak in passing of the "much more open, realistic and healthy attitudes toward sex" among young people in America today. Certainly their attitudes are more open, and possibly more realistic, but are they healthy? Those in a position to know say that interest in sex among students has declined steadily and radically in the past two or three years. The attitude seems to be that sex has no more meaning than other bodily functions, ingesting, defecating, etc. Is this healthy? Is it what we want?

We used to think the pill, considered sexually rather than procreatively, would help to liberate and heat up people who were formerly repressed or inhibited, but maybe all it is doing is to add sterility, in the broadest sense, to frigidity: another case of technology destroying cultural values.

Hayden Carruth

Alaska write-in

Lyndonville, Vt.

DEAR SIR: In 1964, Senator Gruening of Alaska voted against the Tonkin Resolution—as so many others have come to wish they had. Later, he tried valiantly to tell us the truth about Vietnam, and events have shown how right he was. Having lost a close race for renomination, he has just announced plans for a write-in campaign.

The Peace Movement now has muscle: money and manpower. No one deserves our full support more than Ernest Gruening. Let's do everything humanly possible to encourage the Senator. With his opposition split two ways, an all-out write-in effort would have an excellent chance.

Senator Gruening has brought to Washington a rare combination of sophistication, character and brilliance. The United States can ill afford to lose the services of this great man.

William A. Pierce, M.D.

knife in Hubert

Lake Orion, Mich.

DEAR SIR: In "The Bitter Legacy of LBJ" [by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, Sept. 9] you suggest that "if they [the Democrats] did not elect Richard Nixon . . . it was through no fault of Lyndon Johnson, Mayor Daley, or the happy nominee."

I wonder if it was more deliberate than that. If it's true that the industrial-military complex runs the country, perhaps it is also true that they like Nixon and have suggested as much to their boy. It is the only supposition that makes sense of the following:

(1) Beating up the press. Unprecedented! Especially for politicians at election time.

(2) Polarizing the young. Certainly Nixon is at least as warlike as LBJ and Humphrey, but Hubert gets the bitterest anti-war demonstrations.

(3) The chrome-plated, neon-lighted steam roller, which nobody needed, and which no experienced politician uses publicly unless in a desperate situation—which nobody was in at Chicago. (And on coast-to-coast television!)

(4) The public repudiation by LBJ of every attempt by Hubert to gather back the moderates and liberals. Surely even amateur politicians know better than this; and whatever else Johnson is, he's no amateur.

Perhaps at lower levels, the Democrats are unaware of being scuttled; but by now, even Ebullient Hubert must suspect that that uncomfortable feeling between his shoulders is a Texas bowie knife.

Barbara W. Benetti

EDITORIALS

The Scandals of '68

The World Series is traditionally the halfway mark between the conventions and the election and, having reached that point, we may assess the scandals of the campaign with some confidence.

(1) *Vietnam*. Down to the conventions it promised to dominate the campaign, and indeed it is still much on the voters' minds. But it is not really being discussed.

During the week of September 30, Humphrey belatedly broke the ice, but the water was so shallow that he did not get his ankles wet. What he said was touted by his public relations staff as a major announcement, but it was obviously a concoction made up under pressure to "do something" about a lagging campaign and to project an image of Humphrey thinking for himself.

Poor as Humphrey's performance was, it shines by comparison with Nixon's on the same topic. Nixon has refused to discuss Vietnam at all, on the ground that he does not wish to interfere with the negotiations going on—or rather standing still—in Paris. It is not Nixon's sense of responsibility that accounts for this reticence but his hope that the voters have forgotten (or never heard of) his warmongering in 1954, when he backed Admiral Radford and other early hawks in the scheme to relieve the French garrison at Dienbienphu, with nuclear bombs if necessary. A major scandal of the campaign is that Humphrey so far has let him get away with it. But then, Humphrey has so much hawk in his own past that his caution is understandable.

Wallace's position on Vietnam hardly warrants serious discussion. His support comes from a section of the electorate that equates any kind of negotiation and compromise with "appeasement," yet he must reach out for votes among that greater mass which wants to see an end of the war, win, lose or draw. So he touches on it only briefly while bellowing for "law 'n order," segregation without racism, and castrating the Supreme Court. If peace cannot be had at the conference table, Wallace would inquire of the Joint Chiefs of Staff whether the war can be won militarily (as if they knew!) and if they said yes he would leave the rest to them.

(2) *Atmosphere*. One of the scandals of '68 is the tone of the campaign. Why is it, really, that there is so much unfocused anger and resentment for a man like Wallace to exploit? Isn't it precisely because that anger and resentment have not been focused against legitimate targets, as they would have been in meaningful politics?

Who, for instance, is explaining inflation in terms that make sense? Who says out loud that the finagling with the costs of the Vietnamese War has had much to do with what is happening in the cities, with the stalemate in civil rights, with discord on the nation's campuses?

Or take law and order, which appeals most strongly to a large and fearful portion of the electorate. Neither Nixon nor Humphrey has attacked Mayor Daley, neither has denounced the lawlessness in the South on the issue of desegregation. Because both have preferred to evade

the real causes and effects in this area, they have let Wallace stand forth as the protagonist of orderly government and the strong man who will make the streets safe.

(3) *The Collapse of the Future*. All three candidates belong to the past—different pasts but all jogging along abandoned roads. Not one of the candidates holds out any realistic hope for the future; when they refer to it at all, it is high-flown rhetoric. That is why there are no slogans in this campaign. Since the turn of the century, from the Square Deal of Theodore Roosevelt to the Great Society of Lyndon B. Johnson, slogans have played a symbolic role in the bidding for votes. Slogans can be deceiving in whole or in part, but they do indicate a determination to advance. This time there is no such determination, only a desire for office. Nixon's talk of the "Forgotten American" is not a slogan, only a meretricious appeal to a largely fictitious sense of injury. All three Presidential contenders are mired in the past; in consequence all three fail, as Muskie implied, to inspire confidence.

What the campaign looks like, then, at this point, is that one would rather see Edmund Muskie succeed to the Presidency than Spiro Agnew.

The Pentagon Speaks

Stories by John Lannan in the *Washington Star* and Victor Cohn in *The Washington Post* (September 20) disclose an incipient conflict between administrative scientists connected with the Pentagon and scientists who receive Pentagon grants but insist on voicing their opposition to the Vietnamese War and urging others to do likewise. In one of the publications of the American Mathematical Society, a number of mathematicians inserted paid advertisements urging colleagues to be "responsible for the uses to which your talents are put. . . . We believe this responsibility forbids putting mathematics in the service of this cruel war." Among the signers were Drs. Jervey Neyman, Lucien LeCam and Peter Bickel of the University of California, all working under grants from the Department of the Army. In due course they received sharply admonitory letters from Dr. John W. Dawson, chief scientist of the Army Research Office at Duke University. Dr. Dawson wrote that "a mutually acceptable decision to terminate our present association when your present support expires appears to be consistent with both our positions."

The Navy was less peremptory. Dr. Peter King, chief scientist of the Office of Naval Research, revealed that letters had been sent to five people involved in four Navy contracts. He refused to identify the recipients but paraphrased the contents of the letters: "It has come to our attention that [the signers of the advertisements] may have strong personal feelings about Department of Defense support. In the light of that, do you want to continue to work for us? Our concern is in what that announcement really means." Dr. K. C. Emerson, deputy for research in the Army's Office of Research and Development, took much the same view as Dr. King (thus a view different from Dr. Dawson's). Still more divergent, Dr. William J. Price, chief scientist in the Office of Aerospace Research, said that although his office had on its payroll persons who had signed

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NATION

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No. 12

the ads, there was no intention to send out such letters.

Faced with these conflicting positions, Dr. John S. Foster, Jr., Department of Defense director of research and engineering, issued a formal statement of policy. "Some members of the research and development community," he wrote, "have disagreed with government decisions while they contributed significantly to the country." Such being the case, he urged that the military "take all necessary actions to preserve our mutually beneficial relationships with the academic research community during this period when there are potentially divisive pressures."

Scientists are far more important to the Pentagon (and to science-based corporations) than the Pentagon is to them. Thus scientists who insist on speaking their minds are not only protecting scientists in general against censorship (both those who agree with them and those who do not), but are helping measurably to preserve freedom of speech for all citizens, at least so long as the divisions within the country remain within present levels of acrimony.

Labor Pains

Whether he knows it or not, George Meany is about to get the same kind of cruel comeuppance that led to the departure of Dr. Grayson Kirk from Columbia University: the serfs are demanding a bigger piece of the action and the "establishment" is not responding. First of all, Mr. Meany is confronted with the "protest movement" of Walter Reuther who, with the aid of the Teamsters, has set up the Alliance for Labor as a means of restoring to the labor movement some of the social idealism it seemed to radiate in the 1930s. Like some other labor leaders, Mr. Reuther is miffed that Meany did not bother until September to secure AFL-CIO ratification for his unqualified endorsement of Humphrey last April. Meany, of course, has clamped down hard. Some of the unions—International Chemical Workers and United Rubber Workers, among others—that had at first been inclined to join the rebellion are now holding back. For the moment the rivals are observing a false truce (they have both endorsed Humphrey) but there will be interesting post-election developments.

The Reuther schism is, however, merely one phase of the "protest movement" that Meany faces. In California, many unions are in revolt against the arbitrary handling of political endorsements. The Los Angeles County Federation endorsed Jesse Unruh for re-election to the Assembly in which he serves as Speaker; the State Federation rejected the endorsement. In disgust, Unruh has said of the State Federation—which purports to represent 1.5 million organized workers but really represents itself—that it "hasn't enough political muscle in the state legislature to get a Mother's Day resolution passed."

Joseph Kraft reports from Flint, Mich., that many union members resent the action of the leadership, not on any one issue but again because of the handling of political endorsements. Much of the sentiment for Wallace reflects this resentment.

Yet despite mounting evidence of disaffection, Meany keeps redoubling his efforts for Humphrey, minimizing

support for "dovish" Democratic Senators who have excellent labor records and cracking down on all who refuse to knuckle under to his dictation. By his stubborn adherence to the old coalition politics he is assuring further dissension in the union movement after November 5 and placing labor in a perilously exposed position when the new Congress convenes. Infatuated with "law and order," he seems to have forgotten the Memorial Day Massacre in Chicago, when the wrath of the police was directed not at students and hippies but at men who were trying to form trade unions. Unfortunately it will be organized labor, not George Meany, that will pay the price for this lapse of memory.

Identity Crisis

The rebellion against Meany is an aspect of the general crisis that confronts organized labor in all the industrially developed countries. During past times of economic deprivation, labor leaders in these countries have been able, often for fairly long periods, to induce the rank and file to follow political leadership of which it did not fully approve and support programs some of which it detested—all as the price to be paid for more jobs and better wages.

In today's affluent societies, however, a section of the rank and file feels itself in a position to reassess some of its ancient prejudices. The leaders of British labor were shocked recently to discover that a large section of the membership enthusiastically endorsed the racism of Enoch Powell. If they had hung out more in the workers' pubs, they would not have been so taken by surprise.

Nor is there any reason for surprise that a significant section of American labor supports the racist views of George Wallace. For seventy years, organized labor in California constituted the spearhead of the anti-Oriental movement. Much the same feeling has long characterized organized labor's attitude toward Mexicans (in the Southwest), toward Negroes and, at an earlier period, toward European immigrants.

Periods of prosperity bring out the always latent chauvinism in the labor movement, which derives from job competition in economies of scarcity. In today's affluent societies, labor faces an "identity crisis." It can no longer indulge in its ancient fantasies without placing the gains it has won in jeopardy. It must decide, therefore, just what is the true function of a trade union in the post-industrial societies. The crisis has become acute because the leadership has too long neglected the task, as Reuther puts it, of unionizing the organized, that is, of aligning the membership against the traditional trade union scourges—war, racism, and "law and order" (police-state style).

Reducing the Profile

Either the State Department and the Pentagon have begun to listen to *The Nation* (which we would like to believe) or they have on their own begun to take a tougher line against diplomatic-military blackmail. At any rate, the government of Francisco Franco is not finding our negotiators such easy marks as in the past.

In 1953, the United States and Spain entered into a twenty-year defense pact calling for the establishment of multi-billion-dollar American bases in Spain. An initial ten-year period was to be followed by two five-year extensions, unless either country desired to withdraw from the agreement. This provided a source of income and opportunity for extortion which Franco's Fascist regime was not likely to overlook. Without the pact, the position of Franco's government might have been untenable; Uncle Sam's complaisance kept internal crises within bounds. The pact was extended in 1963 for five years, with a "sweetener" of \$100 million from the U.S. treasury.

Franco had no intention of settling for any such bagatelle this time around. Flanked by military advisers, his foreign minister, Fernando Maria Castiella, sat down with Secretary Rusk, likewise supported, and with traditional Spanish punctilio requested a \$1.2 billion raise, to be spread over the last five years of the lease. Making good use of his superlative imperturbability, Rusk came back with an offer of \$100 million. The Spaniards were gradually worn down to \$700 million, but that, they averred, was their rock-bottom price, and on September 26 they broke off negotiations.

According to a handout from the Spanish Embassy, "Everything points to a renewal." This press release attempts to "sell" the American public. Besides expatiating on the boon the bases represent, it alludes to the injuries the Spanish have suffered from our presence: "The third of the bases, Moron, near Seville, is the take-off point for the large tankers which refuel in flight the USAF aircraft operating in the Mediterranean. It was a tanker based at Moron that collided with a bomber over Palomares on the southeast coast of Spain and almost caused a disaster of incalculable proportions when four hydrogen bombs were scattered in the region." However, for \$700 million, possibly less, Franco will risk such disaster for another five years.

The Spaniards are probably right: one way or another, the pact is more likely than not to be renewed. However, some uncertainty is suggested by Mr. Rusk's flinty counter-offer. For one thing, the general value of overseas bases is under discussion in Washington; for another, Uncle Sam is not the Croesus he used to be—or, as Mr. Rusk puts it, the time has come for the United States to "reduce its profile" overseas. There is no better place than Spain to make a start.

One War

"You have a home in the Army," the slogan that was echoed with resigned bitterness by black GIs as they reenlisted in the years after World War II, no longer seems to lure the Negro soldier. According to Robert Terrell, writing in the *New York Post*, rates for Negro re-enlistment are down in the last year from 66.5 per cent to 31.7 per cent. Terrell talked to a number of black GIs whose terms were coming to an end and heard two main reasons for the reluctance to stay in the service. The first, according to his respondents, is that Negroes are dying in disproportionate numbers in Vietnam. No statistics were of-

fered, but the blacks look around them and see that the company typewriters and supply rooms are manned by white boys. The Negroes feel themselves field hands once more—in fields of blood.

The other reason given is that the DMZ and the Mekong Delta are poor places to go hunting for freedom when the soul brothers are stalking it in the streets of urban America. Incredibly, and ironically beyond comment, the black troops in the rice paddies yearn to be where the action is.

Corroborating this picture of Negro disillusion with the Army game in Vietnam, Lee Lescage tells in *The Washington Post* of a recent riot of military prisoners at Long Binh Jail (known with sweet brevity as LBJ). Sixty-three men, including five guards, were injured; one white prisoner was killed. When the uproar had burned itself out—and most of the stockade's buildings with it—all the white prisoners and 100 of the Negroes cooperated in restoring order. But 220 others, all Negro except for three Puerto Ricans, refused and were placed in a special compound, where they improvised African-style garments and beat on metal drums. They were fed a diet of C-rations until, one by one, they agreed to form up for roll call and otherwise obey confinement routine.

Army spokesmen dismiss this demonstration as atypical: everyone in the jail was already out of step with the Army. But Army spokesmen make a practice of dismissing whatever seems to contradict their image of a holy war fought by golden youths. The fact is that the riot in the LBJ was not directed against the authorities; it was fought by prisoners against prisoners, blacks against whites, with Negroes apparently on the offensive.

Another thing that Army spokesmen would certainly deny (if they could be made even to understand the question) is that Vietnam and the ghetto, Saigon and Harlem, are two fronts of one war. But the blacks don't deny it, and neither will history.

Military 'Social Welfare'

At a time when the Johnson-Humphrey Administration and the Congress are putting the ax to the roots of most social welfare programs, Defense Secretary Clark M. Clifford announces that he is mobilizing the Pentagon for an attack on the social ills of the nation. Any such proposal has an odd sound in a country where the role of the armed services has traditionally been limited to defense against foreign enemies—or at any rate to fighting, whether for defense or for other ends.

But that is what Clifford said: "The Department of Defense, a department which consumes 9 per cent of the gross national product of our nation, a department which employs 4.5 million Americans, has a deep obligation to contribute more than it has ever contributed before to the social needs of the nation."

This would take the form of low-cost military housing, a "new generation" of military hospitals, schools and education for undereducated young men who would emerge better fitted for employment. Another innovation would be for the Department of Defense to urge industry to build

new plants and to subcontract as much defense work as possible in surplus labor areas.

This speech was delivered before the National Security Industrial Association, which represents some of the largest defense contractors. It is fair to assume that it reflects some uneasiness, on the part of the Department and its beneficiaries, about the continuing high level of military spending—and a feeling that some taxpayers might be finding the defense budget just a bit heavy. So Mr. Clifford, who has had long experience in making the unpalatable tasty, is offering goodies from an unexpected source.

REBELLION IN THE SHOPS

WHY THEY LIKE WALLACE

I. J. WIDICK

Mr. Widick is the author of Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States (Houghton Mifflin). He teaches at Columbia and Wayne State Universities.

Detroit

Unless an unlikely political miracle occurs between now and November, most active unionists on every leadership level face the probability that organized labor will suffer a disaster in the national election. What the polls and the press surveys have portrayed, that George Wallace is making deep inroads into the so-called labor vote, is confirmed in a range of interviews in the Midwest. No one can argue that defections from the Democratic ticket in the industrial states are not hurting Hubert Humphrey, the choice of the trade union hierarchy.

Ideologically, politically and organizationally, the present status of the trade union movement offers little hope that the labor leaders can save the day for their man Hubert. At a time when Humphrey seeks to soften his views, the hard-line outlook of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, stands firmly with President Johnson—the man who left labor speechless when he abdicated the Presidency. Ordinarily, close to 70 per cent of union members vote Democratic, though among skilled workers the Republican vote is usually higher than 30 per cent. What is new is the large proportion of Democratic labor voters who have swung to George Wallace, finding in him a candidate who articulates their various discontents.

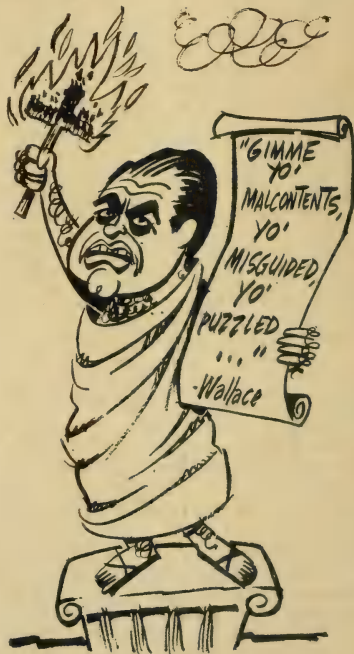
In the South, the most conservative estimate we obtained from talks in labor circles bore out the recent Gallup poll estimate that about 50 per cent of union members were supporting the former Governor of Alabama. A more likely percentage was 75, according to a union official close to the situation. The group not attracted to Wallace is, of course, the Negro membership.

The polls which indicate that about 20 per cent of American voters are now for Wallace are misleading in the same way that the 4 per cent national unemployment figure fails to reveal the depths of that problem. The concentration of this vote, as with unemployment, is more meaningful, and it must be said that the intensity and the

The offer, however, is vaguely sinister. It is a late offspring of the marriage between big defense and big industry, and one may have misgivings. There are much cheaper and more efficient ways to inaugurate a civilian public-works program than by putting the Army to work on a part-time basis. Or can it be that Mr. Clifford surmises that the armed services can no longer discharge their historic purpose, simply because it is no longer to be achieved by military means? That being so, and Othello's occupation being on the way out, is he to be kept in uniform by providing him with a social mission?

size of the Wallace support in plants and shops is very disturbing.

After the United Auto Workers held a series of regional conferences attended by the delegates to the spring national convention, and other active leaders, Walter Reuther engaged the American Arbitration Association to conduct a secret ballot of Presidential preference. The results showed that 10.2 per cent or 271 of these activists were for Wallace; about 87.8 per cent or 2,319 were for



Ivey

Humphrey, and Nixon received twenty-seven votes, or 1 per cent. A UAW press release then exulted: "The overwhelming vote in favor of Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie by the democratically elected delegates to these conferences, representing 1.6 million UAW members, shows that the vast majority of working men and women have not forgotten who their friends are." What is most astonishing about this optimistic interpretation is that not a single individual in the UAW whom I talked to in any part of the country believes it. In fact, everyone asserted that this vote did not reflect the sentiment in the shops. Shop stewards, plant officials, international representatives, staff people—all were unanimous in saying that the Wallace sentiment is bigger than anyone admits.

This is not a UAW phenomenon: A secret poll of Teamsters in St. Louis came up with Nixon 956, Wallace 860, Humphrey 744 and McCarthy 449. Steelworkers in the Detroit area appear to share the sentiment of the Pennsylvania mill towns as reported in *The New York Times*—the guys in the shops "go for Wallace." Inquiries among the Akron Rubber Workers produce the same response.

What about white-collar unionists? A local union president states that Wallace sentiment is as strong there as in the shops. The AFL-CIO announces that it has registered more than 1.6 million voters and that sounds good until you check with people who worked in the communities during these drives. They report big Wallace strength. In the suburbs of Akron, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, etc., where anti-Negro sentiment is so strong, will higher labor registration help labor's official candidate? In Dearborn, Mich., home of the Ford Motor Company and the UAW's biggest local, the only Negro family living among the 115,000 residents has just left in despair. As for the flood of anti-Wallace literature coming from union headquarters, old hands in COPE and PAC, the political arms of labor, know that this is the least effective way to influence opinion.

Can labor rally young voters in the nation to the Humphrey banner? Certainly not with its hard line on war, its antagonism toward any element in the Democratic Party that doesn't go along with Johnson 100 per cent. It is difficult to see how the labor leadership can combat Wallace in the shops when its hostility toward the youth movement seems to echo Wallace completely. Meany referred to the Chicago demonstrators in this fashion: "I know what you would do with this dirty-necked and dirty-mouthed group of kooks. To be frank, you might overreact." Some 2,000 Machinists union delegates cheered.

Meany is not alone in his views; indeed, he expresses the views of most people I've talked to in the union movement in recent weeks. When P. I. Siemiller, president of the Machinists union, declared, "union members are pretty sick of rioters, looters, peaceniks, beatniks and all the rest of the nuts who are trying to destroy the country," he confirms the prejudices in the shops, and no one will win over the Wallace people with that line.

One must go back a long way to recall a time when hostility was so bitter toward not just the young college radicals but youth in general. "They got it made and are goofing it up," is what the assembly-line worker tells us. There

is a class hatred and an even stronger manifestation of anti-intellectualism in such sentiments. Does it suggest Germany in 1932? Nor is there much tolerance of "McCarthyites," who are not being so much convinced as pressured. Said one top McCarthy supporter in Michigan, who may vote for Humphrey, "Sometimes I think I'm in Prague." The only segment of the population in the Midwest centers that appears solidly Democratic is, again, the Negro voters, and this is due as much to fear of Nixon-Agnew and Wallace as to any alliance of labor with the Negro community.

How explain the Wallace phenomenon among the working people? Walter Reuther used to argue in the AFL-CIO that labor must "unionize the organized," and the record speaks for itself. August Scholle, president of the Michigan AFL-CIO, lists, besides a diminishing political activity in unions, these factors as contributing to the swing toward Wallace: (a) A rapid influx of young people into the union movement, replacing more militant veterans who have retired or died—these people "take all their benefits for granted"; (b) a deterioration of moral standards—not the kind Wallace talks about but a lack of loyalty and respect for those who fought for labor's goals, like Humphrey for two decades; (c) a general unrest and rebellion brought on by the Vietnamese War, ever-increasing taxation on those least able to pay, and other factors.

Other analysts argue that it is racism, pure and simple. A minority of unionists see the Wallace phenomenon as the unrest of the little man, who feels lost and alienated, who doesn't identify with the vast union structure and the top leaders. This view calls into question the validity of the programs and leadership of George Meany in the AFL-CIO, and Reuther's comparative silence down the years. But no one likes to discuss the issue in those terms.

This is not the first time that labor has faced a major challenge from the far Right. Rev. Charles Coughlin, the silver-tongued priest from Royal Oak, Mich., once had a radio audience in the millions. He defended the acts and policies of Hitler and was seen as the forerunner of American fascism. He had good support in the industrial plants. But the skill of Franklin D. Roosevelt, combined with the dynamic appeal of the CIO union movement, cut the labor base from under Coughlin. What is disturbing today is that equivalent political factors are missing. The contrast between Roosevelt and John L. Lewis, leading the forces of social progress in the 1930s, and the Humphrey-Meany team of today is painful. Even if a miracle should occur, Wallace would remain strong as a national spokesman for a dangerous Right, rooted in a sector of the population that is finding its own political muscle, away from the traditional patterns of American politics.

The students on the campus may talk about "making a revolution," but they ignore the real movement in America—a swing to the right so marked that both Nixon and Humphrey are competing for the right-of-Center votes: that is how they read the political climate in this nation. Jokingly, I tell my labor friends, "Don't worry about the election. You'll win a big victory. You'll claim you kept Wallace from the Presidency." The smiles get thinner as time goes by. Lesser-evil rationalizations have their limitations.

A WATCHER IN PRAGUE

JIRI MUCHA

Mr. Mucha, one of Czechoslovakia's most distinguished writers, is the author most recently of Living and Partly Living (to be published by McGraw-Hill this month), an account of his stay in a Czech prison during the Stalin era. He was sentenced to six years, spent some time in solitary confinement, and later worked in a coal mine. He was in Prague during the occupation and left shortly thereafter for London. This article was translated by Ewald Osers.

London

I still can't understand how it happened. And why it happened. Or maybe I can just understand why—but not how. I am still walking about like a man who has seen a ghost in bright daylight—something hideous and unreal, compounded of shadows and smoke. Or of shadows and poisoned gas. Because this ghost can kill.

When did it all start? In May, 1968? In January, 1968? Or in December, when the power which had been concentrated in Novotny's hands was snatched from him? That moment is about as difficult to pinpoint as the exact source of a river (a few interlaced springs on a vast mountain meadow). It really began two or three years ago when the shell enclosing the living body of the nation was irresistibly getting thinner, rather like an eggshell getting brittle just before the hatching of a chick. There still was the will of dictatorship, but fewer and fewer people were prepared to carry out senseless orders. There was the machinery of suppression, but fewer and fewer people dared to use it. And a year ago, when at the Writers' Congress things were openly said which everyone had long known and said in private, it took the government of the day several months to decide to punish the insubordinate intellectuals. Within a much shorter time it was compelled to revoke its sanctions, and in a still shorter time the government, until then all-powerful and infallible, had fallen.

Maybe some tank units in some Byelorussian or Ukrainian garrison received even then their first stand-by orders. The tragedy began to take its inexorable course: freedom was affecting the nervous system of a deformed communism like curare.

In Poland they were still able to neutralize the spontaneous movement of the young toward freedom by inciting the workers and by the well tried formula of anti-Semitism, but in Czechoslovakia it did not work. The workers, when urged to resent the intelligentsia, knew perfectly well that the students were their own children, remembered that they had often tightened their own belts to send them to college, and decided that it was in fact the low intelligence of the leaders that had brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy. Attempts to fan anti-Semitism failed even more quickly in a small country which had just been watching and admiring Israel's courage. Thus when the Novotny wing tried to retrieve the situation, it misread the temper of the people and lost the gamble.

I believe that the crisis in the Communist world, which culminated in the occupation of Czechoslovakia on August 21, was inescapable. The old guard in the central committees of all the Communist countries still employed a way of thinking and working which might have been appropriate to an uneducated, poverty-stricken proletariat. That dissatisfied and poorly educated mass—and at one time that was a correct description—provided nothing but strength. Intelligence had to come from elsewhere, and with it an iron discipline. A totally different situation exists today when a worker has a far better education and a higher living standard than did a schoolmaster or official fifty years ago. The authorities are no longer dealing with an easily manipulated mass but with a large number of independently thinking individuals. And the moment man starts thinking, his first indispensable need is freedom.

Tragedy thus became inevitable: those in power, who should have kept their fingers on the pulse of the people, lost their touch; they failed to see the essential transformation of the working class and drove it into battle against itself, against a spontaneous need for freedom which they saw as counterrevolution.

In Czechoslovakia, a traditionally industrial country with an excellent educational system, the average worker even before World War II was on the level of an intellectual in many an agricultural country today. In Czechoslovakia it was far easier for—as the slogan goes—all power to pass into the hands of the workers, because any intelligent worker could, without particular difficulty, take on the job of a factory manager or a minister. Needless to say, this had disastrous results. But on the other hand, the Czechoslovak working class was the quicker to realize where the mistake lay.

Ever since January, when the Novotny wing was eliminated, we have known that we were playing with fire. Not that we thought our policy was wrong but we remembered only too well the reaction of our own neo-Stalinists or old-type Communists, or whatever one wants to call them, to similar manifestations elsewhere. We were just hoping that our neighbors' fears and antagonisms would be controlled by reason, and that, once we had proved to them that our road was right, they would be able without any further fear to adopt whichever features of our experiment they chose. We knew that the people in those countries were on our side. It was quite possible that their own situation

Coming Soon

PAUL O'DWYER by Pete Hamill
RAFFERTY vs. CRANSTON by Phil Kerby
THE NEGRO AND THE
CANDIDATES (Three Views)

was even more tense and intolerable. That, of course, made the danger even greater, but Dubcek believed in the force of human reason. He believed that it could conquer even the fear of losing power. It did not.

In the middle of a joyfully peaceful summer, just as we thought the main danger was over and that we would now get a chance to prove we were right—in that terrible, evil, incredible night of August 20-21, the darkness suddenly and strangely came to life. I had just got back to my home on Hradcany Square, directly opposite the castle and the President's residence, when the noise of a fast-moving car, disturbing the nocturnal quiet, seemed to repeat itself with a strange regularity. It was not alarming, just irritating. The government and the President often gave receptions in the evening, so there was nothing particularly striking about it.

Then came the aircraft. The deep engine drone of low-flying machines. One, two, three, ten, twenty. Some night exercise, I thought. I dialed the call service. I wanted to be awakened at eight. "Sure. Eight o'clock," the girl repeated. "You know that the Russians are occupying the country? It's just been announced on the radio."

It was fantastic. Occupying? Why, what, whom? For a while one's mental images tried to fall into some logical pattern. The drone of the aircraft grew louder, the cars were arriving faster. Suddenly these unconnected items connected into a plot. It was not yet real; just a plot in one's mind, triggered by the sounds. Some troops moving

along some roads to some other city. Not to Prague; that was impossible. To some other city.

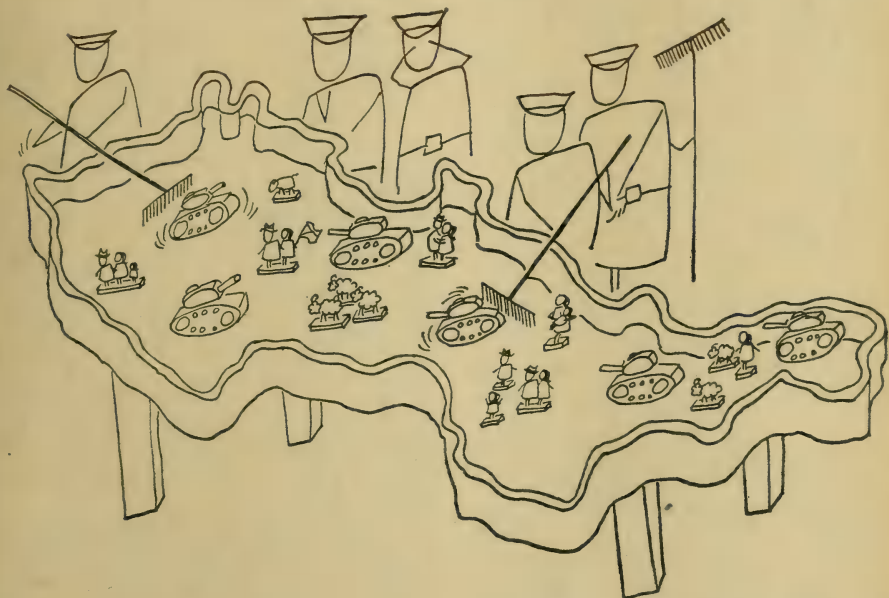
Then a frightful, frightening memory blended in. March 15. Hitler's occupation. Concentration camps. Executions. It was impossible. And outside the dawn was breaking, the square outside the castle was empty—in two or three hours it would be full of cars, tourists, children, lovers—and only up in the sky hung the drone of invisible aircraft.

I turned on the radio. A voice which before long would be engraved on all hearts spoke of Warsaw Pact troops. Of how they were occupying Czechoslovakia and how it was too late for any resistance. And then came the words we had heard so many times: Keep calm. Keep calm.

There was a fierce roar and clanking. I turned to the window. An enormous tank was entering the square at a furious speed, followed by another, and a third, and a fourth, and like antediluvian monsters the whole column raced round the square, and around again, and behind them came tracked vehicles full of soldiers. Most of the tanks had their hatches open and the crews were looking out at the buildings. The square was dead. The tanks took up position in front of the castle, traversed their guns to point at the seat of the government. A tank blocked one entrance into the square; a tracked infantry carrier blocked the other.

The nightmare had taken on substance. It was not any more real or any more comprehensible, but it had materialized and you could now touch it.

Under my window a cordon of soldiers formed up, with



From a page of drawings by the Czechoslovak cartoonist, Ivan Steiger, published in The Christian Science Monitor

red paratroop berets and submachine guns slung over their shoulders. Well-turned-out, well-dressed soldiers. They were waiting for something to happen. Nothing happened. We were an occupied country.

Prague woke up to a bad dream. Nobody understood—and when they had understood they understood even less. A city that was free yesterday was to become unfree at the touch of a button. The truth proclaimed, pursued and defended only yesterday was to be abolished. A group of quislings were to come marching out of the castle gates to welcome the invaders with the traditional bread and salt.

But truth was not silenced and no one came marching out of that gate. The city filled with young people, from 14 to 22 or 25, and there began one of the strangest occupations in history. Everyone knew at once that the nerve center of the country was the radio. One crowd therefore spontaneously made for the Radio Center and, without weapons, placed itself in the path of the advancing tanks.

"Keep calm. Let your weapon be passive resistance. Don't be provoked into bloodshed. That's what they are waiting for. Don't be provoked!" The words rang out from all the loud-speakers in the streets, and from all transistors. The tanks stopped, alarmed. The human bodies would not let them pass. Obstacles appeared—an overturned bus, some automobiles. Immediately above their heads a reporter was giving the world a running commentary of the battle for the Radio Center. It was an absurd performance—part Havel, part Gogol. A squad of Russian soldiers entered the building, ripped two telephones from their sockets at the reception desk, camped down in the foyer and lit cigarettes. Their officer set out on a tour, and on two floors he locked the office doors. One did not have a key, which put him out a little, but at least he had tried. Then he reported back to his commanding officer with the pride of a mission successfully accomplished. Except that he had omitted to lock up the teleprinter room and the principal operational offices. And so, while he was taking a rest, an account of his exploit was already being broadcast to the world and the radio continued to function.

Out in the street a type of defense was taking shape that was to develop into an art in the next few days. Coordinated by the radio, the young people conducted not so much a passive as a nonviolent resistance, a technique they had perfected in their dealings with a progressively less tough police of their own.

Above all, they were treating the occupiers with ironical contempt. "What are you doing here?" they would say to them, jovially slapping them on the back. "Is that a way to go visiting?"

The education of the Stalin era boomeranged in an unexpected way. The young people, into whom Russian had been drilled in grade after grade, were able to communicate with the unhappy invaders. In Russian script they wrote on the pavements, on trees, and even on the tanks themselves. *Go home. What do you want here? Dubecek. Svoboda.* But also *Munich 1938; Prague 1968. This is not Vietnam. Home, dogs.*

But in front of the Radio Center the situation was more tense. The tank crews, faced with the crowd, panicked.

They opened fire. First over their heads; then at the people and into windows. Flames leapt up. One tank was on fire. Then another. And the café across the road. And another building. Some dead were lying on the pavement. And wounded. When an ambulance came to pick them up the tanks maneuvered so as to bar its way.

The sound of firing also came from Wenceslas Square. One burst hit the young people on the museum ramp. And still the radio went on reporting each incident, its reporters driving through the city with their tape recorders, the cameramen shooting dramatic sequences—under machine-gun fire if spotted—and a few streets farther down other crowds of young people were pushing round tanks and infantry carriers, arguing with their crews. "Explain their mistake to them," the radio was urging. "Convince them." And from windows and doors and loud-speakers voices were calling out to the invaders in their own language.

"Halt!" a soldier shouted at a young girl in the square outside the castle. She was on the way to buy her groceries round the corner. She handed him her shopping bag and money. "All right, stupid—you go and do my shopping for me!" He dropped his eyes and turned round.

A short distance away a group of young people stood around the tank which was blocking the way into the square. One of the soldiers helplessly shrugged his shoulders and wept. A little later a girl of about 17, in a mini-skirt and with long hair, placed herself in front of the tank and read out, in Russian, an appeal to the occupying forces.

Vltava radio, the station operated by the Russians in the hope of winning over the public, broadcast an interview with the mother of a Russian soldier; she was proud that her son had hastened to the aid of Prague, the city during whose liberation his father had been killed. Prague radio replied: That mother would do better to dry the tears of the mothers of the young people whom her son perhaps had shot dead without any reason.

Abruptly, like an icy wind sweeping over the surface of a lake, the square was transformed into a battlefield. The lazily strolling soldiers scuttled to the trees, dropped down on their knees, machine guns started barking, and an anti-tank gun jerkily maneuvered on a piece of lawn where only yesterday children had been playing. Then came the crack of tanks firing, then more machine guns, then again the sharp crack of cannon fire, and finally the "Urra" of a charge.

What were they capturing? I don't know. I could not see any farther because of the trees, and I could not move any closer. And a little later, only a short distance away, mini-skirted girls, contemptuously indifferent, were telling the troops to go home, sticking up posters, and chalking swastikas on their tanks.

Then a bunch of boys and girls arrived—excited, angry. Their leader, bearded and long-haired, was carrying a Czechoslovak flag spattered with blood. "You're killing children," they were shouting in Russian. "Here's the blood of one of our friends."

The sun was shining, the girls had put on their prettiest dresses, over the city reverberated the peal of church bells

and the wail of sirens in protest against the occupation, and the soldiers, uncomprehending in their steel boxes, were hungry and thirsty. "Not a crust of bread, not a drop of water for the invaders," the slogan swept the country. Stupid brutal force had lost the day. Facilities which had once served totalitarianism—the apparatus of the Communist party, the network of municipal radio transmitters—everything now turned against the invaders and forged the whole nation into a perfectly functioning army of unarmed resisters.

It was pure Kafka-like, the whole of Prague with its narrow streets, its gargoyles and its churches. It was incomprehensible, terrifying and ridiculous. On one side

frightened soldiers firing at children, and on the other a tank crew in tears. On one of the bridges a friend of mine was stopped by a soldier who released the safety catch of his submachine gun and ordered him to go back. When he tried another bridge he was again stopped, but this soldier was merely scrounging cigarettes.

"Aren't you ashamed?" an old woman asked a head sticking out from a mountain of steel. The head stared at her open-mouthed.

"Pardon me," I said. "Would you move your tank a little so I can drive out?" The tracks clanked obligingly. He let me through and then backed his tank again to its original position.

CITY OF RUMORS

DETROIT'S YEAR WITHOUT NEWS

JEROME AUMENTE

Mr. Aumente is an urban affairs writer for The Detroit News.

Detroit

Detroit is slowly groping back to normal after enduring the nation's longest strike of major newspapers on record, but the fifth largest city in the United States somewhat resembles an amnesia victim whose serious information gaps will never be bridged. The prolonged shutdown of *The Detroit News* and *The Detroit Free Press*, which sell 1.3 million papers daily, hit the population in a debilitating way. As information dried up, the ability to make decisions, to bring about political and social change, or simply to achieve peace of mind, went with it.

The strike of 267 days began in November, 1967, only months after the most destructive riot in the nation's memory. The dialogue of recovery was muted at its most crucial point, and that was a real tragedy. For Detroit was a city turning inward, with many of its citizens living in dread of the racial situation. The reminder was in the faint outline of former glass store fronts in the slums, now bricked, cemented or sealed with cinder block. A fortress mentality prevailed, and behind the embrasure-like openings, the wrought iron grills and metal bars, there was an uneasy waiting for the next siege.

Rumors swirled like leaves in the fall of 1967 after the summer riot. Left unchallenged through the winter of the strike and into last spring, their virulence grew. Guns were stockpiled by both blacks and whites, and in the suburbs neighborly patterns of protective cross fire were arranged. Some disheartened Detroiters hung signs in their windows: "This House Is Not Armed." Effigies of civil rights and black leaders were hung from lampposts in a downtown plaza.

Through all this, private polls taken by the city showed that in both black and white areas, the fear of street crime was all-consuming. A mimeographed broadside, "Alarm," was distributed by an extreme right-wing group

with a Dearborn address and calling itself the "Patriotic Party." It asked: "Can you survive the next riot? Next time they will destroy all the utilities, gas, water, lights, phones, and plan to murder all policemen and their families." The party urged as a number-one priority: "Have a gun and plenty of ammunition. Nothing wrong with a bow and arrow." These pamphlets found their way into the ghettos, and black militants reacted with a demand for counter arming.

After months of such volatile nonsense, Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh warned in a special television address last March: "Fear is fueled by rumors, and rumors have been rampant from Grand Boulevard to the Grosse Pointes . . . Without newspapers in this city, these rumors have spread by word of mouth until they have taken on the aspect of truth and a basis for action.

"Victimized by rumors, the citizens of Detroit—both Negro and white—are arming themselves in unprecedented numbers. And in the suburbs surrounding Detroit gun sales have soared."

Mayor Cavanagh announced the formation of a "Rumor Control Center" at the city's Commission on Community Relations (CCR) and shortly after the broadcast the lines were swamped with 500 calls. The pace continued at 300 a day for a week. When Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was killed, the daily volume jumped to 1,500, while Detroit underwent a tight curfew. The sight of National Guard on the streets reawakened painful memories of the previous summer.

The bulk of the calls came from whites, and the most prevalent fear was a murderous black invasion of the suburbs. The carved Tiki gods and Afro dress worn by some black nationalists fanned the imagination of fearful whites. They accepted the rumors that the blacks carried bullets around their necks with the names of police and their children scratched into the casing.

Following Dr. King's death, two policemen were wounded in a machine-gunning, and a wave of more minor incidents was reported. But Detroit escaped the violence of

the rest of the country, and people were curiously reassured by the realization that another big riot was not inevitable. The phone calls dropped to about thirty a day. But the positive effect of this relaxation of tension was not felt by a metropolitan population deprived of its newspapers.

Richard Marks, director of the CCR, believes that the steady flow of rumors reflected an inability of television to fill the information gap. People were getting the headlines, but these cryptic mountain peaks of news lacked "the details that so often form the binder of communications."

Without exception, persons interviewed in public and private life felt that, while television and radio helped, they did not satisfactorily replace the information supplied by the normal print media. Some stations extended their news shows, but the result was to add water to an already thin soup. Coverage was "longer but not wider," one viewer complained. Another said: "There is no sensitive exploration of the issues, or any depth. You get a solid blast, but no thought."

However, the local affiliate of the N.E.T. network, WTVS, had an unusual opportunity to experiment with the televising of news when the Ford Foundation, at the urging of Fred W. Friendly, made the station an emergency grant of \$42,000. With this money, the station produced a one-hour "Television City Room," Monday through Friday, from November, 1967, to March, 1968. The format, conceived and executed by unemployed newsmen from the *Free Press*, consisted of a round-robin discussion of national and world news, twenty-minute segments of important local stories read by the newsmen who covered them, special reports, interviews and a reading of the comics.

WTVS has a potential saturation of 68 per cent of the 800,000 homes, but Louis Slyker, station manager and program director, estimated that the audience never exceeded 50,000 homes. This was still impressive, and so were several thousand calls and letters. San Francisco's educational TV station, KOED, got Ford backing for a similar project when a strike closed that city's papers a few weeks later. [See "TV's First Real Paper" by Michael Harris, *The Nation*, March 18.]

The Ford Foundation was embarked on a multimillion-dollar educational television support program, and the Detroit project was a "hangnail grant" that was not extended beyond March. WTVS then sought local support, but found potential contributors under pressure not to give. Slyker said "the party line was that we were prolonging the strike by our presence." He declined to say where the alleged pressure came from, only that it was not labor.

The show offered an alternative to the hit-and-run approach of most broadcast news, but Slyker had to admit: "We don't think TV and radio can fill the gap of newspapers, much as we tried to do so." It was impossible to duplicate the breadth of content or the ability to read a paper at leisure, not on schedule.

Thus many important developments that will affect the Detroit area for years went almost unnoticed. The New

Detroit Committee, a coalition of community leaders working with moderate and militant blacks, undertook a major program for the hard-core unemployed, won state open housing laws, and initiated a wide variety of social and physical programs. While hampered by a break with the militants, it did achieve some dialogue. The committee won wide national publicity, but at home its effects were muffled. In April, it had to issue its first major progress report, setting goals for years to come, without the dailies to report, support or evaluate its work.

Detroit's Model Cities project encompasses a 9-square-mile area of 125,000 population. The crucial election for its citizens' governing board went relatively unnoticed in May. Leaders say they were unable to get adequate coverage on television. Only a court action that related to the election date thrust the event into prime news time. Whites in the proposed development area remained lethargic until an article in *The Wall Street Journal*, indicating that there was the likelihood of a black take-over, brought them into action.

Many of the findings of the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, even its reason for being, centered on Detroit. But when its report appeared, there were no responsible papers to give daily interpretation. The political flip-flops of Gov. George Romney, the decision of President Johnson not to run, the murders of Dr. King and Robert Kennedy, the opening of the Paris peace talks, the crisis of the French students' strike, passed in the silence of the strike.

Legislators in Lansing, the state capital, took the newspaper blackout as a time to slip through pet legislation; at the same time, the fight for meaningful open housing legislation was hampered by the absence of strong editorial support. A suburban weekly editor said, in fact, that the whole flow of political stories from the state capital dried up without the prodding influence of the two metropolitan dailies.

Within the city, the council race split along racial lines and there was little understanding of the candidates' positions, or even a clear idea of how many were running. The council voted a controversial stop-and-frisk ordinance, and rejected a local gun-control law. A special high school study commission found the Detroit system "appallingly inadequate and a disgrace to the community"; coverage and explanation of these important events were missing. Perhaps the only time Mayor Cavanagh did not regret the absence of the papers was during his divorce proceedings and the custody fight for his children.

John Hersey's *Algiers Motel Incident* was published during the summer, and the judge immediately ordered a six-month delay in the trial of a Detroit policeman implicated in the killing of three young blacks at the motel during the 1967 riot. Without the newspapers, the legal maneuvers leading up to the trial and the delay were not adequately reported, and the feeling of the black community that nothing was being done was the greater without a day-by-day chronology of the case.

Pressure for the return of the newspapers mounted. Romney said he would even ask President Johnson for help (but didn't). The strike became a center of state

senate hearings, federal court action, and comment in Congress. Citizens petitioned for an end to the strike and threatened a subscription freeze. Rival newsmen from the two papers prepared a joint statement calling for a settlement and warned: "These are most critical times for this city. . . . Detroit is gripped by fear and misguided by rumor and misinformation."

Meanwhile, the convention time drew near, and Michigan is an important state politically, both for its reservoir of labor support in unions like the UAW and for the national focus of George Romney. Nelson Rockefeller knew this and scheduled a massive advertising campaign for the metropolitan area. He canceled it when the strike dragged on beyond the Miami convention.

Pre-election polls that *The Detroit News* would have conducted would have indicated the popular support for Rockefeller and Eugene McCarthy in out-state communities. McCarthy was able to attract a crowd of 15,000 at Tiger Stadium despite a drenching downpour. Rev. Albert Cleage, Jr., a Detroit minister and nationally known black militant leader, chose the rally as the occasion to endorse the Senator, but the effect was lost.

Labor came out early, and solidly, for Humphrey in Michigan, and labor newspapers cranked out pre-convention support. The UAW split over an endorsement before the convention. Walter Reuther is a close friend of the Vice President, but he is also a dove on the war. Some others on the union's executive board had supported Robert Kennedy. Eventually, the UAW would fall in line behind whoever was the Democratic candidate, but meanwhile it waited. The Democratic delegation to Chicago had no reason to shift its allegiance from Humphrey.

And Romney might have been prodded into a more vigorous support of Rockefeller. True, the Michigan Governor was still smarting from the backhanded support the New York Governor had given his candidacy, but the Michigan delegation was strongly supporting Rockefeller. Romney remained uncommitted before going to Miami. There were no papers to prod him.

Shortly after the shutdown in November, three interim strike papers, dubbed the "vulture press," were on the streets with a total estimated circulation of 375,000. Their quality was mediocre and they had disappeared by January in union contract labor disputes.

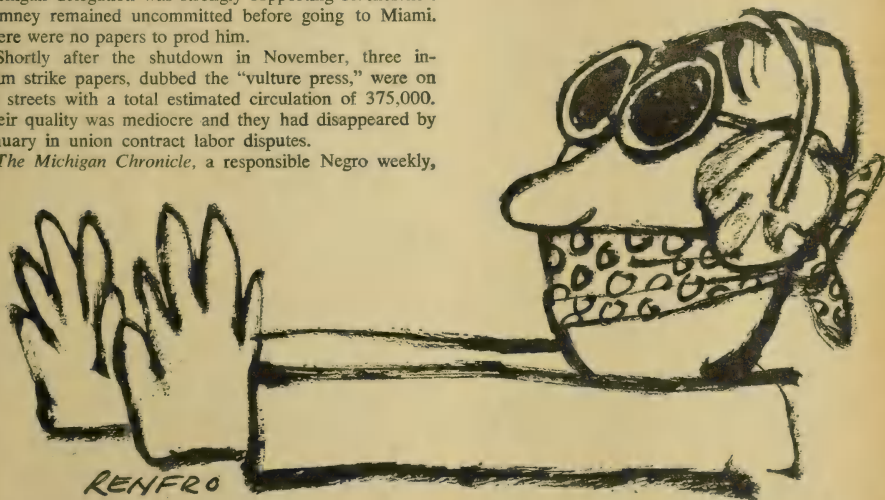
The Michigan Chronicle, a responsible Negro weekly,

enjoyed robust growth. A moderate biweekly Negro paper, *Detroit Tribune*, was born. Militant black weeklies appeared; one of them, *The Inner City Voice*, carried such headlines as "Racist Cop Beats Black Mother." A new daily, *The Black and White Reporter*, promised a biracial approach to the news.

Other new publications came and went, the most vivid splash of yellow journalism being *The Detroit American*. It pandered crime news and sensational headlines, with veiled racial references to Negro crimes. Its somewhat archaic tone is illustrated by an excerpt from a daily feature, "Police Blotter": "A new atrocity, the beating and shooting of a 27-year-old Detroit as he lay helpless on the sidewalk by a merciless street cur because he had no money to surrender has been recorded by police. . . . Another shooting of a helpless lone man by a four-man jackal pack [was reported] and the valiant counter-attack by a citizen with a pocket knife who drove off four punks, two of them armed, despite the fact that the whelps fired six shots at him. . . ."

Merchants turned out their own handbills, and postmen worked overtime to handle the flood of emergency mailings. "Since the strike we've been engulfed by garbage," a housewife said. "Shoppers, folders. . . a whole trash barrel full. They stuff up the mailbox." Business showed a decline among the smaller merchants who depend on advertising; the larger stores with established clientele were less affected. The 1967 Christmas sales figure was up 6 percent from the previous year, though still below expectations. A woman sensed a new phenomenon: "I notice more people sharing information. Did you know that? Did you hear that?—calling each other."

The strike had been agonizingly extended by a "blueprint for bedlam" in which twenty-three separate contracts had to be negotiated with fourteen separate unions



RENFRO

at each newspaper. Any one union could walk out, bringing a general strike, as happened when the Teamsters struck during negotiations last November. There is a growing sentiment from both publishing and union sources for some reform that would make it impossible for a single union thus to trigger a general strike against the will of the majority of the unions.

Both *The Free Press* and *The Detroit News* say that they will never be silenced again, but have not said how they can be so sure. However, the *News* undertook a voluntary training program of nonstriking employees and thus achieved the capacity to produce a newspaper of

limited size, if needed. *The Free Press* is reported able to do the same by marshaling resources from other newspapers in the Knight chain. Although neither management resorted to the extreme of publishing its own paper, the ability to do so adds credibility to their vow not to tolerate another extended shutdown.

Meanwhile, the metropolitan area seeks to recover from the experience. One cannot avoid the feeling that its growth was stunted by lack of information. The interim diet was a thin substitute, in some cases a harmful one. The permanent effects of the malnutrition will not be measured for some time.

COLOR BLIND FROM BIRTH

ELEANOR HECKERT

Mrs. Heckert, a resident of the Virgin Islands, is the author of a novel, Mucovado, which is about to appear in paper reprint. She is now completing a second novel under contract with Doubleday.

St. Thomas, V.I.

If you had an accident in the Virgin Islands, and were rushed to the hospital for emergency surgery, the chances are four to one that your surgeon would be black, and only one of your three nurses would be white. Should you wish later to pursue the legal niceties of the accident, you would know that of the 200 policemen who might investigate the case, 196 are black, and that the chances were even that a black judge would hear your case in municipal court. Eighty per cent of newspaper coverage of your adventure would be controlled by blacks.

And if you had arrived recently from the States, where "burn, baby, burn" vies with "law and order" and Huey Newton confronts George Wallace across an impasse of hate, you might be afraid. But you would not need to be. In these island outposts of the United States, your white skin would not be held against you. Neither, however, would it gain you an advantage. And of course you would be outnumbered five to one.

Integration is an almost ancient fact in these islands, a strange sort of integration wherein the white man has come to seek acceptance from the black. A few more statistics and then a little history: Of the estimated 54,000 residents of the Virgin Islands, 17 per cent are white. In the public schools about 70 per cent of students and 75 per cent of teachers are black. Three out of five principals are white. About 90 per cent of the students at the new College of the Virgin Islands are black, but the faculty is about half white.

Of the fifteen Senators in the Virgin Islands legislature, twelve are black. On the other hand, of the sixteen American Governors appointed (by the U.S. President) since the United States bought the islands from Denmark in 1917, only three have been black, and those in fairly recent years. The smart money here says that the first elected

governor will be a white man, but not because he is white. He is native.

The intended implication is that the largest part of such discrimination as does exist here is of an older sort, not drawn on lines of color but according to whether one was born here or came from somewhere else. And it happens that, while a good many natives are white (mostly of French, Dutch and Danish origin), a large part of the immigrant population (from neighboring British and French islands, where work is scarce and wages are incredibly low) is black.

Integration came to these islands (the U.S. Virgins, comprising St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix) before the Americans took possession fifty-one years ago. In 1835, Peter von Scholten, the Danish Governor-General, invited intelligent and well-tutored slaves to his formal dinner parties. Foreseeing the certainty of emancipation, von Scholten was eager to establish social possibilities between responsible Negroes and the whites they would have to deal with, once free. His first attempt failed; the white guests, having heard of his plan, did not show up. But the Danish colonists were essentially a liberal lot, and from the time of the second attempt at an integrated dinner party until the present, Government House has been the scene of mixed gatherings. Von Scholten's mistress, a free colored woman, was his hostess at both political and social functions.

Von Scholten is given much of the credit for obtaining King Christian's signature on a bill (in July, 1847) proclaiming all children henceforth born of slaves to be free. The bill stated further, however, that the slaves themselves were to remain in bondage for twelve more years, so that they could be educated for their freedom. The promise of freedom was not enough for the slaves and they threatened to revolt unless they had freedom now. They got it within the year, and from 1848 the blacks of these three islands have been not only free but possessed of goods and a very real power to control their own destiny.

Like the Governor-General, other influential Danes had openly loved, and often married, their Negro women. As a result, the larger part of the islands' real estate was

owned by citizens of mixed blood when the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over Fort Christian.

For a good many years integration—complete integration as far as one can tell—was quietly and innocently practiced as daily routine. Marriage and social congress between the races were not considered unusual. There were occasional complaints of discrimination when the white U.S. military personnel (for Washington recognized the islands' strategic advantages) were generous with their seed but unwilling to assume the responsibilities of an integrated family life. But for the most part, black and brown and white moved about without giving much thought to color.

The integration that was a natural state in this primitive community turned into an economic necessity about twenty years ago with the considerable ingress of white entrepreneurs from the United States and Europe. These businessmen saw a potential that had escaped the imagination of all but a very few natives: tourism. The newcomers were possessed of capital, business ideas, energy and faith in the growth of the islands. As they began to prosper, so did the large majority of heretofore desperately poor natives; the per capita income for the Virgin Islands became (and remains) the highest in the entire Caribbean area. Thus the now powerful black middle class was born.

And with the incredibly rapid growth of tourism came an unspoken knowledge that complete racial concord, or at least the appearance of it, was essential to the islands' economic foundation. When there is racial disturbance, the visitor almost never gets a whiff of it. In fact, the proofs of working integration are so dazzling and refreshing to the newcomer that he is easily led to imagine a perfection that does not exist.

In the last year there have been several minor racial conflicts and the murder of two whites by blacks. (Most local opinion would say, perhaps defensively, that these were the direct results of agitation from stateside black militants.) The first murder took place immediately following the news that Martin Luther King had been killed. It was very simple: a black man walked into a restaurant in St. Croix and killed (by his own admission) the first white man he saw. The second was the killing of the publisher of a local liberal and controversial magazine by a Negro who had displayed "kill whites" signs on his taxi several months earlier, and who had for that reason been removed from the streets by black policemen. It is generally thought that the man is insane. Everyone concerned about the island's future thinks of these incidents as horrible exceptions to an otherwise nearly satisfactory situation.

Rumors have been circulating, some of which seem reliable, that certain Black Power groups will be the first to bring the notion of real racism to the islands—that in fact the basic strategy for infiltration has already been laid. I discount any strong possibility of success for such movements. I am not, of course, speaking of those groups whose aim in the States is to forward the cause of integration; here they would find the situation far too advanced to be worth their efforts. But anyone or any group devoted to violence as a means of achieving black separation would

lack the slogans that would mean anything to anyone. It is a simple fact that equality of opportunity is a way of life here—in education, in housing, in jobs, in social situations. The kind of discrimination that is in fact a problem (i.e., that displayed by "natives" toward "off-islanders," black or white) would only, I think, work against any attempt by outside militant groups to change the present situation.

But this in turn suggests one group that might be susceptible to the arguments of militants from the States: the off-island blacks, who have indeed been faced with living conditions comparable (in some ways) to the ghettos in America. About 12,000 bonded aliens work in the U.S. Virgin Islands. Black and white islanders employ aliens almost exclusively as domestics, and aliens swell the rank of businesses that are in need of menial or hard labor. Natives tend to eschew such work, preferring such jobs as driving their own taxis or office work. Here the alien is at a disadvantage and is made to feel it—in the already overcrowded housing and hospital facilities and in the schools.

There is a great deal of social interaction between blacks and whites in the upper economic strata. The educated, affluent Negro appears to accept his white counterpart without challenge. If he has hidden misgivings, they most probably stem from a fear of losing his island culture and heritage. Blacks of this class have been forced to develop a razor-sharp sense of tolerance, for they have in most cases been exposed to long periods of white arrogance during stateside education, military service or business dealings.

No statistics, alas, are available concerning interracial sexual drives in the islands; and since the subject is bound to lurk in the back of most readers' minds, I offer a personal sampling of opinion. One black woman friend voiced a feeling I have heard expressed commonly: "I could be attracted to white guys here, but I simply won't let myself. I have the distinct impression that a white man wouldn't value me or take me seriously. He doesn't in the States, why should he here?" A white woman's response to the question of her inclination toward black men: "I've been involved that way, but never again. The attraction on their part is spurious. I doubt that a Negro would ever trust my motives, even though I know he has good reason to." And from a black man: "I've reached the point where I don't want to go out with white women any more. In the beginning I suppose my desire for them was mostly curiosity. But a lot of these tourist chicks come running down here on a fling and they think a black man's here for them to use. There's a sign on them that says 'look at me, I'm liberal' but when it's all over they shake hands and are a businesslike as a Cuban prostitute. No thanks, not for me." And from a white man: "White women ought to take a lesson from the colored girls I know. White women tend to let you take something for a price—oh, not a monetary price but a psychological one. Colored women have more giving nature."

Today, less than half the real estate (and only small portion of the real value) of the islands is owned by blacks. Along the main streets it is easy to see that the

white man definitely controls retail business. Of white owners, mainlanders rather than natives are in the majority, but several vast business empires are owned or controlled by white natives. It is said that all but a few Virgin Islanders have been too close to the woods to see the big bills growing on the trees. It is also said that they feel a deep resentment of the whites to whom they have sold the vineyard.

And what about the wealthy stateside black businessmen? If our spring is so sweet and pure, why have so few of them come to taste the water? Here I must rely on the voice of one Negro from the States who had been very successful in business on St. Thomas, but eventually sold his interests and returned home. He said he had left the islands so that his children could have the benefits of a more cultural atmosphere. When I asked him if the discrimination he would face back home was worth the exchange, he smiled and asked, "What discrimination? It's 'in' to be black today."

Many of the bright younger black natives are leaving the islands for a wider variety of job opportunities and very few mainland blacks are coming to take their places. Some blacks from the States say the local natives resent them (which is true) and make it difficult for them to live

and work here. Some say the cost of living is disproportionate to the low salaries, and still other say the islands have nothing to offer the black man except a good climate and a very groovy spot for retirement.

White tourists (and why almost all the tourists here are white is a matter that has puzzled me for years) often forget to leave their racial hang-ups at home, and this sometimes presents problems for all of us who live here. A black doctor friend tells me of a white woman who was brought to the hospital after an automobile accident. Only emergency surgery could save her life. As she was being wheeled along the corridor she became conscious and cursed my friend and the nurses, telling them all to keep their black hands off her. I asked the doctor if he had not been tempted to do just that, and let her bleed to death. "We have to be tolerant of people like that," he said softly. "Before she left the hospital she even liked us."

More recently, after another automobile accident, a teen-age son of white islanders found himself in the emergency room, where the black nurses and doctor treating him began to talk about race relations in the States. As the doctor took a stitch in the patient's eyebrow, he hesitated. Looking into the boy's eyes he grinned broadly and said: "You better believe black is beautiful."

CALIFORNIA BREAKTHROUGH

SOCIAL REFORM THROUGH LAW

ED CRAY

Mr. Cray is director of publications for the ACLU of Southern California. He has written on California politics for a number of national publications, and is at present completing a book on health care in the United States.

Los Angeles

The credentials of James Lorenz, 30, are impressive: Phillips Academy (high honors), Harvard '60 (*magna cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa), Harvard Law (another *cum laude*) and one of Spring Street's most influential law firms. Just four years out of school, he now heads a law office with a staff of 105 and a budget this year of \$1.4 million. Yet for all these honors, it is unlikely that the former cross-country runner will ever be named Junior Chamber of Commerce man of the year. The waves he makes are much too big.

Lorenz is the director of California Rural Legal Assistance (CRLA), the two-year-old agency which has tripped up Governor Reagan, frustrated the U.S. Department of Labor, wrestled the state bar to a draw, infuriated the California Council of Growers, provoked the collection agencies' protective association, and alienated a parcel of politicians. At the same time, he and the staff members of CRLA have earned the wary trust of California's 600,000 rural poor.

When you are poor, it is hard to believe those who say they want to help you, harder still to hope that they can

do so. The police, the law, the government belong to the growers, the banks, the collection agencies—to anybody but the poor. If you have little English, it is even more difficult to have trust.

You know your wages may be garnished if you can't make payments on the ten-year-old automobile. You know you may be denied welfare when the "Little Winter" comes to the Imperial Valley and you can't find work. You know there is no unemployment insurance for farm workers, though you work only six months a year to earn \$1,378 for a family of five. You know the farmer is legally obliged to provide decent living quarters, and you know that no one seems to enforce the law when you are sleeping five in a room. You pay your taxes, but soon learn that the city will not give you water or sewers, or pave the hard-earth streets of Niggettown. You are poor, and it is very difficult to have hope; but the CRLA did stop the *braceros*.

It was a make-or-break case. "If we had backed down, we would never have had credibility with our clients," Lorenz explains. And it was a calculated risk: the implacable hostility of growers and their powerful lobby in exchange for the timorous support of the rural poor CRLA hopes to aid.

During the summer of 1967, CRLA had tried with no luck to negotiate the rehiring of two groups of farm workers in Salinas and Modesto. One group had been fired be-

cause the members were believed to be in a farm workers' union, the other because they were to be replaced by *braceros*, Mexican nationals imported to work the fields at lower wages.

Where growers once brought *braceros* in freely, and such layoffs were common, Mexican nationals can now be used legally only if there is a labor shortage, if efforts have been made to recruit domestic workers at the \$1.60 minimum wage, and if farmers have met various health and safety standards in the fields. In any event, *braceros* cannot be used on farms where a labor dispute exists, or if their coming would be to the disadvantage of domestic laborers.

The Bureau of Employment Security (BES) of the U.S. Department of Labor is charged with seeing that the federal regulations are met. In theory, it reviews evidence gathered by its own men and by the Farm Labor Bureau of the California Department of Employment. The evidence of compliance in hand, BES certifies to Immigration that all is well. Immigration brings across the *braceros*.

Five growers' associations asserted in 1967 that there was a shortage of domestic workers and that they were seeking help from the state's Farm Labor Bureau to find scarce harvesters. One of the five represented the farmer who had discharged CRLA's nine clients for union membership, yet now was claiming a labor shortage.

In theory, the state Farm Labor Bureau was checking on compliance with the law. CRLA attorneys were dubious and had amassed considerable documentary evidence to support their skepticism. The head of the bureau is William H. Tolbert, an appointee of Governor Reagan and a former employee of the California Citrus Growers Association, Southern Section. His appointment has been compared by one CRLA attorney to "making Dillinger chief of police."

Though he had been holding worker applications from growers' associations for some weeks, Tolbert delayed forwarding them to the federal Bureau of Employment Security until just before the tomato crop ripened. The delay put BES regional administrator, Glenn E. Brockway, in a bind. A close review of the applications would delay the use of *braceros*; meanwhile the 210,000-acre crop would rot on the vines.

Still seeking to regain the jobs of its unemployed clients, CRLA thought it had a bargaining wedge. Sheldon Greene, at 33 the oldest of CRLA's attorneys and head of its Modesto office, had gained the Department of Labor's assurance that prior to certification, he would be given an opportunity to present his clients' case. The use of *braceros* was much rumored when CRLA began making daily calls to BES. On September 6, Brockway rejected a California Department of Employment telegram requesting *braceros*. The telegram was "totally inadequate, as no supporting evidence was included," Labor officials explained.

Shortly after a phone call on the 7th, the first request for 800 *braceros* was received in BES's San Francisco office. At 4 P.M. the next day, without seeing the documentation demanded two days before, without checking on growers' compliance with the laws, and just five hours after reassuring CRLA that no requests for *braceros* had

been acceptable, Brockway announced certification of the need for 8,100 *braceros*. Four of the growers' associations, asking for a total of 7,300 *braceros*, had yet to submit their requests. Not a single supporting document required by the regulations was in when Brockway made his announcement.

CRLA felt it had been double-crossed. Assured that it would take as long as three weeks to check upon compliance, Greene and Robert Gnaizda of the Salinas office had felt they would have ample opportunity to show Brockway that the associations and individual growers



were anything but in compliance with the law. Brockway shoulders full responsibility for the certification: "I made this judgment on my own, and without pressure from anyone. The action was precipitous, I must admit."

CRLA moved just as fast. The day after certification, Greene and Gnaizda were in court on behalf of their jobless clients, seeking an order to bar the *braceros*. A temporary restraining order was issued that day, and a full-scale hearing ordered for the 12th.

With the federal court order looming, BES agreed to the talks previously promised. Forty-eight consecutive hours of negotiation produced a settlement between Labor and CRLA. The 8,100 requested *braceros* were to be admitted (6,125 actually came in), and the suit which would have delayed them indefinitely was dismissed.

Twelve major concessions were made by the Department of Labor, the most important of which was the agreement to set up a seven-member panel to refashion the certification procedures. Three of the members were to be nominated by CRLA, three were to represent growers or their associations. CRLA's nominees would give farm workers for the first time a voice in determining the policy of the *bracero* program. How effective the panel will be remains to be seen. Brockway was forced to call more than 200 growers before he could find three who were willing to represent the farmers' interests, and brave the associations' ire.

The *bracero* case, Lorenz explains, "was really the test case to see if government will operate lawfully. Our clients are concerned about unequal justice, about morality, and if they have to obey the law, they want everyone else

to do the same." Those who would be moral cannot often expect to be popular too. Lorenz and his thirty-three attorneys manning the ten state-wide offices of CRLA are resigned to being disliked.

The hostility would have taken its toll of the CRLA staff before now, were it not for the evangelical dedication Lorenz has fostered in his amalgam of Ivy Leaguers and idealists, chosen as much for their "Peace Corps" fervor as for their professional skills.

Fervor and skill are both needed, Gnaizda says, for CRLA's program "takes chances." Lorenz shrugs off the implication of legal derring-do, explaining that Gnaizda has a conservative outlook. But despite his air of equanimity, Lorenz is walking a tightrope. His program must be active enough to maintain the community support it has enlisted, yet cannot alienate too many people in high places. Paradoxically, and proportionately, the more effective CRLA is in defense of the rural poor, the more precarious its balance becomes.

CRLA has considerable opposition already. It had been in business little more than a year when Rep. Robert Mathias (R., Kern County) asked for a probe of its link to Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. The tie was obvious to the Congressman: Chavez is one of thirty-three CRLA board members. Mathias did not know that Chavez has yet to attend a meeting. His endorsement, not his intramural vote, is important to CRLA. An eight-month investigation by the government's General Accounting Office gave CRLA a clean bill of health.

After the *bracero* settlement, Rep. Burt Talcott (R., Monterey) warned the home folks in a press release from Washington that CRLA's "principal purpose in our area appears to be political, more than legal. Purporting to help the poor is simply a tactic to divert attention from their real motives."

Smarting from the *bracero* setback, the *California Farmer* editorialized: "It's painfully evident that the farmer is the enemy and that harassment is the order of the day." But California's farmers, who will gross \$4 billion in 1968, could take heart. "We have Congressmen B. F. Sisk and Charley Gubser fighting for us at the Washington level," the magazine reassured its readership.

Congressmen Sisk and Gubser were not alone. In the Upper House, Sen. George Murphy called for the dismissal of Lorenz and CRLA's then associate director, Gary Bellow. Murphy went further, introducing an amendment to the Office of Economic Opportunity funding bill which would have barred the 250 neighborhood legal service programs from bringing suit against government

agencies. Murphy complained that attorneys "have been to challenge our laws all too often." He could not but himself to believe "that affording legal advice, counsel representation to persons unable to afford it in order to promote justice should include the right to bring against a federal, state or local agency supported by taxpayers' money when the party is represented by another agency or program which is financed by the same funds."

Senator Murphy singled out two suits for special attention: the *bracero* case; and what he termed an "all-out assault" on the Sutter County welfare department.

Sutter County's Board of Supervisors is not most liberal in the state. The board has refused to prove poverty programs on the self-satisfied justification that there is no poverty in Sutter's Eden. CRLA stuck in its legal oar when a get-tough welfare director refused to accept or process applications for aid to dependent children. Some would-be applicants were offered one-shot food orders; other were flatly turned away.

The Marysville office of CRLA filed thirty appeals with state Department of Social Welfare hearing officers, launched a parallel lawsuit to bar future denials. Governor Reagan termed it "harassment of a county welfare director," ignoring, as did Senator Murphy, the fact that of the thirteen cases reviewed by the state, the applicant had won twelve. (The count now stands at eighteen, nineteen, and the one loss has been appealed.) The Senator also failed to mention that the state welfare director John Montgomery, himself a Reagan appointee, formerly criticized the Sutter County practice as not "in accordance with the law."

Despite Murphy's speech, the Senate on October 10 voted 52 to 36 against what American Bar Association president, Earl F. Morris, termed the "ill-conceived amendment."

Two weeks later, the Board of Governors of the state bar association, naming no names, expressed "grave concern that certain of the proposed legislative changes relating to the subject legal service programs may seriously impair the independence and obligation of a lawyer to his client."

It was a tardy gesture, but gratefully accepted. CRLA, the more so since the state bar had unexpectedly opposed Lorenz's first funding request in 1966. The OEO legal services program from which the funding was to come, had been created to work in cooperation with organized bar. It was one thing when rural legislators responding to pressure from growers, claimed that CRLA was the legal arm of Cesar Chavez. It was quite another when the state bar, fearing the inroads of group legal practice, said the same thing. Lorenz flew off to Washington, and OEO sent him up to Capitol Hill. He survived Congressional grilling by stipulating that CRLA was not a union business, but did reserve the right to represent union members.

Meanwhile, Clinton Bamberger, then director of Legal Services for OEO, told Sargent Shriver that, bar or no bar, if CRLA were not funded, Shriver could look for a new director. Shriver waited a week, then in what Lorenz

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scribes as a "what-the-hell mood," agreed to the \$1.2 million request.

It took more than a year of negotiations for CRLA to get the bar to make peace. The bar's opposition dissolved with the signing of an agreement with CRLA in June, 1967. Most of CRLA's opponents still had no more than a glimmer of the impact the organization might make. Lorenz, however, had given them fair warning. He wrote in the first proposal: "So far as the rural poor are concerned, the familiar saying that we are a society of laws, not of men, is, at best a half truth. Laws are passed, interpreted and enforced by men; legal rights depend upon political, economic and legal representation. Yet this is what the rural poor, particularly the farm workers, have consistently lacked." In short, CRLA was ambitiously bent on upsetting the power structure in rural California.

Two years spent at O'Melveny and Myers, a doyen among Spring Street's prestigious law firms, had taught Lorenz some hard lessons. There is a close relationship between law and socio-economic power, a pairing unthought in law school, and little discussed by most attorneys. Furthermore, influential law firms with extensive community ties exert an automatic deterrent effect; their mere appearance in a case helps avert legal entanglements. Lorenz hoped to bring to California's 600,000 rural poor similar authority. He was, in effect, asking OEO to create in one stroke a major law firm which could compete with the old established offices. "CRLA needed that size and prestige," Lorenz explains. "Quality goes where complicated problems go, to the large firms"—one reason why offices such as O'Melveny and Myers can skim the cream of the law schools.

CRLA would not, certainly at the start, have that sort of prestige, and it could not offer job security to the bright young men Lorenz wanted on his staff. Instead, he had to hold out a challenge, the promise of social problems to solve by use of "test cases"—deliberately fashioned legal actions aimed at rectifying inequities in law which relate to the poor to legal poverty. For law school graduates, for experienced attorneys, the prospect of making new law is tantalizing. Every attorney dreams, however idly, of arguing a case before the U.S. Supreme Court. Few do; CRLA was offering that opportunity.

Lorenz's idea of social reform through the law is not unique in the OEO legal services program. Legal representation of the poor can take either of two forms: filing court actions to attack root problems, or coping with the immediate, day-to-day crises of people with too little money. Most of the country's OEO-funded programs take the latter course. They may envy CRLA's reputation and program, but the 250 OEO-funded legal offices have not often emulated them. Their offices become divorce- or traffic-court mills, their attorneys master hands at negotiating landlord-tenant disputes or filing bankruptcy petitions. Overwhelmed by people needing help, the time spent on an individual client declines.

The quality of the legal representation also falls off. Over half of the legal services in the United States don't provide even adequate legal representation for clients," says Lorenz, not a man to pull his punches. "About

75 per cent of California's 50 legal aid or OEO-supported law firms are mediocre or bad. They are consensus oriented, afraid to alienate pressure groups. Most must please the local bar association and the Community Chest agency which funds them, and keep the right wing placated."

Despite the controversy inherent in CRLA's notion of law reform, it has won converts. The most important is Earl Johnson, Jr., director of OEO's Legal Services Program. Quoted in *Barron's* magazine, Johnson said: "The primary goal of the War on Poverty's Legal Service Program should be law reform achieved by significant test cases that can revise the structure of the world in which the poor live."

Restructuring the world of the poor is easily misunderstood, or plainly disliked by those whose prerogatives are infringed. Their disaffection is troublesome, but need not be fatal, as long as the legal service program can rely upon community support. CRLA gains its support from groups not often described as "the Establishment." When organizing his board of directors, Lorenz went first to the farm workers themselves, then to liberal Jewish groups, the labor movement, and the Mexican-American community. From these disparate elements, he fashioned a board committed to his idea of social reforms through the law.

These are the groups to which CRLA must constantly prove itself, and it takes work. In its first two years, the firm has handled 11,000 cases for some 15,000 clients. Legal advice and negotiation between contentious parties dispose of the great majority of cases: fewer than 25 per cent end up in court.

Of the cases which do go to court, about one-third involve consumer or employment questions. Another third are domestic relations and housing matters. The remainder involve governmental agencies' interpretation of the law or regulations which discriminate against the poor.

Seventy-five per cent, Lorenz estimates, of the court actions are "service" cases—divorces, traffic fines, default judgments, wage garnishments. They have no impact on the law, and raise no particular community controversy. "Failure to take these service cases would give 'the other side' a handle to attack us," Lorenz says. "These routine cases in any event are good for training attorneys in the special problems of the poor." Sometimes, too, a routine service case can grow into something bigger, as did the *bracero* case. CRLA dutifully handles the service cases, but its attorneys are frankly more interested in law reform, what Lorenz describes as "the big work, the exciting work."

"The other side" looms large in the conversation of Lorenz and his associates. The threat posed is real, the pressure constant, and the defense against repeated attacks time-consuming. Gnaizda, CRLA's resident conservative, says Lorenz and former associate director Gary Bellow have a "special feeling" for their jobs. "A courage," he adds. Courage it just may be. CRLA will take on the biggest opponents. Like the Governor of California.

Gov. Ronald Reagan was upset with the Medi-Cal program, fashioned by the state legislature in 1965. A patchwork of new and existing programs, Medi-Cal paid

the costs of hospital and nursing home care, laboratory services, drugs and physicians' services for medical indigents.

Seemingly the program began to run into financial difficulty when Governor Reagan took office. By November, 1966, the Governor's office was estimating costs for the coming year at \$584 million. Then a revised estimate put the burden at \$666 million, leaving the program in the red by \$20-odd million. State Health and Welfare director Spencer Williams announced that Medi-Cal costs would be reduced by cutting services. Some 160,000 beneficiaries would be immediately lopped from the rolls and an estimated 1.5 million Californians could expect some reduction in tax-paid medical care. The program was to be restricted to the treatment of acute conditions and emergencies.

Twelve days after the announcement, Sheldon Greene, with the *bracero* victory under his belt, secured a court order prohibiting Governor Reagan from putting the retrenchment into effect. The order was based on the fact that contrary to the state law setting up the Medi-Cal program, the proposed reduction in services would place the program below the level of aid that had prevailed before Medi-Cal. In addition, three other requirements of state law were ignored in what CRLA called the "Dragonian" slashes.

Governor Reagan had been caught with his staff work undone. The alarming deficit figures were suspect. (Six months later, it appears that Medi-Cal actually has a surplus that may run as high as \$62.1 million.) The Governor's office had not read the Medi-Cal law closely; Williams' order had been issued without checking with the attorney general. The lower court order was made permanent, then ratified when the state supreme court upheld the injunction. With the *bracero* settlement already rankling, CRLA had delivered its second rebuke to the Governor.

It couldn't have come at a more unpropitious moment. While Greene jockeyed his clients' case through the courts, Lorenz was shaping CRLA's refunding proposal for 1968. Under the law setting up OEO and its legal services program, the state governors have a partial veto power. Their disapproval of a grant or a program can be overridden only by OEO's director. Such actions—in the face of political repercussions—are not frequent.

CRLA thus found itself at the untender mercies of the Governor's office. For a full month, four members of the Governor's staff worked through CRLA files looking for evidence of evil-doing. No one, including the Governor's men, knew what to look for. By the time they left, rumors of a veto were in the offing.

Lorenz spent a week in Washington lobbying for his program in the event the Governor vetoed or demanded major limitations in the CRLA program. Meanwhile CRLA's board members were lining up their constituency: senior citizens, social workers, law school deans, churches, labor unions, well-placed attorneys, and people who knew whom to call to get to people in high places.

Paul G. Zimmer, deputy director of the state OEO office, discounts CRLA's legal victories over the Reagan administration as lying behind the veto threat. Instead,

he argues that the entire philosophy of the Governor's office is to involve more deeply the private sector in the poverty program. The bar associations are willing able to take cases now handled by OEO-funded legal programs, CRLA included, Zimmer insists.

Be that as it may, late in December, United Press International quoted William P. Clark, the Governor's executive secretary and himself an attorney, as saying: "The encouragement of litigation has perhaps opened the door too wide to the indigent client." CRLA attorneys "have imposed burdens on rural courts," Clark continued, "and their incursions into social legislation."

A day later, OEO forwarded the approved CRLA request for review by the Governor's office. Assured that Sargent Shriver would override a Reagan veto if necessary, Lorenz followed the proposal with a cannonade.

The Reagan administration, he told *Los Angeles Times* labor editor, Harry Bernstein, "apparently looks with favor on helping poor people with legal services only if they are suing other poor people."

On January 9, rather than veto the program outright and risk a rebuke from Shriver (Zimmer insists the Governor's office had no knowledge of Shriver's intentions), Reagan sought fifteen modifications of the CRLA grant. Some were slight; some had long since been part of CRLA's agreements with the state bar and OEO; others would have gutted the program.

CRLA was "to discontinue the practice of accepting or 'selective' or 'landmark' type cases and shall be available for legal assistance to any and all eligible clients," the Governor's office demanded. This, in time, would turn CRLA into just another case-heavy legal aid. CRLA was to request authorization from local bar associations in counties where CRLA offered legal aid. Lacking that approval, hard to secure since some were overtly hostile, CRLA would close up shop. Before suing a government agency, CRLA was to make certain that would-be clients had been turned down by three private attorneys and a other legal aid programs in the area.

On January 13, Laurence P. Horan, Western regional director for OEO, flatly turned down the recommendations of the Governor's office. For the third time, CRLA had scored on the Governor.

But CRLA's future is not unclouded. At the end of this year, the Governor will again have an opportunity for a veto, and by then a Democrat sympathetic to CRLA may not be heading OEO. Still, Lorenz and CRLA are not about to temper their program. A half-dozen suits already in progress will certainly alienate influential groups. More are in the offing.

Each successful case will add to CRLA's opposition and to its fame. That fame, ironically, may eventually hurt Lorenz from the firm, if the program itself can survive the annual Perils of Pauline episode. "Sooner or later the Mexican community will want its own man to run CRLA," he predicts. When it does, Lorenz, the *sympatico* Angeleno, is ready to step aside; CRLA will be able to go on without him.

Besides, how long can you walk a tightrope—even you are a professional?

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Heil Ho! The Frankfurt Fair

ANDRE SCHIFFRIN

Mr. Schiffrin attended the Frankfurt book fair as editorial director of Pantheon Books.

The Frankfurt book fair, in spite of the dreary city in which it takes place, is usually an enjoyable publishers' outing. True, the long days spent in the hangar-like buildings containing thousands of exhibits tend to be tiring and depressing, and even publishers, faced with so many new books, begin to have doubts. But the opportunity to meet friends and engage in late-into-the-night talks is attractive enough to lure people back year after year.

This year there were hints of change—but nothing to suggest that within a few days the fair and the heart of the city would offer the now familiar sight of massed students confronting rows of green uniformed police, a scene complete with water cannons and the clouds of smoke of exploding tear-gas grenades.

The fair has long been a major event in Frankfurt, offering to this provincial city and to German publishers an extraordinary look at the cultural life of nearly the whole world. But the fair is used and visited by all sorts of people—from left-wing Socialist students to Adolf von Thadden (the leader of the extreme right-wing NDP) who visited this year's fair.

Last year the students had mounted a series of demonstrations against Springer, and prosaically enough, at the small display of books from the Union of South Africa. At the time, we all joked about who would get it next year—the students had a broad enough choice—but the German officials running the fair were far more worried. A visit from von Thadden did not result in a loss of business, but student demonstrations might scare away customers, might even block the stands of certain exhibitors. In the year between fairs, the fair commission faced a problem increasingly familiar to university authorities throughout the world—what to do when the demonstrators come?

I sensed the coming storm during the fair's first days. I was dining with one of the professors at the university when, at a nearby table, we saw a group of his former students, now leaders of the (German) SDS. They had planned a teach-in but had heard that the police would be called in to forcefully eject them. The

German publishers in charge of the fair were divided—a small minority stressing that the book business had for years been trying to lure youngsters into the fair. It was their view that free discussion should be allowed, using one of the fair's many empty buildings as a forum. The majority, however, had taken a hard line and had elaborated an extraordinary list of house rules, forbidding the distribution of political posters or buttons by publishers (a lot of Guevara poster sales had been made in 1967), preventing discussion groups of more than ten, etc. Tickets to the fair warned, in the "You-Vill-Obey-Orders" prose style still favored by German bureaucrats, that by stepping on the fair ground, visitors undertook to obey the rules formulated.

We were concerned about the situation. As exhibitors, we had not been consulted in the preparation of rules, and we certainly disliked the idea of calling in the cops to prevent a pro-SDS publisher from giving out "We Try Harder" buttons. A few of us hastily drew up a statement urging the fair authorities to allow free discussion and insisting that the police be called only if real crises were threatened. The next morning at the ritual cocktail parties, the statement, circulated in this makeshift fashion, drew hundreds of signatures from a very broad cross section of publishers and such visiting authors as Grass and Styron.

The statements seemed to work. A student demonstration began, a few policemen were called in, but a confrontation was avoided. The teach-in took place in the back of the German exhibit; a largish crowd gathered and then dispersed. We went to our Saturday dinners feeling that things were under control.

The next morning began differently. The students had chosen as the target of the protest the rather abstract figure of Leopold Senghor, president of Senegal, who was to receive the German book industry's annual peace prize. In the search for a black author, their commission quite arbitrarily, I suspect, had selected a figure described by the students as an Uncle Tom who had called in French troops to crush student and worker revolts. Like good admen seeking a hook, the SDS had seized on this choice as a way to concentrate on the problems of the Third World. However,

most of the publishers, not to speak of the public, had barely heard of Senghor—or of African leaders to whom the students proposed giving a counter prize. The few leaflets they distributed sparsely outlined their indictment; and the press was hardly about to begin a debate on Senegalese politics. The gesture, in spite of the seriousness underlying it, was bound to be symbolic.

The ritual of confrontation was thus acted out in a scenario which even Herman Kahn could have predicted with complete accuracy. The students gathered outside the cathedral to demonstrate and to award their counter prize. The police, in ever-increasing numbers, insisted that paths be kept clear. (Whether a clash still could have been avoided had the police allowed the student ceremony is difficult to say.) At first both sides were remarkably restrained. Students milled about, many extremely chic, others wearing their battle garb of helmets and leather. The police—largely young cadets—held their ground with a good humor that we Americans admired and envied. Students argued with passers-by, forming small groups—a highly effective and purposeful device—hopelessly trying to convince the Sunday morning promenaders that they should concern themselves with Senegal. As I watched, a police truck tried to forge through the crowd, was stopped, pushed by, and, again, impressively, withdrew.

But then the length of the confrontation began to tell. The students tried to break through the barriers into the cathedral. The police pushed back, then charged, filling the air with the acrid smoke of tear gas. Cohn-Bendit (looking astonishingly like Mickey Rooney) was arrested and brutally carried off, to be severely beaten, according to a large number of witnesses. We found ourselves, as in a replayed newsreel, running down the street, eyes streaming, stopping to catch our breath before an array of NPD posters, which presented to my blurred vision the sight of the old Nazi flag—red field around a white circle, with the letters NDP where the swastika used to be. (No one seemed to have noticed this graphic tradition—the kind of symbols foreigners tend to notice in Germany.)

The students changed direction now, inexplicably breaking into the offices of the German publishing association, setting the stage for more arrests. Now

AUTUMN KITCHEN

The dead pheasant's feathers
lie fanned across the man's hand.
His dog, practicing his part,
gnaws the gut of the frail bird,
I see the ribboned intestines,
and, near them, a green curve
I know by instinct is its egg.
I ask for it: unused to guns,
I worship the softer divinities.
The man extends my gift.
This egg is green: as if to say
we call the sun "yellow." It
is smooth, still warm from flesh
which brought it to my rooms.
In my hand shine my old lessons:
"container for the thing contained,
symbol for the thing signified . . ."
and suddenly there is no possible
metaphor, no soft-brown plumage
will fan from this sweet shape,
it is dissociate from roast birds
whose predicted virtues I prepare
endlessly and without deep thought
for the tables of my years:
it cools, this egg, as I watch it.
Outside, the men still fire guns,
teaching my small son the skill.
And talk of winter's venison.
That which I will surely cook
in this brown, pale-green kitchen.

CAROL BERGE

LATE AUTUMN LEAVES

Late autumn leaves, taking new shapes,
say goodbye to the bough.
Raccoons move through the night
like warm bundles. A troubled friend
wanders.

(White is the old landmark, a blue-green
the best sea . . .)

In the East
scatterings of sparrows
fall on the first snow
watched by owls.

By the fire the cat
lost in a dream of diamonds
skillfully pretends
he's completely alone.

ROBERT PETERSON

DEPARTURES

My dog barks under an empty tree
long after the squirrel has gone.
He barks and barks, as the squirrel
leaps ten trees away, leaving
the leaf tops trembling like trampolines
after an acrobat is through.
And I stand gazing up at you
who long ago stopped loving me,
while my foolish dog still barks.

LINDA PASTAN

DISTANCES

You travel across the room.
Two chairs and a table
are between us; the shapes
of your words are between us.
Straight and cold as railroad track
I lie in my old roadbed
measuring distances—
waiting for you to pass
over me once again,
on your way somewhere else.

LINDA PASTAN

A WRY MUSIC

(Seven are convicted at Meridian)

Wind
a wry music
the piney woods give it off like their own
chill
spice

Pelalahatchie

Big Black

Tishomingo

rivers thick with leaves come moping around the long curves
walking on faces
on long bones
on men's bound ankles narrower than flint

October

cotton-light
Summer lies in drifts
in dunes
high on red wagons
Unwincing light the shadows of nothing human
pick at it

In a hundred years
one bee
may forgive the worst in us
may stop to drink honey
from a murderer's ear

ROSELLEN BROWN

THE NATION/October 14, 1968

mounted police arrived, greeted by hundreds of student arms outstretched in the Nazi salute and shouts of *Seig Heil*—too effective for many of us, even as jeers. "Senghor's soup is getting cold," the students then chanted, as the officials stayed on in the cathedral. They left only after their paths had been cleared by the police, now attacking with batons and water cannon.

Later in the afternoon the students headed for the fair. Panicking, its director asked for increased police reinforcements. Entrances were closed; the students sat down; more police charges and arrests. The previous day's mediation was shot, the fair began to look increasingly like an armed camp. A feeling of repression and anger grew, and some publishers started to close their stands in protest.

Then followed an extraordinary series of meetings. More than a hundred publishers met in a hotel lobby (its manager seemed apoplectic) to demand the withdrawal of police for the duration of the fair. Cohn-Bendit's various publishers and some others joined in the attempt to locate him to determine if he had been wounded, and whether the students arrested with him could be identified and given legal help. (This proved to be impossible. The police refused to divulge the identity of those arrested, and allowed the students to call only lawyers they knew which—apart from Cohn-Bendit, who did have a lawyer—was a meaningless right.) Late into the night other meetings continued—increasingly diffuse and impotent. No one was allowed to see the prisoners or to obtain lawyers. Militant Marxist analyses dwindled into the familiar question: Did anyone know anyone? Like a group of Reform Democrats looking for help in the White House, the students finally managed to think of a friendly Social Democratic party official who would ask the Socialist Mayor to listen to their requests. At first this seemed a good possibility, but it disappeared. Late at night, a much diminished group attempted a last symbolic visit to the Mayor's house.

On the next day, a final series of meetings took place. The fair authorities retreated somewhat and offered to withdraw the police, but several hundred now angry publishers demanded a more open attitude. A compromise resolution was finally reached, in which all agreed to maintain freedom and order, without police and without repressive house rules. A number of foreign publishers would join the fair authorities as a counterweight. Publishing, everyone agreed, could not flower in an atmosphere of bureaucratic regulations which needed police support.

Had any of this done any good? For

the publishers it had been an unpleasant and time-consuming return to the *status quo ante*. Those running the fair were told to worry less about the political books and posters of some of the left-wing-German stands and to pay more attention to maintaining an open atmosphere in which the threat of a teach-in would be less frightening. The liberal and left-wing Germans found that many foreign publishers—whatever their politics—shared their dislike for authoritarianism. The students could—and did—claim this as their victory—the radicalization of the publishers, Cohn-Bendit said it.

The Germans themselves had shown

a fascinating split, in part generational, between the older authorities and the younger publishers and students. And as I left, I was occupied with the contrast with similar situations in France, Italy and New York. In each place, students had formed themselves into an extra-parliamentary opposition, as the Germans call it. Either excluded from the traditional parties, or believing them to be totally ineffective, they had retreated into a series of symbolic confrontations. But unlike their French counterparts, the German students were alone—lacking working-class allies, undoubtedly opposed by the average citizen, covered by a largely hostile press. Though they were

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trying hard to create a broader constituency, their hopes of convincing people by small group discussion on the periphery of symbolic demonstrations seemed wildly utopian. Though they argued that people would be radicalized by such confrontations, the opposite could equally be maintained. Critics such as Günter Grass (now very close to the Social Democratic leadership) have stated bitterly that the students would create a backlash, similar to that which we have seen in France and, of course, America.

Yet what is most striking in the whole experience is not the menacing strength but the basic weakness of the students. The very youngsters who, helmeted and armed with megaphones, had mustered hundreds of demonstrators outside the cathedral, late the same evening were huddled around the one telephone in a student hostel, trying to persuade the policeman answering the mayor's phone to let their appeal go through. They were not, as is so often said, unwilling to face the consequences of their actions, but were trying to get due process in a country that seemed surprisingly unconcerned—for though the police had obviously been told to behave, at least at first, no one seemed concerned that the courts behave. No German newspaper that I saw raised the question of the rights of the accused students or investigated the charge that Cohn-Bendit had been beaten—though their photos did show him being arrested, his face contorted by the arm lock on his throat, his feet grotesquely twisted, puppetlike, into contrary and, one would think, excruciatingly painful positions.

The students had succeeded in creating a major incident, had caused massive disruptions and gotten vast publicity throughout the world. Their impressive strategic and tactical strength worried, at times frightened, many of the older generation. Yet to an outsider, the impression of weakness and uncertainty persists. Faced with contemporary German society, the young could disrupt, but only in a vacuum. The debate they sought to precipitate would not take place. They would be met only with force, force which in itself frightens the older generation and further isolates the students. Had this been inevitable? Did the mere presence of Cohn-Bendit mean that the students would all take an uncompromising revolutionary stand?

It is interesting that on Saturday, when the police were withdrawn from the fair, the student teach-in took place in peace and quiet. And on Monday when the left-wing German publishers confronted the fair authorities, their demands were surprisingly mild and reformist. Indeed, the last meeting took on an extraordinarily German tone. While the real issue was the distrust of the fair authorities

and a resentment of the repressive and harassing tactics, the debate centered on the need for a legalistic agreement which would clearly outline the rights of the public and of dissenters at the fair—an old-fashioned German approach reminiscent of Ebert rather than Mao.

I am not saying that some of the events did not suggest extreme left-wing attitudes. The breaking into the book publishing association office, the disruption of a reading organized by Suhrkamp publishers, showed this clearly enough. Like all movements, the students represent an ambiguous and mixed grouping, moving in the direction they are pushed, doing whatever seems possible at any given moment.

But what I do suspect is that a less resigned attitude by the older generation might have led to different events which could not escalate into violence and which could have shown the students that what they were saying, not just what they were doing, was being taken seriously.

The students had chosen to demonstrate against Senghor not just to cause trouble—any excuse would have been suitable for that—but because they genuinely want to precipitate a debate on the Third World. There are undoubtedly

more pressing issues in German politics; yet it does matter what the government and, perhaps more important, the corporations are doing in this field. Would it have been impossible to provide a meeting to discuss this question, even to open the mass media to the embryonic student research and opinion? Might not at least the Social Democrats agree that such issues merit debate? Yet in the whole fair I saw no books on this question, and from the past I remember only a few studies of dubious independence.

Likewise, the fair management's rule raised basic constitutional questions about the rights of what have been called "private governments" to abrogate constitutional guarantees. As I tried to suggest in the discussion which took place there, the debate at the fair had touched on questions which no foreigner could answer but which did need to be discussed in a German context. But this did not happen either. As a result, the students found themselves not only in a political and social but in an intellectual vacuum, striking out, often provocatively, at a society whose very silence reinforced their apocalyptic analysis. It isn't after all just a students' world. The grownups too have their responsibilities, among which is not, on hearing the word *student*, to reach for their guns.

The Huxleys: Brave Voyagers

THE HUXLEYS. By Ronald W. Clark. McGraw Hill Book Co. 398 pp. \$8.95.

ALDOUS HUXLEY. By John Atkins. Orion Press. 218 pp. \$5.95.

THIS TIMELESS MOMENT: A Personal View of Aldous Huxley. By Laura Archera Huxley. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 331 pp. \$6.95.

CALVIN BEDIENT

Mr. Biedent teaches in the English Department at the University of California, Los Angeles.

In 1846, Thomas Huxley set sail in H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* to explore marine life in the South Seas; and Huxleys have been setting forth in exploration ever since. Julian Huxley's work in evolutionary biology, Andrew Huxley's Nobel Prize in physiology, T. L. Eekersley's classic paper on long-wave propagation—clearly the genius of the family is scientific. The Huxleys sail under the agnostic banner of empirical truth; in a socially and intellectually responsible agnosticism lies their strength. "Agnosticism," said Thomas, who coined the term, "is not properly described as

a 'negative' creed, nor indeed as a creed of any kind, except in so far as it expresses absolute faith in the validity of a principle, which is as much ethical as intellectual": the principle "that it is wrong for a man to say that he is certain of the objective truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty." The highest aim of mental life, he declared, is the ascertainment of truth, not the attainment of faith—a position that, especially in Victorian England, required courage.

As "Darwin's bulldog," Thomas roused horror in the faithful. "If the question is put to me," he said in his famous confrontation with Bishop Wilberforce at Oxford, "would I rather have a miserable ape for a grandfather, or a man highly endowed by nature and possessed of great means and influence, and yet who employs these faculties and that influence [as Wilberforce had just done] for the mere purpose of introducing ridicule into a grave scientific discussion?"—I hesitatingly affirm my preference for the ape." Whereupon a certain Lady Brewster fainted. In Edinburgh the Christian press put Huxley down as "the

advocate of the vilest and beastliest paradox ever vented in ancient or modern times." His evolutionary theory was denounced as "debasement"; but to Huxley what was genuinely debasing was resistance to the ascertained truth. He discovered little; it is his character that counts. He exemplifies the heroism of agnostic intellect.

Thomas' grandson Julian has continued the Huxley tradition—a tradition that he himself has defined, in part, as "hard but high thinking, . . . great outspokenness and moral courage, and . . . [the] sense of the ultimateness and supreme value of truth." He has continued it, however, in less antagonistic circumstances and in the evening, not in the noon, of great discoveries; and in consequence he makes a less dramatic figure. Nor has Julian had the intellectual or literary gifts necessary to make his thesis that "man's role is to be the instrument of further evolution on this planet" a stirring one—what is exciting in Teilhard de Chardin is in Julian rather flat and airless. Yet unlike Teilhard, Julian is an unequivocal representative of the difficult agnostic faith. He sails, like his grandfather, in a salt and actual sea.

And what of Julian's brother Aldous, the third of the three Huxleys to whom Ronald Clark, in *The Huxleys*, devotes most of his space? In a book that falls apart, even with respect to its prose, after the opening chapters on Thomas, Clark presents Aldous as still another exemplar of what he thinks of as the Huxley "ethos." One half of this ethos, he says, is the view that, in Thomas Huxley's words, "science and literature are not two things, but two sides of the same thing." Now, out of the thousands of sentences that Thomas and Julian and Aldous wrote, perhaps one or two dozen embody this "Huxley belief"—not enough to get to town on. The other half of this "ethos," Clark observes, is the view that reality is finally unknowable. Yet even if so commonplace a belief could really be said to constitute part of a definitive family ethos, what must be noted is that here we find Aldous sailing in different seas.

The only Huxley "tradition" worthy of the name is the agnostic tradition defined by Julian; and Aldous is all but at the antipodes of this tradition, a black sheep in the family. "You are marrying into one of the great atheist families," his aunt Ethel once warned a suitor of one of the Huxleys. "I know you are an atheist now; but will you be able to keep it up until you die?" Aldous, an atheist in his earliest novels and essays, was not able to keep it up: by the late 1930s he had become the ex-

ponent of "an existential religion of mysticism." John Atkins, in a "literary study" that does little more than summarize, brokenly, Aldous' already dryly explicit views, declares that, though this religion put Aldous into disagreement with Thomas "on the ultimate nature of reality," it yet did not involve a basic antagonism. But the truth is that Thomas, as befitted an agnostic, held an opinion as to the ultimate nature of reality; and it was precisely in claiming an understanding of absolute reality that Aldous broke with the Huxley tradition.

Aldous hauled down and threw aside in his own work the agnostic flag of "logical" evidence that his grandfather had so heroically helped to raise. To be sure, Aldous' religion of mysticism is based on evidence—on experienced feeling—rather than on faith: eternity, the chemically hallucinated hero of *Island* discovers, is "as real as shit." But the point to note is that the evidence of feeling is not what Thomas would call "logically satisfactory," and, further, that Aldous did not acknowledge the necessity of this standard. Since eternity could be felt as directly as a burn, it constituted an "existential" truth independent of logic and faith. Simply as experienced feeling, however, Thomas might object, the religion of mysticism belongs, after all, to "the region of uncertainty." Psychoanalysis, chemistry—these too afford explanations of the sensation of timelessness. To Aldous, however, such explanations are "utter bosh." To him there is no uncertainty about it: mystical experience evidences God. It is at this point that he passes beyond the coastal regions of agnosticism, making desire his only compass.

If Aldous thus defies the agnostic limits of science even as he honors the necessity of evidence, if he thus finds eternity so unmistakably certain, the reason would seem to be his obsession and disgust with sensual craving. He wrote always with a conscience stained by physical shame, with the self-abhorrence of the painfully idealistic, yet helplessly sensual, adolescent. In *Brave New World*, the shame of lust drives the Savage to suicide; and it appears to have driven the novelist himself into an eternity of transparency, where subject does not lust after object, where all is the centerless One, "which is love."

However that may be, Huxley was fully justified in claiming that an existential religion of mysticism constitutes "a transforming discipline," not a bag of words. At least it seems to have transformed Huxley himself, and the value of Laura Archera Huxley's book, *This Timeless Moment*, is in large part the picture it gives of a man whose love

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and pity were indeed—in the words of his favorite among his novels, *Time Must Have a Stop*—"informed by principle, enlightened by insight into the nature of the world."

Huxley lived his thought, and those who knew him could only gain by it. Perhaps he was even greater than his thought, being more warmly and sensually human. His relation to Laura Archera, his second wife, was evidently a peculiarly rich one, at once disinterested, tenderly intimate and an Indian summer of desire. "I . . . would like to feel that I can love you," he once wrote to her, "with so much understanding tenderness that I shall always know what to do, or what to refrain from doing in order to help you in your strength and support you in your vulnerability." The photographs of Huxley that accompany the text—showing an aged, beautiful face, both spiritual and sensual, and of sweet nobility—form a kind of testimony to the sincerity of these words and to the truth of the portrait his wife here draws from memory. Black sheep or not, Huxley gained a remarkable dignity of his own.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Mr. Alloway, former curator of the Guggenheim Museum, is at present visiting professor at the New York State University, Stony Brook. His forthcoming history of the Venice Biennale will be published by the New York Graphic Society.

Max Kozloff, art critic for The Nation, is on leave of absence. He will contribute occasional articles during the 1968-69 season.

Since Thomas Hoving became director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art there have been about forty-five "Special Exhibitions," to take the term used in the museum's monthly calendar of events. This sounds impressive, but on inspection the statistic crumbles a little. Seven of these Special Exhibitions were of single works, usually new acquisitions; others were as peripheral as "Chess: East and West, Past and Present," "Clock and Watch Designs," "Pleasing to the Eye and Ear Alike" (old musical instruments), 17th and 18th century sundials, and "An Awareness of Quality," which turned out to be twenty-five books published in 1967. Such trivia are more appropriate to an out-of-town community center than to a major city's major museum. They give an effect of activity, but culturally are no more than chicken soup for Hovniks.

All this is part of the new director's expressed intention of taking the museum to the public, as if it were not with the public already. However, there is nothing wrong with that intensified address, provided the audience is not subjected to McLuhanesque slogans about increased participation. Perhaps all the Met's little shows have been useful lures for visiting school parties, but some of the larger temporary shows have been no more satisfactory. This year, for instance, there was "Visionary Architects," a big print show, originated by another institution, which is better read as a catalogue than it was seen as an exhibition; and "Painting in France, 1900-67," a survey of the School of Paris that bombed disastrously, with its massive array of irrelevant artists and inadequate pieces by the right artists. But now, with "The Great Age of Fresco," the Met can finally be associated with an important, temporary exhibition on a scale that no community center could afford.

In the last two decades scholarly and technical arguments about the preservation of works of art have moved out of the laboratory and into public awareness. How much restoration of a damaged work is ethical? What degree of nakedness is tolerable in deteriorating works? Millard Meiss put it like this, in the fourth volume of the "Acts of the 20th International Congress of the History of Art, 1963": "The choice is between a spurious 'unity' and an initially fragmentary authenticity." In the catalogue of the present show he returns to the subject: "The authorities and restorers in Florence have wished to present only what remains of the frescoes of the great masters of the Renaissance. They have not tried to make these frescoes look complete, as though produced yesterday. Though the conservators are very skillful imitators, they have not in other words posed as Nardo or Castagno or Pontorno." The first time Mr. Meiss was addressing other scholars; the second time, five years later, the public. "The Great Age of Fresco" is as important for its contribution to this issue as for overcoming the logistic problems of moving frescoes around. Public interest was certainly sharpened by the floods in Florence three years ago and the publicity given to the water-damaged monuments. It is not only the Orientation Gallery, as the Met calls it, with photographs and live demonstrations that is relevant here. The paring of frescoes into layers and the simultaneous exhibition of the top layer of painting and of the preparatory drawing, previously concealed below, directs attention to frescoes in a new way.

The exhibition is superb, with frescoes that no earlier technology could have

moved from Tuscany and with drawings that only present restoring skill could have released. The drawings were not worked out on paper and transferred to plaster, but drawn directly onto a level of plaster that was overlaid by another which carried the painted image. These preparatory drawings, usually in red, called *sinopie*, have been excavated by restorers, who peeled away the top stratum intact. As Mr. Meiss observes in the very informative catalogue, they are "a corpus of monumental drawings from a crucial period" of which "we previously possessed very few drawings of any kind." *Sinopie* are shown in the exhibition coupled with the paintings that they led to or begot. The marvelous drawings range from lean contours to shaggy adumbrations, from proliferating curves to brusque codes.

As the works have been physically peeled, problems and decisions of the artists, locked in the work, have been recovered. Renaissance art, which current synoptic art histories usually represent as a static and settled affair, is thus experienced in terms of change and discovery. Francesco d'Antonio's "St. Ansanus," for example, began as a fairly naturalistically posed figure but, in the course of the painting, became less bulky and more Gothic. "The Christ on the Cross with the Virgin and St. John the Evangelist" (catalogue numbers 32 and 33) is heavily Gothic as a painting, but elliptical and dashing as a *sinopia*. An art represented as one of Being has been turned into an art of Becoming, which is what it has probably been for a long time to those who knew most about it.

This exhibition is certainly one that will reach the public and it is doing so in a way I think admirable. It is a first-rate selection of important work that only experts will ever have seen in its entirety and which the wider public knows very little about. It is being presented in a framework of up-to-date relevant information that bears on the paintings themselves. The technical information about frescoes and their preservation supports the central insight into the choices of artists. Visitors to the museum are thus precipitated into a rich view of art as material evidence and of artists in the process of making decisions.

When a museum can reach its public with this kind of knowledge, both technical and aesthetic, I would take it to be operating at a high level of efficiency, but Mr. Hoving seems to think something more is needed. The installation of the fresco show brings out the most dumb and obstinate aspect of popularization: the use of decor as ancillary entertainment, as if to assure the public that art, like New York City, is fun. Renaissance-type architecture is symbol-

ized by little umbrellas that dangle from the blacked-out ceilings to make cute little toy vaults, like decorations in a suburban hairdresser's. Andrea del Sarto's "Scenes from the Life of St. John the Baptist" are set in an arcade, built in shallow relief against the wall, but the decorator's arches don't coincide with the painted pilasters of the original. Seats are in the form of white wooden cylinders, like sections of fallen classical columns—as if a flip travel agency were using Goethe's Italy as a motif. And fat candles burn between Franciabigio's "Last Supper," "Annunciation" and "Nativity" for those who need to be reminded that these are ecclesiastical subjects.

FILMS

HAROLD CLURMAN

The German entry at the New York Film Festival (also the winner of the top award in Venice) is translated as *Artists Under the Big Top: Perplexed (or Disoriented)*. At least four of the films I saw during the Lincoln Center fortnight were about disorientation, disaffection, dissolution. They each echo or reflect what we hear, see or feel all around us. In this sense, despite their emphatic stylization, the films are basically "realistic." Civilization is coming apart at the seams.

While the central emotion in these films is recognizable enough, it is symptomatic that they should all be composed as abstractions. Symptomatic and sadening. Though they employ specific images and concrete references, they end as evasions, often as a mess. This is particularly true of the German film just mentioned, in which the world is viewed as a circus, its belabored pachyderms all of us common folk.

In Godard's *Weekend* someone says that the only way to counteract the horror of bourgeois life is to exceed it in horror. The film begins in hilarious horror: first with a dialogue in which a lover and his mistress discuss their efforts to kill her mother-in-law in order to inherit her money. It then proceeds to the woman's account of a sex adventure so grotesque that the lover asks if it really happened or did she only dream it. The longest portion of the opening sequences deals with the fantastic traffic jams which most citizens of metropolitan areas run into as they attempt to drive out for their weekend holidays. The extravagance of Godard's satire—we are even made to laugh at the bloodied

and shattered corpses strewn along the roads—rises to epic farce.

Then the picture begins to disintegrate into fragmented episodes—some of them acidly comic, others cruelly ugly—ending in calm cannibalism. At certain intervals a young man dressed in what looks like the correct habit for 1790 reads a speech about the futility of social rebellion, no matter how "progressive" it may be. The audience is repeatedly reminded that all this is said by film actors in fun and that therefore literal meaning, logic or coherent continuity are not required. Discontinuity is inherent in the film's "message." The different episodes are variants of a single theme.

Godard is enormously clever and cunningly distraught. Distraction and moral indifference constitute his content as well as his material. In the end one grows tired of his technique and resentful of his being. His art reveals itself not as protest against collapse but as the collapse itself. Except as cinematic innovations it is not a "revolutionary" art. It does not rouse the public from its spiritual apathy but is a contribution to it.

No wonder, as Tom Nairn pointed out in "Leaping Ahead of Theory" [*The Nation*, September 30], that a Godard film may serve the reactionaries in France by offering an artful sop to appease the dissent of the younger generation. It paves the way to a new fascism.

Godard's *Breathless* was memorably to the point: *Masculine-Feminine* evinced remarkable descriptive and journalistic insight; *La Chinoise* was sly, trenchant and funny. But his films at the festival—with occasional incisive flashes—betray a basic mindlessness within the sometimes dazzling brightness.

Bernardo Bertolucci's *Partner*, in French and Italian, opens another page in the testament of this asphyxiated civilization. It combines surrealism and symbolism with occasional sallies into dadaism. Pierre Clementi, its star, enacts a dual role: a more or less respectable artist and his other self, a destructive and maniacal rebel against virtually every cause. When one bleeds, so does the other.

I could not grasp all of the film's allusions. It is easy to discern such key images as the barricade of books which the artist builds to hide from the world—in this instance, a resplendent Rome. There was also a fine shot parodying one from Eisenstein's *Potemkin* in which the rebel (and a sexy salesgirl of detergents played by Tina Aumont) nonchalantly shove a baby carriage down a long flight of steps. The unsightliness of the new domestic architecture in the suburbs is derided by a girl's marking Xs on

building walls. These are blown up into screen-size scars by painting them a vivid vermilion on the film itself. One after another, various teasers and shockers, all of them very knowingly and attractively photographed, are improvised. It is highly sophisticated, sometimes sharply amusing.

But what do these extended inventions purport? "The enemy," Clementi shouts directly to the audience, "is *American imperialism!* If you haven't understood this, you have understood nothing." To which my immediate response was "Bullshit!"—not in defense of American policies but at the notion that such a film may in any way shed light on them. On further reflection I began to wonder whether even Clementi's pronouncement was not intended as a spoof and self-mockery. In these pictures anything goes and anything may mean anything or nothing whatsoever.

Less ambitious but also much less pretentious than these films is John Cassavetes' *Faces*. It has its own boldness. Largely composed of close-ups of very well-chosen types (and actors) with something of a *cinéma vérité* effect and dialogue to a large extent improvised in the shooting, the picture conveys a

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sense of a directly observed actuality.

It concerns a double adultery. The husband, a wealthy businessman, disabused but good-natured, is estranged by his somewhat brittle wife who is at ease in her husband's company only in fun and games. He takes off one night on a toot with a good-looking dame who may not be a whore but who belongs to a "free" world of indeterminate character and a lavish apartment. The wife, who earlier in the evening has suddenly been threatened with divorce, goes out to a bar, picks up several matrons and a young man. On the departure of her lady guests she goes to bed with the nice boy.

While her husband's escapade has re-

freshed him and rendered him buoyant, her sin leads her to an attempt at suicide from which her night's companion saves her. When the husband returns home in the morning he understands exactly what has happened: he has seen the boy escape through the window from his wife's bedroom. He slaps her; she tells him it's too bad she doesn't love him. But for all that they will resume their customary way of life together.

The picture reports the surface of daily existence among people of the moneyed classes. And what an environment it is! This in a way is a more dreadful picture, because more smoothly banal and casually conventional, than

the studied atrocities of the *avant-garde* film makers.

There is, however, a certain flatness in it because the richer sources of human feeling as contrasted to the aridity observed are implied rather than created. The negative in art must always adumbrate the positive. When this doesn't occur, as it barely does in *Faces*, one is left dispirited, cheated. Still there is in the acting of John Marley as the husband, of Lynn Carlin as his wife, of Gena Rowlands as the husband's bedmate, and of the various guests an authenticity and a sense of the living presence of people among whom we dwell, which turns the film into something altogether relevant.

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James J. Storrow Jr., Publisher

I must confess to an aesthetic prejudice: while film art is by its nature always less realistic than the theatre, it is chiefly through its capacity to convey the actual that it triumphs. Its artifices and all attempts to make it excel through pictorial imagination and beauty are usually less successful and less important than its ability to impart the illusion of being there in the midst of life.

If this be hotly contested, I can only say at the moment that my experience at this year's Film Festival is what I offer as evidence. I was more touched by the nonprofessional players in *Mouchette* and in *Naked Childhood*, a French film about a delinquent orphan boy adopted by several poor families in the provinces, than by most of the films played by well-qualified artists. There is a scene in *Naked Childhood* in which a woman puzzles over the phenomenon of her ward who is at once so devilish and so tender a being. There is a poignant simplicity in the woman's face which could hardly be matched by any of the professional actors during the festival's showings. But why was this film shot in color? Black and white would have given it its proper documentary tone.

When professional film actors are at their best they appear to be non-actors. That is the virtue of even the least striking of the Czech pictures. Their actors seem to be utterly artless; they appear to be parts of the landscape, the fields, the streets around them. One really believes them. Czech films are rarely "exciting." There is something slow, awkward, ponderously peasantlike and wholly disarming about them. Their humor is offhand, unconscious, canny. They sometimes seem "uncomposed," though they hardly ever resort to camera devices to produce that effect.

In *Report on the Party and Their Guests*, a prophetic parable about Czechoslovakia under Novotny and now under the Soviets, I did not find its specific story or surface events particularly arresting, but I watched it closely because

**At 2:00 AM on May 17, 1967,
Police Officer Louis R. Kuba was killed on the campus
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Student John Markel was in the ...
Student Charles Freeman was 5 feet 11 inches tall, 155 lbs. ...
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Student Douglas Wayne Waller was in jail ...
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An act of murder for which the foreman of the indicting grand jury admits there is no evidence that any of them fired any weapons.

Yet, the indictment charges that these five students, together with others unknown "did, with malice aforethought, kill Louis Raymond Kuba, by shooting him with a gun."

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its events seemed to be really happening to real people.

That is also true of *Capricious Summer* which is "symbolic" in an entirely different way: its three middle-aged men are hardly likely to be as impotent or as shy of sex as they may at first blush appear. Their final passivity is resignation in the face of a reality of both the luscious young woman who attracts them and the general condition of their lives. It is a quietly humorous commentary on the kindly and sad common sense of simple country folk.

Most enjoyable and the least assuming of all the Czech films is Milos Forman's *The Firemen's Ball*, a loose-jointed, ambling, homey film about the plan a bunch of bumbling senior firemen devise to offer their retiring 86-year-old chief a special gift to be handed him by the winner of a beauty contest which they arrange for the occasion.

It is a delightfully funny and somehow touching film. Its group portrait of a lot

of silly folk is affectionate without the slightest trace of condescension. There is no pressure in the conduct of its narrative, nor strain for comedy or craft effects. As this film begins we learn that the fire chief to be honored may be dying of cancer. This is not inserted to add pathos to the story: it is seen, as everything else in the picture, as *nature*. And in films that cannot be beat.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

A resident professional theatre may be said to have come of age on the day it moves out of its old cramped quarters in a converted cellar (attic, factory, drugstore, movie house), and into a gleaming, spacious, custom-built marble hall at the hot center of the local urban renewal project. This summer it was the turn of the Playhouse in the Park in Cincinnati, which opened its new Robert S. Marx Theatre on July 18 with a whizbang production of *Camino Real* by Tennessee Williams. But the Cincinnati company has come of age with a difference.

The Playhouse in the Park began its career in 1960 when a Victorian shelter house in Eden Park, on top of a hill overlooking downtown Cincinnati, was turned into a pleasant little thrust-stage theatre. The Marx Theatre has been built not somewhere in urban renewal land but in the park right next to the old one, which remains in use for new plays and other special events.

The new theatre, designed by Hugh Hardy, is nearly three times as large as the old one (672 seats as against 227). It cost some \$870,000, an amazingly small sum for such a project. (The Vivian Beaumont Theater in Lincoln Center cost more than \$9 million.) I can't exactly say that I like it, or that it will be a joy to come back to in twenty or fifty years (the shelter house has survived for more than a century with its charm undiminished). But it is, for better or for worse, very much a product and expression of our times, and it has as distinct and vivid a personality as any theatre building I have ever been in.

The old shelter house is a cozy, intimate place; the new theatre is about as cozy as a slap in the face, exemplifying the modern tendency toward art as an act of aggression against the spectator. It is a raw, harsh, yet immensely sophisticated structure, functional almost with a vengeance. It is built mostly of concrete block, inside and out, with surfaces here and there of stainless steel

and glass. The back wall of the auditorium is made of steel mesh set in metal studs, with a long horizontal of bare bulbs for lighting; the vaguely suggests a prison. The stage is an odd asymmetrical space jutting from a corner of the auditorium, built by the same concrete block that forms the sides of the house; it seems to come to a point right at the foot of the ceiling. Overhead—above stage and auditorium alike—is a jungle of catwalks and girders, orange and black and less steel. It is not a nice theatre, it has its own kind of excitement, merely a masochistic excitement, and the experience is not chastening but securely bracing; a response associated with, with unconscious pride at being strong enough to take it.

Douglas Schmidt's big, busy, brilliant setting for *Camino Real* blends into the concrete blocks and catwalks of the building, and adroitly set off its solid elements with a clutter of Pop fragments. Overhead was a traffic light with a glowing red eye; bits of an movie poster bespeckled an upper wall; a lophouse was marked by enormous cutout blowup of Michelangelo's "David," with a big, flashing neon sign, "Ritz Men Only," across chest and down his arm. This setting was not merely an interesting and appropriate environment for the play; it was a witty and concise anthology of familiar current attitudes and feelings (despair, fragmentation and junk camp irreverence), and it made Williams grim never-land both contemporary and timeless.

Like the theatre, the production (directed by Michael Kahn) was harsh, jarring. Ceremonies and chases got full treatment; there were flashing strobes and shattering gunshots. The audience directions specify that at several points the action should overflow the aisles; these scenes worked particularly well in the Marx Theatre, where seems designed to blur the line that separates stage from auditorium, and from audience, and to unite both in charged and challenging space.

For the large, harsh, aggressive environment, centrifugal productions, this theatre in Cincinnati has already proved more than merely suitable. It is a splendid place in which to confront an audience. But is it good for anything else? A distinct personality can be a good thing, but a drawback for a theatre. But even if this new house should turn out to be somewhat lacking in versatility (which is by no means certain yet), it will still offer directors and designers a unique set of challenges and opportunities.

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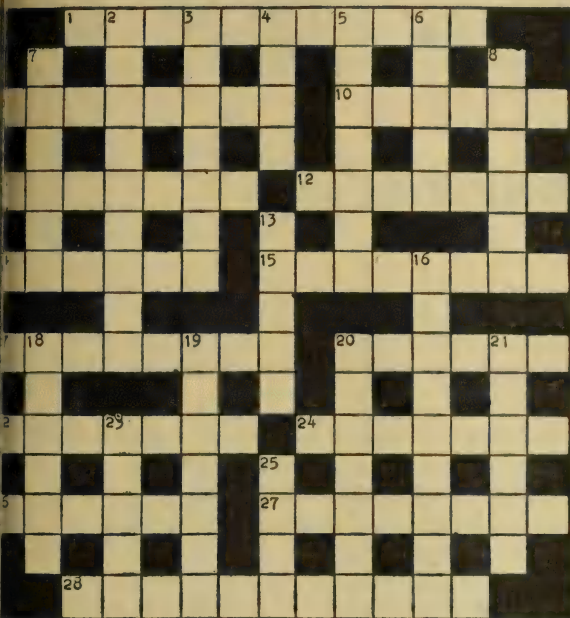
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1267

RANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

This might make a winner of one in
tunt the Thimble handsome. (4-7)
The hours of moonlight? Send out a
catcher in return. (4-4)
nd 25 down Things like stop-watches
and sand-glasses under the hood? (6,
7)
et nice results, if you seek what re-
lates to the origin. (7)
Heard so indistinctly as an order, per-
haps? (4, 3)
What I did to the stirrup in bringing
good news? (6)
Reject stone about Mr. Franklin's make-
up? (8)
Temporarily taking over part of the
trade school curriculum? (8)
Hardly a quick-moving vehicle. (6)
nd 24 The width of a false tooth should
be like a temporary filling. (4-3, 7)
separate. (6)
Can such a receiver be picked out with-
out any problem? (8)
Question one closely, and you'll get
into greater confusion! (11)

DOWN

How one on a 3 and 13 is supposed to
keep his eyes wide-awake, as they say?
(2, 3, 4)
nd 13 Where one might ask for a buck-
et between low and high? (7, 5)

- 4 and 8 A follower of Roger, perhaps. (4,
3, 3)
5 A spot of heat for HST? (7)
6 His staying qualities seem to be limit-
ed. (5)
7 The composition of powder, in part?
(4-2)
8 See 4 down
13 See 3 down
16 Rage, perhaps, indicating a change of
habit or control of the 3 and 13. (4, 5)
18 Tinker? No, he works in a different
medium. (6)
19 A terrible type with a tool, but novel.
(7)
20 Inclined to be following? (7)
21 Quiet little stream, yet rather noisy at
times. (6)
23 One couldn't say it is pretty flat! (5)
25 See 10 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1266

ACROSS: 1 Plaintiff; 6 Bigot; 9 Unarmed;
10 Ambace; 12, 11 and 13 Noncombatants;
15 Struted; 16 Candor; 18 Endive; 20
Bothered; 23 Taut; 24 Tiller; 28 On leave;
29 Thimble; 30 Nudge; 31 Pretended.
DOWN: 1 and 6 down Plumb bobs; 2
Adapter; 3 and 27 down Nominative case;
4 Indented; 5 Flagon; 7 Grained; 8 Treas-
ured; 14 Father Time; 15 Sweet corn; 17
Roulette; 19 and 25 Double date; 21 Road-
bed; 22 Line up; 26 Emend.

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LETTERS

no vote

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIR: The delegates to our Democratic convention have surely taught us the bitter lesson that they, and not the people, nominate the President. The only way we now have left to change this system is to withhold our votes from their nominee and all the machine Democrats running in 1968, to teach them the even more bitter lesson that the people, and not the delegates, must elect a President.

Lilie W. Naness

silence

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIR: In Springfield, Ill., on Sept. 12, George C. Wallace said: "If the police could run this country about two years, they would straighten it out." That is a call for a police state—not behind some "curtain," not in some backward little country but right here at home.

Almost five weeks have passed since that ultra-rightist remark. Lyndon Johnson hasn't commented on it; nor has Everett Dirksen. Neither Hubert Humphrey nor Richard Nixon has disavowed such a proposal. (In fact, both of these worthies are proclaiming similar sentiments in their campaigns about "law and order" and "more money, power and armaments for the police.") Spiro Agnew and Edmund Muskie are strangely silent. There have been no indignant editorials in the press.

A serious candidate for President of the United States of America calls for a police state and there is no hue and cry. I contend that this is very ominous.

Paul E. State

a case of rigging

Brewster, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: The balloting in the American Physical Society reported in the editorial, "New Politics Among Scientists" (*The Nation*, Sept. 30), has had a surprising aftermath. The "Schwartz amendment" which, in Professor Schwartz's own words, was intended to promote "greater participation by the members . . . in studying how our professional concerns intermingle with public issues," was defeated by a vote of 9,214 to 3,553. It now appears that the balloting was, in a sense, "rigged." The September issue of *Physics Today* contains three letters protesting the enclosure, in the same envelope with the ballot, of a prejudicial statement by the APS Council. One of the letters, signed by nine members at the University of Pittsburgh and including both opponents and supporters of the proposed amendment, terms the inclusion "outrageous" and urges that the vote be declared invalid.

The APS Council offered a semi-apology, based principally on the fact that a separate mailing would have cost more than \$2,000 but acknowledging that, "in view of the questions raised, this economy move was perhaps unwise." The term seems too mild. The amendment would probably not have carried in any case, but it can hardly be doubted that it would have drawn a larger vote if the council had stated its position earlier and refrained from "electioneering at the polls." Physicists are busy people and to follow authoritative leadership at the moment of voting is the easy way out of a complex, unprecedented, highly charged situation.

The council's obliviousness to its violation of elementary proprieties illustrates, I suggest, the tendency to regard political dissent as inherently disruptive, though actually it is a vital necessity in a free society. On that basis, almost any measure to curb it acquires legitimacy, and we know what that can lead to.

Carl Dreher

EDITORIALS

The Military Supermarket

Sen. Daniel Brewster, a member of the Armed Services Committee and a Democratic hawk seeking re-election in Maryland, toured the big war-planes plant of Fairchild-Hiller at Hagerstown last week, accompanied by a company executive and a representative of the United Auto Workers. Employment at the plant, reports George C. Wilson in *The Washington Post*, has nose-dived from 10,000 to 1,700.

On its face, this visit would appear to be a good example of how the military-industrial complex brings pressure to bear in election campaigns, the more so since Senator Brewster is running against Rep. Charles Mathias, a Republican dove. But Mr. Mathias also campaigns in the defense plants (Maryland is fourteenth among the states in military prime contracts), and he does not feel that the military-industrial complex—despite the mutuality of interest among Senator Brewster, the Pentagon, the companies and the workers—is lined up solidly against him. Mr. Mathias sees the question of political influence in a somewhat different light. "We have reached the stage in our development," he told Mr. Wilson, "where no longer is one man pioneering a weapon that could help the military. . . . We now have instead a kind of military supermarket in which the procurement services can shop around."

The shopping shows every indication of a careful political calculation. For example, Lockheed, the largest defense firm, last year opened a plant in Charleston, S.C., home of Rep. L. Mandel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. Last year also, General Dynamics, second largest defense plant, placed an electronics subsidiary in Camden, Ark., after Sen. John L. McClellan, chairman of the Government Operations Committee, had visited the Fort Worth plant where General Dynamics makes the F-111 (TFX). Senator McClellan has said that he asked the president of General Dynamics to take a look at what Arkansas had to offer when he was being shown around Fort Worth by that gentleman.

Now and then big defense firms get windfall benefits from their far-sighted location of plants in politically strategic areas. For example, the way has now been cleared so that Lockheed may purchase the huge government plant it has been operating in Marietta, Ga., home state of Sen. Richard Russell of the Armed Services Committee. The installation covers 730 acres, employs 25,000 workers, and has what is called the world's largest aircraft assembly plant under one roof. It has been declared "excess"—that is, by present Air Force needs. Valued at \$113,886,000, it will be knocked down to Lockheed at a price which is undisclosed but which Mr. Wilson reports will be much less than the figure quoted. Because Lockheed had put \$60 million into the plant, the Air Force would not permit any other company to bid. Under government regulations Congress had thirty days after the plant had been declared "surplus" to object,

to the deal, but the deadline passed and no legislator raised his voice.

The military supermarket may not have "goodies" for every state and community, but strategic distribution of resources can and does insure splendid political support. There is no need, as Mr. Wilson points out, for defense firms to engage in the old-style *quid pro quo* of American politics; careful cultivation of "the community of interest" among executives, stockholders, workers and political figures in key areas will do the trick. In a word, it is not the military-industrial complex per se that should be feared so much as the nearly universal willingness to accept the benefits that flow from the military supermarket in the name of national security.

Dick in Wall Street

Mr. Nixon's campaign foray into Wall Street occupied more than half of the first page of the business and finance section of the October 6 *New York Times*, running over into the inside pages. One story, "Nixon Over Wall Street: His Statement Is a Puzzle" by Terry Robards, originated in New York; the other, "Capitol View: A Blunder" by Eileen Shanahan, was a survey of Washington reaction. Both stories left unanswered the key question: what or who impelled him to do it?

The Nixon statement (which the candidate may not have examined with due care) is regarded by the reporters' sources as teeming with substantive errors. Not made public but sent to top executives in the securities business, it was a heavy-handed attack on the "heavy-handed bureaucratic regulatory schemes" of the Securities and Exchange Commission under the Johnson Administration, coupled with a strongly implied promise that a Nixon administration would deal more gently with the Wall Street segment of private enterprise. But since Wall Street has been getting along tolerably well with the SEC, even Nixon's friends are unable to see the need for such emphatic reassurance at this time.

In a seemingly wild swing, Mr. Nixon denounced the proposed reduction of sales commissions and the ban on commission splitting among brokers—measures which had been approved by the president and board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange and which are about to be voted on by the Exchange membership. Among other misconceptions is a blast at a pending study of the effects of institutional investment on the securities markets. This investigation was initiated not by the SEC but by a Republican member of Congress, Rep. Hastings Keith of Massachusetts; it was approved by Congress without opposition from any quarter and in fact the affected Wall Street interests testified in its favor. What, then, would Mr. Nixon propose to do about it? It could be as late as mid-1970 before he could secure a majority on the SEC. Nor do his assurances to his Wall Street contacts take into account the legal obligation of Presidents (whether Republican or Democratic) to allow regulatory agencies to function autonomously. When this rule is violated, it is usually done with decent circumspection.

The *Times* quotes a senior partner of a large securities

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 13

firm: "I hate to say it, but what he has done is written a letter which, in effect, says, 'Look, send me some money and we'll lift the pressure off you when we get in.'" Consistent though this is with Mr. Nixon's earlier record, it appears to be an oversimplification, as implied by another top man who asked, "Is he that hard up for money . . . ?" Yet another senior industry official commented: "It is the first serious mistake of his campaign. He had the votes and he had the money, so why did he have to do it?"

It may be that Nixon was used as a cats-paw by interests opposed to current regulatory compromises in Wall Street. If so, his staff work is not as good as it is reputed to be. Moreover, he lost sight of the major problem of the prudent men in the Street: to preserve a respectable façade behind which so-called "investors" can play the stock market as other gamblers (or the same ones) play the horses. The present balance between regulators and regulated is conducive to this end: Nixon is no friend of Wall Street if he upsets it.

Illiterate Greeks

Two days after the referendum on the new constitution in Greece (September 29), an insistent rumor gained currency in New York: the junta's strong man, Colonel Papadopoulos, had arrived in New York unexpectedly. While pickets started forming outside the Hotel Pierre and radio and TV networks were seeking to interview him, it became known that the visitor from Athens was actually Foreign Minister P. Pipinelis, who promptly arranged appointments with members of the American Establishment, from Senator Javits to Secretary Rusk.

Incredible as the rumor may seem, it still points to the fact that the Greek junta considers the United States its sponsor, and feels that its members may seek inspiration and solace here. The opposition to the junta (liberals, loyalists, conservatives and leftists) tacitly accepts this view, with the result that most of its exiled leaders living in London or Paris have refused to visit the United States, with the exception of Mr. Andreas Papandreu, a former American citizen.

The referendum can be viewed only in this context: as an instrument whereby the junta seeks to impress some of its American friends—and possibly receive full-scale military aid, which was curtailed on April 24, 1967. It is not sufficient to say that the referendum was rigged or that it was conducted under martial law; the question is why it was conducted at all. The answer may be that the junta wanted not only an additional excuse to keep the initiative for itself, and impress "friendly" Americans in the State Department and at the Pentagon, but also to confuse its enemies. It is characteristic that while most American newspapers, including *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, have blasted the Athens regime for rigging the referendum, they have conceded that the new constitution is not all that bad. *The New York Times* even guesses that the Greeks might have voted for it in a free referendum.

It would seem that these newspapers cannot have read this constitution. The point is not whether it is liberal or

illiberal, or that it suspends certain articles; the point is that the as-yet-unknown drafters of the document are profoundly illiterate. They confuse constitutional principles, laws, statutes and even police ordinances. They base the governmental system on the three powers (executive, legislative, judiciary), but somehow list at least six, adding the church, a National Council and the army.

One of the few known contributors to this charter is D. George Kousoulas, professor of political science at Howard University, and formerly with the USIA, who has been commuting between Athens and Washington for the last year and a half. So it seems that American know-how has contributed not only to a climate conducive to military dictatorship but also to a lowering of the level of constitutional literacy in "underdeveloped" Greece.

A Secret No More

The Secretariat of the World Federation of Trade Unions (Communist controlled) has, by an 8-to-1 majority (the one dissenting vote being cast by the Soviet representative), condemned the Russian interference in Czechoslovakia. The action was taken on August 28 but was kept secret until quite recently, when it was made known in Italy. The fact that the action was taken on the apparent initiative of the French and Italian affiliates—Louis Saillant, veteran Communist and former secretary of the General Federation of Labor in France, serves as Secretary-General of the WFTU and Renato Bitossi, an Italian Communist Senator, is Chairman—does not detract from its significance.

The WFTU has some fifty-seven affiliates and through them claims a total membership of 120 million. Two issues in particular have in the past prevented the East-West cooperation of trade union and left-of-center groups: a belief on the part of Communist organizations that socialism necessarily implies some form of one-party control, and the related belief that a measure of uniformity of opinion, particularly among artists and intellectuals, must be enforced to safeguard Socialist regimes. The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia has badly shaken these dogmas.

For the first time since 1945, therefore, an opportunity is arising to build a measure of East-West opposition among left-of-center groups to the drift toward war. If all varieties of Left leadership in the non-Communist world would now formally welcome and support the WFTU position on Czechoslovakia, that might well constitute the first step toward international Socialist action—if not to end the cold war, at least to strengthen East-West "left" opposition to it.

The Action Gap

After a long and hard sell, President Johnson and his economic and fiscal aides persuaded Congress to boost income taxes, so as to keep the economy in check and inflation from becoming rampant (as the phrase usually goes). When people begin to feel the tax bite, the Administration argument went, they'll trim back their spending, and pretty soon economic equilibrium will be restored.

But here it is two and a half months after the tax hike, and inflation is as rampant as ever. Even some of LBJ's associates, like Treasury Under Secretary Joseph W. Barr, are beginning to confess publicly that "the response to the surcharge thus far has been slower than anticipated."

The people speak somewhat more harshly. "One of the reasons given for the 10 per cent surtax on incomes was to combat inflation," a letter writer complained in *The Washington Post*. "However, in August the cost of living went up, an increase in inflation. This is another definite example of the American people being sold a bill of goods by LBJ and his incompetent financial advisers."

In August the consumer price index went up for the nineteenth consecutive month. Prices have risen a whopping 4 per cent in the last eight months, the sharpest such boost in eleven years. And, to compound the devilry, a Bureau of Labor Statistics spokesman comments: "There is every sign that the figures will continue to increase throughout the rest of the year."

Nor, so far, has the higher tax scale (which was retroactive on business to January 1) had much effect on the economy as a whole. A poll of the nation's leading private economists forecasts only a "brief hesitation late this year and early in 1969," for "inventory adjustments" in the private sector. This 183-man group, members of the National Association of Business Economists, also cautioned that inflation would be a continuing problem, and that it would become worse if Humphrey wins in November. The economists see the Vice President as a bigger spender than Nixon.

If LBJ and his team had got around the country more (instead of limiting their appearances to business lunches and conventions), they would have found that today's American family is solvent as hell, despite the gripes. For example, fewer home owners in the country are two or more payments behind in their mortgages than at any time since mid-1960. Delinquency ratios on bank-installment loans are the lowest in nine years. Personal bankruptcies declined in the twelve months ending June 30 for the first time in sixteen years. Sitting pretty, the American family therefore took the bigger tax bite in stride and kept right on spending. In fact, retail sales reached a record in August, and there's every sign that another record was set in September.

"The indisputable fact of the matter," said a recent investment letter published by Goodbody & Co., "is that the economy's buoyancy has many of the government's top experts flabbergasted. The expectations, so firmly voiced last May and June, that the income tax surcharge would provide the necessary brakes for excessive exuberance, and the makings of what could become a runaway inflation, just haven't materialized."

Another economic thought is now emerging. There is general agreement, even among some Nixon men, that the 10 per cent surcharge will have to be extended beyond next June 30, the present expiration date. When he committed the nation to the land war in Vietnam, the President for too long delayed owning up (in public at least) to the costs involved. Had Johnson asked for higher taxes

in 1965, he—and the Vice President—might have escaped the gap now building up around the 1968 surcharge.

Gruening

Senator Gruening, the gallant 81-year-old physician, newspaper reporter, editor (of *The Nation* among other publications), author, Latin American expert, and distinguished administrator, has now decided to go along with a write-in campaign which he did not initiate. The facts are these: In the August 29 primary, Senator Gruening was defeated for the Democratic nomination by Mike Gravel, 38-year-old speaker of the Alaska legislature, by the slim margin of 1,954 votes. The Republican nominee is Charles Rasmuson, chairman of the board of the National Bank of Alaska and reputedly the richest man in the state.

Senator Gruening was quite willing to accept the primary verdict; at his age and after a lifetime of notable achievements he did not need another Senate term to round out his career. However, the voters—notably those in college communities (University of Alaska, Alaska Methodist University)—set in motion a write-in campaign. "The war is the overriding issue with us," said one college student, "and this business of two evils just won't do any more. The Senator is a positive candidate."

Once the write-in was under way, the Senator agreed to campaign and is doing so with the vigor and enthusiasm of a young Eskimo. (At 81 he still does twenty-five push-ups plus sixteen other sets of calisthenics every day, and then plunges into a tub of cold water!) "These people," he said of those who initiated the write-in, "represent the hope of the future and I can't let them down."

Write-in campaigns are difficult, but the Senator has substantial support. The *Daily News* of Anchorage and the *Juneau Empire* are giving his campaign excellent coverage and may well endorse his candidacy. What the campaign needs is money. The best—and quickest—way to supply it is simply to send contributions to Senator Ernest Gruening, Anchorage, Alaska.

The Negro Vote

Always a matter of journalistic interest in Presidential elections, the Negro vote has assumed novel dimensions this year. What percentage of that vote will the Democratic nominees receive? Will Nixon get the one-third he won in 1960, or the 5 per cent that went to Goldwater in 1964? What will be the size of the Negro turnout, and will it show variations, North to South? What effect will George Wallace have on Negro voting behavior this year? What do Negroes think and feel about this year's Presidential nominees? More important, what do they think and feel about their own relation, as voters, to the political process at the national level?

What some Negroes say, what many Negroes think and feel, and how most Negroes will vote are, this year, separate if related questions. John F. Hatchett, until recently director of the Afro-American Student Center at New York University, has referred to Nixon and Humphrey as "racist

bastards." Mr. Hatchett, who feels that no white American is free of racism (are all Negroes, one wonders, immune from the same virus?) has to say of George Wallace: "At least he is honest about what he stands for." Honest, perhaps, but not candid. Hatchett's point of view is interesting, but is it representative?

In full awareness of the novel overtones to "the Negro

vote" in this year's election, *The Nation* turned to three Negro reporters: L. F. Palmer, Jr., in Chicago; Robert Maynard in Washington, D.C. (he has been traveling with the Muskie entourage in the Midwest industrial cities), and Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., stationed in Atlanta, who is an expert on Negro voting in the South (see articles beginning on page 392).

VIETNAM: THE WAR CORPS

BLAKE ROBINSON

Mr. Robinson, after sixteen months in Vietnam, where he worked in the pacification program in Gia Dinh Province as assistant provincial representative for psychological operations, resigned his post during the summer. At the same time, he left the U.S. Information Agency, in which he had served for more than eleven years in Asia, Africa and Washington.

An Indian journalist not without sympathy for America's dilemma in Vietnam was among the first to use the phrase, the "War Corps," to describe the conglomerate American presence, civilian as well as military, in that sad land. The irony of the term stems from the fact that the sizable segment of America's brawn and brain now present in Vietnam is a sort of perverted Peace Corps. The enthusiasm and courage of the Peace Corps, as well as the condescension and press agency that sometimes attach themselves to it, have been harnessed in Vietnam to a lost, and in the truest sense, a losing cause.

Vietnam has brought thousands of civilians into the business of making war. Just as "pacification" has little to do with peace, civilians in Vietnam are hardly to be distinguished from soldiers. Not surprisingly, Vietnam has provided new careers for many retired military.

Much has been written about what the war is doing to the Vietnamese. "You have made prostitutes of our women, beggars of our children, and Communists of our men" is an oft-quoted description of the impact of the American presence. Less attention has been paid to the psychological fruits on the American side. There has been some mention of the martial skills and heightened social expectations which the black GI is bringing home with him. More important are the inner revulsion, the cynicism and lack of self-respect—in sum, the dehumanization—which tens of thousands of Americans of every race are being asked to inflict upon themselves in Vietnam.

A national as well as an inestimable personal loss is involved. Apt comparison has been made between these men and the "good Germans" of World War II—those who, while part and parcel of the Nazi system, "knew not what they did." The "good Americans" out in Vietnam bring an evangelical fervor to their disparate tasks. That what they are doing contributes directly or indirectly to destruction appears after a time no longer to concern them.

In Vietnam the American concepts of efficiency and team work, the ideals of the frontier, have mutated wildly.

The job, most people out there will admit, is often its own end, but unfortunately for the Administration soothsayers, the job constantly gets itself undone. According to one official, "The computers are doing a grand job of winning the war. As long as you keep asking them the wrong questions, of course they will give you the 'right' answers. And we're paid to ask those wrong questions."

Leaving aside the bulk of the military for whom war, just or unjust, is simply there to be fought, the Americans in Vietnam fall roughly into three categories. Those in category one, while numerically the fewest, give the War Corps its tone. They are the very young, the naive who really do believe in what they are doing. They are the spiritual descendants of the men who rallied to Saint Bernard's cry, "God wills it!"

One such whom I know is, like most Americans, three times as big as the average Vietnamese. He strides the narrow paths of the paddyland in his tropical GI boots, clipboard at the ready, eager to avenge the cheated villager or to root out the unrecognized VC cadre. One would like to believe that he is a good man. Unfortunately, in today's Vietnam as in Graham Greene's, he is just another "good boy," who thinks he is doing the work of a man. The men in category one will risk their lives, often several times a day, knowing that their cause is worth it. There is woe, however, when one of these aged adolescents begins to understand the game. Then he is no longer content to know that if he dies in action his soul will soar to heaven like a "Huey" in high gear.

The category-two man is also in a minority. For the moral fervor of category one he substitutes a thirst for glory. He is the careerist of the Vietnamese War and, like most of his kind, not very attractive. He is, however, of one piece, and in the long run is the easiest to take of all three categories. Chances are he is carving an empire in Saigon. When he goes out inspecting, his eye may be watching for booby traps but his inner eye looks far beyond Vietnam. It sees the executive desk awaiting him in Washington, the AID directorship in another underdeveloped and potentially "CI" (counterinsurgency) country, or even some "class B" ambassadorship.

The man in category two is past master at briefings and pep talks. He knows what the omnipresent press wants and what his "team" will take. He will say with the eye-bulging candor of the true believer, "In Vietnam, 'Rev Dev' (revo-

lutionary development, the latest term for pacification) is really where it is." Or, "The . . . Division is about the greatest thing ever to happen to this province."

The careerist's Vietnamese "counterpart" is likely to be a major or above; probably a bad soldier but a good family man. They get along famously. That buddy system has changed somewhat recently, as more and more Americans try their hand at direct rule and by-pass or push aside Vietnamese officials. Yet it is still true, as one AID technician put it, "All American advice is welcome here, as long as it takes the form of piasters."

But the American in category two is, with few exceptions, himself clean as a whistle. What he is looking for is not the quick buck (although he is paid handsomely) but a lifetime salary in the upper five figures and the prestige that comes from being a super-executive in the American New Order. He is getting in on the ground floor of this nation's new colonial service. One day we may speak of sons and relatives who "went out to Vietnam."

The War Corps would, however, fall flat on its face if it were forced to rely exclusively on these two categories. The main body, the infantry so to speak, is made up of men who do not take to Vietnam as a duck to water. They must adjust, and adjust they do. They convince themselves that they are there for good and sufficient reason. In fact, much of their energy while "in country" is devoted to convincing themselves of just that.

These are the tens of thousands who make up category three. They are the men who, perhaps even more than those whose lives are lost to VC booby traps and mortar shells, represent a loss to America. By taking part in the war they suspend both their political and moral beliefs.

While neither uneducated nor underfed, they remain essentially as passive as the Vietnamese peasantry. And in that respect they are typical of the bulk of the nation.

In category three one finds the "dead ender," who is using Vietnam to revive a dying career. Here also is the man who has fled "the land of the great PX" to exorcise (or exercise) a private devil—a hunger or a thirst that could not be fully satisfied at home. Of course, he may also be there for the money.

But these are exceptions; more often than not the man in category three is not seeking "artificial paradises" and is not a pure mercenary. He has come to Vietnam because he feels he has no choice. He has few real skills, is too long in his career, has too many children, or too demanding a wife to make a clean break of it. For him it is not "whom" but "what can I turn to?"

All these men, the competent as well as the incompetent, the dullards as well as the brilliant, tend to talk about what they are doing with a certain mocking trepidation. From one I got, "Hm, Rev. Dev.—certainly no revolution there and damn little development."

These men live for their SMA (visit to a "safe haven" country to see the wife), which most of them can get every five weeks, but which they take less frequently now because the government will pay their way only twice a year. Then they go off to swinging Bangkok, comfortable Taipei or stylish Hong Kong. Others take the big leap three times a tour, returning to the States to visit the family in the suburbs of San Diego or Poughkeepsie.

The biggest chunk of the War Corps is made up of men in the middle grades of government service and in middle age. These category-three warriors are often only



Americans in Bao, Saigon.
Gerald Scarfe—Vietnam.

Tribune (London)

too glad to get away for a spell from the wife and kiddies, the suburban grind, bureaucratic infighting or diplomatic socializing.

Many of them are not members of any branch of the military services or career employees of any civilian agency. Vietnam is full of contractees, as well as employees of firms dependent on AID or the military. For them, too, Vietnam can be dangerous, but the risks are offset by splendid wages, differentials, free housing, cheap liquor, good food at below supermarket prices, servants, and the irresistible bonus of a "butterfly" or two between visits to see the "little woman."

In this land of displaced persons a Vietnamese "girl

friend," even with the high demand, can be had for a fraction of the price of a housemaid back home. These men, when one of their fellows is about to return to the States, ask him what his PCOD (Pussy Cut Off Date) is. And while the boys down their third or fourth drink, they will play the game of "Categories," defining the number and nature of the kinds of people working in Vietnam. Only rarely will they dare ask themselves, "What category am I?"

Vietnam is producing a race of men who do not respect themselves or their country. They are the real "good Americans" of the Vietnamese War—not only a waste in human resources for the United States but the basic manpower source for more Vietnams, both abroad and at home.

THE BLACK VOTE

Negroes Go Local

ROBERT MAYNARD

Mr. Maynard is a reporter for The Washington Post.

Washington

He was the kind of ward hustler known in all big cities. The once flashy suit was slightly wrinkled, the off-white shirt had seen a whiter day. But he was a professional, a man paid to do a specific job and with pride in his reputation for reliability. He was not happy.

The job in Ward 24 of Cleveland is to help the organization of Democratic Mayor Carl Burton Stokes turn out a sizable vote for Hubert Humphrey and the Democratic slate on November 5. The pro was standing in the steamy ballroom of the Sheraton Cleveland Hotel, his brown brow glistening with perspiration as he listened to one politician after another proclaim that Ohio was safe for the Democratic column "right down the line."

"These cats ain't for real," the pro confided. "They ain't about to carry this state, or this county for that matter, and they damn well know it. You know what they got to do to carry this state? They got to get every black man and woman into the booth—maybe some of 'em twice—and they can't get 'em all even once."

Blacks, he said, are not all that interested in this Presidential election, despite the fact that whites in Cuyahoga County are defecting in droves to George Wallace. The state-wide organization, the pro said, "don't act like they want the black folks' vote this year. I guess they want it, but they ain't doing a whole lot to get it."

That is hardly an isolated view of the Democratic campaign in the black communities. The impression that prevails is that Humphrey is keeping a safe distance from blacks, in the hope of hauling back into the Democratic column those myriad whites now marching to the polls to the music of George Wallace. "Intellectually," said a prominent Negro Democrat, "they know the black vote

is essential, but emotionally, they can't deal with that reality."

The only Democratic bright spot at midpoint in the 1968 campaign is George Corley Wallace. As reports of his strength spread through the black communities, Democratic professionals hope to stampede voters to the polls, telling Negroes that their votes are needed to keep the White House from falling into the hands of a blatant racist. In fact, assisted by several Agnew slips of the tongue, the Democrats hope to make the argument work against Nixon as well.

But so far, nothing seems to click for them in the Negro communities, where the Democrats hope to garner 80 per cent of whatever vote is cast. And it is a not inconsiderable vote, if it can be mobilized in the final few weeks. If Hubert Humphrey can successfully be portrayed to blacks as the least of three evils, the Democratic National Committee figures to turn out 8 million blacks on Election Day. That is 3 million shy of the number eligible to vote, but the size of the task can be measured by noting that in 1964—when blacks went to the polls with a vengeance against Barry Goldwater—6 million voted. That kind of anger is simply not being generated by the present campaigns.

It is particularly not being generated where it might really count—in the industrial North. The turn-out in the South, where 3 million blacks are registered in eleven states, is expected to be so heavy that some Democrats dream that a strong black vote in Mississippi could carry the state for Humphrey, with Nixon and Wallace canceling each other. Elsewhere in the South, however, no such hope exists.

But there are several Northern states—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan in particular—where a heavy black vote and a little bit of luck could hold the line for Humphrey.

"It's ironic," a black Auto Workers official in Detroit was saying recently. "I remember when it was predicted that the Negro vote would one day be a swing vote and we could influence Presidential policies. Now, when that day is just about here, nobody seems particularly in-

terested. My people tell me they aren't even making out well in getting people registered. What do you think is going to happen November 5?"

The war in Vietnam, of course, has played the heaviest part in eroding Negro enthusiasm for either Humphrey or Nixon. But beyond that, Humphrey, the potential beneficiary from a heavy black vote, has damaged himself by equating the "extremism of Stokely Carmichael" with that of George Wallace. Even Negroes who consider Carmichael a demagogue resent his being lumped in with a man whom most blacks consider a deadly enemy. Nor has Humphrey's flirtation with the law-and-order and crime-in-the-streets issues endeared him to a Negro electorate becoming ever more suspicious that those terms mask a form of racism.

But still another reason, going beyond those negative concerns, is the shift in focus of the black community. In the years since the urban uprisings began, black communities have become increasingly introspective and internally concerned. The emphasis on national leadership has given way to a preoccupation with what is happening at the local level, even the neighborhood level.

Neither in civil rights nor in politics have national figures been as important as local ones during the past several years. Partly with anti-poverty funds and partly

because of the rise of nationalism and black identity, organization at the neighborhood level in the black communities has drawn attention away from the great figures. And the two men who could most easily have broken through to the local level—Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy—are gone.

Thus an odd comparison can be made between the behavior of working-class blacks and working-class whites in this election year. The whites, frightened by violence and crime—but even more by aggressive Negro aspirations—are turning in large numbers away from the liberal Center of Humphrey to the wild Right of Wallace. In doing so, they are banking on Wallace's ability to contain the black threat by invoking greater police powers, which traditionally is not a Presidential responsibility but a local one. Thus it could be said, they propose to vote for a President as though they were selecting a tribal chief or a king. They are asking the President to serve as their defender against crime on the street corner, as though the job had become too big for the police chief; as though too much were at stake for the matter to be resolved by the man in City Hall.

The black component of the working class, meanwhile, is being told at the local level that there is nothing Negroes can gain from the Presidency, nothing to be had from Washington, no matter what man heads the government. That this should be so is especially striking when one notes that even some super-militants will concede that "Johnson did more for black people than any other President."

Black leaders like Ron Karenga, founder-chairman of US, the Los Angeles cultural black nationalist organization, exert profound influence locally, within several miles of their home bases, but little influence on the rest of black America. Part of the reason is credibility. After listening for years to empty promises from politicians and civil rights leaders, the black communities have turned to men they know and who are close enough at hand to be held to account.

Thus the Democratic Party, the "party of the working people," goes the last few halting steps to Election Day with its white blue-collar voters looking to a national figure to solve local problems, and with its black constituency looking to local leaders for solutions to problems that plague them nationally. Meanwhile, black and white radicals are talking—separately, of course—of forming new parties with new concerns and new goals for the nation. A private survey among politically oriented blacks turned up a surprisingly large number of supporters for the idea in cities in middle America. Behind the move for a black new politics there lies the feeling that the major parties are so frozen into old commitments and alliances that they will never free themselves to respond to black people.

Negro Democrats had hoped that the nomination of Channing Phillips and Julian Bond would show Negroes that they have a place in the party. They certainly assumed that the GOP nominations would prove that party closed to black aspirations. Channing Phillips has been on the road, telling disaffected black and white Democrats alike that the party's rebuilding must be done by them, and



Drawings by Pat Fink

"Man, in France They Wants Worker Power and
We Ain't Even Past the Worker Part!"

that they can succeed if they stick with it. But he reports that they often seem to doubt him; they remember Mayor Daley too vividly.

With a quality of great distance in her voice, a black woman, and a regular Democrat in New York, said: "It's a very strange election. It's all as though it were an argument among white folks that hardly involves us. Yet—don't you feel this?—more than anything else, it's about us. How odd this fall seems."

She and a couple of her friends had gathered in a favorite bar and were chatting in remote tones about what it all meant—losing Bobby, in whom they had believed so deeply; the McCarthy candidacy, which shook the party to its foundations, but yet seemed, save for a handful of college kids, to have almost no contact with blacks; the bizarre scene in Chicago. And then the sudden realization that George Wallace was not a quadrennial political joke but a serious contender for the Presidency of the United States.

"I wish," said one of the women, "that we could begin this year all over again. I feel so strange inside. Nothing tastes right." The others nodded assent.

The No-Choice Bag

L. F. PALMER, Jr.

Mr. Palmer is a reporter and columnist for the Chicago Daily News, and a special correspondent for the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Chicago

Chicago's black voters could help topple Mayor Richard J. Daley from his national power perch on November 5. By refusing to vote in the Presidential election, Negroes could help throw Illinois to the Republicans, and Daley must deliver Illinois to Humphrey if he wants to maintain his party ranking. This is probably one of the most difficult assignments the veteran boss of Chicago has ever had to face.

It is an intriguing thought, but, as the cats on the street would say, whitey's got the brother in the trick bag again. The black voter in Chicago—and anywhere else, for that matter—has got to vote for Humphrey because there's no place else to go.

No matter how you add it up, the answer comes out the same. Use the old math of the rigidly controlled, survival-oriented Democratic machine and the conclusion is inescapable: blacks will come out for Humphrey on November 5. Use the new math of the black militant spokesmen who are preaching a vote boycott, but add in the facts of life, and the answer remains unchanged: black voters will vote and they will vote Democratic.

In Chicago, the black vote has long been locked into the Democratic machine. In the fantastic 1960 Presidential election, when John F. Kennedy took Illinois from Richard Nixon by less than 10,000 votes, here's how a few

of Chicago's black wards voted: The 2nd Ward cast 21,100 Democratic ballots and 5,353 Republican; the 3rd Ward went for Kennedy 19,990 to 5,003, and the 24th Ward gave Kennedy 24,211 votes to Nixon's 2,131. In any one of these three black wards—and others delivered returns almost as effective—the plurality was sufficient to swing the entire state of Illinois to the Democratic nominee.

Four years later, when the specter of Sen. Barry Goldwater stirred Chicago's black voters to a little movement on their own, the pluralities in these same districts were extraordinary. The 2nd Ward turned out 23,238 for Lyndon B. Johnson and 1,276 for Goldwater. In the 3rd Ward, the Republican candidate could muster only 982 votes to Johnson's 33,851, and in the 24th Ward he got 304 to Johnson's massive 21,662.

A lot has happened since 1964. Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., was assassinated, his death putting an end to the nonviolent movement as a national force. Sen. Robert F. Kennedy was wiped off the political scene in the same unbelievable manner, and another hero of black Americans was eliminated. Cities burst into flame, Chicago among them. The black pride movement caught hold and suddenly black people started thinking for themselves—some of them, at least.

In Chicago, one of these is Calvin Lockridge, who convened the Black Consortium, a confederation of about forty militant black organizations. When the conventions were over and the Presidential campaigns had begun to tick along, Lockridge startled blacks and whites alike by proposing a double-barreled anti-Establishment strategy. He first called on blacks to vote for Wallace in an effort to throw the election into the House of Representatives. Starting from the assumption that neither Humphrey nor Nixon will offer a meaningful program for the liberation of the black man, Lockridge said: "The ultimate goal of the vote-for-Wallace strategy is to break the two-party system. The system is what is strangling black people. So if you think black people voting for Wallace is extreme, you'd better know that we'll do anything to destroy the system."

But Lockridge came to recognize that this approach is too sophisticated for the black masses, and he began calling instead for a boycott of the polls, a protest technique to be fashioned into a national strategy. A few ministers and independent politicians have joined the boycott movement in Chicago, seeking to persuade black voters that it is suicidal to keep on playing lackey to the Democrats. They argue that once the major parties know that the black vote is not automatic, meaningful bargaining can begin.

Daley is being used as bait in the Chicago boycott attempt. Militants are saying that a nonvote is a vote against Daley, who is running for nothing except his political reputation, which took on national proportions during the bloodletting of the Democratic convention. But the boycott does not appear to be catching on in Chicago, nor apparently in other urban areas. A major reason is the threat of Wallace and Nixon-Agnew. In their October 5th issue, the *Chicago-South Suburban News*, a Negro weekly,

urged voters to defeat Wallace, while the Chicago *Daily Defender*, one of two Negro dailies in the country, inveighed against Nixon.

The *News* strung a two-line banner headline across the top of its front page: "Black Voters Must Go to the Polls En Masse To Curb Wallace Fascist Threat." The story, appearing just after hundreds of thousands turned out for Wallace's visit to Chicago, said in part:

If it was not clear before, it became clear Monday afternoon in Chicago that black voters cannot forgo the voting booth this year as various people have asked them to do . . .

The situation one month before the election calls for some deep thinking on the part of black people in the state of Illinois and throughout the nation. There is a clear and present danger that George C. Wallace and his legions will personally or by proxy lead to a Hitler regime in this country. Never before in the history of this country has the black vote individually or as a whole meant so much as it does this year. A vote not cast is a vote for Wallace. A vote for Wallace is a vote for a Fascist, Hitlerite America.

Voicing much the same fear of Nixon, the *Defender* said in an editorial:

Though some of his strategists try to fashion him in the image of a new leader with a profound sense of vision, Richard M. Nixon remains unchanged. . . . Should [he] win the Presidency in November, the nation will be rocked by some of the most oppressive and repressive measures ever devised by an American President. The ominous change can be perceived through Nixon's running mate, Governor Agnew, who is opposed to demonstrations of any kind and who advocates drastic limits to "permissive dissents." We would be living not in a democratic state with a representative government to sustain the ideology but in a garrison state where the people are voiceless and forbidden to resent any abuse or infringement of their rights or an excessive use of power under the subterfuge of national interest.

These are matters that the black voter must consider before entering the voting booth.

Assuming the boycott technique to be an effective one, which I do not, it must be worked at, like any other political device. It is not being worked at in Chicago because the militant-independent coalition lacks the means and the discipline to carry on a relentless, precinct-level, door-to-door-campaign. Therefore it can succeed only by a miracle. That is one reason why the black voter today is in a steel-lined bag, trying to get out with a can opener: a strong political organization is nonexistent in the black community, outside the Democratic machine.

By contrast, the Daley machine continues to hum. Less than two months after the Chicago Mayor had zipped into his fourth term in April, 1967, with a winning plurality of more than 500,000 votes, Negro Democratic officeholders from across the country assembled in Washington for a workshop conference. A major item on the agenda was Daley's enormous victory and its significance for Negroes in the party and for the Democratic Presidential nominee. It seems evident that even then

party leaders were concerned about holding onto the black bloc vote. Most delegates to that Democratic parley no doubt went home determined that the message brought by state Rep. Cornelia A. Davis, a veteran Chicago Democrat, was the rallying call for the days ahead: "The Negro's salvation is organization. We've got to be organized. We must be part of an organization. We cannot stand alone."

Then the June, 1968, primaries came to Chicago and



"Man, Oh, Man, Talk About White Elephant Sales!"

produced one of the lowest turn-outs in recent history. In the black wards, the stay-at-homes were so numerous as to be alarming. The white vote was down about 30 per cent, but among blacks it was about half of what it had been in the 1964 primary.

A. A. (Sammy) Rayner, who got into Chicago's City Council by unseating a regular Democratic organization man, failed to oust Rep. William L. Dawson in that primary. Rayner had some thoughts on the small turn-out, disagreeing with those who argued that the death of Senator Kennedy caused black voters to stay away from the polls: "We thought Senator Kennedy's death would actually enhance the vote. I think Negroes may be becoming

disillusioned with the political process. If that's so, I'm very concerned."

Leon M. Despres, the white independent councilman known for his maverick ways, concluded that "people are voting with their feet. They feel alienated, uninvolved, rejected." The low turn-out, Despres said, was "an eloquent but ominous sign for the fabric of the city."

But Daley is as sensitive to such signs as a mechanic who detects a foreign sound in the motor of his beloved machine. At once the screwdrivers and pliers were playing over the innards of the Democratic political mechanism, looking for short circuits, points that needed adjusting, plugs to be replaced. For the machine needed a perfect tune-up for the race on November 5. Now, in the days before the election, the hum of efficiency is again heard in Chicago's black wards. The 3rd Ward is a good example. Ralph H. Metcalfe, one-time Olympic hero, is alderman and Democratic committeeman of the ward. Chairman of the powerful Building and Zoning Committee of the City Council and an astute politician, he is thought by many to be the heir apparent to the Congressional seat of the aging Dawson.

"Certainly we see the vote boycott as a threat," Metcalfe said. "It will continue to be a threat so long as we do not address ourselves to it. But we are pointing out that any person who advocated that black people refrain from voting is no friend of the race." Metcalfe says that, in view of the threatened boycott, his organization has stepped up its campaign for Humphrey. "We advanced our timetable considerably. Our precinct captains are getting vote estimates much earlier this year, so we can get an idea of what the picture is. And we are making it crystal clear to residents of our ward what a danger Nixon and Wallace represent." Metcalfe predicts that a larger percentage of Negro voters will turn out on November 5 than did in 1964.

The NAACP, the Urban League and some labor organizations are also conducting vigorous "nonpartisan" get-out-the-vote campaigns. The A. Philip Randolph Institute has come out in support of Humphrey-Muskie and is actively opposing the boycott in Chicago and other major cities. One flier which the institute distributed to blacks speaks a plain language: "Nixon and Agnew and Wallace scream about 'law and order' and 'crime in the streets.' Whom do you think they have in mind? It's us. What do you think they really mean? They mean to scare the Southern racists and Northern backslashers into voting for them so they can 'put the nigger in his place.'"

That is very effective propagandizing. Combined with the bread-and-butter campaigning of the Democratic organization's precinct captains, it will get the black voters to the polls on November 5, although there is enormous hostility to Humphrey in the ghettos—especially among younger voters who view the Vice President much as they view the NAACP: great in its day but unable or unwilling to shift with the times. "What am I supposed to do?" one black voter asked. "Sit on the sidelines and watch the world go by? Obviously, I can't vote for Nixon. The voter-for-Wallace bit is too silly even to talk about. So that leaves me with Humphrey. We're in a bag, brother."

Another group of blacks who will vote for Humphrey, though it goes against their militant grain, are those who have fought in Chicago's political wars, have been run over by the machine, but who are still looking for somewhere to turn.

Bennett J. Johnson is one such. Though he is now project director of the Milwaukee Urban League's Labor Education Advancement Program, he is in and out of Chicago and very much a part there of the independent political scene. Still nettled because he was offered \$3,000 to drop out of Chicago's 42nd Ward aldermanic race in 1959, Johnson told the recent Black Power conference in Philadelphia that he offered to withdraw his candidacy if his political enemies gave him \$1 for every black man, woman and child in America. "I ran and I lost," Johnson recalls. "The campaign cost the 42nd Ward regular Democratic Organization \$35,000 to defeat me. But we built the North Side contingent of the Chicago League of Negro Voters which led every protest movement for the next nine years."

Johnson said he could have become a political dropout and "it would have made sense to some people if I had joined the boycott movement." But to him it just isn't that simple. "Politics is power. The acquisition of this power is a science. We who believe that black people must control our own communities must first learn how to become skilled at this craft. Then we must use this science to free ourselves and our brothers."

Johnson then put his finger on the core of the dilemma. "The most influential organization in Chicago and many other urban areas is not a religious denomination, a fraternal group or a civil rights organization. It is the Democratic Party. The warp and woof of the Democratic Party are the precinct captains and the functionaries such as election judges. But these black party faithful do not come from the middle class; they are not the black bourgeoisie. They are the grass-roots people who have found some identity and some way to make a living through the political organization."

To launch a program to exterminate them, Johnson said, would be fratricide and would leave a vacuum of employment and service "we are not prepared to fill." To put it another way, the Democratic organization in Chicago and in many urban centers is a way of survival for many Negroes. At the same time, because the organization does not respond to the needs of the black man, it is also a way of death for the hopes and dreams and aspirations of a people. There, again, is the bag that engulfs black voters on the eve of the 1968 Presidential election. It is suicidal not to vote, yet a vote for Humphrey is a vote for the machine.

Ironically, the three black candidates currently running for President are virtually forgotten in the whirl and swirl of electioneering. Ask any black man who they are and he'll be able to name Dick Gregory—perhaps. Eldridge Cleaver, the Black Panthers' minister of information, who is running on the Peace and Freedom ticket, and the Communist Party's Charlene Mitchell have not stirred even as much interest in Chicago as Dick Gregory's cam-

paign "dollar bills." The number of blacks who will waste their votes on these three candidates will not even ripple the political waters.

And so, given the widespread belief that the Democrats will be hard put to carry Illinois for Humphrey, I return to the intriguing thought that Chicago's black voters could help push Daley off his pinnacle of power on November 5. From emotion, militancy and impulsiveness they just might indulge themselves in this kind of orgy of revenge. But, more in self-defense than anything else, the black vote is almost certain to wind up in Humphrey's pocket. Whether or not it will be enough to put him over, most black voters are convinced that they are better off in somebody's corner than to find themselves even more stranded than they are today.

Richard H. Newhouse, a black state Senator from Chicago who bucked the machine to win his seat, has been preaching a bit of Black Power to his colleagues in the Illinois General Assembly. Like Bennett Johnson, he sees politics as power and is trying to weld black state Representatives and Senators into a power bloc. "The time has come," Newhouse said last year, "when the Negro voter must recognize that voting is not an exercise in futility. Good, clean, legal American power is within grasp—if we just remember to stretch forth our hand." He is not having much success with his unity program.

In time and under the right circumstances, Newhouse's admonition could have great meaning. Under the circumstances of the upcoming election, the black man's vote is little more than an exercise in futility. In Chicago and across the nation, he is going to act on his franchise, he is going to stretch forth his hands. But what the political system is going to drop into those upturned palms will not be "good, clean, legal American power."

New Game in Dixie

VERNON E. JORDAN, JR.

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Atlanta

It is ironic, in this year when both major parties (and of course George Wallace) are soliciting Ole Massa's vote, that the black man can be the decisive factor in how the region goes. In 1964, just over 2 million Negroes were registered to vote in the South. This year the figure is up to 3,112,000. Since 1962 Negro voter registration in the South has more than doubled, with no comparable increase in white registration; the face of every sixth voter in the South today is black.

In contrast with his historic alienation from, and victimization by, Southern politics, the black man has recently been making solid political gains throughout the region. As a registered and active voter, as an office seeker and officeholder, the black man has become in the 1960s a major participant in the South's political process.

Negroes are gradually reshaping Byzantine Southern politics by struggling from a position of virtually no political status in 1944 to the point where they have been able to decide many state and local races. Similarly, Negroes can now determine how Southern states will cast their electoral votes in 1968.

The Presidential election of 1964, and the state-wide and Congressional elections in the South in 1966, supply precedents for saying that the Negro vote can swing this year's election in the region, and (who knows?) in the nation. A study by the Southern Regional Council of the 1964 election shows that of the six Southern states carried by Lyndon Johnson, four (Arkansas, Florida, Tennessee and Virginia) would have gone for Goldwater had it not been for the black vote. One other, North Carolina, might have gone Republican. Only in his native Texas, among the eleven states of the South, did Mr. Johnson clearly receive the majority of white votes. And in the five states carried by Goldwater, Negro registration was abnormally low, lagging behind the regional average.

In the 1966 election, the black vote supplied the winning margin for a U.S. Senator, one and probably two governors and at least two Congressmen. In addition, a number of Negroes were elected to public office at state and local levels. Today there are nearly 300 black elected officials in the South and the number is expected to go above 300 in this November's elections.

To be sure, the growing black vote has not silenced racism in the South, as was hoped several years ago. The 1966 gubernatorial campaigns in Georgia, Alabama and Florida are examples of racist victories. The same could be said of the 1967 Mississippi governor's contest. Indeed, it could be argued that the rise of black political influence, along with other advances made by the Negroes, has intensified racism in the region. The white South obviously feels that the blacks have gone too far in their demands for justice and equality. Integration of lunch counters and public facilities, desegregation of the voting booths and token desegregation of the schools—although fought at every turn—are thought to be enough, if not too much. While the percentage of Negro voters is up, in some parts of the Deep South new white registration has matched, or nearly matched, new Negro registration.

Events this year have also demonstrated what black people have known all along—that the South has no monopoly on racism. George Wallace's incredible campaign has made obvious this sociological fact. In the Johnson-Goldwater race for the Presidency racism was a controlling factor in the South. Johnson and Goldwater offered two distinct views on the race question, and the issue therefore caused mass defections of previously Democratic white voters to Goldwater, and of previously Republican black voters to Johnson. But in 1968, with "law and order" a major issue, the shadow of racism hangs over an entire national campaign.

Given all this, along with the candidacies of Humphrey, Nixon and Wallace, where will the Southern Negro vote go in November? The fact is that the Southern Negro has the franchise but no choice. As in 1964, the Republicans have failed to offer the black people a can-



"I'd Settle for Some Closed Housing."

didate for the Presidency; they wrote off the Negro vote at Miami. Wallace, of course, provides only additional incentive to vote for Humphrey.

This does not mean that Southern Negroes are irrevocably committed to the Democrats. They vote their interests and they vote for the candidate or party acceptable to their aspirations and their dignity. For example, in Pine Bluff, Ark., in 1964, Negroes voted 97.8 per cent for President Johnson and 88.5 per cent for the Republican candidate for governor. In 1966, Negroes in South Carolina and other parts of the South gave key support to Democratic candidates. In the Arkansas governor's race, however, Negroes gave decisive support to the Republican nominee.

Nor is there, this year, great personal affection for Mr. Humphrey. Had Robert Kennedy lived and won the Democratic nomination, he would have enjoyed the overwhelming support of black people in the South. He was a man who cared about their problems, and they remembered his brother. They also remembered Robert Kennedy's service as attorney general; they listened to his speeches. They saw him in the Mississippi Delta in-

vestigating and seeing firsthand the desperate plight of the black man. The death of Senator Kennedy, along with that of Martin Luther King, leaves a void in the hearts of black men in this election year.

Of course, Hubert Humphrey is no stranger to blacks in the South. Negroes either remember or have heard of his courageous leadership in behalf of civil rights at past Democratic conventions. Southern Negroes recognize that he has long championed the cause of justice and equality, and continues to do so.

As Vice President, however, Mr. Humphrey's image has been somewhat tarnished. His photographed embrace of Georgia's Gov. Lester Maddox was very disturbing. What kind of politics is that, the Negroes asked? Humphrey's obvious courtship of Southern Governors in his bid for the Democratic nomination was poorly received. Did he really believe he could count on McKeithen, they ask in Louisiana? What is his actual position on Vietnam? The blacks are becoming increasingly concerned about that faraway war. Finally, why would Sen. Robert Byrd of West Virginia be the keynote speaker at a recent South-wide Humphrey-Muskie organizational meeting in Atlanta? Negroes were puzzled.

Nixon has no positive record in the field of civil rights, nor has he been identified with the cause of black people. His call for law and order, his criticism of the Supreme Court, the reported promises to Southerners on school desegregation, and the roles of Strom Thurmond of South Carolina and "Bo" Callaway of Georgia in his campaign are not calculated to win him the black vote. From what we have seen and heard in the South, the crowds Nixon attracts across the country are lily white, attracting few, if any, Negroes.

Wallace, of course, is not in contention for black votes. However, his presence in the campaign will be a factor in getting Negro citizens to the polls on Election Day. Many blacks will vote against Wallace as much as they will vote for one of the other candidates. The Wallace brand of racism generally insures a good black turn-out wherever it is applied.

The 1966 governor's race in Alabama illustrates this point. Wallace was a *de facto* candidate for governor, with his wife standing in. In the primary, 74 per cent of the 235,000 Negroes registered in Alabama voted. This was a remarkable showing, since more than half of the Negro registration had been added in the months leading up to the election and thus were voting for the first time in their lives. The white turn-out in the election was 61 per cent of the white registration.

Candidates aside, the 1968 conventions of the major parties are additional influences on the black vote in the South. The Republican delegations from the South were almost entirely white, a departure from the older tradition of heavy black representation on Southern delegations to GOP conventions. There were only four Negro regular delegates from the region—two from Arkansas, one from Tennessee and one from Georgia. Black representation nation-wide at Miami, delegates and alternates, was only 3.5 per cent. Except for the address by Sen. Edward Brooke, Negroes were almost invisible.

At the Democratic convention, on the other hand, 381 black delegates and alternates provided 7 per cent of the total. From the South alone, even before the seating of the Mississippi and Georgia challenge delegations, there were forty-three regular Negro delegates and fifty alternates.

Four years ago, Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer of Ruleville, Miss., was on the outside trying to get into the Democratic convention. This year, black people across the nation saw Mrs. Hamer inside the convention, speaking from the podium and trying to get her black brothers from Alabama into the hall. In addition to seating the biracial delegation from Mississippi, the convention decided to divide the Georgia vote between the regulars and the challengers, driving the enraged Lester Maddox out of the convention and letting Julian Bond in. The abolition of the unit rule was an important change for Negroes. The nominations of black men for President and Vice President, however symbolic, had real meaning for black people.

Thus Negroes in the South tend to see more hope for their aspirations and needs within the Democratic Party. Their actions at the ballot box in November may reflect more an appreciation of the national Democratic Party, and its deeds, than a loyalty to the nominee.

As the election approaches, it becomes increasingly clear that Nixon has little hope of attracting black voters. His October Southern tour offers no evidence that the candidate is trying to draw black voters, though obviously his Southern strategy must somehow include them.

At the same time, if Humphrey is to carry any state in the South, he must have an enthusiastic turn-out of black

voters—plus (such as it is in the South) the moderate-to-liberal white vote. This combination, along with a split in the rest of the white vote between Nixon and Wallace, could put Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas in the Democratic column. I would concede only Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana to Wallace. Georgia could go either way. The nearly 350,000 Negro votes in Georgia could provide Humphrey with the 34 per cent of the vote needed to get the state's twelve electoral votes. Florida is the only Nixon certainty in the South. Texas being too vast and unpredictable to analyze.

Unlike some blacks in the North, Negroes in the South are not indifferent about the current Presidential race. Yet you cannot feel today the enthusiasm and excitement that existed in 1964. Nor do Negroes anticipate victory as they did then. On the contrary, they grudgingly acknowledge that Nixon is likely to win.

This November, thousands of black people in the South will be casting their first vote for a President. A large number of additional black voters will be participating in a Presidential race for the second time. Voting is still a novelty for Southern Negroes and a Presidential election is one they are least likely to pass up.

The crash get-out-the-vote campaigns now under way and growing, under the direction of civil rights organizations and local groups across the South, could lead to a black turn-out at least proportionate to the white turn-out. If that happens, the Democratic nominee has a better chance in the South than most political observers give him. Certainly, the key to a Democratic victory in the South is the black voter. And should the Democrats be victorious, Negro voters will expect them not to forget that fact.

THE EMPIRE AFTER SALAZAR

ANTONIO DE FIGUEIREDO

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Never one to give up without a fight, 79-year-old Professor-cum-Dictator Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, after four weeks of agony and several extreme unctions, fell into a coma, was officially declared moribund, and was replaced as Prime Minister of Portugal by Prof. Marcello Caetano.

A man of many paradoxes, Salazar is likely to go down in the history of his country as the rebuilder of an overseas empire he never even saw. Having been given absolute powers after a *coup d'état* in 1926, he balanced the finances of the exiguous and unstable country that came under his hand and integrated the remnants of a far-flung empire into an "escudo area" which in 1967 showed convertible reserves of \$1.6 billion. Today the rich and booming territories of Angola and Mozambique, more than twenty-two times the size of Portugal, almost as big as

Western Europe, and developing at a faster rate than most independent African countries, contain 12 million blacks and more than 400,000 white settlers (15 per cent of the total white population of southern Africa). Between them the colonies buy 25 per cent of Portugal's exports, supply most of the raw materials for its expanding industry and, overcoming Portugal's own chronic trade deficit, leave a surplus in the "escudo area" balance of payments.

In the first decades of Salazar's rule, much of the visible urban and industrial progress, and capital accumulation, was achieved at the expense of forced and cheaply paid labor from the overwhelmingly rural populations of both European Portugal and the overseas territories. After the Angolan uprising in 1961, when Portugal came to be involved in three colonial wars in Guinea-Bissau, Angola and Mozambique, Salazar forsook his parochial, slow but determined methods. Though he had boasted of keeping Portugal out of the Spanish Civil War and World War II, he was to proclaim the colonial wars as an inherent feature of modern Portuguese "dynamics." Having retained the overseas territories as a preserve for Portuguese capital and

the living space with which to reduce pressure for much needed agrarian reforms in Portugal, he ignored his own previous warnings as to the dangers of investments and loans from foreign sources and mortgaged the economic future of Portugal, Angola and Mozambique with long-term commitments, in some cases extending to twenty-five years.

As of now, his accomplishments are difficult to assess. It would perhaps take less than another forty years to spread the wealth generated by the Salazar regime beyond the bankers, industrialists and the growing urban middle classes in Portugal and the African territories (from which the regime has of late been enjoying considerable support). But the wall of censorship and propaganda hides the full significance of certain facts in the politico-social scene. Over the past few years, Portuguese have been fleeing the country at the rate of 100,000 annually, "voting with their feet" on the way to France and Western Germany. In any year, more leave than are born. And in Africa, Portugal faces guerrilla warfare on several fronts, waged by organized groups on behalf of millions of Africans as eager for self-determination as for social and economic progress.

And the neglected ordinary Portuguese and African will certainly have to wait a long time before their needs are recognized. Defense currently absorbs half of the entire budget, some 6.7 per cent of the gross national product; it is the highest percentage in all Europe, except for the Soviet Union. And defense, conscripting 200,000 young Portuguese for terms up to four years in the active and reserve army units, has absolute control over expenditures for public works, education and social services.

Moreover, Salazar leaves his country at a turning point in its history. Lacking adequate support from its NATO allies for its colonial exploitation, Portugal, the creator of multi-racial Brazil, has come to rely on a close military and economic alliance with South Africa. Apartheid is so incompatible with Portuguese traditions that one can only assume a game of political expediency. On the one hand, Salazar may have hoped to achieve a situation whereby, while enjoying the support of South Africa in the hardening white-supremacy context of southern Africa, he could still offer to the outside world a contrasting picture

of Portuguese racial moderation. In its turn, South Africa would be willing to give a helping hand because Portuguese schemes call for increasing numbers of white settlers in its African territories. The most significant of these schemes are the \$320 million Cabora Bassa Dam, in Mozambique, and the \$220 million Cunene Dam, in Angola, which will provide, respectively, for the settlement of an estimated 1 million and 500,000 Portuguese. Both are backed by South African assistance. Then, the survival of the emerging white nationalisms of neighboring Angola and Mozambique would certainly be bound up with that of white South Africa. The example of Rhodesia is pertinent.

Led away from Europe and back to the empire to assert its independence from Spain, small Portugal is so overwhelmed by the implications of its presence in southern Africa that it runs the risk of losing its autonomy to South Africa. Already many of the army generals and civilian party leaders have settled most of their interests in the rich overseas provinces of Portugal. And it is they who now want to impose a continuing Salazarism without Salazar. Prime Minister Caetano, a widely traveled and more modern-minded man than Salazar, is better equipped to understand the implications of the Portuguese dilemma. In the ambiguous language peculiar to all totalitarian regimes, experts may read some hope of liberalization. "Portugal," Caetano said at his inaugural, "has grown accustomed to be governed by a man of genius, but from now on it will be governed by ordinary men, as are other countries."

The Portuguese, shedding their disputes and calling for a transition to democratic rule, might be expected to cooperate with him in proving that in the long run common democratic sense will profit Portugal more than the visions of a supposedly genial recluse—who rebuilt an overseas empire and led faraway jungle battles from an armchair. By, and large, the ordinary Portuguese wants his small country to become part of a wider Europe, rather than to persist in pouring out the lives of millions of Portuguese and colonial peoples on empires that come and go. The dream of empire has intoxicated the rulers of Portugal for 500 years; as long as it holds sway, there may be more or less liberalism in the country, but there will never be democracy.

Rafferty: High Wind in California

PHIL KEADY

Los Angeles

Dr. Maxwell Lewis Rafferty flew to Los Angeles and called a news conference at a downtown hotel. Facing a roomful of expectant radio, television and newspaper reporters, the California Republican candidate for the United States Senate put it simply: "We candidates have a duty, as the kids say, to cool it."

This was a switch for Rafferty who, since he gained national prominence—or notoriety—has made full use of his

considerable flair for personal invective, unhampered by any nagging doubts of his own rectitude. But now, reviving a phrase used by the "old Nixon," Rafferty told the newsmen he detected a deplorable tendency among political candidates to "go for the jugular." By pat coincidence, he singled out for his concern one candidate in particular, Alan Cranston, the 54-year-old liberal Democrat who opposes him for the Senate. Rafferty accused Cranston of contributing to the "brooding climate of violence" and thereby risking the danger of stimulating further assaults on public figures, there being "too many loose nuts running around this country." Rafferty added, almost by reflex, "I

could say all kinds of things about my opponent, but I will not." (Laughter.) Apparently, Cranston had contributed to the "brooding climate of violence" by replying to Rafferty's attacks, instead of ignoring them, as Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel had done when battling Rafferty in the Republican primary. It turned out that Kuchel had made a fatal political misjudgment. As an example of the kind of restraint he practices on his opponents, Rafferty later in the campaign charged that Cranston had moved "perilously close to . . . treason" when he urged a halt to the bombing of North Vietnam.

For the past six years, since he was first elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction in California, Rafferty had said "all kinds of things" about personalities and issues; his current popularity, like that of George Wallace, may tell more about the country than it reveals of the man. The stakes in the Senate battle are high. A victory for Rafferty would indicate that, against the backdrop of war abroad, war in our streets and general confusion and rancid conflict, the conservative tide that elected Gov. Ronald Reagan and Sen. George Murphy is still running in California and may not have reached its peak. The national significance of political trends in California is obvious. The state's economy is now so large that some statisticians claim it would rank, if separated from the rest of the United States, fifth among the nations of the world.

Rafferty makes headlines and catches the eye of the television camera with short, staccato bursts of opinion like the following:

On Vietnam: "If the North Vietnamese do not respond [to a seven-day ultimatum on the peace talks] then we should turn [our] objectives over to the military to achieve."

On draft resisters: "Creeps, cowards, Communists." (In World War II, Rafferty appealed his I-A classification twice and finally was rejected for flat feet.)

On foreign aid: "It's not my fault there's starvation in Asia, despite what our one-worlders are saying. There has always been starvation in Asia, largely because the Asians insist upon breeding like rabbits."

On riots: "I would favor declaring martial law immediately in any riot zone and provide for military courts-martial to deal with rioters and looters right on the streets."

On crime and punishment: "I've had it up to here with sob sisters who insist we should be kind to creeps who prey on us or punks who stamp helpless polio victims to death."

On students (at Berkeley): "Who pays the tuition for their four-year course in sex, drugs and treason? I will tell you. You and I do."

Max Rafferty is a political accident, but that may be said of many politicians. Richard Nixon, this generation's most pragmatic practitioner of the art, says a politician's greatest asset is being in the right place at the right time. With no advance warning to the state or notice to him, fate showed Rafferty from relative obscurity as a district school superintendent to administrator of the largest educational system in the nation. Six years later he had knocked out of office the 57-year-old Kuchel, a vet-

eran of fifteen years in Washington, minority whip of the Senate and a man who had never before been defeated in thirty-two years of politics.

Rafferty was born in New Orleans fifty-one years ago and moved with his family to California in 1931. He graduated from Beverly Hills High School at 16, a bright product of the educational system he has so incessantly attacked. He graduated from UCLA with a degree in history and took an M.A. in school administration, but the clue to the future Rafferty can be found in UCLA student politics of thirty years ago. He was an ardent member of a group called UCLA Americans, organized to rid the university of "Communist activities." Stanley Rubin, editor of the college paper, *The Daily Bruin*, and now a Hollywood movie producer, told David Shaw of the Long Beach *Independent Press-Telegram*: "I remember he got so angry over an editorial I wrote that he came crashing into the office in his ROTC uniform and boots, looking every bit like a storm trooper. He had two big football players with him, and they said they were going to beat the hell out of me."

After returning to UCLA in 1939 to pick up teaching credentials, Rafferty disappeared into the Mojave Desert, where he began his career as a football coach and English instructor in a small-town high school. While working his way slowly up through the system's bureaucracy, he obtained a doctorate in education from the University of Southern California. In 1952, when Rafferty sought to become principal of a new high school in San Bernardino, he was rejected by the superintendent, who recalls: "I . . . heard stories about how he criticized [football] officials so vehemently that he whipped the crowds into a frenzy, and the officials were so frightened they ran from the field and drove off right after the games without stopping to shower and change clothes." Rafferty's later political opponents know how those officials felt.

In the middle 1950s, Needles, Calif., where it is nearly always too hot to bother about anything, was having a brawl over "progressive education." The town, a Santa Fe Railroad preserve with a solidly unionized working class, rallied behind the "three Rs" and threw out the entire school board; the school superintendent and three principals resigned. Rafferty was brought in as the new superintendent to restore order. He did that and more. One newspaper commented that, after five years of Rafferty, the school children of Needles were getting "one of the best public educations in the state."

Shortly thereafter he was called to La Cañada, a wealthy Los Angeles suburb which had been through a school unification fight with the usual casualties and was looking around for a new superintendent. And there, in the spring of 1961, Rafferty became famous. He had not yet unpacked when the school board president asked him whether he would like to address a public meeting. He would, he did, and became the leader of the right-wing assault on public education in California.

Rafferty delivered "The Passing of the Patriot" seven years ago, but it is still included in his standard campaign kit. One redolent passage from this celebrated declamation reads: "The results [of our system of public education] are plain for all to see: the worst of our youngsters growing

up to become booted, side-burned, duck-tailed, unwashed, leather-jacketed slobs whose favorite sport is ravaging little girls and stamping polio victims to death; the best of our youth coming into maturity for all the world like young people fresh from a dizzying roller-coaster ride, with everything blurred, with nothing clear, with no positive standards, with everything in doubt. No wonder so many of them welsh out and squeal and turn traitor when confronted with the grim reality of Red military force and the crafty cunning of Red psychological warfare."

Referring thus to the behavior of some captured American soldiers during the Korean War, Rafferty did not mention that their average level of education was ninth grade and did not remind his middle-class audience that its sons had been sheltered from the draft. Such omissions mattered not at all to the legions of the Right, disgruntled by recent setbacks at the polls. They whooped it up for the superintendent, and soon he was booked into every right-wing rally in the state.

Rafferty's sudden acclaim could not have happened at a time more propitious for him. Dr. Roy E. Simpson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was retiring in 1962, and the ultraconservatives knew opportunity when they saw it. Easily persuaded to become their candidate, Rafferty won the nonpartisan office by out-talking a UCLA professor of speech, Ralph Richardson. "He clubbed me to death with the progressive education issue," Dr. Richardson says, "even though progressive education had not been used in California in ten years." After his election by 200,000 votes, while Richard Nixon was losing to Gov. Edmund G. Brown, Rafferty consolidated his hold on public attention with nonstop oratory. His themes were the war, uprisings in the ghettos, student riots, pornography and narcotics, often bundled into one inspirational package.

Glum predictions to the contrary, Rafferty has not been a disaster for education in California; indeed, he has not had much effect on it. Even if he had been utterly convinced by his own rhetoric—which, given his intelligence, is not likely—he would have found it difficult to accomplish radical change. The Superintendent of Public Instruction in California, while an elected official, is the administrative officer of the Board of Education, appointed by the governor; his power is limited. And in Rafferty's case, nine of the ten board members had endorsed his opponents in 1962. (Since 1966, Governor Reagan has appointed six new members who are more closely akin to Rafferty's philosophy.)

Of the twenty-seven changes Rafferty advocated in 1962 for California education, nineteen, he says, have been adopted—a phenomenal record. But a closer reading suggests, as one observer put it, that most of the reforms are "sweetly scented with anti-climax." They range from "an end to progressive education as the official philosophy of the State Department of Education" to "production by the State Department of Education of recommended lists of children's classics to be sent to all elementary and junior high schools." Among others: "Adoption of music textbooks containing such patriotic songs as *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean*, *You're a Grand Old Flag*, and *Yankee*

Doodle Boy." These are listed under the category, "Education in Depth—a California Revolution." Some of the reforms have more substance. Rafferty shifted control of teacher training from the school of education in each state college to the Liberal Arts and Science Departments. In teacher training, he placed more emphasis on subject matter and less on methodology. He obtained extension of free public education to the mentally retarded and sponsored compensatory education for dropouts, and he has consistently pressed for more state aid for local schools and a consolidation of school districts to cut costs and increase efficiency.

These moves hint that the new superintendent had something of the "sound educational philosophy" credited to him by one critic, who went on to say that Rafferty, unfortunately, overlays this philosophy "with Philistine attitudes and ideological views that are irrelevant to the battle for basic education." But Rafferty's "Philistine attitudes and ideological views" were not irrelevant to his career. Once settled in office, he troubled himself far less with problems of education than with national and international affairs. Exceptions were emotion-packed, news-making episodes like the row stirred up by *The Dictionary of American Slang*, a volume comprehensive enough to include most of the more uninhibited sexual expressions. This book found its way into school libraries, and Rafferty denounced it as "a practicing handbook of sexual perversion." He condemned the Supreme Court for its decision on prayers in public schools and is currently attacking the appointment of Eldridge Cleaver as a guest lecturer in a special course on racism at the University of California at Berkeley.

There is no evidence that Rafferty cared very deeply about such issues, but they were useful to him as political steps to higher office. When he announced for the Senate—appropriately on Washington's Birthday—some Californians may have been surprised, but the record should have prepared them. And the time was ripe.

In the spring of 1968, Senator Kuchel, an easy-going moderate of 57 and a product of the Earl Warren era of tranquillity in California, was vulnerable. Kuchel when other politicians were discreetly silent, had earned the enmity of the hard-core Right by denouncing the John Birch Society for its attacks on Chief Justice Warren, who had appointed him to the Senate in 1953. The Senator slammed the point home by refusing to support Barry Goldwater, Sen. George Murphy and later Governor Reagan when they declined to repudiate the society.

Governor Reagan's pulsating dislike of Senator Kuchel whom he tagged by inference during the Goldwater campaign as one of the "traitors" to the Republican Party, was well known. But as Reagan's staff began to persuade him that he had a chance for the GOP Presidential nomination the Governor began to think more of party unity and less of ideology. Trying to prevent a Right-liberal split in the California Republicans, Reagan reached a gentlemen's agreement with Kuchel; the Senator would go along with Reagan's ambitions and Reagan would remain neutral in the primary. Reagan kept his end of the deal, rather effectively, it appears, blocking financial support for Rafferty

from the wealthiest of the conservatives who had financed his own victory over Brown. That turned out not to matter very much. Rafferty's campaign manager, Dick Darling, reported that \$950,000 rolled into the primary campaign from 73,000 individual contributors. Rafferty spent \$135,000 more in the primaries and plans to spend \$1.5 to \$2 million—if he can raise it—against Cranston. In October, money, unexpectedly, became a problem. It was reported that big GOP contributors, watching Rafferty sag in the post-primary opinion polls, were not returning his telephone calls with much zest.

Rafferty's unctuous oratory may offend the sensibilities of moderates, but he can stir up the faithful to a pitch of fervor. After one of his window-rattling jousts against vice, crime and the Supreme Court, a young Republican lawyer wryly observed, "He came on a little strong, didn't he?" A sweet-faced, middle-aged woman who had been listening with palpating attention turned on the lawyer: "He's a great man, a fine man, an honest man who tells the truth." The lawyer, embarrassed by her insistence, nodded agreeably, but she would not be put aside. "Do you know," she asked him, "what's happening in our schools? They put on plays there, with Negro and white children kissing each other."

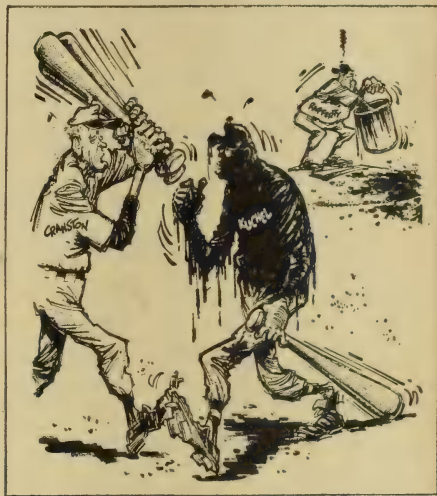
Rafferty is adept at playing on the fears of such people, but he was not elected and re-elected superintendent of schools solely by bigots, nor did he win over Senator Kuchel with the aid only of the embattled Right. He got heavy support from the middle class and cut deeply into blue-collar areas that have been traditionally Democratic. The concerns that motivate the supporters of Rafferty, Reagan and Nixon are the basic concerns of everybody: the inconclusive war in Vietnam, riots in the ghettos, the revolution among the young, spiraling crime, big government, big taxes, big spending—and circling over all this the terrifying pace of change that threatens established institutions and inherited values.

"Something has gone wrong with this country," says Dick Darling, a bedrock conservative. "There is a breakdown in morality, a lowering of all standards. Loyalty to family, friends and country no longer count for anything. The pendulum has swung too far toward the welfare state. This irritates the average citizen." But Darling, an affable real estate man from Riverside, claims some sympathy for the New Left rebellion against "the system." The New Left, as he sees it, is currently making the mistake that the Goldwater conservatives made four years ago: "Four years ago we were too extreme. We would argue, but we would not reason. The same people who worked for Goldwater worked for Reagan, but they were tempered by their Goldwater experience." Darling's sympathy for the New Left, held carefully within bounds, may stem from a Left-Right common hatred of the "liberal establishment." (As Cranston gathered strength, Rafferty dropped Darling, called Reagan for help, and Reagan sent in a rescue squad of his top aides.)

Darling's average citizen, whoever he is, may be only irritated, but a strong current of fear, frustration and hatred is coursing through the country. These emotions surface more readily on the Left and the Right, but it is apparent that the great majority of the voters—Richard

Scammon's "unpoor, the unyoung, and the unblack"—also are beginning to respond. The right-wing appeal in traditional working-class districts has been evident for several years. In an area of southeastern Los Angeles County with a 63 per cent Democratic registration advantage, Governor Reagan beat Governor Brown by nearly 2 to 1 two years ago, and George Wallace is strong there. The residents of the area, 94 per cent white, and heavily unionized, voted 5 to 1 to repeal California's open housing act. The district borders on the heavily Negro neighborhoods of south-central Los Angeles.

In some respects, the blue-collar class—workers getting



Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"Watch Out for His Mud-Ball!"

\$6,000 to \$10,000 a year—are as alienated as the ideological Left and Right. The causes are not hard to discover. A professional campaign manager in Los Angeles, mapping an appeal to traditional working-class Democrats, found workers "fed up" with higher taxes, inflation, the war and fear of "encroaching Negroes and violence." As he said, "taxes hit them harder than anyone else, more of their sons go to war, and integration makes heavier psychological demands on them than on the better educated. Most of them can't afford to send their kids to college, and yet every night on television they see the middle-class kids rioting on the campus and chanting 'Ho Chi Minh.'"

In appealing to the discontented, whatever the origin of their anger, Max Rafferty stirs up fear with one hand and ladles out flattery with the other.

"I'm here to say a good word for the United States of America," he began in typical fashion recently to a receptive dinner audience of young businessmen and their wives. The phrases fell neatly into place: "We are accused of the terrible crime of being American." On the war: "Don't

blame our government for the suffering in the villages of Vietnam. We are there only because they begged us to come." On racial outbreaks: "Don't blame me. I'm not a sniper, a looter or a burner." On poverty: "I did not cause it. You did not cause it." On the Supreme Court: "Social reformers, political hacks, child-marrying mountain-climbers." The innocents of the world, it seems are the comfortable middle classes.

A man less talented than Rafferty would have had difficulty converting mild Senator Kuchel into a great "sick '60s" symbol of pornography, dope, violence and lawlessness, but Rafferty accomplished it in this way: "Washington . . . is a place for a man who believes unhesitatingly in morality, in love of country, obedience to the Constitution and our laws. . . . I leave you to decide whether my opponent is this kind of Senator—whether he has ever been this kind of Senator." And further, "I cannot tell you why my opponent hasn't led a Senatorial campaign against dope; I can only tell you that I will."

This was overkill, and while Rafferty defeated Kuchel, his margin was only 69,000 in a vote of more than 2 million. Alan Cranston hopes to pick up a large slice of the nearly million votes that Kuchel received, and the polls show that he may. Former Governor Brown predicts: "Many Republicans are so mad at Rafferty for what he did to Kuchel that they will vote for Cranston."

Cranston is assiduously cultivating the anti-Rafferty reaction among Kuchel supporters and the results are beginning to show. "Max Rafferty, you're guilty of another big smear." Attached to this statement, which appeared in boxcar-size type in newspaper advertisements throughout California, was the name of Mrs. Lee Sherry, who is no partisan Democrat. She was formerly vice chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, director of the California Federation of Republican Women, and served as Women's Co-Chairman for Sen. George Murphy when he defeated Pierre Salinger. "I couldn't vote for you, Max," Mrs. Sherry continued in a chatty, conversational tone, "or for any other politician, Republican or Democrat, who has so little regard for the truth." What upset Mrs. Sherry was Rafferty's delightful invention that Kuchel had voted to give U.S. financial aid to China to build steel mills. Sanford Weiner, a professional campaign director who before has always handled Republican campaigns, is now working for Cranston. Weiner explains, "Rafferty's election would destroy any chance to elect a moderate Republican in California for years."

Cranston, a moderate much like Kuchel, was a founder of the liberal California Democratic Council fifteen years ago. In later years, as an influential Democrat and twice-

elected state controller, he has pulled back from some CDC positions, and is not on the roster of its current heroes. Two years ago, Cranston collaborated with Governor Brown to force Simon Casady out as CDC president, although both had supported him for the post. Casady was guilty of prematurely opposing the war in Vietnam, and his taunting attacks on President Johnson became an embarrassment to the party in an election year.

Cranston's credentials predate the CDC by many years. As a foreign correspondent in Germany, he early recognized the significance of the rise of Hitler. He compared the German-language edition of *Mein Kampf* with the watered-down propaganda version distributed in the United States, and on returning from Europe in 1939 edited a new version that followed the original text. The book sold half a million copies in two weeks, after which the courts stopped the sale by ruling that Cranston had infringed the copyright.

During World War II, Cranston became chief of the foreign language division of the Office of War Information, later resigning to enter the Army. After the war, he wrote *The Killing of the Peace*, a history of Wilson's struggle for the League of Nations. *The New York Times* called the book one of the ten best of the year. Before returning to California to enter politics, Cranston held two important nongovernment posts in Washington. He headed the Common Council for American Unity, organized to reform immigration and naturalization laws, and was president of United World Federalists.

Cranston suffers from some of the same disadvantages that plagued Kuchel. A political sophisticate, tall, bald and a little glum looking on television, he has difficulty competing for public attention against a bouncy, graying Rafferty with the hearty good looks of an Irish cop. Cranston advocates an immediate bombing halt in Vietnam and urges de-escalation of the war, but maintains that the United States "can't cut and run out of Vietnam." He is for law enforcement combined with "tangible help" for the ghettos. These propositions are not easy to match against Rafferty's simplistic decisiveness, but Cranston after watching Kuchel go down, decided nevertheless that he had to carry the fight to Rafferty. Cranston is effectively pushing this theme throughout California: "My opponent says the answer to violence abroad and violence at home is more violence. He advocates revenge and retribution. I advocate reason and reconciliation."

Three Southern California counties—Los Angeles, with 40 per cent of the state's population, Orange and San Diego—are where the action is. In beating Nelson Rockefeller in the 1964 California primary, Barry Goldwater lost forty-four of the state's fifty-eight counties, but piled up a plurality of 134,000 votes in Los Angeles, Orange and San Diego Counties to carry California by 68,000. The Rafferty-Kuchel outcome was markedly similar. Rafferty lost forty-three counties to Kuchel, but amassed a lead of 218,000 votes in Los Angeles, Orange and San Diego to win state-wide by 69,000. Goldwater went on to disaster and Cranston's backers hope that Rafferty will meet a similar fate. They have history on their side, if history counts for anything this year. In California politics, the winner of a divisive primary struggle loses in November.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Herzen: His Despair and Ours

MY PAST AND THOUGHTS: The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen. Translated by Constance Garnett. Revised by Humphrey Higgs. With an introduction by Isaiah Berlin. Alfred A. Knopf, 4 vol. boxed set. 1908 pp. \$30.

JOHN BERGER

Mr. Berger is a regular contributor to New Society (London). His Art and Revolution, a new work on the role of the artist in the USSR, will be published by Pantheon this month.

"Many times in moments of weakness and despair, when the cup of bitterness was too full, when my whole life seemed to me nothing but one prolonged blunder, when I doubted myself, of 'the last thing, all that is left,' those words came into my head; 'Why did I not take the gun from the workman and stay at the barricades?' Struck down by a sudden bullet, I should have borne two or three bullets with me to the grave."

Alexander Herzen died almost a century ago. He was 58. Most of what we read of his was written during the preceding two decades. This brings us straight away to the crux of the matter. On one hand why does Herzen seem so peculiarly modern? And on the other how do we (or at least some of us) differ from him because we belong to the middle of our own century? If we cannot answer these questions and come to terms with what lies behind them, we should logically accept the despair which overtook Herzen and helped to kill him.

Many readers must have been introduced to Herzen through E. H. Carr's book, *The Romantic Exiles* (Beacon). It tells the very readable story of the private lives in exile of Herzen, his lifelong friend Ogarev, and Bakunin; it tells it accurately and sympathetically. But despite my respect for Carr's later works as a historian, this early book seems to me to falsify by being overurbane. It presents the three men and the women with whom they were in love as though they were self-evidently foreign: as though there were an inevitable distinction between their unbalance and our balance. We are shown them as through a sheet of aquarium glass.

Herzen's *Memoirs* were originally translated by Constance Garnett in the 1920s. The four volumes now issued consist of a revised and augmented ver-

sion of this translation. Considering the price of the set, what is offered looks mean. There are no illustrations (to find and improvise images to accompany Herzen's text would be a marvelous commission for a graphics artist). The notes at the end of each volume are taken piecemeal from the Soviet edition of the *Complete Works*. Isaiah Berlin's introduction fails to situate Herzen in anything but an academic syllabus. But the impact of the memoirs themselves makes the rest seem unimportant. Their proper representation would be in illustrated paperback.

A brief outline of Herzen's life may be useful here. He was the illegitimate son of a rich Moscow aristocrat. His father acknowledged him and later left him his very considerable fortune. But his childhood was bleak. The first volume opens with his nurse telling him about Moscow burning in 1812, the year of his own birth: a description very similar to Tolstoy's in *War and Peace*. (There are certain resemblances in character and circumstances between Herzen and Pierre Bezukhov.)

He was 14 when the plot of the Decembrists was uncovered. He was present at the religious service in the Kremlin which commemorated the execution of the five leaders. And he swore then that to avenge these five he would devote his whole life to fighting "the throne, the altar and the cannon."

At Moscow University he and his friend Ogarev were among the most outspoken critics of the regime in the name of a kind of Saint Simonist socialism. In 1834 he was arrested for these opinions (he was never involved in any actual conspiracy), and after nine months in prison he was exiled to Vyatka.

Through the influence of his father he obtained in 1838 a government post in St. Petersburg. But an indiscreet sentence about the police in a letter which was opened by the censor cost him another year of exile in Novgorod. After the death of his father in 1846 he left Russia for Paris and never returned. Living in Nice, Paris, Geneva, London, he became the friend and supporter of Mazzini, Bakunin, Orsini, Proudhon, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Louis Blanc and many other well-known and lesser-known revolutionary patriots. He offered them intelligent—even if increasingly skeptical—friend-

ship, money, and the good offices of his occasional influence in certain official quarters.

For ten years from 1857 Herzen and Ogarev edited *The Bell*, a monthly magazine which, printed in the Russian language in London (later Geneva) and distributed half secretly and half openly in Russia, became the first effective instrument of revolutionary propaganda directed against the Russian autocracy. The first four years of its life were the most important. In 1861 Alexander II met one of its principal demands—the freeing of the serfs. In the same year Herzen wrote passionately in support of an anti-Russian Polish uprising. *The Bell* ceased to be a unifying focal point. The young Left found it merely liberal; the Center condemned it as unpatriotic.

Herzen died in Paris, disillusioned, worn out, lonely, fourteen months before the Paris Commune was proclaimed.

The easiest charge to bring against him is that he was a dilettante. But this depends on the role you wish to accord him. He was neither a political leader, nor a revolutionary activist, nor a political philosopher, and least of all a fighter obeying orders. Men in each of these categories trusted him and were grateful to him. But he was not of them. He himself only half realized what his true role was. It was to pay homage to, to exemplify, and to record the spirit of the year 1848 and its aftermath. "Our historical vocation, our work, consists in this: that by our disillusionment, by our sufferings, we reach the resignation and humility in face of the truth, and spare following generations from these afflictions."

Throughout the four volumes, which begin with his childhood and often refer to the late 1860s when he was still writing them, one feels the fatal gravitational pull of the year 1848. Toward it, all aspirations lead: from it, all disappointments arise.

One feels this all the more strongly because of a strange personal coincidence. The year 1848, besides being the year of revolution and its defeat, was the year in which Herzen's hitherto romantic and idealized marriage began to be destroyed, and the agony of its destruction continued through the four years of France's mounting political corruption and confusion. Finally Herzen's young wife, as a

consequence of her sufferings during those years, died on May 2, 1852, the very Sunday of the guaranteed election, whose coming and whose democratic threat so haunted Napoleon III that he had to forestall them with his *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851.

Herzen never recovered from the tragedy of his marriage. It turned him, at the age of 40, into a kind of elderly stoic: skeptical, limited in ambition, consoled to some degree by the memories of his youth, capable of appreciating the energy of others, but incapable of fully committing himself, withdrawn.

The *Memoirs* are brilliantly discursive and in a characteristically Russian manner continually move between the personal and the public, the historical and the introspective. And so what they offer is an extraordinarily contradictory, deeply cut but homogenous cross section through a life lived and history observed. The writer's nostalgia for the purity of his youthful aspirations gives a contrary dimension to the bloated revival of the Napoleonic legend; his skepticism illumines in the same negative way the profound vulgarity of the Second Empire; his aloofness throws into relief the new "democracy" of commerce; his aristocratic assumptions reveal the measure of the French bourgeois triumph. And all the while he mixes with men who persist with different visions of liberation and revolutionary change.

Herzen and Marx were mutually disagreeable about each other. Yet it is hard to imagine a work more complementary to Marx's *Eighteenth Brumaire* than Herzen's *Memoirs*. The memoirs encompass the experience—or a very great part of it—which Marx's great model essay explains.

However, to return now to the original

question, why do the *Memoirs* strike us as peculiarly modern? First, because no Socialist revolution since 1848 has yet succeeded in a highly industrialized capitalist society. Political events often still follow the same pattern. For example, the manner in which during the recent crisis de Gaulle was able to maneuver and level the electorate and the constitution was remarkably similar to Louis Napoleon's. Furthermore, there are many prophetic pages in Herzen about what he calls "the great trade routes" of consumer societies. Second, because Herzen's style—perhaps because he was an exile writing for friends—is remarkably free of 19th-century public rhetoric; in this respect, if in no other, he somewhat resembles Stendahl. Third, because his attitude toward authority and therefore toward most social situations is profoundly unbourgeois; the temper of his reactions is libertarian in the broadest sense of the term—his sympathies are not with those who maintain order but with those who recognize the arbitrariness of that order.

Insofar as they can be demonstrated in a single passage, these characteristics are evident in the following:

"This time he led me into a big office. There a tall, stout, rosy-cheeked gentleman was sitting in a big easy-chair at a huge table. He was one of those persons who are always hot, with white flesh, fat but flabby, plump, carefully tended hands, a necktie reduced to a minimum, colourless eyes and the jovial expression which is usually found in men who are completely immersed in love for their own wellbeing, and who can have resource, coldly and without great effort, to extraordinary infamies.

"You wished to see the prefect," he said to me; "but he asks you to excuse

him; he has been obliged to go out on very important business. If I can do anything in any way for your pleasure I ask nothing better. Here is an easy-chair: will you sit down?"

"All this he brought out smoothly, very politely, screwing up his eyes a little and smiling with the little cushions of flesh which adorned his cheekbones. 'Well, this fellow has been in the service for a long time,' I thought.

"You surely know what I've come about.' He made that gentle movement of the head which everyone makes on beginning to swim, and did not answer.

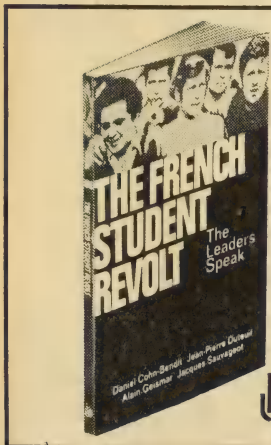
"I have received an order to leave within three days. Since I know that your minister has the right of expulsion without giving a reason or holding an inquiry, I am not going to inquire why I am being expelled. . . ."

Yet, why, finally, does Herzen, belong to a different historical period? How are we able to avoid sharing his despair?

To answer this fully one would have to treat of numerous world-historical developments. But there is an answer in microcosm. Compare the quotations from Herzen with this typical one from the *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*:

"Finally, the culminating point of the 'idées Napoléoniennes' is the preponderance of the army. The army was the point d'honneur of the peasants, it was they themselves transformed into heroes, defending their new possessions against the outer world, glorifying their recently won nationality, plundering and revolutionizing the world. The uniform was their own state dress; war was their poetry; the smallholding, extended and rounded off in imagination, was their fatherland, and patriotism the ideal form of the property sense."

The substance of what Marx is saying here, although brilliant, is beside our purpose, but not the manner of seeing and thinking. Every articulation of the thought involves a connection between opposites. Simply to call this dialectical may be to miss the point. The words do not accumulate to confirm one another; each articulation supersedes the preceding one, lending it a temporarily new orientation. One might argue that this is in the nature of writing itself, in life one begins at the beginning; in literature one begins at the end. But in Marx's mode of thinking the degree to which each superseding phase of the thought modifies the orientation of the preceding phase is new, because it plays upon a new notion of discontinuity. The model is no longer an edifice constructed stone by stone or phase by phase, but a pivotal balance like that of a pair of scales or a seesaw. The total of the phases no longer covers an extensive area, but instead defines a single point occupying no



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space at all. From paragraph to paragraph one proceeds by leaps from point to point.

Many Marxists and anti-Marxists have been so eager to prove or disprove the letter of Marx's prophecies that they have ignored one of the ways in which he was most profoundly and incontrovertibly prophetic. The mode of discontinuity demonstrated by Marx's thinking has now become an essential part of the modern means of communication. Discontinuity is now intrinsic to our view of reality.

For Herzen, continuity was the condition of civilization. This continuity is implicit in his manner of relating and writing. Each phase confirms the next. He is never aware of the force of what is *not* being said (which is perhaps a test for judging truly modern writers). A serious break in continuity means for

him chaos, disintegration, barbarism. He sees revolution as the culminating point of long cherished ideals and aspirations. He underestimates the revolutionary element of explosive desperation. And this is because he is blind to the gaping discontinuities within society, within the world. He is fully aware of the terrible inequalities which exist, but he does not see that they are such that, as between classes, as between the privileged and the exploited, everything changes its entire value and meaning. Finally he despairs at the recalcitrance of a monolithic mankind.

This is not to suggest that political despair can no longer exist. At times it may be even more total, but it will be less final. Today such despair borders on the revolutionary recognition that continuity in the world, as it is, is impossible and intolerable.

Self-Destruction Directives

THE SUICIDE ACADEMY. By Daniel Stern. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 173 pp. \$5.95.

SHAUN O'CONNELL

Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

Traditional generic distinctions in the novel have broken down. *The Sot-Weed Factor* is a historical romance which debunks both history and romance by combining an 18th-century narrative style with a modern, black-humored vision. *Catch-22* turns the war novel away from battle cries toward farce. *Lolita* adapts the sex novel to philosophical speculations on the perception of reality. The development of hybrid forms allows writers to push beyond the restrictions of realism, to make actions vastly symbolic, characters allegorical, institutions microcosmic. There is no arguing the success of Barth, Heller and Nabokov. But problems develop when writers push too hard, leap to abstract significance before they have convincingly delineated the particular terms in which their characters exist.

For his sixth novel, *The Suicide Academy*, Daniel Stern has formed a hybrid; as the dust jacket says, it is "part spy story, part existential parable." It also combines realism and allegory, plays one against the other, in a novel which asserts itself by pretending it is not what it is. In an important way, the novel is circular, about itself, its own excuse for being.

Stern's central character, Wolf Walker, seems a plausible human being. As director of The Suicide Academy he is a petty bureaucrat—somewhere between

a Bartleby and a Joseph K.—shuffling his papers in a world whose contours gradually bend into loony shapes, whacked-out. The academy is an institution which provides those interested in suicide with one day of reflection and indoctrination on the advantages and disadvantages of self-destruction so that they can make an informed judgment: a service organization. Wolf's anti-Semitic Negro assistant, Gilliatt, continually brings formal charges against Wolf, who is Jewish, for secretly favoring life over death when, as director, he should be neutral. Wolf has impregnated a co-worker who toys with suicide plans. He also successfully drives suicide out of the mind of his beautiful ex-wife, Jewel. Thus, it seems, Gilliatt is right—Wolf favors life; larger still, Jews stand for renewal and rebirth. As Wolf puts it in a moment of exuberance, "I am the Burning Bush. Even while I'm burned by the fires around me I speak, and I refuse to be destroyed." Thus Stern's character becomes an allegorical, representative figure; other characters stand for the Negro, Beauty, Relativity, Sympathy, and so on.

The leap from realism to allegory is often sudden, not always convincing. In one scene Gilliatt argues with Max, Jewel's new husband, over the nature of the Jew. Realistic dialogue recedes into philosophizing. Suddenly, while they argue, they start throwing snowballs at each other. "It was a mad scene—a white slapstick of spraying snow and muttered philosophical curses." But, in fact, the two levels do not complement each other. The argument had been too stiffly formu-

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lated to sound convincingly human; the snowball fight is too sketchily described to serve as a plausible analogue, to pin down the gas. By mixing modes Stern would have it both ways, but often his realism and allegory work to diminish each other.

Stern writes beautiful prose, indeed rhetoric is the strongest side of his novel. He can delicately evoke abstract states, in the manner of Fitzgerald. He includes Pinter-like dialogue exchanges. He echoes Bellow with chopped, punchy sentence fragments and lengthy appositives. But his best style is his own, a witty, balanced manner of statement which turns back on itself, inverts and reverses assertions until they mount in intricate paradox, a verbal house of cards on which one would not dare breathe.

I met Jewel when I played Petruccio to her Katharina. I was tamed at once. How could I have known the desperate lack of form that lay within that beautiful form? I, the supreme artist of choice, fell instantly in love with a beautiful Jewel absolutely incapable of choosing.

Style is perfectly suited to vision; balanced paradox is the novel's theme as well as method. Wolf directs the academy, an institution which insists that only endings are important; Jewel carried a baby in her womb for fourteen months, implicitly insisting that only beginnings matter. Max writes poetry to express his feeling that he has died and been reborn to the realization of "the insane/ Divine equalness/ of everything," while Wolf writes prose—narrates this novel—which insists on man's choice. So it goes. Characters are reflectors for other characters. Plot circumstances are annotated in analogues. Everything balances, as on a master's chessboard. Design is vision.

Stern seems most concerned with the way of erecting a plausible, realistic allegory, not with drawing conclusions. He tries to do this by denying any allegorical dimension. As Wolf says:

But this is no allegorical crap about how the Suicide Academy is really a microcosm. Don't let them kid you. It's just a place where people come when they want out of everything for good.

But, of course, in the denial is the assertion. The academy is Modern Society, isolated and particularized, Stern accompanies its description with his own methodological justifications. He has Wolf say that the academy exists, like metaphor or any form of parody, "so that which we cannot actually experience may still be somehow lived." To accept the academy is to validate the novel. The novel, therefore, becomes its own sub-

ject, and contains its own rationalizations for being.

Perhaps as a result of his methodological concerns, Stern's vision is balanced, inconclusive. We are left with poised paradox, Wolf's humanism recedes; we last see him listening to the unintelligible words of an ominous woman, "poised before revelation," a revelation which we are sure will never come. The point

seems to be that revelation and resolution are illusory in the novel and in life. Balance is all, conclusion is illusion. If this reading of Stern's novel is correct, then it seems unfortunate that so talented a writer would place himself at the disadvantage of allowing his concerns with form to dictate his theme, rather than—like Barth, Heller and Nabokov—to devise new modes to capture new themes.

Letter from Berlin

ALEXANDER GROSS

Mr. Gross, a playwright and play translator, has been living in Berlin for the past two years on a grant from the Ford Foundation's Artist in Residence program.

With each new report of events in Czechoslovakia, the citizens of West Berlin have been digging themselves in more deeply for their own crisis. It is something they were looking forward to during most of the summer, and they will probably be unhappy if it fails to materialize. For many months, amounting now to years, the Springer press, which enjoys an almost complete monopoly in West Berlin, has seized on every passing rumor to predict the worst—as though Berliners desperately need continued crises to create any sense of civic identity for themselves. Given the city's history since the war, this is partly understandable, and there is also little sign that the East German panic, which contributed to the events in Czechoslovakia, has fully exhausted itself. A recent buzzing incident in the air corridor has done nothing to quiet nerves, nor have the sonic booms created by Russian fighters over the city (they increased considerably during the height of the Czech crisis) helped to improve local tranquility.

But the real Berlin crisis, if it should actually come, will spring as much from within as without—it will no longer be possible to blame it entirely on the East Germans, the Russians or the wall. The West Berliners are responsible for their own state of mind and, whatever may be the true situation militarily or with regard to the three Western protecting powers, they are psychologically in rather poor condition. West Berlin, that great citadel of the free world, that bastion of democracy, is no longer what it once was.

The neon lights may glow as brilliantly as ever on the Kurfürstendamm, but they seem to go off earlier and earlier with each passing year. With the building of the wall, West Berlin's role as a model of free enterprise, capitalism's own Cuba in Eastern Europe, has lost much of its reason for being. So, it

would seem, have its inhabitants—the city's celebrated ironic humor has not lost its bite but there is now so much to be ironic about that it often fails to register.

West Berlin can now claim a few statistics not likely to be envied by other communities. It has perhaps the oldest population of any modern city and sexually the least favorable—one out of three West Berliners is a woman over 45. She usually looks her age, and the tourist riding the U-Bahn often feels he is surrounded by an invincible new German army entirely composed of plump, scowling, cloche-hatted senior citizens clutching their umbrellas. Even more striking, the city now enjoys that distinction many observers had erroneously attributed to Sweden: according to World Health Organization statistics for 1964, West Berlin had the highest suicide rate in the world—scoring 41.7 per 100,000 of population—and almost twice as high as Austria, the runner-up for that year. Most of these suicides are among the aged, who have been reduced to living on meager pensions and blasted dreams. A particularly pathetic example last spring involved a pair of 73-year-old twin sisters, who hung themselves in their tenement flat.

At a time when the Bonn government is pouring subsidies into Berlin, the young and talented continue to pour out into West Germany. Few companies will send their best men to Berlin, and new industry thinks several times before settling there. Berlin is simply not a real city; it lacks real suburbs and a surrounding countryside (these are now part of East Germany) to make its economy turn. Even more humiliating, its problems are multiplying while East Germany and its portion of Berlin are beginning to make significant economic progress. Perhaps the most meaningful sign is that the right-wing editors of the neo-Nazi weekly *National-Zeitung* and the left-wing theorists among the students both agree that the West has lost Berlin, that it is only a matter of time before the city must merge with the East German countryside. It is difficult to

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disagree with them; no matter what subsidies are provided, only an unforeseeable change of heart or politics in both German governments is likely to alter present trends.

Given these problems, it is not surprising that West Berliners have been casting around for a scapegoat and even less surprising that they have found one in the young. It is dangerous being a scapegoat in Germany. The generation war, now in full swing everywhere, is fought in West Berlin with a ferocity that must be seen to be believed. On the streets and in buses old people often upbraid and even lay hands on students or people who look like students. This can happen even if the students do not appear particularly beat or hippy. In some cases the young may provide the provocation, but the old have proved incredibly easy to provoke.

If there is any courage left in Berlin, it is to be found among these new young Germans, although it is a courage unlikely to reassure cold-war strategists in Bonn or Washington. The students do not give a damn about the Berlin question as it was understood in the years after the blockade and before the wall. The shooting of Rudi Dutschke has hardened them in attitudes which were scarcely soft to begin with; they are convinced that their parents are either Nazis or hypocrites (or both), and are merely waiting for a pretext to put the new emergency laws into force and their children into prison. How realistic these fears may be remains to be proved. [See "Heil Ho! The Frankfurt Fair" by André Schiffrin, *The Nation*, October 14.]

Some student leaders predict a new upsurge of violence in the autumn, particularly if events in France go that way also. Attempts are being made to organize high school students to come to the aid of their university brothers, and some speak openly of the need for a student militia, however reminiscent of the *Hitlerjugend* this may sound. But other leaders are doing their best to prevent such developments; whatever happens

THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE—OR NOSE

*The most recent attraction at the Smithsonian Institute,
In addition to elephants looking alive enough to shoot,*

*Statues ready to walk, planes to fly, cars to run,
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*That makes that dead world seem alive and verbal
And matches the living world to the last detail,*

*Is the added sense of smell to those of touch and sight.
The odors are blended just right, so even the blight*

*On the partly decayed grapes (modeled molded in plastic and wax)
Give off a slightly rotten scent; the spinning wheel roped with flax*

*Smells Early American; the expertly twisted jungle undergrowth
From Africa has its own native perfume, even though Pygmies seem loath*

*To sniff it, standing with small brown hips thrown out
And bosoms bare in its very midst—without a doubt*

*They are at home in their cardboard huts without it.
But visitors find the sense of place more appropriate, more fit,*

*When they can trust their noses in addition to their hands and eyes
About the places that they choose to visit, or surmise*

*They have already been, or were indeed, before. It is
Reported that an elderly gentleman recalled the truth of his*

*Youth by the smell of the country store. He confirmed
The scent of chocolate for the experts. By now they've learned*

*To adjust the apparatus just so, and proper amounts
Of each odor are released, on cue, from hidden fountains.*

*Into the different rooms at intervals. The directors invite
You to test your sense of what is true against the polite*

*Synthetic smells of their creations. The only suggestion
They make is that you leave at home all powers of imagination.*

WILLIAM VIRGIL DAVIS

in France, it is evident that the German students will enjoy almost no support from the working class. This means that any violent encounter will probably end in a bloody defeat for the students—the police, many of whom are ex-storm troopers, are brutal enough, but the real danger could come from ordinary citizens out to defend their *Ordnung*. This is even more likely to happen in West Berlin than elsewhere; another reason for hoping that no external crisis is imposed on the internal one.

Many observers have sought to find a parallel between Germany now and Germany in the thirties. The comparison is tempting, and a few supposedly liberal English sources have gone so far as to label the students "Red Nazis" and to praise their parents, who were in fact the Nazi generation, as upholders of law and order. It is certain that the young,

even at their most liberal, still think and talk like Germans: democratic procedure is rarely observed at SDS meetings (the initials here standing for *Sozialistischer Deutscher Studentenbund*), and appeals are more often made to *esprit de corps* than to reason. But the fact remains that the content of what the German students believe is absolutely anti-authoritarian, even to the point of being pedantically so, and that the real Nazi forces in Germany are shocked beyond words by the students. The young have studied their history thoroughly; they know what happened to Germany in the past, they know what happened to the Jews, and they are genuinely incensed by it. The real posture of young Germany today is that of a generation painfully trying to pull itself up by its own bootstraps. It is never an easy position to be in, and the young are likely to be off-balance should a further crisis arise.

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THEATRE/Harold Clurman

In Robert Shaw's *The Man in the Glass Booth* (Royale Theatre) Donald Pleasence appears first as Arthur Goldman, a tycoon of German-Jewish origin whose weirdly sumptuous office looks out on his property—most of the buildings in midtown Manhattan. He is witty, generous, madly eccentric. We suspect a "secret," and it is disclosed at the end of Act I. Pleasence is not the millionaire Goldman but Karl Dorff, a notorious Nazi colonel who was active in the slaughter of the Jews. Three Israeli agents spirit him off to their country.

In the second act Goldman-Dorff chooses to defend himself inside a glass booth in the Eichmann manner. At the start, his arguments make a certain sense. Justice demands, he says, that the court confine itself to his individual case without generalizations on the terrible fate of 6 million Jews. The plea fails to hold up because the man soon begins to boast of those he killed with his own hand. He then declares that he had only followed orders. In a spasm of insane eloquence he describes the *Führer's* charismatic power: the hope and love he inspired in the German people through his incorruptible devotion to their welfare. The German Jews themselves, Goldman-Dorff screams, would have followed Hitler had they not been his victims.

The harangue is interrupted by a woman who quietly asserts that the speaker is not Dorff but his Jewish cousin who had been enlisted in the Nazi service and had then committed himself savagely to their program. Goldman-Dorff immediately breaks down. He had meant his previous speech to make the Nazis more vile than ever; he had anticipated and desired capture by the Israelis. He wished to expiate his crimes and declare his loathing of the Nazis. When he escaped their domination after the war he avenged himself on them with all possible brutality. He weeps with the woman who has exposed his identity and one sees them finally in an embrace of mutual commiseration.

The play is earnestly meant. The first act builds suspense. The central character is colorful and brilliantly played. Act II falters badly; one cannot credit any of its circumstances. The revelation scene lacks tension, and one is astonished that no one in the court challenges its details. Moreover, its staging is feeble. But by this point we are no longer concerned with melodrama or stage guile; the play has entered the realm of "ideas."

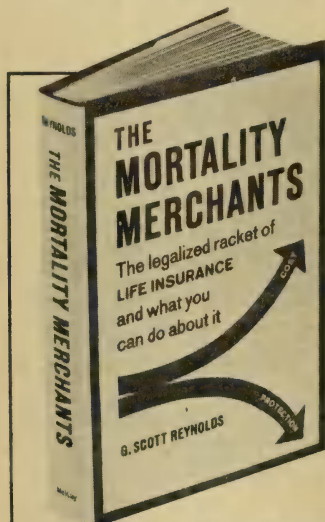
What it attempts is to state all the

oft-repeated and ultimately wearisome arguments—no matter how much they may contradict one another—apropos of the Hitlerian holocaust. Anti-Semitism is not an exclusively German vice, it exists everywhere; Jews went to their death without protest. But then they could not conceive of what was in store for them. They might have followed Hitler along with the other Germans, but, it is suggested, not with the same ferocity. Some Jews collaborated with their tormentors. Desperate men will follow any leader to any lengths if they believe him un-

questionably dedicated to their salvation, etc., etc., etc.

Such all-inclusive "objectivity"—apart from the dramatic confusion it leads to—is emotional and intellectual nonsense. Neither the author nor we are gods; we take definite positions in every real situation. Life and death matters are always acted upon according to specific temperament, need, tradition and faith. The personages in *The Man in the Glass Booth* are figureheads and not full-bodied characters; its theatrical dillydallying with history, psychology and mental concepts becomes distasteful, not to say, shameful.

A modicum of skill may be credited



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to the play, and Pleasence's virtuosity is inescapably interesting. Audiences during the early weeks of the New York run of such plays are given to fatuous exaggeration. Harold Pinter's direction (in Act I only) is crafty, not "sensational." And Pleasence has a voice that is powerful and cutting, his every attack and reading is admirably calculated and executed, his characterization is complete, so that (despite, in this instance, some indistinctness of speech) he remains constantly fascinating. But despite these virtues he is not genuinely moving. His acting here is superb melodrama.

There are other nice performances, particularly those of Tresa Hughes as the woman who unmasks Dorff-Goldman, and Lawrence Pressman as his loyal private secretary. The office setting of Ed Wittstein from one by Voytek in London also contributes to the success of the evening's first part.

Such forms of popular entertainment as the turns of stand-up comics, night-club acts, blackout revue sketches, hit parade songs, sometimes contain a crude nugget of honest observation. There is something of this in Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna's four one-act comedies, *Lovers and Other Strangers* (Brooks Atkinson Theatre).

The first is rather routine. A male squirt is trying to make a female jerk, a girl given to quoting contemporary sages for protection in the harmless combat of sexual play. The skit is redeemed by Zohra Lampert's ungainly grace and breathy rationalizations.

The next bit hits a little harder. A married woman battles to arouse her tired businessman to his connubial obligations. He can't make love to her (that night) he claims, not only because she is too aggressive as a person and too successful at her work but because that day he himself failed to put over a big deal. She hadn't realized the dependence of his sex life on the volume of his sales. Renee Taylor, the play's co-author, acts well with a vaudeville comedy touch.

The third trifle pictures a panicky young man giving his fiancée every plausible reason why he has decided not to marry her. Slightly amazed but nonetheless imperturbable, the future bride brings the guy to his senses (as she will to the altar) by inquiring about arrangements for the wedding. Both Marvin Lichterman and Mariclare Costello are amusing.

In the best slice of the evening's pudding an Italian laborer and his wife attempt to dissuade their son from divorce. They uphold the sanctity of marital vows and of the home. "We are strangers to one another," says the young man, speaking of his wife; to which his father replies, "In marriage we become deeper strangers, which is a kind of love." The material may be commonplace but an earthy humor imbues the sketch with sympathetic life.

Here too a solid truthfulness and a delicate sensibility within the uncouth in Richard Castellano's acting add warmth to an evening from which only unrefined laughter is foreseen.

The direction by Charles Grodin is, of its kind, excellent, though now and again it shows through too markedly in the acting. Actors should never seem to have been directed.

ment. Now, six years later, critical scrutiny is necessary and, in fact, overdue. Every big show of work by a recently dead artist forces the questions: how good was he? This time there is another question as well: How should we look at Kline's work?

The second question is important, because Kline was a member of a generation of American painters (those born from 1903 to 1915), the strength and originality of whose paintings outpaced critical response. The result is that inadequate and partial theories have prospered. One false theory persists in labeling the generation as Abstract Expressionists. This is, basically, a version of the theory of art as self-expression masquerading as American innocence. According to self-expression theory, emotion guides the artist's hand and the painted form is passion's trace. American innocence came in as freedom from the habits and conventions of prior art, most of it European.

The characterization of art as seismic spasm or tremor seems to be accepted by John Gordon in his informative catalogue next to the Kline exhibition. He writes of Kline's "almost brutal spontaneous power," and reckons that "this feeling of energy is the essence of Kline." He has, here, the support of the artist, whom he quotes as saying that the test of a painting is, "does the painter's emotion come across?" However, a more acute sense of the artificiality of art, a clearer sense of its definition as a structure, contrasts today with the work-in-doubt of the existential forties and early fifties.

The more aware we become of art's artificiality, the more dubious must we be about ideas of art as equivalent to a cry, orgasm or trip. The supposition that the artist is going to paint when most desperate or most tortured is no longer as awesome or as likely as it once seemed. It sounded plausible when the impact of the work of art's newness was taken for the artist's emotional rawness, but nearly twenty years later how relevant are expressionist theories of art as applied to American abstract art?

The renewal of the knowledge of art's artificiality is not the same thing as recognizing the formal properties of art, though it is part of it. The work of the younger artists of the sixties has contributed to the new emphasis. The inner man who, in expressionist theory, suffered and excreted his problems into the outer world as paint deposits, has been blocked or disdained by most Pop artists and by the Minimal artists. By drying out the more ostentatious symbols of self by presenting systematic concepts in factual form, Minimal artists have resisted the organic and emotional theory

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ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Mr. Alloway, former curator of the Guggenheim Museum, is at present visiting professor at the New York State University, Stony Brook. His forthcoming history of the Venice Biennale will be published by the New York Graphic Society.

Max Kozloff, art critic for The Nation, is on leave of absence. He will contribute occasional articles during the 1968-69 season.

The Franz Kline retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art is the second given to this artist. The first, in Washington in 1962, six months after Kline's death in May of that year, was too close to his death for critical detach-

art that overstressed the general elements of American painting. In addition, happenings and other performances have accustomed the public to dissolving art forms, in which the media are mixed and the formal limits of art become complex interfaces. By comparison, the work of the so-called Abstract Expressionists is compact and legible; in short, its status as art is visible and insistent in its demands for evaluation.

If Kline's signs are not to be regarded as the index of feeling, what are they? Mr. Gordon has tried to have it both ways and proposes that the "brutal" forms are the product of "careful structure and loving handling." The passion and the painting remain unrelated episodes in Kline's life, as Gordon presents them. If it is we reject the hypothesis that art can be the direct outcome of unmediated emotion, we are left with, simply, "careful structure and loving handling." In effect, Kline is a conventional and weak painter to whom such stock expressions as this are wholly appropriate.

Kline composed frequently with entered forms, but always with asymmetries to mitigate monotony; he stretched big horizontals across a canvas, but modulated it by secondary verticals. He played with contrasts of large and small forms, generally avoiding too much of either. By this ever-present system of checks and qualifications he separates himself from the innovative American painters of his generation, such as Pollock, Newman, Still. Kline made an effort to transform his art, as other Americans were transforming theirs, by working large, by direct handling, by reducing diversity, but his art remained essentially a diagrammatic version of traditional compositions.

Kline's best works, to my eyes, all come in the first half of the fifties, are crisp and incisive ones in which black and dead black and white a solid plane. "Chief," "Cardinal" and "Wotan" of 1950, and "Accent Grave" of 1955, currently at the Whitney, are of this type; so are "Thorpe" (1954) and "Wanapaker Block" (1955), both missing from the show. This exhibition, like the first retrospective in Washington, gives an veritable helping of the cloudy, tonal works. These are the paintings, the majority, in which a barrage of grays corrodes the density of black and white, and in which color also acts as half-tone, to blur the basic armature rather than to illuminate space. (A small untitled work of 1950, No. 31 in the catalogue, uses color as mass rather than as atmospheric one, but Kline never followed up this color possibility.) As it loses maximum tonal contrast, Kline's surface becomes sulpy and his chiaroscuro schmaltzy.

Kline, it is worth noting, did not paint in groups or series, whereas Pollock, Newman, Still, Rothko, Motherwell and, to an extent, de Kooning have all done so. In these groups, the whole set rather than any single piece, is the unit of meaning. The permutation of known formats, of recurrent images, is an original factor in American painting since World War II, but Kline never extended his paintings by repetition in time. To him, a painting was an irreducible and noncontinuous form. There is no reason why a painter should not hold this view; the point is offered as a

description, but it does confirm the conservative features of his composition.

His paintings have impacted cues, specific but clenched references to the human figure, furniture, architecture, the themes that Kline had used as a realist. However, his realistic work was banal, as is demonstrated in the selection of early work at the Whitney. He was not fundamentally the kind of painter to work in the way that he elected. Imagine Picasso trying to be Picasso or Guttuso trying to be Matisse. Kline, feeling the pressure of his generation, turned out to be only Icarus.

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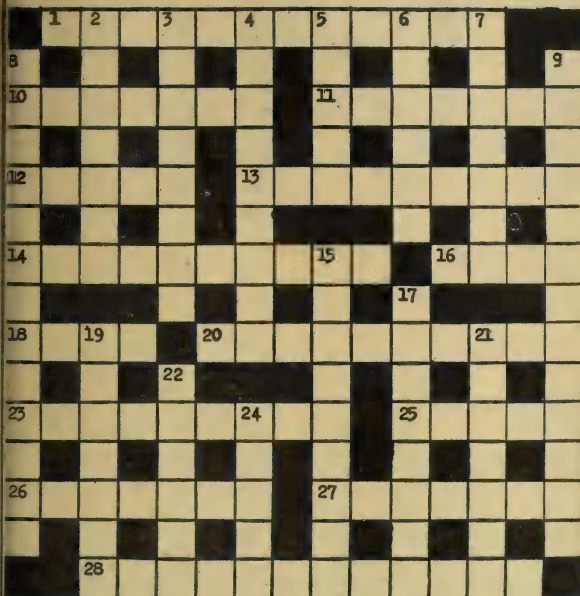
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1268

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

Francis Scott might begin it with a couple of flats. (3,9)
Unrefined ore is in this, but it's not so soft. (7)
Live, when not out of use. (7)
Is in very warm surroundings, but you can get a lift from it. (5)
A traveler might have to find someone to do it to his tongue. (9)
One of the things disputants are at might prove a turtle. (10)
One of these might have a local designation in England. (4)
In the manner of a professor? (10)
Only middling net results called for on the gridiron. (4,5)
Evidently the shape of the twinkly star. Mr. Crane had been warned that one had lost his head. (7)
Would certainly never serve as the Night Watch! (7)
Managed to get out of unpredictable and dire times. (12)

DOWN

Going out on the stage? (7)
Modulate? It might be important in Anderson's "Typewriter." (5,3)
Puts on a decorative effect arranged from shearings. (9)
Inclined to be an early contest. (5)

- 6 They should be used to putting you in your place. (6)
7 Prohibition doesn't seem completely to grab me, when the subject comes up! (7)
8 and 16 across In such a divine round trip, there is bound to be a little unpredictability! (2,3,3,2,3,4)
9 Senior class emblems? (6,7)
15 Literally a cure for drunkenness stays them possibly, with what sounds like quarts of source material. (9)
17 Sergeant broken and required to keep at a distance? (8)
19 Its bark could be improved, with proper carriage. (7)
21 Saw a cure for a headache? (7)
22 "Antony and Cleopatra" performance where the first part of the play concludes with an uncertain comment. (6)
24 This joint always comes up with a musical group, it seems! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1267

ACROSS: 1 Good-looking; 9 Part-time; 10 and 25 Timing gear; 11 Genetic; 12 Shad roe; 14 Sprang; 15 Abnegate; 17 Spelling; 20 Hears; 22 and 24 Stop-gap measure; 26 Detach; 27 Eligible; 28 Interrogate.
DOWN: 2 On the ball; 3 and 13 Driving range; 4 and 8 Over and out; 5 Kitchen; 7 Make-up; 16 Gear shift; 18 Potter; 19 Ivanhoe; 20 Healing; 21 Shril; 23 Plain.

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LETTERS

Too late

Lewisburg, Pa.

DEAR SIR: You merit respect as veteran opponents of capital punishment and no doubt hoped to advance the abolitionist cause with your editorial on "Playing God" [*The Nation*, Sept. 2]. Alas, your means betrayed your purpose. Dragging Pat Brown out of his deserved obscurity to say a few words against legal murder is the rough equivalent of asking Humphrey for his mature reflections on self-reliance, or inviting Curtis LeMay to lecture on the sanctity of life. By his own admission, Brown refused to stand between the gas chamber and forty-two of the sixty victims whose cases came before him as governor of California. A "notably kindly" man, you say?

When you come right down to it, a weeping executioner is more offensive than an impassive professional. And were Brown also to repent—now that political pressures have subsided—of having supported Johnson's war, having sent cops onto the Berkeley campus, having smeared an opponent for "being soft on homosexuals," this would hardly make him an authority on decency and courage. The liberal will to destruction followed by prudently deferred regrets—this has by now become an established tradition in the Democratic Center.

So Brown, stripped of his power, now wishes that he "had commuted every single one" of the capital punishment cases. Bravo! So do I; but can't our reluctant executioner hear ghosts, among them Chessman's, snickering from death row?

Richard Drinnon

a vote for Hayes?

Aberdeen, Miss.

DEAR SIR: Those who oppose the election of Humphrey are burying the second Reconstruction. This is 1876 and Nixon is Hayes, though not as kind or honest. The sell-out of the first Reconstruction caused more American deaths than the Vietnamese War—and among both races; the end of the second will cause even more. The South won the Civil War politically in 1876; will it win it again in 1968?

Charles G. Hamilton

Huxley papers

London, Eng.

DEAR SIR: I have been invited by Alfred A. Knopf and Harper & Row to write the official biography of the late Aldous Huxley, with the consent and cooperation of his widow and family.

I should be very grateful if any of your readers who knew Aldous Huxley personally, or who had dealings of any kind with him, or who may have documents which would be of assistance to me, would be so kind as to get in touch with me through Alfred A. Knopf, 501 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10022. Any documents sent to Knopf will be copied and returned at once.

Sybil Bedford

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EDITORIALS

As We See It

Most voters are understandably unhappy with the three leading Presidential contenders, Nixon, Humphrey and Wallace. An appalling percentage of ballots this November are going to be cast "against" rather than "for." Even many of those who vote for Wallace and LeMay—at least outside the Deep South—will be casting protest votes.

Comments on the choice offered voters range from "dismal" (Walter Lippmann) and "distasteful" (Tom Wicker of *The New York Times*) to the unprintable. Apart from the Wallace constituency, those who have decided to vote despite their dismay and distress will be influenced in the main by one or the other of the following arguments. Some feel, as Mr. Lippmann does, that the Republican Party, even with Nixon at the helm, is better able to govern than the tired, discredited, sharply divided Democratic Party. Others argue—David Broder is one—that in the unhappy situation in which most voters now find themselves the man is more important than the party. Mr. Broder is impressed by the fact that "from the rich array of talent in the Republican Party, Richard Nixon chose Spiro T. Agnew for his Vice Presidential candidate," while "in the supposed ruins of the Democratic Party, Hubert Humphrey found Edmund S. Muskie."

While *The Nation* is inclined to agree with much of what Mr. Lippmann has to say about the Republican Party, if we were to make a selection on the basis of likability, we could discover in ourselves a preference for Humphrey and Muskie. But a central issue in this year's election transcends parties and personalities. In the 1964 campaign the electorate was offered what it had every right to assume was a choice—not an echo—on the vital issue of the war in Vietnam. The choice seemed clear-cut: a military victory through escalation (Goldwater) or "no wider war" (Johnson), which implied an honest effort to seek settlement through negotiation. The electorate gave Johnson an overwhelming mandate to pursue the policy he had unambiguously stated, but even before Election Day he had quietly set in motion preparations for escalation. In retrospect, the dubious Gulf of Tonkin resolution, so frequently cited as the basic authorization, appears to have been part of the President's advance planning for the unannounced course of action he had determined to follow. A self-respecting electorate would be most unwise to permit such a deliberate deception on a matter involving the honor and security of the United States to go unrebuked. We recognize, with Lincoln, that an element of moral ambiguity may be inherent in politics, but there are limits beyond which ambiguity cannot be made to stretch. We consider the President's deception about his intentions in 1964 to be an affront to the ethics of political leadership in a democratic society.

We could not possibly have endorsed President Johnson if he had sought re-election, regardless of whom the Republicans might have nominated. Nor can we endorse Vice President Humphrey, even though Richard Nixon is

his principal opponent. We have not forgotten that when the Administration—with the cooperation of N.B.C.—decided to rebuke Martin Luther King after he had come out against the Vietnamese War, it was Mr. Humphrey who undertook the unsavory assignment. We have never thought of the Vice President as merely a loyal lieutenant serving a general of whose policies he disapproved. On the contrary, we have always assumed that the Vice President agreed with the President's policies, including the decision to escalate the war; his own statements over the last four years, delivered with characteristic fervor, make his position quite clear. To assume otherwise would be to place a very low evaluation indeed on the Vice President's courage, intelligence and integrity.

Nor can we endorse the Nixon-Agnew ticket—not even as a protest, not even to offset the possibility that Wallace may tumble the election into the House. As we have said many times, while we regard Nixon as an intelligent, hard-working, astute politician, we also regard him as a man without settled principles, values or convictions—a view that finds striking confirmation in his egregiously irresponsible selection of Spiro T. Agnew for a running mate. If Nixon gets to the White House (a prospect we do not relish), he will owe his election to the performance of the Johnson-Humphrey Administration, capped by the disgraceful spectacle of the Chicago convention. We see no need to say what we think about the Wallace-LeMay ticket. In deciding to make no endorsement, we have considered the possibility that the election may be thrown into the House, but we do not think this likely (see article on page 425 of this issue).

It has been urged that failure to endorse the Humphrey-Muskie ticket will injure the chances of some excellent Democratic nominees, but in our view these nominees will fare better to the extent that they can separate their campaigns from the national ticket. Humphrey not only has no coattails to offer them; he is trying to ride on Muskie's. We are impressed by the fact that many of the Congressional leaders of the Democratic Party who were for Humphrey before and during the Chicago convention are now unwilling to give his candidacy active support, although most of them would welcome the support of Senator McCarthy. If the Vice President had spoken out against what happened at Chicago, in the convention and on the streets, he might have been able to restore a measure of unity. Critics within the party, Humphrey complains, have not rallied to his support. The fact is that the Johnson-Meany-Daley axis has done nothing to help these critics and is, in a variety of ways, conniving at their defeat. In Illinois, for example, the Democratic Senatorial nominee, William Clark, is not receiving the party support to which he is clearly entitled.

It is said, also, that if the Democratic nominees for President and Vice President are defeated, the party will fall apart and the pieces will be picked up by the old guard. But the Democratic Party is not going to fall apart, and the forces of the "New Politics" have a good chance in 1972 to win the victory they did not win this year. Time is running out on such bosses as Barr, Tate and Daley, and on such "labor leaders" as George Meany. Even though the All-Negro National Committee of In-

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 14

quiry has voted not to endorse Humphrey (he notified Rep. John Conyers on September 25 that he did not have time to meet with the committee, a broadly based group of Negro moderates and militants with 1,000 members in thirty-two states, to discuss issues of interest to Negroes!), those Negroes who do vote, North and South, will probably be for Humphrey and Muskie. In many states the effect may well be to make Negroes the base of the Democratic Party, which this year has been deserted by so many of the elements that made up the New Deal coalition. Julian Bond, the Rev. Channing Phillips, Charles Evers, Aaron Henry and others are campaigning for the Humphrey-Muskie ticket—not with an excess of enthusiasm but to preserve the position that Negroes have won in the party. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that the party will be refashioned between now and 1972 through pressures operating from within, such as the New Democratic Coalition (see article on page 427) and from without, such as the New Party, the Wallace adherents and the various new national constituencies.

It is said, finally, that citizens are always under an obligation to vote, even though they may not like the proffered choices. But this ignores the fact that abstaining is a kind of vote—a vote of no confidence (Wisconsin provides a place on the ballot to register such a protest)—and that under present circumstances it can be a very effective way of using the franchise. Old coalitions are falling apart, new coalitions are trying to form. As long as the electorate dutifully lines up behind the candidates whom the Democratic and Republican Party professionals see fit to run, the professionals will continue to offer candidates whose chief virtue is that they defer to the professionals. But let it be seen that a significant segment of the public has emancipated itself from a fanciful duty to vote for someone—anyone—and is reserving its endorsement for a candidate it likes, then the parties will find such men. (That they would not be hard to find was evidenced this year by the presence of Governor Rockefeller in Miami and Senator McCarthy in Chicago.) A "lesser evil" is still an evil (usually a hack). What this country must seek is a greater good. Whereas reasons can be cited for voting for Nixon or voting for Humphrey, there are at least as good reasons this time around for passing: the country might get a new deck of cards.

We hope nonetheless that there will be a large turn-out of voters on November 5. The feeling of distaste expressed by many voters for the Presidential nominees gives added importance to the contests in the Senate and House. Here is where voters sharing our point of view should invest their time, money and energy. Candidates endorsed by *The Nation* include the following:

Senators Seeking Re-election. Fulbright, McGovern, Morse, Church, Nelson, Ribicoff, Clark, Gruening (a write-in). We call attention to the fact that four of these are members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—Fulbright, Clark, Morse and Church.

Senatorial Nominees. Clark (Illinois), Cranston (California), Eagleton (Missouri)—with a cheer or two for his Republican opponent, Rep. Thomas Curtis, who has been a consistent critic of the draft and of present levels of military spending—O'Dwyer (New York), Gilligan

(Ohio), Hughes (Iowa), Collins (Florida), and Mathias (Maryland)—a Republican.

Representatives Seeking Re-election. Arizona: Morris K. Udall, 2 CD; California: John Moss, 3 CD; Phil Burton, 5 CD; Don Edwards, 9 CD; Augustus Hawkins, 21 CD; George Brown, 29 CD; Edward Roybal, 30 CD. Illinois: Sidney R. Yates, 9 CD. Indiana: John Brademas, 3 CD. Iowa: John Culver, 2 CD; Neal Smith, 5 CD. Michigan: John Conyers, 1 CD; Donald Reigle, 7 CD; Charles C. Diggs, Jr., 13 CD. Missouri: Richard Bolling, 5 CD. New Jersey: Frank Thompson, 4 CD. New York: Benjamin S. Rosenthal, 8 CD; William F. Ryan, 20 CD; James H. Scheuer, 21 CD; Jonathan H. Bingham, 23 CD; Richard Ottinger, 25 CD; John Dow, 27 CD. Ohio: Charles Vanik, 21 CD. Oregon: Edith Green, 3 CD. Texas: Ken Eckhardt, 8 CD; Henry B. Gonzales, 20 CD. Wisconsin: Robert Kastenmeier, 2 CD; Henry Reuss, 5 CD.

New Contenders. Alabama: William Branch, 5 CD. California: Urban Whittaker, 11 CD; Stanley K. Sheinbaum, 13 CD; Fred Warner Neal, 26 CD. Connecticut: Robert Cook (Independent), 3 CD. Georgia: Charles Weltner, 5 CD. Illinois: Abner J. Mikva, 2 CD; Marc Karson, 14 CD. Massachusetts: Chandler Harrison Stevens, 3 CD. New Hampshire: David Hoeh, 2 CD. New York: Allard Lowenstein, 5 CD; Franklin Miller, 6 CD; James Farmer, 12 CD; Edward L. Koch, 17 CD; Paul Davidoff, 26 CD.

Columbia: Onus of Violence

In the lull between police actions at Columbia last spring, members of the faculty appointed an investigating commission headed by Archibald Cox, a Harvard University professor of law and former U.S. Assistant Solicitor General. The release of the Cox Commission Report in the form of a paperback volume entitled *Crisis at Columbia* (Random House) will help to correct some of the false impressions promulgated by the news media about Columbia's campus insurrection.

In the carefully measured cadences of a lawyer's brief, the report redistributes the onus of the disturbances, hitherto heaped largely upon the students, to all the other participants: administration, trustees, faculty, police and community. The report definitively abolishes from respectable discourse the demonologic theory that Columbia's troubles began when Mark Rudd and a few others got past the Admissions Committee. It flatly rejects "the view that ascribes the April and May disturbances primarily to a conspiracy of student revolutionaries." In this reassessment, it is impossible to avoid the implication, however much explicitly rejected by the commission, that Columbia University's trustees and administrators were inept and intransigent in their handling of the issues and events. As adults and as executives who seek the responsibility of husbanding the university's well-being, the members of an administration must hold themselves accountable to higher standards of truth, charity and efficiency than any other segment of the university. One can safely draw the conclusion that the students were correct when they insisted that the administration's claim to authority was

paired by arbitrary and unresponsive attitudes and practices. The report describes the administration's "cold inference," its "resort to improvisation," its analyses and expectations which "proved utterly false," and its willingness to match SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) in mutual desire" . . . for . . . "further confrontation." The report also dispels any doubts about the symbolic if not immediate seriousness and justice of the two principal demands of the strikers: abandonment of the racially empoiled gymnasium and severance of institutional ties with the war-embroiled Institute for Defense Analysis.

The commissioners evidently share large areas of agreement with the dissident faculty and striking students; yet they strongly condemn the refusal of the students to come out of the buildings when ordered to do so by the administration under threat of forcible eviction by the police. Faculty who stood before the buildings and who thus encouraged the students are also severely condemned.

The report attributes the large-scale injury and excessive violence—veritable police riots—ultimately to a peculiarly long list of imperfect arrangements and negative features associated with Columbia University: substandard dormitories; overcommitted and underpaid faculty; unrepresentative trustees; urban blight. The commissioners, whose exemplary commitment to the defense of liberal values and rule of law shines through on every page, might have pondered an alternative interpretation of Columbia as a university. It may very well turn out that the thousands of Columbia students who have now learned the art and acquired the courage of resisting illegitimate and corrupted authority will be needed in the darkening perspective of this country's future in ways as yet unanticipated by fact-finding commissions. The reason why the unbearable tensions of the war in Vietnam, the breakdown in national political processes, and the national racial crisis achieved expression at Columbia and not elsewhere may not lie in any egregious defects of Columbia's administration, campus or facilities. In the light of Chicago, it may rather be that Columbia's faculty and student body stood closer to the realities of what it will take to prevent this country's latent potential for fascism from overwhelming the commissioners' fine-honed sense of liberal properties.

A keener sense of self-preservation, if not of charity, would have helped to improve this important document. Can we really condemn a college generation which is demonstrably better informed, socially and politically more involved, ethically more sensitive, and mentally and physically more courageous than the youth of any previous generation in our history? Are these not the qualities and capacities upon which the preservation of our democracy ultimately depends?

MARVIN HARRIS

The Legion vs. Marcuse

In the Joe McCarthy era, when people in show business, great and small, were being blacklisted by professional Red-hunters, local officials of veterans organizations, were often the most effective agents in striking terror into the not very courageous hearts of the TV and radio producers,

Now Gladwin Hill reveals in *The New York Times* (October 6) that the current agitation against Prof. Herbert Marcuse at the University of California, San Diego, was started by Harry L. Foster, the 69-year-old judge-advocate of the American Legion county organization.

A "semi-retired" construction engineer, Foster had never heard of Marcuse until last May, when an anti-Marcuse editorial appeared in a San Diego paper and was picked up by American Legion Post No. 6. Almost overnight the post raised \$20,000 to donate to the university to buy up Marcuse's contract. The university declined the offer.

"The Marcuse matter," Foster says portentously, "was brought to my attention by certain officials of the community here whom I'm not privileged to name, who hoped the Legion would move because otherwise there might be considerable trouble on the campus here." The Legion's role, it would appear, was that of protector of the university against Marcuse, who had been accused by papers of the conservative Copley chain of "fomenting dissent." Dissent is a serious offense in San Diego County, which counts among its chief sources of revenue defense plants, no less than twenty-one military bases, and retired military personnel. The Navy-Marine payroll alone dumps \$1.2 million a day into the San Diego economy.

For a while, however, Marcuse is likely to remain a thorn in the side of San Diego's militant conservatives. The University's chancellor, Dr. William McGill, does not favor dismissing professors at the behest of the Legion and the John Birch Society; even if he did, he would find himself in difficulty with his own faculty and students, and a nucleus of liberals who read the *Los Angeles Times* in preference to the Copley papers. Two or three times a week, Dr. McGill goes around to civic clubs and similar groups, trying to convince them that Dr. Marcuse is only a man of ideas, after all, and not a menace to the government of the United States—or even of San Diego County. Although he has failed to convince many of the Marcuse-phobes, the most likely outcome is a prolonged deadlock. The university will not be the easy mark that show business was in the fifties.

Brothers in Arms

When soldiers are used against war protesters—Chicago being a case in point—the demonstrating youth frequently chant "join us" to the GIs called in to break up their street and park assemblies. But one group of Regular Army soldiers who were in the Chicago call-up didn't need to hear the chant on Michigan Avenue and in Grant Park. Stationed at Fort Hood, Tex., the forty-three black soldiers (twenty-six of them veterans of Vietnam) sat down in a parking lot and refused to budge when they learned that their new commander was to be Mayor Richard Daley. Said one:

"We feel that we've done enough for our country. We shouldn't have to go out there and do wrong to our own people. I can't see myself spraying tear gas on my fellow people."

After vain pleadings by the soldiers' division command-

er, Gen. John K. Boles, Jr., that the men give up their protest, the forty-three were arrested and led off to the Fort Hood stockade.

"A lawful order must be obeyed," said a Pentagon general. "It's as simple as that." But as *Time* observed, in one of the few published accounts of the Fort Hood soldiers' strike: "It is not, of course, by any means as simple as that." According to *Time*, "the Army may well be summoned into action in Negro ghettos in the future, and the generals are troubled by the possibility that black soldiers will find that they owe higher fealty to the black community than to the U.S. Army." "The problem is so fearful," said one officer, "that we won't even discuss these people as Negroes." The Army seems to be handling the forty-three as gingerly as court-martial justice allows.

But perhaps the problem is even greater than the Army imagines. It was evident—first in Grant Park and later in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel (see "The Hilton Hotel Incident," *The Nation*, September 16)—that the protesters for the most part got along fine with the National Guard soldiers and that the latter seemed to feel little hostility toward the protesters. At one tense moment the Illinois National Guard was even cheered by the crowds when they replaced the brutal Chicago police force that had been surrounding the Hilton and attacking bystanders as well as members of the anti-war group.

The protesters talked freely to the National Guard soldiers, even though the latter remained silent, under orders not to respond. But there were smiles from the soldiers, and individual protesters quipped that they looked like the guy next door and asked them what they were doing pointing bayonets at their neighbors.

In this one-way conversation it was obvious that the young anti-war whites had their own ideas about soul brothers, and many of the soldiers appeared to be getting the message. Perhaps white soldiers will come to feel as did the forty-three black soldiers at Fort Hood and refuse to shove their neighbors around. Then where will the generals, the Richard Daleys and the other leaders with fixations on a distorted idea of "law and order" turn for their shock troops?

CURTIS LeMAY

A NORMAL AMERICAN KILLER

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

When Curtis LeMay was a child, he earned spending money by killing sparrows and selling them to a lady as food for her tomcat. One gathers from his autobiography, *Mission with LeMay*, that that is his happiest boyhood memory. His most exciting memory is of seeing a stunt flier die buried in mud. A lonely, plodding boy, LeMay had a vile temper which he did not learn to control, by

'Newsroom' Switches On

During the San Francisco newspaper strike last year, the local educational television station, KOED, offered an hour of news each day as an emergency measure. When the strike ended, the program went off the air. Now, however, thanks to a \$750,000 grant from the Ford Foundation, it is back, and better than ever. Newsroom, KOED public affairs director, has assembled a group of skilled reporters who each weekday offer viewers *Newsroom*, an hour of intelligent, literate reporting and analysis.

The *Newsroom* staff does such an excellent job of digging up and interpreting the news as to make the offerings of the commercial stations seem pale and monotonous. The program brings in a wide variety of guests, commentators and also runs short films on various personalities and topics. This "opening up" of the hitherto mechanical, headline-reading format for disposing of the news on the air is having an increasing influence in the San Francisco area, and KOED's innovations are now being imitated by several of the local commercial broadcasters.

It is quite likely that the *Newsroom* coverage of the Walter Baskett shooting, in which an off-duty policeman killed a 28-year-old Negro, led to the reopening of the case and to a murder indictment against the policeman. The program has offered continued and detailed coverage of this case, which is the biggest local story in San Francisco and one whose repercussions might possibly lead to the reorganization of the police department and the resignation of its chief, Thomas Cahill. *Newsroom* also keeps a sharp eye on other aspects of the San Francisco scene—race relations, education, entertainment, urban renewal, conservation, etc.

The success of this undertaking suggests that vast potentialities in television—for news programs as well as other kinds of programs—have yet to be realized. Television can be turned into a creative force by people with imagination and original ideas. The numbing commercial medium as it now exists is not the only way to fill the air.

his own admission, until he was an adult. His life at school was completely drab and uninspiring. No teacher took an interest in him: "It is a common human experience to have enjoyed, during school years, the companionship and encouragement of some particular teacher. . . . I don't remember anything of that sort occurring to me." Outside school, he seems to have worked constantly and had no time for sports or club activities or what he calls "boy-and-girl stuff." At home, the other members of the family all but ignored him. "One LeMay didn't butt into another. LeMay's business. I don't think anyone gave it much

ought or cared whether I would get through or flunk it, or what."

Life, in any real sense, did not begin for LeMay until he joined the U.S. Air Force. He is one of those strange creatures who have sprung from our military incubus—easy, if not unhappy, except when they are planning devastation. Like many of this breed, LeMay has considerable insight into his own character and is rather straightforward in describing what he sees: "I have been accused and still am accused of possessing a single-track mind. Guess they are right."

He is the complete warrior. Bravery and skill at killing are what matter to him, not ideology. He speaks kindly of Mao Tse-tung, recalling a samurai sword he received from the Chinese Communist overlord during World War II. He says LeMay: "Wouldn't be surprised if Mao had taken himself in hand-to-hand combat. He has a good reputation as a scrapper." Nazi scrappers draw similarly amiable appraisals from LeMay—as fighters, not as Nazis. On the other hand he is immediately suspicious of soldiers who claim combat fatigue; a person can be the most loyal capitalistic democrat in every other respect, but if he tracks mentally under the strain of battle LeMay is likely to dismiss him as "the louse, the bum, the yellow so-and-so . . . this stinko character; he's just scairt." (Breaking physically is, by LeMay's standards, permissible.) One wonders if he knows that his Presidential running mate was mustered out of the Air Force with a 10 per cent disability rating for "psychoneurosis" after being hospitalized for "severe anxiety state, chronic, manifested by tension states, anxiety attacks, anorexia. . . ."

When LeMay retired in 1965 at the age of 58—hurried onto the shelf by President Johnson because of his perpetual feuding with Defense Secretary McNamara—he had been a general for twenty-two years, and a four-star variety for thirteen years, which was longer than any other person had held the rank. The moment of greatest pride in his career was probably the bombing raid he masterminded that left 16 square miles of Tokyo in rubble, and caused more deaths and injuries than any other single military operation in history. He had wanted to lead the raid from the air, he said, but was obliged to direct it from headquarters and "it was no fun."

Now that LeMay has emerged again from his Los Angeles suburban home in Bel Air and taken temporary leave of his job as head of Network Electronics Corp., in Chatsworth, Calif., to join the American Independent Party ticket as Vice Presidential candidate, a large segment of the press is attempting to portray him as a uniquely frightening addition to the political picture. And of course he is frightening; but it is a distortion to make him seem so exceptional. He is little more frightening than Humphrey or Agnew or Nixon or Muskie; they, like LeMay, and like ninety-eight of the 100 U.S. Senators and a similar proportion of the U.S. House of Representatives, favor a Pentagon budget of \$72 billion, the largest in history and one that is not entirely honest because it does not cover certain war-related expenses, such as the cost of keeping up veterans' hospitals and GI Bill expenses and veterans' pensions. LeMay is certainly no more fright-

ening than the Pennsylvania labor leader who denounced Senator Clark's efforts to shave the Pentagon budget as "a threat to the safety of United States fighting men and the jobs of Pennsylvania workers." The trouble with ballooning him into such an impressive ogre is that we may be inclined to heave a sigh of relief when he and Wallace are defeated—as though it made all that difference. So, just to keep a proper perspective on this most normal American killer, let us run over LeMay's positions:



Curtis LeMay

He, like Nixon, is against the multilateral nuclear ban. He reasons that, while other nations backed away, Red China would fudge and keep developing A-weapons and eventually gain superiority.

He was the first, or at least the loudest, top official in the Pentagon to urge bombing North Vietnam; he has never urged use of atomic weapons in the war, although he has counseled against saying we would not. Wallace's own firm statement that he would never use atomic weapons in Vietnam seems to have been no more than a panicky reaction to the way the press jumped on LeMay's "just another weapon" appraisal of nuclear bombs. But Wallace's staff, an oily crowd, began at once to explain

Wallace's aversion to radioactive dust in sentimental terms. Paul W. Valentine of *The Washington Post* wrote: "Part of this feeling, his associates say, came from talks with doctors in Houston while his wife was receiving radiation treatment for cancer that ultimately was fatal to her. Through those talks, they said, Wallace came to realize how much radiation can damage the body." Maybe. But this postdated solicitude for Mrs. Wallace's health is a bit hard to take, since he had her out campaigning for governor less than four months after her first cancer operation and kept her in harness almost to the end, her hold on the governor's office giving him a good base of operation.

LeMay's proposals for A-bomb usage have gone far beyond Vietnam. Back in the days when we had the A-bomb and Russia did not, LeMay is said to have called a secret meeting of top officials and proposed wiping out Russia. He doesn't deny this very firmly. He says, "I don't ever remember having called such a meeting," but he admits that he might have told "some of my people at one time or another. 'We've got this capability. Maybe the nation ought to do it.' I might have said that off the cuff. But never did I make any such formal suggestion." But he came very close to making it formal. And in any event, he still likes to say we may "look sadly back" to the time when Russia either didn't have the bomb or didn't have a sufficient stockpile to retaliate. "That was the era when we might have destroyed Russia completely and not even skinned our elbows doing it." What's more, since the same conditions still exist apropos of China, he now asks if we aren't missing a chance there. We still could do it "before the Chinese military potential grows worse than it is today."

LeMay's mind is so uncluttered and his reasoning so simple that he sees nothing odd in quoting from an *Air Force/Space Digest* editorial as objective support of his own objectivity. He is startlingly naive. While most military men and politicians pretend that a military-industrial power ring does not exist, LeMay goes out of his way publicly to encourage this group to take a firmer hand in shaping government policy. At a meeting of the National Security Industrial Association in Washington three years ago, he rallied "the military, industrial and scientific communities" to a firmer display of patriotic propaganda "in direct proportion to the responsibility we bear for defending the country"—which, as a look at the budget shows, is a very great proportion indeed.

LeMay does not think the civilian branch of the government should interfere in the slightest with the plans of the generals, except to put back on the money if it can. "If a Secretary of Defense says, 'No, you cannot have this system because we cannot afford it,' we accept his decision. What we did object to was the Secretary's saying 'no' to something the military wished to do, and giving a military reason." Since he would limit the civilian administration to fiscal controls, he is giving the civilians no control at all, for Congress never denies the military anything on grounds of economy.

LeMay is a right winger but a very clumsy one. He has written a book that is almost a Bible to the right

wing, but he used a collaborator, McKinley Kantor, who *Andersonville* was one of the favorite targets of the right wing a few years ago because of its cuss words and naughty images.

LeMay knows all the right-wing cliché positions, but he takes them in a very gauche manner. "I'm for welfare programs, Medicare, for instance," he says. "Certain this country ought to provide medical care for everybody but I don't say the government has to do it." On civil rights: "I can't understand all the fuss about this civil rights business. The trouble is being caused by a bunch of professional no-goods, Communists. I think the Communists are up to their eyebrows in the civil rights movement. As a matter of fact, I know it. I've seen some of the reports. These reports were never made public (Apparently shown to him by his close friend J. Edgar Hoover, who enjoys passing "confidential" files around among a select circle of pals.) He even has a right-wing cliché for the war, which he says he would end by the total destruction of North Vietnam—"leaving not a brick stuck to another" but done in what he calls "the most humane manner possible."

The only effective right-wing organization to which LeMay belongs is the American Security Council—an anti-subversive outfit which has been guided over the past few years by such illustrious far-outs as Adm. Be Moreell, USN retired, and Gen. A. C. Wedemeyer, USN retired—but which nevertheless sneaks some of its propaganda into top places. Last year, for example, *The New York Times* played up a front-page story saying that the American Security Council had discovered we were desperately behind in the missile race—and did not mention that the ASC was a right-wing front.

After LeMay's maiden campaign speech, an outburst of candor which got him in immediate trouble with Wallace (but gave the newsmen priceless quotes, such as "I'll be lucky if I don't come out of this sounding like drooling idiot"), Wallace has used the tactic of displaying LeMay but letting him say very little. It's just as well for his cause. LeMay has always been a poor speaker. He has a dead-pan face, a tendency to drone and to say "uh," and a weakness of mental will that allows him to wander off into the dullest kind of homey trivialities.

As for the dead-pan part, spectators can give him little sympathy on that. It is caused by a stroke he suffered in the early 1940s. That stroke, plus some deafness (Wallace also suffers from deafness), plus poor eyesight plus prostate trouble, prompted a medical officers' board to give him 60 per cent disability when he was mustered out of service.

Still, one must be a bit cautious with sympathy. After all, LeMay was flying jets right up to the end of his service—and drawing flight pay for it—and on the afternoon he retired from the Air Force, FAA Administrator Najeeb Halaby hoked up a special ceremony in which he presented LeMay with a private pilot's license. And the 60 per cent disability rating allows him to avoid income tax payments on about \$10,000 of his \$16,464 retirement pay.

Wallace and LeMay are indeed a pair of monsters, and must indeed be defeated. But the bigger worry still remains—with whom are you going to defeat them?

THE NOVEMBER WATERSHED

New Issues, New Coalitions

JOHN T. DEMPSEY

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not for what it settles but for what it delays, not for what it reveals but for what it conceals, not for what it accomplishes but for what it portends, 1968 will go down in American history as an important political year. There is pulse in the flow of American politics. Periodically, the nation arrives at a watershed, a convulsion, a fundamental realignment of the political scene; thereafter, politics and the country are quite different. Half a dozen such moments have occurred in the American experience, and another is fast approaching.

In 1800 the political party came of age as an instrument of government in our limited democracy, marking the end of the dominance of those who had led the Revolution and established the Constitution. In 1828 Jackson's election symbolized the political maturation of the frontier. Lincoln's victory in 1860 marked the end of the plantation economy which had dominated so much of the American scene, as well as a rapid end to the legal existence of slavery; the preservation of the Union also resulted. In 1896 big business overwhelmed American politics; the 1912 triumph of Wilson heralded the new freedom. FDR and the New Deal arrived in 1932. These are the watershed years of American political history; 1968 is obviously not one of them.

Yet in each of the above heroic instances, the previous election foretold the approaching convulsion. Jefferson's victory in 1800 came four years after the first breakdown in the electoral process and the inability of the Federalists to maintain their position, or their unity. In 1824 the dominant party was unable to agree on a single candidate, and the election was thrown into the House of Representatives. No party in 1856 could nominate a candidate able to face squarely the overwhelming issue of slavery; Lincoln was found four years later. The election of 1892 settled nothing, except to accentuate a split within the Democratic Party and pave the way for McKinley and Hanna. In 1908 the Republican Party turned its back on progressivism, and helped assure Wilson's election in 1912. And in 1928 both parties failed to address themselves to the plight of the farmer or the storm signals in the economy, concentrating instead on the politics of joy. The depression and the New Deal followed. Now 1968 takes its place among these years of short sight and low morale. Both major parties have taken their stands on the issues and the slogans of the past, and have dissembled on the problems of the present. Thus 1968 paves the way for the convulsions of the future.

At least four major issues confront the American

people this year: the war in Vietnam, the future of race relations in the United States, the condition of the cities, and the character and dignity of life for all Americans. The three major candidates for President are each addressing themselves to these issues in terms ambiguous at best. Hubert Humphrey holds out peace in Vietnam, or at least an end to the bombing of the North—maybe. Richard Nixon promises peace with honor, even while he supports (at least tacitly) the policies which produced the war. George Wallace promises he'll turn the war over to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, evidently believing that those gentlemen have not previously been consulted on the subject. Or perhaps he'll just turn it over to Curtis LeMay, leaving himself free, if elected, to concentrate on the home front.

Richard Nixon talks of "building bridges to human dignity," but does not believe economic sanctions should be used to help achieve it. Hubert Humphrey promises much more of what has been done, evidently feeling that past programs have been resoundingly successful. George Wallace says he will so be President of "all the people"; and to those who tag him "racist," he points out that lots of Negroes voted for Lurleen—which was a comment, primarily, on the views of her opponents.

Mr. Nixon would turn over the major part of the rebuilding of the cities to private enterprise, which has not up to now leaped to take on the task. Vice President Humphrey would have the federal government lead the way in urban reconstruction, causing some to wonder what Washington has been doing for the past thirty-five years while the cities were decaying. Mr. Wallace says little about rebuilding cities, preferring first to make the existing streets safe for the people; pleasant communities will grow up, presumably, around the much enlarged police stations. Concerning the question and meaning of life for the average American, no candidate is saying much. Each offers to guarantee law and order and a stable dollar—and that's what life's all about anyway.

None of this implies that any of the major candidates is being dishonest or deliberately deceitful. Rather, each apparently believes that the citizens will vote principally on the basis of their emotions—or, more simply, their fears. Wallace appeals to fear of the black man; Nixon appeals to fear of the Democrats, and of the recent past; Humphrey appeals to fear of the Republicans, and of the remote past—the ghost of poor old Herbert Hoover. Not one of the three seems to realize that while such appeals may have a limited and temporary success, a stable society can be constructed only by overcoming fear, not by catering to it. And each of the men overlooks a central fact of American development—the people are more highly educated and informed today than ever before; the emotional approaches of the past simply lack the strength they once had. In this fact lies the cause of the widespread

apathy, and of the disunity which is just below the surface of both major parties.

It is fashionable today, in at least some circles, to compare the Wallace appeal with Hitler's in the Germany of the 1920s. While this is no compliment to the "mighty bantam from Alabama," it's a downright insult to the American people as a whole. The United States of 1968 is not the Weimar Republic of 1930, and to suggest that it is seriously to distort history. The United States has not been totally defeated in war, it has not witnessed ruinous inflation, it has not seen its middle class wiped out—quite the contrary. The Wallace appeal stems partly from a weariness and resentment at politics as usual, at promises made and not kept, at lack of leadership and lack of ethics in so many, many places. Many say: "He tells it like it is," "He's the only one who talks like a real American," or simply, "At least he's honest—he says what he believes." A large vote for Wallace on November 5 will be interpreted as a white backlash; it can also be a clear indication that many people have become tired of the two major parties, with their reliance on outmoded solutions to contemporary problems.

If there is any meaning in the remarkable record of the candidacy of Eugene McCarthy, or the rapid surge of the late Robert Kennedy, or the popular appeal of John Lindsay or Nelson Rockefeller, it is that their supporters believed these men were "relevant" to what really matters. Certainly glamour, charm and, in some cases, money were all involved; yet Romney and Percy and Reagan also have these qualities. Just as Wallace's appeal is greatest among the least educated in the United States, and among the older citizens—those who, like him, see life in the most simple terms—so the appeal of McCarthy, Kennedy, Lindsay and Rockefeller is greatest among the best educated and the young, who realize that life cannot be simple. This is encouraging, because each year the American electorate grows younger, and on the average better educated. It's just that the leaders of the political establishment haven't quite awakened to the facts of modern life.

Yet we cannot dismiss George Wallace quite so neatly, at least not in 1968. For he is a mischief-maker who can knock the political train off the tracks. This possibility arises from the fact that, for whatever reasons, he does appeal to many, coupled with circumstances under which the electoral college can select a President. With a little luck, Wallace can throw the election into the House of Representatives, for the first time in 144 years (the 1876 election went there, not to elect a President but rather to determine whom the electors had elected: the House in the end settled on a process which produced Hayes—and a suspicion that has never really been laid to rest).

As of now, Wallace is almost sure to take at least thirty-nine electoral votes, and he could take more (he claims a minimum of 170, but he may well have the capacity to be wrong, like the rest of us). In some normally Democratic states he may draw enough support from Humphrey to give the electoral votes to Nixon; and in some normally Republican states (there are a few) he may take enough from Nixon to give the state to Humphrey. As a result, prediction at this moment is almost impos-

sible—or at least foolish. Yet the effect of the Wallace candidacy may be to throw the election into the House. If this should happen, the next President is certain to be Hubert Humphrey.

This safe prediction is possible because of the distribution of votes in the House. In choosing a President each state has one vote in the House, a vote decided by the partisan control of the Congressional delegation from that state. Today, Democrats control twenty-nine state delegations, Republicans control eighteen, and three are evenly divided and therefore could not vote if all Representatives were present. This balance may well be different after November 5, but unless Nixon achieves a landslide (in which case the election wouldn't go to the House), there is at most no chance that the Republicans will control twenty



"Move Along"

six state delegations in the next Congress (the number needed to elect). Thus Democrats would be in firm command.

To be sure, at least five of the twenty-nine Democratic delegations are today controlled by Wallace supporters who could demand concessions and promises and all sort of political booty—from either loyalist Democrats or Republicans. However, it is not in the cards for Republicans to give them what they would most need, committee chairmanships and Congressional powers, so in the end "Democratic Party unity" would surely prevail.

If Hubert Humphrey should become President in this fashion, the already damaged Democratic Party will be further injured; if such a result followed an inconclusive electoral college vote in which Richard Nixon secured a plurality of the popular vote but was then denied the Presidency, the result could shatter the Democratic Party beyond repair (it has already lost many of its supporters to the New Party, or to others on the Left). And the damage to America's prestige abroad would be incalculable.

we can't explain the normal functioning of the electoral college to most foreigners; how to explain its malfunctioning?). So Wallace is a major threat—and he at least knows it.

Yet suppose we escape all of the above, what is likely to be the result? As of now, it is probable that Richard Nixon will win, but certainly with less than half the popular vote (probably less than 45 per cent). Hubert H. Humphrey will run second, and George Wallace a strong third. The new Congress will be much more conservative than its predecessor. The result will be at least two years, and probably four, of inaction on the major problems which plague America. So the 1968 election will then not really have settled anything, and the disillusionment with vague platforms and fancy but empty campaign promises will grow. It has all happened before!

In 1972, the young voters who are today demanding answers will be even more numerous. The educational level of the electorate will have climbed still further. Many of the elderly who this year follow George Wallace will have left this troubled planet; yet the troubles will not have eased. Each of these developments will have a major effect on the next election.

It is my belief that in 1968 we see an unraveling of

the political alignments that have held generally since 1932. This is to assert a commonplace. Yet it is also my belief that we are witnessing the end of the old style, and the decline of the old issues. The Civil War ended for all time constitutional questions about the nature of the Union which had been fought over since the beginning; granted, it took a generation or two for the settlement to seep through to some parts of the land. Similarly, the Great Depression and the New Deal ended the political questions as to whether the government has a role to play in the economy, and a responsibility for the welfare of the citizen; granted, it has taken a generation or two for that settlement to be recognized throughout our society. Today, the problems which plague the American people are largely social ones, including the relationships of man to his environment and to his fellow man, as well as his responsibility for his fellow man and for his environment. The Presidential candidates in 1968 do not realize this change because they were raised on the old issues, and trained in the old rhetoric. Yet an increasingly large portion of the electorate does realize that the world has changed, and the election will push their impatience to the fore. In that sense the 1968 election is a prelude to tomorrow.

Democrats for '72

TED SMEBAKKEN

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Minneapolis

Donald O. Peterson listened to the seemingly endless discussion with rising irritation. At issue was the structure and membership of a temporary organizing committee for the New Democratic Coalition (NDC), and the debate over two competing proposals seemed to be deteriorating into bickering over personalities and considerations of minor magnitude. In fact, a St. Louis psychiatrist had suggested the inclusion on the committee of a group dynamics specialist, contending that one was essential if the assembled liberals' penchant for nitpicking and verbosity was to be controlled.

Peterson prefers less talk and more action. The Eau Claire, Wis., businessman helped found the "dump Johnson" movement in the early fall of 1967, led the successful McCarthyite drive for control of the Democratic Party in his home state, and attracted a measure of national attention when, as chairman of the Wisconsin delegation, he defied Mayor Richard J. Daley on the floor of the Democratic National Convention.

Delegates to the conference, Peterson finally told the group, had gathered in Minneapolis as an "act of faith," a demonstration that the movement launched by Democratic insurgents around the issues of Vietnam, race, poverty and the urban crisis, and behind the candidacies of Eugene McCarthy, Robert F. Kennedy and George McGovern,

was not shattered in the violence and repression of Chicago. "Let us continue that faith," he said. "I think it's time to begin. Let us begin."

A beginning of sorts was made at the NDC's organizational conference in Minneapolis during the weekend of October 5-6, but only time will tell whether McCarthy-Kennedy liberals, Negroes, Mexican Americans and Indians, rebellious elements of organized labor, farmers, the poor, students and others can be welded into a permanent political force. It remains to be seen whether their commitment is sufficiently deep that they will perform the hard, often dull party chores, on a precinct-by-precinct, county-by-county, state-by-state basis in the months ahead.

But at least the Minneapolis conference achieved the sharply limited objectives for which it was called. The major task was to replace a thirteen-member steering committee, formed the day after the Chicago convention, with a broadly based organizing committee entrusted with the task of convening a late winter convention at which the NDC will be formally constituted as the national political arm of the Democratic Left. This committee was chosen; it comprises thirty-five members, and includes representatives from almost every group the coalition hopes to gather under its wing. Delegates who attended were also directed, as a committee of the whole, to assume responsibility for stimulating the formation and growth of NDC reform movements in their own states.

Open conflicts that could destroy the coalition before it

becomes anything more than a paper organization were averted, but warnings were sounded. The steering committee's decision to bar discussion of the Presidential campaign was unpopular with some, and younger delegates and minority group representatives charged that the coalition was essentially a McCarthyite enterprise, created by and for white middle-class liberals.

Radical peace groups were excluded from the organizing committee, a decision that was also unpopular with younger delegates. Student leaders cheered when New Left spokesmen Rennie Davis and Tom Hayden were nominated for the organizing committee. When the votes were counted, however, Davis had seven and Hayden six—a clear repudiation.

That did not sit well with Adam Walinsky, a former Kennedy speech writer. "After all," he told one reporter, "they were right about the war long before most of us, and right about the fundamental problems of race long before most of us, and they're groping for answers to problems many of us barely know to exist."

The most serious friction—reflecting the persistent coolness between the McCarthy and Kennedy camps—developed when Gerald Hill, chairman of the California Democratic Council, was labeled the caretaker of McCarthy's long-range political interests. This allegation which appeared in the Minneapolis *Tribune* prompted the immediate calling of a press conference at which Hill vigorously denied that he was acting as an agent for McCarthy at the conference.

Others decried the injection of personalities into coalition proceedings. "It's very unfortunate to describe this as an organization around the candidacy of one man," said Jack Gore, a quiet labor economist from the University of Colorado who has emerged as a moving force behind the coalition. "We think that after the election the Humphrey, Kennedy, McCarthy and McGovern labels will disappear." Earl Craig, a 29-year-old Minneapolis Negro who is serving as the coalition's full-time executive director, stalked from the press conference after objecting to NDC sponsors being consistently "forced into a box" by the press over personalities.

While the representation—224 delegates from thirty-nine states and the District of Columbia—was heavily weighted in favor of ex-McCarthy partisans, it was nevertheless impressively broad. From Alabama came John Cashin, the Negro dentist who lost the fight at Chicago for legitimization of his biracial National Democratic Party, but whose NDP candidates will battle George Wallace's regulars again in local elections on November 5. From New York came Allard K. Lowenstein, principal founder of the National Conference of Concerned Democrats, the anti-war umbrella that was instrumental in bringing McCarthy into the Presidential race in November, 1967. In the big Minnesota delegation was William W. Smith, a young Minneapolis Negro who originated the black favorite-son concept that led to the nomination at Chicago of the first Negro candidate for President, the Rev. Channing Phillips. From Delaware came Mrs. Gilbert J. Sloane, a housewife who leads the newly formed Delaware Conference of Concerned Democrats, which hopes

eventually to take over that state's Democratic Party. From Window Rock, Ariz., came Raymond Nakai, chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council. The list goes on, with individuals of diverse backgrounds.

Conference participants made no attempt to act a statement of principles, elect permanent officers, or prove an organizational structure. That will come up the convention in February or March.

They were given, instead, the outline of a program chew on. Michael Harrington, whose *Toward a New L* has been widely discussed in New Left circles, suggested at an opening-day session on "Changing Government Policy" that the NDC should work toward three ends.

First, he said, if radical change is to be achieved in democratic and nonviolent way, it will come only by means of a majority party.

Second, the link joining middle-class reformers, minorities, poor people, blue-collar workers and others or near the lower end of the social and economic ladder must be forged on "visceral" domestic issues. Specifically, Harrington argues, the NDC should develop a program that will stress the inter-relatedness of domestic problems.

Finally, in the foreign affairs arena, post-Vietnam policy must be directed toward persuading Americans that their long-range interests will be best served if they help foot the bill for the nonviolent development of developing countries, through the United Nations.

What of the NDC's immediate prospects? Gore, the acting NDC chairman, was cautiously optimistic at the close of the Minneapolis conference. He noted that the basis from which the NDC springs is far more potent than generally recognized. McCarthy-Kennedy forces control Democratic Parties outright in nine states, and NDC organizations are active or in the formative stages in at least fifteen others. "I think we found sufficient agreement among the people who did come, and a formula for reaching the people who did not," he said.

Possibly the most striking aspect of the conference was the broad commonality of interest. The delegates appeared to agree unanimously that the old liberal-labor-Negro coalition of the New Deal era is dead or dying. Chicago was its last hurrah. Its spokesmen are worn and tired, its remedies exposed as futile.

The insurgents want to forge a new, broadly based coalition that is truly liberal and in many respects radical. It will be structured on several levels to provide geographic representation for the states, as well as for special interest groups. It will speak for the poor, the affluent suburbanite horrified by the war, the militant black on the verge of open domestic warfare, for the farmer and for rebellious elements of organized labor whose leaders have grown fat and complacent, for people concerned about the quality of contemporary life, about air pollution, mass transit, leisure time and the population explosion.

It is an immense and at the same time a delicate undertaking, since all parts of the coalition must be effectively represented if the thing is to stick together. Harrington, like Gore, is among the optimists. "After all," he said, "we picketed outside the Democratic convention at Los Angeles eight years ago. This year we picketed inside."

NO ORDINARY BLACK MAN

MARTIN SMITH

Mr. Smith is a Sacramento newspaper man who covers politics and the State Capital.

Stockton, Calif.

Until a few minutes after midnight last June 2, Cliff Watkins had much going for him; certainly more than most black men—or white men, for that matter. A college graduate, earning \$8,000 a year at the start of a career in the federal Public Health Service, highly thought of by his fellow employees and his supervisors, the 24-year-old Watkins was a rising member of the Negro middle class.

Today he is having trial set for December 10 on a charge of armed robbery. He is accused of participating, with his older brother, Ted, in the robbery of a liquor store in this northern San Joaquin Valley community. Only Cliff is being tried. Ted was killed by four bullets fired by the store manager.

Stockton law-enforcement officials are upset by suggestions that the incidents surrounding the death of Ted Watkins and the mess in which Cliff Watkins finds himself should be viewed as anything but a routine, or as some have phrased it "a classic," case of armed robbery of a liquor store. But a number of doubts are being raised over the police handling of the case and the quick acceptance by officials of the view that the violence erupting in the Delta Liquors and Sporting Goods Store was just another instance of a couple of Negroes pulling a cheap robbery. The questions are being asked not only by the black community of Stockton but also thousands of miles away in Canada where Ted Watkins was a star professional football player for the Hamilton Tiger-Cats and earned \$15,000 a year. The relative affluence of the two young men—Ted was 27—and their clean backgrounds are some of the reasons why Canadian newsmen, sent to investigate the case, question the official version of what happened.

Operating one of Stockton's sixty-five liquor stores is no easy business. Holdups seem to be increasing in the area from year to year, and liquor store clerks are the frequent victims. One elderly clerk was shot to death in another store before the Delta episode. Three black youths are accused of that murder and await trial. Many liquor store operators in Stockton take advantage of California's lax gun-control laws to keep firearms handy.

Fred Larsen, 25, the white manager of the Delta, demonstrated his proficiency with a gun in 1966, when he put two bullets into an obscure black man, Lonnell Perry. Larsen said Perry swung on him with a can of beer while attempting to rob the store. Captured, patched up and hauled into court, Perry pleaded guilty to attempted robbery and was sentenced to a year in jail. He was paroled in two months. Before dropping out of sight again, Perry said that he had not really tried to rob the store but had pleaded guilty in the belief that his word, from one

with a criminal record, would not be accepted and in the hope that he would thus get a light sentence. Perry claimed a fight had developed when Larsen, in the heat of an argument, ordered him to "get your black ass out of here." No one paid much attention to the incident at the time.

From 1959, when Ted Watkins made a high school All-America team in Modesto, 30 miles south of Stockton, he was not obscure. His proficiency at football and other sports won him an athletic scholarship to the University of the Pacific in Stockton where he was an outstanding per-



former until he abruptly quit college before graduating. He then signed a contract to play football with the Ottawa Rough Riders in Canada.

Some who knew him at that time say Ted Watkins was moody and restless. Other friends recall that he was becoming increasingly concerned over the plight of the black man. He was not happy in Ottawa and was traded to Hamilton's Tiger-Cats in southern Ontario where he got along well. His football associates and his neighbors in the Hamilton suburb of Burlington thought highly of him. But his concern over racial matters deepened, and led him into the Black Power movement in Canada, an involvement which was to be noted with interest in California after his death. Watkins had something to do with the publication of a mimeographed sheet, *Al Kita Sudan* or *The Black Book*, and was also active in the Afro-American Liberation Fund. After the assassination of Martin Luther

King, he took part in a demonstration before the American consulate in Toronto. When he said publicly that bias against Negroes was evident in Ottawa, he was persuaded to discuss race relations on Canadian television. He spoke gloomily of the likelihood that race riots would occur in Canada when black immigration from the United States had increased substantially.

His younger brother, Cliff, seems a less complex, possibly less interesting, personality than Ted Watkins. But Cliff Watkins gives the impression of being a steady, very likable man. He inspires confidence. After being arrested, he offered to resign his Public Health Service position, but his supervisors refused the offer. Instead, they confirmed a promotion which was due him. He turned that down "until this thing is cleared up."

Cliff Watkins' fellow employees in Stockton and nearby Sacramento organized a defense fund to assist him. Contributions to it recently totaled \$1,800. Other colleagues have been assisting the defense by conducting investigations into various aspects of the case. Funds are also being raised in Canada for the widow and daughters of Ted Watkins.

Cliff, too, was named to a high school All-American team. Oregon State University gave him a football scholarship, and he played in the backfield in the 1966 Rose Bowl game. Professional teams showed interest, but that career was closed to him by a neck injury he suffered in college football.

He was graduated from college as a sociology major, and has been working toward a master's degree in psychology. His marriage to a white college classmate ended in divorce after they had one child. Last year Cliff Watkins joined the Public Health Service as a communicable disease specialist seeking to identify and have treated those who carry syphilis.

Nearing the end of his vacation with his wife and four small daughters, Ted Watkins called on his brother at his Sacramento apartment early in the evening of June 1. The brothers first visited a friend in Sacramento, then headed south toward Stockton, 45 miles down the freeway. The evening there was spent with friends Ted had made while attending the University of the Pacific. They drank wine: Cliff says he did not have much. About midnight they were in the car again, going through south Stockton toward the freeway for the drive back to Sacramento. But Ted pulled the car off West Charter Way to stop near the Delta Liquors and Sporting Goods Store. Cliff says his brother wanted to buy another bottle of wine and some potato chips. It was a store Ted had patronized when he lived in Stockton.

Cliff browsed at the magazine stand, while Ted approached Fred Larsen, who was at the cash register. Another employee was in the rear of the store and a third was outside by the trash cans.

Cliff says he did not hear what passed between his brother and Larsen—a radio was playing and a store motor also muffled the conversation—but he gradually became aware that a dispute had developed. Looking up, Cliff saw what he describes as "a hate look" on Larsen's

face. He says that Negroes know what a hate look is.

With a few vital differences, Cliff Watkins' story of what happened during the next seconds agrees with the version accepted by the police. But the few differences are why Cliff Watkins is standing trial for armed robbery.

Ted swung on Larsen. District Attorney Laurence Driven, basing his statement on Larsen's story, says Ted used the wine bottle as a club—the weapon in the armed robbery. Cliff says he did not notice whether or not the bottle was in his brother's hand. Then Ted leaped over the counter. Larsen raised his pistol. Larsen told the police the weapon was under the counter; Cliff says he is convinced Larsen drew it from his person.

The younger brother rushed forward. In the most vital difference of all between the two accounts, Cliff says he was trying to stop the fight, while Larsen says Cliff reached into the cash register and took money.

Ted Watkins and Larsen grappled. Two shots were fired, according to Cliff, before the men fell halfway through a plate-glass window, the shattered glass nearly severing Ted's arm. Cliff says he rushed out the front door and around to the window in which the men were lying. Larsen on the bottom, the limp body of Ted Watkins on top of him.

From his supine position, Larsen, as Cliff recalls it, raised his pistol back over his head and fired at the younger brother as he approached. Cliff retreated several steps and, while hesitating, was shot by another armed employee of the store, Louis Huerta, who had run from behind the store. After shooting Cliff, Huerta fled into the store while Cliff, struck in the shoulder by a bullet which also entered his lung, ran to the automobile in which Ted had left the keys in the ignition. Thinking Ted dead and believing that he also might be dying, Cliff drove to Sacramento.

An issue, subsidiary in the pending trial, but which has stirred black resentment, now developed. How long did officers wait before moving Ted Watkins to a hospital to see if his life might be saved? A militant black, Ralph Lee White, later charged that the first police on the scene showed more interest in finding Cliff Watkins than in attending his gravely wounded brother. White says he urged officers to help Ted but was told to keep out of the way. Stockton Police Chief Jack O'Keefe the next day denied that there had been any avoidable delay in getting Ted Watkins to the hospital. O'Keefe said the police were first called at 12:30 A.M. and only nineteen minutes later had delivered Watkins to the San Joaquin General Hospital where he was pronounced dead on arrival. However, a *Toronto Star Weekly* reporter later quoted a Stockton bail bondsman as saying that he had heard of a reported shooting at the store when he was in the Stockton jail, looking after the interest of a client, at a time no later than 12:06 or 12:07 A.M.

Cliff Watkins had meanwhile driven to Sacramento. Stopping at a friend's house, he telephoned a doctor who directed him to go to a hospital. Police officers found him there as he was being treated.

Press coverage of the case has been much greater than for a run-of-the-mill liquor store shooting. Canadian

newspapers, radio and television stations, especially, have bombarded law-enforcement authorities with questions. District Attorney Drivon responded thirty-six hours after the shooting with a general statement in which he accepted Larsen's version of the event. He said:

The investigation of the incident at the Delta Liquors and Sporting Goods Store, 519 West Charter Way on June 2, 1968, reveals that Theodore Watkins while in the perpetration of the robbery of Fred Earl Larsen, manager of said store, struck Larsen on the head with a bottle of wine, knocking Larsen backwards; Larsen reached for his gun which was under the counter and Theodore Watkins came over the counter at Larsen. It was then that Larsen saw Clifford Watkins reach into the open cash register till and take some monies therefrom. Theodore Watkins then forced Larsen against the plate-glass window breaking same. While Larsen was hanging partially out of the broken window and struggling with Theodore Watkins, Clifford Watkins ran outside and tried to grab the gun from Larsen. It was then that Larsen fired his gun at Theodore Watkins, four bullets entering Watkins' upper torso resulting in the latter's death.

After reviewing all of the facts presented to me, I have concluded that the shooting of Theodore Watkins by Fred Larsen was in self-defense and in the prevention of a robbery and therefore justifiable. The investigation further justifies the prosecution of Clifford Watkins for robbery and, accordingly, a complaint charging him with the robbery of Fred Larsen has been issued this date in the Stockton Municipal Court.

Except for this statement, law-enforcement authorities

have established a nearly complete news blackout on details of the case. Queries to Drivon now get only an offer by him to read his statement first issued during the afternoon of June 3. He has also said, in response to suggestions he may have made a mistake in issuing a statement flatly labeling Ted Watkins a criminal, that he can see nothing wrong with the statement. He has hinted that, were it not for Supreme Court restrictions on pretrial statements, he could tell a story that would settle all doubts.

"This is a classic case, in my mind, in which all the information as it develops should be laid out for all to see," he asserted to one reporter. "I feel as though I'm walking a high tightrope. I'm afraid to go one way or the other."

He has also denied that there are any living witnesses to the killing other than Larsen and the surviving Watkins. Apparently neither of the other two employees was able to see the events which Larsen and Drivon say constituted the act of robbery.

Skeptical Canadian reporters were thorns in the side of official Stockton for several weeks after the shooting. District Attorney Drivon appears to have been bothered less by the newsmen than were Police Chief O'Keefe and some other authorities.

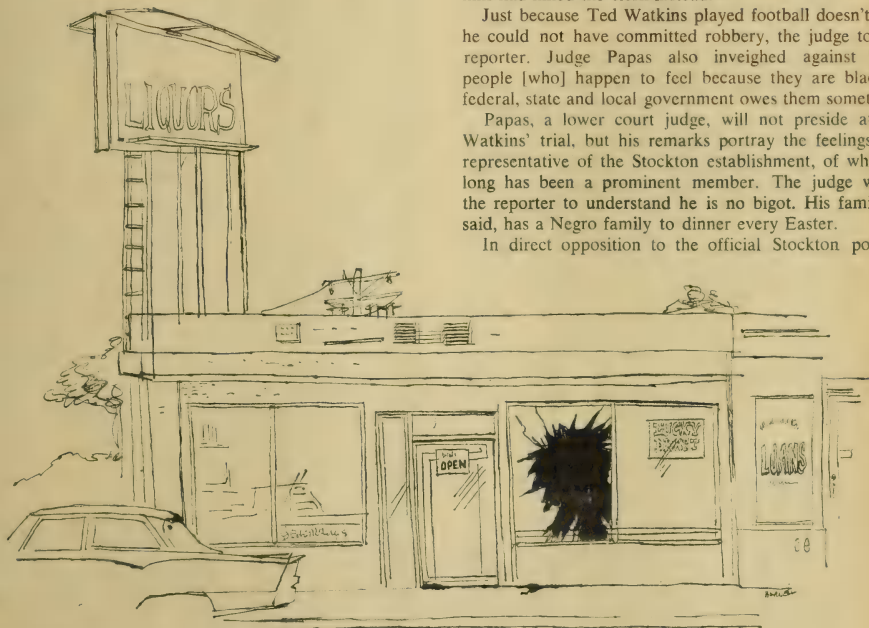
One Stockton jurist, Chris Papas, the senior municipal judge in the county and a man obviously in sympathy with the problems of liquor store operators (his family has been in that business in Stockton ever since prohibition ended), remarked acidly to one Canadian:

"I wonder if the same interest would be shown if Watkins had killed the clerk instead."

Just because Ted Watkins played football doesn't mean he could not have committed robbery, the judge told the reporter. Judge Papas also inveighed against "these people [who] happen to feel because they are black the federal, state and local government owes them something."

Papas, a lower court judge, will not preside at Cliff Watkins' trial, but his remarks portray the feelings of a representative of the Stockton establishment, of which he long has been a prominent member. The judge wanted the reporter to understand he is no bigot. His family, he said, has a Negro family to dinner every Easter.

In direct opposition to the official Stockton position,



associates and friends of the brothers show no disposition to accept the district attorney's version of the affair. Canadian football commissioner Jake Gaudaur said of the elder brother: "His behavior was always exemplary, and I just can't believe from anything that we saw of him in Hamilton that Ted could be involved in something like this."

But doubts about the case are engendered not solely by the esteem in which the two Watkins were held. There is also the matter of the bullets in Ted Watkins' body. Cliff says he was aware of two shots being fired at Ted before he and Larsen crashed through the window. Then Larsen, still according to Cliff's story, fired at him. Cliff says that before he fled, he did not hear or see other shots fired by Larsen.

The autopsy disclosed that four bullets struck Ted Watkins. One hit him straight-on and fatally, right in the heart. Another struck him in the neck below the right ear, another in the left side, and the fourth completely from the rear, lodging below the left shoulder blade. The variety of angles appears unusual.

And why would the brothers rob a liquor store which Ted Watkins had visited in the past and where he might be remembered? If a robbery was committed, it was an appallingly stupid crime. Both brothers were regarded as intelligent men. Why would they risk their careers, indeed their lives, in a cheap holdup? They could scarcely have been that desperate for a small sum of money.

But if not a robbery, what caused the fight? The answer could be provided only if the conversation between Larsen and Ted Watkins, which Cliff says he could not hear, were known. Ted Watkins is dead. Fred Larsen is not talking to reporters.

Whatever Stockton policemen may think about liquor stores, shootings and Negroes, the facts of the case transcend the routine clichés, and it will be no ordinary trial that will begin in Stockton on December 10.

One Stockton black man, the militant Ralph Lee White, mentioned above, has commented: "Life would be a lot simpler for white folks around here if Ted Watkins had been just another nigger." Lonnell Perry would probably be quick to agree.

PERU: OIL AND THE ARMY

STEPHEN L. ROZMAN

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The October 3rd *golpe de estado* (military coup) in Peru was the third occasion in twenty years when the military of that country overthrew a democratically elected civilian government. In all three cases the seizure of power was associated with steadily deteriorating economic conditions, accompanied by inflation, wage-price spirals, labor unrest, strikes and political violence. A severe drop in export prices was on each occasion primarily responsible for the decline and instability. Serious inflation followed by political chaos are by no means unique to Peru in the Latin American area. However, nowhere in Latin America is the military more ready to assume direct control of the government to counter such a situation.

In general, the Latin American countries have colonial economies based on the export of raw materials (agricultural and mineral products) in exchange for manufactured and processed goods. Both import and export trade are oriented toward and dependent upon the United States. When the demand for raw-material exports increases in the U.S. market, the foreign exchange balance of the Latin American suppliers improves. Even basically conservative governments have undertaken impressive public works projects during such relatively good periods, and have received some support from the masses in return.

General Odría's military junta and Presidency of Peru, which encompassed an eight-year period following the overthrow of the Bustamante government in 1948, ruled during a time of relatively low inflation, high employment

and public works programs—an artificial situation created by the Korean War boom. Similarly, the government of Fernando Belaúnde Terry had been bolstered by favorable sales of fishmeal and cotton, and enjoyed relative stability and apparent military support, a propitious environment for carrying out its moderate reform program. However, a rapid downturn during the past year, which caused the devaluation of the once stable *sol* from twenty-seven to forty per dollar, shook the foundations of the government, severely undermined Belaúnde's high popularity, and produced a wave of growing instability and violence, which the government was unable to check. The loss of two by-elections (one in Lima itself) last November marked the rapid decline of Belaúnde and his Popular Action Party and impelled the PAP's partner, the Christian Democrats, to abandon their governing coalition.

The PAP itself then began to split apart, with a serious factional division taking place almost on the eve of the military coup. The PAP candidate for the June, 1969, Presidential election, Edgardo Seoane, joined his voice to the increasingly indignant clamor against Belaúnde's weakness in dealing with the economic deterioration (including a staggering foreign debt which had reached \$200 million, and his questionable behavior in signing a new oil sales contract with the International Petroleum Company, a subsidiary of Standard Oil.

IPC's ownership and exploitation of Peru's richest oil fields, la Brea y Pariñas, has long been an aggravation to nationalists from the extreme Left to the extreme Right, including, significantly, some key military officers. During my interviews with Peruvian army officers in 1965, I detected a strong current of nationalistic pride and intense indignation over the control of Peruvian mineral wealth

(particularly the aforementioned oil fields) by U.S. interests. An enduring undercurrent of anti-U.S. feeling comes periodically to the surface in Peru. The reception of Vice President Nixon during his ill-fated Latin American good-will trip in 1958 is an example.

Today, there is another nationalistic outpouring. A month before the coup, the president of the Peruvian national oil enterprise, Empresa Petrolera Fiscal, resigned on the ground that President Belaúnde's stand toward the IPC was very weak, and to the detriment of the country's interests. He then caused a governmental crisis which was to end with Belaúnde's overthrow by revealing that the government had misplaced the last page in the IPC contract, the page detailing safeguards for Peru.

The head of the Peruvian joint chiefs of staff, army Gen. Juan Velasco Alvarado, expressed the concern of the military over this development and announced that the three branches of the armed forces would give the matter careful study. A month later, General Velasco headed the military junta, whose first pronouncement, after exiling Belaúnde to Argentina and assuming the reins of government, was a rebuke to the ousted President for sacrificing national dignity in his relationship with the IPC. On October 9, his government took possession of the Brea y Pariñas fields.

Peruvian nationalistic fervor had been aroused earlier this year when the United States suspended economic aid in reaction to Peru's purchase of sixteen French Mirage supersonic jets at a cost of \$20 million, along with an order of Canberras from Britain and some light tanks from France. U.S. officials decried such expenditures by a country with severe socio-economic problems and inequalities at a time when its foreign debt was already large. Peruvians, however, suspected that reaction was so strong because the purchases were from France and Britain rather than from the United States. Indeed, there is considerable indignation throughout Latin America that the United States ties economic aid so closely to the purchase of goods.

In spite of these factors, it seems unlikely that nationalism and the IPC affair fully explain the military take-over. With the 1969 elections approaching, the military was probably looking around for a likely successor to Belaúnde. Since the Christian Democrats, the National Odrista Union and the PAP itself had all suffered serious factionalism, the basically cohesive APRA party (the traditional enemy of the military) had been steadily strengthening its position. The military coup of 1948 had followed by three weeks an abortive coup on the Left involving some Apristas and minority military factions. The resulting military government severely persecuted APRA leaders and forced the party's founder and chieftain Victor Raul Haya de la Torre to take refuge in the Colombian embassy for five years before an amnesty was finally granted.

Similarly, the 1962 coup canceled a Presidential election in which Haya was threatening to emerge victorious. (None of the three candidates had attained the necessary one-third plurality but the new Congress seemed destined to favor Haya.) The military today seems split over

APRA. Some remember when they had difficulty distinguishing it from the Communists and feared that an Aprista government would dismantle the traditional military institution and create a new, revolutionary military in its place. Others pay little attention to the party's evolution, remembering only the Trujillo massacre of 1932, when some Apristas captured a military barracks and slaughtered all the officers (impelling the military to round up some 6,000 Apristas and summarily execute them). However, an important sector of high-ranking officers has come to accept APRA as a legitimate political force, which if it gained power would no longer threaten military interests. Evidently, this group has not yet gained the ascendancy and it probably will not do so until the aging Haya relinquishes control of the party or at least ceases to be its Presidential candidate.

The military's traditional association with conservative groups must also be considered. Belaúnde had recently received authorization from the Congress to exercise emergency decree powers, and he had undertaken a program to establish a general property tax to obtain more revenues from the well to do; he was about to increase taxes on Peruvian investors who had placed their money in overseas banks and stock corporations; and he had already introduced a program banning imports of goods considered to be luxuries and adding a 15 per cent tax on other imported goods. Many of these measures were openly opposed by rightist elements, and one must be careful not to confuse the military's nationalistic fervor and perhaps anti-U.S. sentiment with a turn to the left.

Like earlier military juntas in Peru and elsewhere in Latin America, the Velasco junta has expressed scorn for the civilian parties and politicians. A cabinet crisis had ensued in June when Gen. Morales Bermúdez, the Treasury minister, resigned after the cabinet had failed to draw up a meaningful plan for economic recovery. In a publicized letter, General Morales said, in effect, that the civilian politicians were too pliant, lacking the discipline and commitment of the military. It remains to be seen whether General Velasco can reverse the current economic downturn, especially if he follows through on a policy of ardent nationalism, which would perhaps cut off the sources of necessary foreign credit.

Another major question is whether other civilian governments in Latin America are soon to fall victim to military coups from inability to cope with deteriorating economic conditions and consequent political instability. Two of South America's major countries, Brazil and Argentina, have already come under the rule of the military and seem destined to remain there indefinitely. Chile and Uruguay have long been exalted as shining examples of democracy in Latin America, with traditions of nonintervention by the military in politics. However, both are currently suffering very severe economic conditions and increased political instability. And both are surrounded by neighbors whose governments have come under military control. Should the military seize power in those two countries, perhaps students of Latin American politics will become less fascinated by the contrast between democratic and nondemocratic government and will focus their concern on barriers to socio-economic development.

CONGLOMERATES ...

THE TOTAL CORPORATION

H. L. NIEBURG

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When Litton Industries begins to build ore carriers, Ling-Temco-Vought to make tennis rackets, and Aerojet General to manage California's traffic problems, what is happening? The new rationalized giants are going into fields previously organized in smaller units. With the systems approach, they are in effect pursuing the logical culmination of highly centralized operations and planning made possible by computers and by the capability to design technology to perform almost any task.

A handful of huge industrial organizations are becoming quasi-public utilities, dominating all areas of production and distribution, creating a self-sustaining, self-serving, self-justifying and self-perpetuating industrial oligarchy as the price for efficiency and progress. This is the predominant fact of American industrial life today. In the name of "private enterprise" giant corporations control their environment and immunize themselves against all external discipline, especially that of the market place. Through separation of ownership from management, the new giants are emancipated from stockholders. By reinvesting profits they escape the capital market and the financier. They neutralize consumer sovereignty by Madison Avenue manipulation of their clientele. By government contract, pressure-group activity, personnel interchange, etc., they share power with the state. Whatever the corporation cannot do for itself, it accomplishes through government; through policies and programs to maintain full employment, through subsidies for research and development, through support to education that will assure a supply of scientific and technical skills. The industrial giants come to perform society's planning functions, while preserving the myths of an anti-planning culture. The market place is dead, private property is dying, and impersonal and anonymous power structures are acting out Galbraith's "technological imperatives."

In 1968 more than 3,000 corporations will be consolidated into larger financial enterprises in the greatest merger wave in the country's history. As a result, the character of U.S. industry is being radically transformed. The typical corporation of the 1970s is apt to look like General Motors in the mid-1960s. Many such companies are sharply increasing their sales (eighty-three U.S. companies reported gross revenues last year of more than \$1 billion each), enlarging their profits (eighty-two manufacturers had net earnings of \$50 million or more in 1965), and expanding their international commitments (American firms are increasing their overseas investments at a rate of

more than \$10 million a day—see "Europe Defies the Dollar" by Michael Tanzer, *The Nation*, September 23). The era of the huge, diversified, international conglomerate is here. At the moment 200 corporations (out of a total of approximately 200,000) control nearly 60 per cent of the country's manufacturing wealth.

In 1963, 1,000 companies disappeared through merger in the United States; in 1964, almost 2,000. The number grows each year and is projected at 3,400 for 1968. Not only is the absolute number of mergers high by any standard of comparison (fewer than 200 firms vanished annually a decade ago) but a great many large firms are involved. In 1965, Pure Oil (with assets of \$750 million), Richfield Oil (assets: \$500 million), Consolidation Coal (assets: \$465 million) and ABC-Paramount were acquired by, respectively, Union Oil, Atlantic Refining, Continental Oil and International Telephone and Telegraph. Between 1948 and 1965, more than 800 companies, with assets of at least \$10 million each, were assimilated into larger empires, mostly those ruled by the 200 biggest manufacturing corporations. Art Buchwald may be right that "the whole country will soon be merged into one large company."

At one time most mergers involved direct competitors, or suppliers and their customers. Today more than 70 per cent of all mergers are of the conglomerate variety. Conglomeration has carried many firms into widely diversified product and geographic markets. Borden, a dairy company, is heavily engaged in chemicals. Lipton Tea (a subsidiary of Unilever, the English-Dutch colossus) controls Good Humor. R. J. Reynolds, commonly associated with cigarettes, sells poultry, canned soups, catsup and soft drinks. International Telephone and Telegraph, for years in the communications business outside the United States (it still is, with 150,000 employees in its foreign manufacturing plants alone), has acquired an odd assortment of enterprises: Hayes Furnace Co., Aetna Finance, Great International Life Insurance, Hamilton Management Co. (a \$400 million mutual fund), Avis Rent-a-Car, ABC-Paramount (itself diversified, with broadcasting, theatre, phonograph records and publishing assets), and Airport Parking (with facilities at air terminals in fifty-nine of the nation's largest cities). Continental Baking Co. (Wonder Bread, Hostess Cupcakes, Morton Frozen Foods, etc.) became in September a wholly owned ITT subsidiary by an exchange of shares totaling \$270 million. In late September, Xerox tendered an offer to acquire CIT, the nation's second largest finance company (insurance, banking, X-ray equipment, greeting cards, steel furniture, etc.) by pooling about \$1.5 billion worth of common stock.

Gulf and Western Industries, Inc., is another prime example of a fast-growing conglomerate. Five years ago, it was an unheralded producer and distributor of auto parts, with sales of \$107 million a year. Last year, Gulf &

Western had sales of \$1.3 billion. Its volume in the current fiscal year is expected to reach \$2 billion. The company's rapid-fire acquisition program has carried it into such fields as motion pictures and television, sugar, cigars, metal-working machinery, tools, bearings, consumer finance, insurance and paper manufacture. The company is currently bidding for a controlling interest in the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, a big producer of farm, electrical and construction equipment that was unsuccessfully wooed last year by Ling-Temco-Vought and several other companies. Gulf & Western recently acquired 1.6 million shares of Pan American World Airways, about 5 per cent of shares outstanding, worth about \$39 million.

Aerospace firms (the major repository of advanced technology because defense and space innovation have for twenty years been the dominating factor in the organization of industrial life) are the most aggressive conglomerates, building on the foundation of profits and equities earned in the performance of government contracts. These industries claim priority in the operation of the nation's system controls. As spending for strategic weapons systems and space at last begins to inch downward (\$40 billion for aerospace contracts in 1968) and as domestic problems simultaneously sharpen, the aerospace companies are making this special capability available for the operation of Job Corps camps, the management and planning of poverty programs, crime fighting, waste management and urban transportation. Thus as public facilities and domestic needs at last begin to receive official attention, the quasi-public utilities are moving into areas where civil servants of municipal, state and national agencies or non-profit universities once did the job. They are converting every urgent social need into a profitable business.

Congressman Wright Patman has alerted the Justice Department to the role of commercial banks in the conglomeration process and the growth of concentration in banking itself. A staff study by the House Banking Committee contends that the banks' influence is exerted largely through the estimated \$607 billion in assets—many of them corporate stocks with voting rights—which banks hold as trustees for pension funds, foundations, private trusts and other actual owners. In addition, the report says, influence is exerted by directors who serve on the governing boards both of banks and of other businesses, as well as by the normal function of banks as sources of credit. "A few banking institutions are in a position to exercise significant influence, and perhaps even control, over some of the largest business enterprises in the nation," Patman reported.

To a considerable degree, the apparent financial success of new conglomerates is a fraud, destined to be transitory unless new acquisitions continue as a method of acquiring assets and cash reserves that can be reported as income by the holding company. Most of the mergers and acquisitions are carried out by exchanges of stock, a method which often enables the parent to buy a company with the latter's own assets. Complicated financial maneuvers accompany the merger; "paper pyramids" are constructed, involving convertible preferred stocks, convertible and nonconvertible debentures, warrants and the like. Without any

reduction in costs, without any of the claimed improvements in management and marketing, the stock and market value of the parent soars on the day a new company is acquired by a "pooling of interests." Because the stock of the acquired company had been selling at a lower price (relative to earnings) and because its assets have already been depreciated on its books, the parent conglomerate can "buy earnings" and create an impression of unusually rapid growth. Further, by reorganizing the acquisitions into a variety of new companies and then, on the wave of rising stock values, floating new securities, enormous sums can be milked for new absorptions.

The *Los Angeles Times* (August 6) reported a whopping jump in the earnings of Occidental Petroleum Corp., occasioned by the acquisition of two non-oil firms whose normal tax indebtedness would henceforth be sheltered by the 27.5 per cent depletion allowance.

In spite of a belated flurry of interest this year by the FTC and Justice Department, the federal government has provided little correction or control. Antitrust enforcement has checked mergers between some competitors (the merger of Bethlehem and Youngstown Steel was barred, for instance), but it has not seriously grappled with conglomeration. Fewer than 1 per cent of such mergers have been formally protested by the antitrust agencies.

Last summer, the FTC announced a sweeping investigation. It notified Gulf & Western to expect trouble if its plans to take over Allis Chalmers were pursued. Maremont Corporation has been put on notice that the FTC may some day order it to give up forty firms that it acquired over a fifteen-year period. The Antitrust Division of the Justice Department has been less eager to tackle conglomerate mergers, although nothing in the law prevents the government from seeking to unscramble them. Justice did zero in on a proposed merger of Bethlehem Steel and Cerro in March, 1968, and it was called off. In June, the division issued some guidelines that indicate rather clearly that other conglomerate mergers may be challenged. The Federal Communications Commission announced that purchase of A.B.C. stock by Hughes would be subjected to scrutiny. The FCC had previously blocked a merger of A.B.C. into International Telephone and Telegraph.

Donald I. Baker, acting assistant chief of the evaluation section of the Antitrust Division, has said that the conglomerate movement "represents a trend toward greater overall concentration in the economy," and expressed doubt that "there are any real economies of scale to be achieved by putting a number of disparate enterprises together in a single corporate structure."

Mr. Baker suggested three possible legislative changes which "Congress might make to deal with this trend . . . if it were to determine that some action were desirable." The first, he said, would involve some form of administrative approval for acquisitions by a company that had reached a specified size. This would require an administrative body, such as the FTC, to make rulings in each case. The second would involve requiring a company above a specified size to dispose of assets of comparable value each time it made a new acquisition. This might encourage large conglomerates to evaluate their acquisitions more carefully. A third possibility would be for Congress to modify the tax

provisions that make it attractive for the owners of an enterprise to sell to a conglomerate. The law now permits such an exchange of securities without capital gains tax.

Outside the government, some leading accountants are calling for changes in accounting practices that would make it harder to claim increased earnings as a result of mergers. Some would ban any mergers in industries that are dominated by a fairly small number of firms. Others would lay down a flat rule: no more mergers for the 100 or 200 largest companies!

The Securities and Exchange Commission entered the fray in September (1968), proposing a change in financial reporting by conglomerates to make it easier for investors to evaluate real profit. If the new rules are adopted, conglomerates will be required, on registering securities, to break down sales, income, and assets for separate divisions and subsidiaries that account for 10 per cent or more of volume. "Comparable data on revenues and earnings received from foreign sources and from government procurement or any single customer are also to be reported."

These proposed rules may be viewed as an SEC response to the threat of investigation by FTC and Justice. Two top conglomerate-builders have heatedly attacked the trend. James J. Ling charges "business McCarthyism and witch hunting" which, he says, has harmed thousands of investors. Glen McDaniel, chairman of Litton Industries, denounces the use "of abstract theories" to judge the legality of mergers. Candidate Richard Nixon has made conglomerate-freedom-from-investigation an explicit part of his campaign, promising in a recent document (October) that the securities industry will, if he is elected, be spared "the heavy-handed, bureaucratic, regulatory schemes" of the Johnson Administration.

Financial observers do not believe, however, that the trend will slow because of the FTC study or the Justice Department's warnings. They expect the study to take a long time and question whether Congress will implement it. Some suggest that the merger rate will rise as companies hasten to make acquisitions before a policy develops. The history of antitrust activity against traditional concentration does not inspire optimism in the efficacy of government to reverse the evolution of corporate power without far more basic changes in American society.

The process of concentration is self-perpetuating. With the trend being toward larger and fewer producers, raw-material suppliers and labor must organize defensively to maintain their bargaining power. On the other hand, the producer seeks to bring his suppliers and his distributors under his own control. The result of this circular process is continued concentration.

The price structure expresses the relative bargaining power of corporate organizations vis-à-vis one another, the consumer and the government. It becomes, in effect, a political fact, determined by political relationships. Each manufacturer seeks to improve his position by manipulating to the degree he can the levels of production and prices. Suppliers who are economically divided and weak can be exploited by more concentrated buyers who drive down the cost of raw materials. The consumer is weakest of all, and the administered prices of the goods he buys

are set so as to shift to him the cost of all the bargains which the manufacturer is forced to make with bankers, suppliers and labor unions.

This is very unlike the theoretical market of Adam Smith, where the savings of technological innovation and increased productivity are passed on to the consumer, thus increasing effective demand and production. In the quasi-monopolistic markets of a mature economy, production is set at a level which will maintain prices and acceptable profit margins in terms of costs, invested capital and the attractiveness of corporate paper to investors. The result is artificial restriction of production to stabilize prices at a high level. Technological innovation and other kinds of saving may produce a cutback of production to maintain the same or a higher price level.

Chronic high-level slack in the economy was obvious prior to the 1965 Vietnam escalation. In spite of five unprecedented years without recession, unemployment still stood at 6 to 8 per cent for white Americans, and twice as high for Negroes and teen-agers. U.S. productive capacity was about 12 to 18 per cent underemployed. The effects of the \$14 billion tax relief enacted in steps during that period, and of large peacetime federal budgets, soon wore off and the slack reappeared. Most startling of all is the evidence that even the fever prosperity of Vietnam escalation has been grinding to a halt during the past year, in spite of the injection of a \$24 billion to \$30 billion a year war stimulant. Growth of the GNP in 1967 was a disappointing 2.6 per cent.

Cartelization and quasi-monopolistic administered prices produce the paradoxical situation in which liquid capital accumulates in the accounts of those least able to find new ways of consumption and investment. Most people have great unsatisfied needs but limited effective demand, which produces the vicious circle by which corporate efforts to maintain profits act to reduce employment and income still further. To evade this circular effect, government is driven to increasing quantities of pump-priming and subsidy in order to augment purchasing power. But the power of the corporate giants to administer prices eventually soaks up additional consumer income with creeping (or, since 1965, galloping) price inflation, and leads once more to production at reduced levels and to the danger of more drastic contractions of economic activity.

Creeping inflation becomes a way of life, softened and maintained by periodic injections of public funds through tax reductions, welfare programs, subsidies to education, and the maintenance of employment and income levels through nongrowth government expenditures for R&D, space, defense and intellectual make-work projects. This dynamic gives the centers of concentrated economic power a vested interest in government spending, including welfare programs that do not threaten the *status quo*. Thus the most powerful elements of American business have converted to Keynesianism—but this new Keynesianism produces growth as a by-product of other processes which only enhance the distortions of power and income, thereby forcing government to maintain an ever larger subsidy defense against recurrent crises.

Federal budget expenditures on a cash basis now equal approximately one-quarter of total national income. Total public sector impact can be calculated in different ways: if one adds to the military budget all end-product expenditures by the federal government (including such things as military assistance, atomic energy, conduct of foreign affairs, space research, agricultural resources, public housing, urban renewal, etc.), one derives a figure of roughly \$87 billion. Similarly, end-product expenditures by state and local government amount to about \$27 billion (for education, highways, public welfare, health, hospitals, policy, etc.). One may also include what Robert Solo calls "politically directed expenditures to support consumption or investment by entities outside the political economy," but paid for by the public—about \$80 billion (including tax benefits, direct and indirect subsidies, etc.). To this may be added what Solo calls "politically directed income distribution," about \$8 billion in federal, state and local public assistance and welfare, \$20 billion in various social insurance payments, and \$4 billion to groups such as veterans and farmers. This gives a conservative estimate of some \$232 billion that is politically controlled, more than 25 per cent of the GNP. It is massive by any reckoning.

Business has prospered immensely under recent administrations and has come to accept government as a useful ally. Stimulated by a consciously expansionary fiscal policy, the economy has grown rapidly since 1961, sending corporate sales and profits to record heights. Until recent years, federal pump-priming aimed mainly to subsidize accumulation of capital in order to maintain employment and induce expansion by fostering investment. Tax benefits and traditional subsidies largely favored investment. A fundamental policy shift, which beckoned prior to 1965, was intended to expand the consumer market through tax relief at lower and moderate income levels, and to inject greater equity of effective demand into the chronically depressed sections of the civilian market. But this shift was corrupted into tokenism by the escalating Vietnam costs and by Congressional resistance.

The relative and chronic contraction of consumer purchasing power has been a serious drag on economic stability (not to mention positive growth). In addition, the inflation of paper equities increases the future share of income to be derived from interest and dividends, thus steadily adding to the drag. So-called liberal economists have since the Great Depression believed this mechanism to be primarily responsible for the modern pattern of cyclical contraction and general stagnation of the American economy. This became the official doctrine of the Kennedy-Johnson administration and, wonder of wonders, is now widely reflected by conservative and business economists. There is no longer an argument as to federal responsibility to make effective use of all policy instruments; the new controversies concern how, when, how much, for what ends, and in whose interests. In other words, "who gets what, when and how?" And the technical assessments can no longer be abstracted from the more pragmatic question: "How much power do they have, in Congress, at the polls or in the streets?"

The state has long since abandoned its classical pose of hands-off observer of the market, as well as the more re-

cent one of balancer among private power groups under conditions of imperfect competition. In a real sense, national coordination and policy making have integrated every aspect of economic life, a trend which also threatens other areas of private action. Political relationships have replaced supply and demand; group bargaining and pressure politics have largely replaced private bargaining and contract.

The old distinction between what is private and what is public is in the process of being abandoned; but an explicit role which will protect democracy and the public interest has not been formulated. The traditional means of checking corporate power has been some sort of direct regulation. The possible techniques range from a system that would require big companies in concentrated industries to give formal advance notice of price increases and provide evidence of need, to utility-like regulation that would call for detailed government control. Such plans are at present academic; the Administration has steadfastly refused even to acknowledge the possibility that some day the government might have to assume statutory authority to back up wage-price guidelines. The route of regulation is not promising; most studies of utilities disclose a tendency to define the public interest in terms of the profits and financial growth of the regulated companies.

The convergence of politics and economics reflects important changes in our national problems and institutions; the guarantees of pluralism based upon private property have all but passed away, revealing underlying political power relationships in a manner which converts almost all the traditional areas of private economic bargaining into political activity and policy dialogue. The political process, always close to the surface of economic organization and activity, has broken through and political factors increasingly assert their predominance. The breakthrough is induced by war and diplomacy, the multiplication of instruments for public intervention in economic life, the massive role of government procurement of goods and services, the forms of public subsidies and contracting, the tendency of the economy to lapse into high-level stagnation, the intensified concentration of private economic power, and the impact of accelerating technological innovation. Centralized and concentrated institutions produce a volatile and dangerous brand of political pluralism, but apparently the only kind that can challenge a computerized military-industrial society.

What must come is a system of values and institutions to replace economic initiative and private property as guarantors of political independence and pluralism. As economic pluralism disappears, only political pluralism, safeguarded by new institutions of representation, can make the exercise of power both responsive and limited. A heightened and more representative infra-structure of interest groups is necessary at all levels of society from local school boards to national regulatory agencies, in private as in public institutions. The contemporary politicization of the economic system is creating new constituencies whose ultimate effect upon public policy, already apparent, is to revise and reform the *status quo*. The monopoly of social purpose, too long in the hands of too few, cannot escape the challenge.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Future: Less and Less Security

UNLESS PEACE COMES: A Scientific Forecast of New Weapons. Edited by Nigel Calder. The Viking Press. 243 pp. \$5.75.

JOHN GLIEDMAN

Mr. Gliedman is a graduate student in psychology at M. I. T. and is at present at work on a spy novel.

The weapons of World War II already have an antediluvian air about them: the B-17, the B-24, the B-26, when not remembered as a jumble of letters and numbers or as items in the latest CIA operation, are recalled as lumbering prehistoric creatures limping under their load of heavy armor plate, bristling with gun turrets and radio antennas. Even the V-2 seems remote and dated, something from a Fritz Lang film rather than Peenemünde. Whether today's weapons will appear quite so tame from the perspective of another twenty years is problematic; but what is clear is that the next two decades will witness a terrifying proliferation of new and not so new weapons of mass murder and control.

More than an inkling of these prospects was provided by Herman Kahn and Anthony Wiener's chapter on technology in their book *The Year 2000*; for boldness, scope and originality, their treatment cannot be surpassed. But the topic is enormous and there is a great need for complementary efforts. One such study has just appeared, a collection of essays edited by Nigel Calder: *Unless Peace Comes: A Scientific Forecast of New Weapons*.

Surprisingly, the book is rather conservative in its approach. Of course one can glean from it a list of possible weapons which sounds like something from Central Casting—robot submarines and aircraft, perhaps "walking bombs" and robot soldiers; weather control used to cause droughts and devastating storms in an enemy's heartland, even the triggering of nearly irreversible changes in the climate; floating airfields and vast undersea submarine bases; laser "ray guns," diseases of exceptional virulence which can be easily spread by a few saboteurs; gases and mind poisons still worse than the ones now in the arsenals of the major powers. And the prospect of the wide diffusion of at least some of these weapons (along with nuclear

explosives) among nations of nearly every size is terrible enough.

But many of the "advances" most likely in weaponry are overlooked or slighted. The potential for misuse of the "second generation" of psychic agents (tranquilizers, hallucinogens and the like) is barely treated, as are the Brave New World possibilities for biology, now that the manipulation of the genetic code and the production of clones seem within reach. Nor is the revolution in electronic miniaturization traced adequately—a process which has reached the point where some engineers believe they are twenty years away from being able to build as compactly as nature. (For an excellent discussion of these topics, the reader should consult Kahn and Wiener's *The Year 2000*.) Most seriously, perhaps, no attention is given to the future technology of guerrilla war and counterinsurgency.

And yet, even with these important omissions, the book illuminates perhaps the greatest of the many ironies of the arms race: that it often feeds upon breakthroughs in civilian fields—an irony which is all too easily overlooked because of the peaceful application of certain kinds of military research. Reactors which generate electricity create plutonium as a natural by-product; and so by 1971 the nuclear power plants of seven countries will be producing enough fissile material for each of them to make fourteen A-bombs a year—Canada, West Germany, India, Italy, Japan, Sweden and Spain. As for chemical weapons, it is argued in one essay that:

each piece of medical or psychopharmacological research undertaken for humane purposes in order to alleviate illness and save life, and each fundamental biochemical investigation undertaken in order to understand and satisfy our mind, may lead to possible military applications.

Nor are the contributors themselves immune to the air of cruel paradox which pervades the volume. Some of them lapse into manners of expression which belong to the future they warn of, a future in which man is reduced to something less than a machine. "The vulnerability of a target," writes one of them, "to the impacting energy depends in a complex way upon the nature and duration of the energy and the charac-

teristics of the target, which is not uniformly vulnerable."

Another speaks of a strange creature called a soldier: "The traditional function of a soldier, whether on foot or in a vehicle, is to find the enemy soldier and destroy him with a weapon. To do so he must propel himself across the land until he is close enough to detect the enemy by sight and aim his weapon. All these functions can be performed far better by a compact armored robot with a sophisticated walking mechanism." A third writes: "Until now, the twentieth century has simply allowed latent infections to develop until violent conflict becomes inevitable. Any preventive treatment would be preferable to our drastic cures." Only the last of these examples of Newspeak comes from the pen of a general; the others are by scientists. He who fights devils, said Nietzsche, must be careful not to become one himself.

But what strikes one most forcibly about the book is the extraordinary insecurity of the future world which it depicts, an insecurity which may provoke awesome countermeasures. When any of fifty nations can devastate a great power by infiltrating a few saboteurs armed with powerful toxins or psychic poisons; when a criminal ring or a band of political extremists can hold a city in ransom with the threat of an A-bomb explosion or a plague; when a single scientist, a technician, or in some cases anyone with a certain minimum of intelligence and access to a laboratory can synthesize a weapon of mass murder, the distinctive markings of a nation's enemies and its citizens will be hopelessly blurred; and there will be an immense premium upon surveillance of every imaginable sort. Just how far this could go is suggested by Kahn and Wiener in *The Year 2000*:

A capability for listening and recording temporarily (or even permanently) can be made very inexpensive. One can imagine the . . . recording of an appreciable percentage of . . . telephone conversations . . . [and] "bugged" conversations in bars, restaurants, offices. . . . It would then be feasible to scan these conversations rapidly by means of a high speed computer—at least for key phrases—and then record any conversations that meet some criteria for justifying special interest. . . . Indeed future computers

and programs should be able to carry out much more complex operations—possibly responding to nonverbal information, such as an unusually angry or threatening tone of voice. Such computers may also be able to apply a great deal of inferential logic on their own . . . making hypotheses and investigating leads in a more or less autonomous manner, all the while improving their techniques as they accumulate information about patterns of criminal behavior—or any other kind of behavior that authorities decide ought to be observed.

Whether this is just a paranoid fantasy or not, what Harvey Wheeler calls in his essay on "The Strategic Calculators" the "revolution in the handling of intelligence information" is already well under way:

The United States has been operating four intelligence analysis centers in Saigon, with computers reportedly operating twenty-four hours a day. Over a thousand workers add to their computerized files more than 100,000 items each month. . . . The long term aim is nothing less than to account for all enemy material and troops. Ultimately the system will be able to apply to enemy forces the same procedures of accounting and analysis that computerized inventory systems in industry use to account for the amount and location of production items. . . . If military information processing ever produces truly reliable projections of probable enemy actions, the consequences are clear. In the first place, decision-making will leave the hands of both field commanders and political authorities to become an adjunct of the information-processing system; then the computers may indeed take charge. Secondly, the tendency will be to make all military actions pre-emptive. . . . With the world brought under continuous surveillance operations, capable of piping masses of strategic information into real-time computer-analysis systems, the military prospect is for the advent of an age of pre-emptive warfare, triggered and directed by computer.

Physics, biology, medicine, psychology, cybernetics, geophysics, oceanography—the list of fields capable of producing or assisting major breakthroughs in weaponry grows longer and longer. Nearly twenty years ago, a pioneer in one of these fields, the late Norbert Wiener, seriously considered suppressing his work in cybernetics because of its great potential for misuse; but he decided against it:

After toying with the notion for some time, I came to the conclusion that this was impossible, for the ideas which I possessed belonged to the times rather than to myself. If I had been able to suppress every word of what I

had done, they were bound to reappear in the work of other people, very possibly in a form in which the philosophical significance and the social dangers would be stressed less. I could not get off the back of this bronco, so there was nothing for me to do but to ride it.

The social evils which Wiener foresaw involved the effect of automated factories on the economy. One wonders if he would have ridden his bronco if he had taken seriously all the military and police-state possibilities of cybernetics—not out of any rational calculation of good and evil but simply to avoid being associated with such an ambiguous enterprise. At any rate, when the issues were clearer, his position was unequivocal. Asked to assist a scientist working on the missile program, he categorically refused; and ended his letter explaining his position with these words: "I do not expect to publish any future work of mine which may do damage in the hands of irresponsible militarists."

At the end of their article on chemical warfare, Marcel Fetizon and Michel Magat write: "We must either eliminate science or eliminate war." Both alternatives are, of course, as extravagant as a world which has spent a trillion dollars on "defense" since World War II and is sure to spend still more on its weaponry in the next twenty years. No doubt it will get its money's worth.

Literal & Free

POEMS HUMANOS/HUMAN POEMS. By César Vallejo. A bilingual edition. Translated from the Spanish by Clayton Eshleman. Grove Press. 326 pp. \$8.50.

JOHN KNOEPFLE

Mr. Knoepfle is a member of the English faculty at St. Louis University. He is the author of a book of poems *Rivers Into Islands* (University of Chicago Press).

César Vallejo, Peruvian poet who spent the last decade or so of his life in Europe, assembled some ninety-four poems in the months before his death in Paris in 1938. These poems were originally published by his widow in the following year. They have now been fully translated by Clayton Eshleman and have been printed by Grove Press in a volume with matching Spanish and English texts.

Vallejo's name is most often linked with Pablo Neruda's. These two men are considered to be the greatest Latin American poets of the first half of the 20th century. Vallejo was born in 1892

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in a small town in northern Peru. He died in a Paris clinic, his death hastened by the fall of the Spanish Republic whose fortune he had adopted as his own. In Peru his pride, his talent and his background, Indian and Spanish, caused his existence to be one of triumph and misadventure. He left his native land in 1923. The next fifteen years of his life are part of the history of Europe in the thirties; friends in Madrid and Paris whose names are now legendary, conversion to Marxism, trouble with the police, constant political activity and constant writing. During these hand-to-mouth years he produced in addition to his poetry several plays, novels, essays and a variety of newspaper articles. Much of this work remains to be collected and translated.

Vallejo is a difficult poet and a challenge to any translator. He has contempt for the poetic. He strews his thought like some primordial creature hurling boulders. When he wants to, he can write a superb idiomatic Spanish, but much of the time he jams and tortures his sentences. He is an engineer of speech; he arranges his words at will; and when he feels like it, he makes up his own words. At his best he overwhelms a reader. Even when he is grumbling fatalistically and sentimentally, he has appalling power.

Clayton Eshleman has been working

on his translations of *Poemas Humanos* for at least six years. He has lived in Peru for some of that time in an effort to get as close as possible to sources of Vallejo's art. In the preface of the volume, Eshleman states that he put each poem through nine revisions, and that he has learned that it is best to be as literal as possible in rendering Vallejo's poems into English. In an issue of *The Nation* (April 24, 1967), he wrote that a translator should "annihilate himself, facing another's inspiration."

This is indeed a noble ideal, and surprisingly, Eshleman is able to suppress a translator's normal impulse to arrange Vallejo, to smooth him out and to rewrite him. Eshleman has certainly worked hard at this. Earlier versions of the translations published in the quarterlies are poorer stuff when compared with the copies printed in the Grove Press volume. Eshleman has modified his initial conception of Vallejo's voice: Vallejo no longer sounds like a talented Village dropout. There is an evident respect now for the compactness of Vallejo's line; an admirable attempt has been made to reproduce the pace and fluidity of that line.

Eshleman's labor gives us again and again translations which reveal moments of excellence. These lines from "Life, this life" are literal where a translator should be literal, and free where he can be free:

*Bursting ineffaceable doves,
fragrant doves,
handwounded they'd come, would turn
up
along hazardous digestive routes
to tell me their phosphorescent things,
storytelling birds,
transitive long-lobed birds*

In this passage it is "bursting ineffaceable" and "would turn up" and "storytelling" where he made a choice among various possibilities and took what he thought best for his purposes. In the more unexpected phrases of Vallejo, he keeps to the strange and the literal: "hazardous digestive routes" and "transitive long-lobed birds." The result is a beautiful rendering of Vallejo's impossible poetry.

Being literal for Eshleman means that he will go to strange English constructions when Vallejo is doing the same in Spanish:

*A pillar supporting solace,
pillar other,
duplicate pillar, pillarish*

In the poem which opens with the line "Sweetness through hearty sweetness," Eshleman has coined the makeshift "hearty" to approach the rich density of Vallejo's *corazona*.

On occasion, however, Eshleman does violence to his own ideal as a translator.

THE OFFERING (Allahabad, India)

*Just where two sacred rivers join,
Worshippers offer yellow flowers,
Cupfull of milk, and a silence so fluent
The creak of a boat or a heron's cry
Seems trying to sound assent
And even the rag spinning by was given
By someone in token. I offer
My hand to the waters.*

*You can follow the smouldering shine of bathers
Down to where corpses smoke, and temples
Behind, and houses squeezed like a mob
Trying to get at the shore to drop
Something in, if only their silence,
And it's all one motion, you feel it by hand,
As your fingers blindly tug
Toward the only ocean.*

LEONARD NATHAN

In "I'm laughing," he transposes *barbados de barba inmemorial* into "bearded with immemorial beards," a horror in English which cannot be justified from the Spanish. The poem "Violence of the hours" is well translated for the most part, but the conclusion suffers because Eshleman milks *velándola* of a meaning that is not in the word. It can mean "to keep watch over" or "to hold a wake," but not "to wake up." Eshleman's "waking it" for *velándola* leaves the reader sprawled on a pun, not knowing whether something is being awakened or watched over.

Sometimes passages in the translations defy a reader. In "Telluric and Magnetic," the reader has to confront "and I make myself understood on a quena." The word *quena* is a loan from Quechua and means "a kind of Indian flute." It is an inhorn term in English and for all a reader can make of it, Eshleman could just as well have served up *dimit* or *whoosha*. In "A pillar supporting solace" the line *las tablas de esta frente* becomes "the tablas of this forehead," an example of a number of instances where Eshleman translates from one language into the same language. Footnotes would have been helpful in such cases.

At least in one poem, the beautiful "El Libro de la Naturaleza," Eshleman's devotion to the literal seriously obscures the meaning. Vallejo is sustaining a conceit throughout this poem which involves, among other things, a deck of cards. Phrases such as "three of cups," "horse of golds" and "king of swords" have English equivalents in hearts, diamonds and spades, but are meaningless as they stand in the translation.

And then there are times when Eshle-

man forgets that he is a disciple and tries to re-create Vallejo; and whenever this happens the reader's hackles rise. The last line of "Poem to be Read and Sung," for instance, makes Vallejo's plain *Es una historia* into "What a fucking story!"

These translations have evident weaknesses, but the cumulative effect of the volume is strong and impressive. The bad spots usually are limited to a word or a line at the most. More often than not, Eshleman has managed to follow Vallejo through his changes and most of the time he has not confused his own style with Vallejo's. The book is readable and flashes page by page with good things. These lines begin "Anniversary":

*How much fourteen there's
been in existence!
What we believed in the jog on a
corner!
What a synthetic diamond the skull is!
How much more sweetness
lengthwise, deeper surface:
how much fourteen there's been in so
little one!*

And these conclude "Well? The pallid metalloid heals you?":

*And the hen lays her infinite,
one by one;
beautiful earth comes out of the
smoking syllables,
you are depicted standing next to your
brother,
under the bed the dark color thunders
and the octopi race and collide.*

*And then, lord slave?
The metalloids work in your anguish?*

Eshleman has approximated the tortured, deliberate scientific rhetoric and sudden poetry of the great Peruvian who looked at men and God with the eyes of Job.

The Art of Artifice

LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE. By John Barth. Doubleday & Co. 216 pp. \$4.95.

ALFRED APPEL, Jr.

Mr. Appel is a professor of English at Northwestern University. His annotated edition of *Lolita* will be published by McGraw-Hill in 1969, and he is preparing a critical study of Nabokov for New Directions.

"How does one write a novel?" asks the narrator of John Barth's first novel, *The Floating Opera* (1956). "I mean, how can anybody possibly stick to the story, if he's at all sensitive to the significance of things? As for me, I see already that storytelling isn't my cup of tea." And now, half a million printed words later, Barth's fifth book makes it clear that storytelling is definitely not for him. Of the fourteen short fictions in *Lost in the Funhouse*, only three could be called "stories" in the old-fashioned sense of character, point of view and linear development. Two of them, "Ambrose His Mark" and "Water-Message," were first published in magazines five years ago and are quite conventional. The evocation of boyhood in "Water-Message" surprisingly recalls Sherwood Anderson and Hemingway ("The Three-Day Blow") and, in the context of the highly experimental fictions surrounding them, these stories appear as dinosaurs in a mirror-lined museum. The remainder were written during the last three years—that is, since the completion of *Giles Goat-Boy*—and represent Barth's contribution to what he has called "the literature of exhausted possibility" (in an article published last year in *The Atlantic*).

Because he is one of the most intelligent fiction writers around, Barth has confronted the fact that most bright folks no longer read novels for information of a high sort, as they once did, and that the media and behavioral sciences, as well as novel reportage (Mailer) and a new kind of historical novel (Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days*), have helped to make programmatic literary realism an anachronism.

What is more, Barth is not alone in thinking that a fiction writer's efforts to articulate unique, if not all but ineffable, states of mind and feeling are unhappily circumscribed by the conventions of language and literature. "Oh I wish there were some words in the world that were not the words I always hear!" bemoans Snow White, in Donald Barthelme's novel of that name. "Only in the tritest of terms," says Nabokov's Humbert Humbert, "can I describe Lo's features: I might say her hair is auburn, and her lips are red as licked red candy . . . oh, that I

were a lady writer who could have her pose naked in a naked light!" "Everything's been said already, over and over," writes Barth in "Title," one of the most interesting tales in *Lost in the Funhouse*. "I'm as sick of this as you are; there's nothing to say. Say nothing. . . . The fact is, the narrator has narrated himself into a corner." From their respective corners, however, a handful of writers—Barth included—have nevertheless produced an important and distinctive body of work.

It is a cerebral, hard-surfaced, often

fantastic fiction, whose forms evolve constantly in unexpected, quantum-quick ways. Its creators employ erudition (real and bogus), game, parody and self-parody—in short, artifice of one sort or another—in order to distance the reader from its dappled, often dazzling surfaces. Characters are not identified with so easily, and the stories, such as they are, do not encourage vicarious participation. The wonder, awe, terror or laughter variously evoked by these fictions is usually experienced at arm's length from the work. Metaphysics, rather than depth psychology, is often the rule, and readers are asked to think as well as feel.

Even more upsetting to certain readers

Went to the river, hoping you'd come,
Your eyes full of lightning, your hair all undone.
—Mad River 1:3



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is the presence in these fictions of an authorial voice (or voices) whose intrusions involute the work. The word "involution" may trouble some readers, but one has only to extend the dictionary definition. An involuted work turns in upon itself, is self-referential and conscious of its status as an invention. An ideally involuted sentence would simply read, "I am a sentence," and Barth's "Title" and "Life-Story" come as close to this dubious ideal as any fiction possibly can. The components of "Title" sustain a miraculous discussion among themselves, sometimes addressing the author ("Once upon a time you were satisfied with incidental felicities and niceties of technique"). One can only envy "Life-Story" for its ability to criticize itself with a coldly ironic succinctness: "self-conscious, vertiginously arch, fashionably solipsistic, unoriginal—in fact a convention of 20th-century literature. Another story about a writer writing a story! Another regressus in infinitum!"

This kind of fiction is indeed by now a convention, though it is ironic that too many readers do not know this. Neither do they realize that Barth, age 38, is already part of the *second* generation of post-modern (or post-realistic, post-symbolist or post-Freudian) writers, whose masters are Samuel Beckett, Jorge Luis Borges and Vladimir Nabokov, those virtual septuagenarians who are today what Joyce, Proust and Kafka were to the previous generation of writers.

Barth has expressed his high opinion of Borges, and several turns in

Lost in the Funhouse—especially the formal locutions of the prose—echo the Argentinian belletrist. Thus Barth's "Two Meditations" recalls Borges' parables in *Labyrinths*, and "Life-Story" in part suggests "The Circular Ruins." The studied paradoxes distributed throughout *Funhouse* are fully in the spirit of Borges' marvelously titled essay, "A New Refutation of Time," while Barth's "Menelaoid" is a brilliant, extended Homeric improvisation on a comment by Borges. Yet the problem of Borges' "influence" is finally irrelevant; "every writer creates his own precursors," says Borges, and Barth's remarks in *The Floating Opera* and his exhaustion of both form and reader in *The Sor-Weed Factor* and *Giles Goat-Boy* suggest he would have arrived at his present position (if not manner) with or without Borges' inspiration. Genuinely troubling, however, is the effect on Barth of McLuhan and so-called "mixed-means" or "intermedia" art.

"Fiction for Print, Tape, Live Voice" reads the subtitle of *Lost in the Funhouse*, and the jacket photograph shows the author at ease in an electronics lab. But Barth's "Author's Note" is more cryptic than not: "Glossolalia" will make no sense unless heard in live or recorded voices, male and female, or read as if so heard; "Echo" is intended for monophonic authorial recording, either disc or tape. . . . "Title" makes somewhat separate but equally valid senses in several media: print, monophonic recorded authorial voice, stereophonic ditto in dialogue with itself, and so forth. It is rumored that Doubleday initially planned to issue a long-playing record with the book, and it is too bad they did not produce this potential "Top 40" disc ("And now kids, some boss sounds: let's give a spin to John Barth's latest side"), for the various voices are not always as distinguishable as Barth would hope. He might well have found typographical equivalents for them, such as different colored inks, or italics, which he uses most effectively in the excellent title piece. "Title" lends itself to dramatic form, and the taping itself might have been dramatized, unless this would have seemed too reminiscent of Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape*.

Barth's tentative efforts to assimilate "intermedia" art suggest that being up to date is not in itself a virtue. Characteristically, Barth himself says as much. "That some writers lack lead in their pencils does not make writing obsolete," declares "Title," "Unfashionable or not," it continues, "what goes on between [people] is still not only the most interesting but the most important thing in the bloody murderous world, pardon the adjectives." And in "Life-Story," an author stops short of "throw[ing] out the baby with the bathwater."

Its survival is demonstrated by "Petition," which is narrated by a Siamese twin who suspects that his brother is going to kill him. The story's epistolary form is hardly new, and its connection with the traditional *Doppelgänger* tale is clear enough; even the specific idea of the Siamese twins has already been used (by Nabokov, among others). But old-fashioned or not, "Petition" is a haunting fiction, and its deeply affecting paranoid energies make it a highlight of *Lost in the Funhouse*, however paradoxically.

Conversely, "Night-Sea Journey," in conception the most original tale in the volume, is nevertheless one of the least successful. Although many readers may not recognize it, the swimming hero is a spermatozoan. Because it is the Moby Dick of the species, its journey is pregnant with too, too many Meanings (the three poor puns above are all intentional, and of a kind Barth is not above making). The overly schematic allegorical overtones may recall similar elements in *Giles Goat-Boy*. If "Lost in the Funhouse" is the best fiction in the book, it may be because Barth has it both ways, moving the reader back and forth between realistic and fantastic realms which finally cohere: "the bloody murderous world" that is the funhouse of Ocean City, N.J., visited by a youthful avatar of the author, and the funhouse that is artificer Barth's wing in James's accommodating "House of Fiction."

Paradoxes abound in *Lost in the Funhouse*. Its most involuted fictions, such as "Title," recognize that they are trying to go beyond the purview of fiction, of language itself: "literature's not likely ever to manage abstraction successfully, like sculpture," and Barth may have in mind the states of immobility which Beckett's most recent works can only attempt to express, but which Giacometti managed well enough.

Strangely unsettling are the ways in which Barth's funhouse fictions anticipate the reactions of hostile or impatient readers: "Who doesn't prefer art that at least overtly imitates something other than its own processes? That doesn't continually proclaim 'Don't forget I'm an artificer!'" This is, of course, ironic. Works ostensibly about themselves are concerned with much more besides the formal properties of art, and a backstage, workshop, drawing-board view of the artificers of fiction suggests a good deal about the fiction of reality.

When the first sentence of "Title" says, "Beginning: in the middle, past the middle, nearer three-quarters done, waiting for the end," it is not merely talking shop with itself but is engaging the reader in an eschatological farce that is ultimately his own "story."

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Book Marks on Israel

MICHAEL J. BANDLER

Mr. Bandler spent more than three years as a member of the United Nations bureau of The New York Times.

THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM. By Walter Laqueur. The Macmillan Co. 368 pp. \$6.95.

In the days and weeks following the Israeli-Arab lightning war, the first books describing the event began to appear, consisting mostly of newspaper and photography accounts. Within several months, more detailed works by Randolph and Winston Churchill, Yael Dayan, Robert Donovan and Roderick Macleish were published. By the first months of 1968, some works entered the market which dealt only tangentially with the war: Chaim Raphael's Midrashic work, *The Walls of Jerusalem*, was delivered to the publisher on the day that those walls were captured by the Israelis—there was no other connection. *Days of Fire* by Samuel Katz, an absorbing insider's account of the pre-statehood Jewish terrorist organization, the Irgun, was not really related to the war of 1967 either. Others, however, such as Maurice Samuel's *Light on Israel* and Hugh Nissenson's *Notes from the Frontier*, did deal with the effects of the war upon the civilian population in Israel and the Jewish people around the world.

During the summer months, other analyses have emerged. They complement one another, covering all shades of opinion—from the most passionately Zionist to the neutral and Palestinian views. All that is lacking, unfortunately, is the story as told by the Arabs, though some of those available attempt to relate and analyze the Arab position.

One of the best of these is Walter Laqueur's *The Road to Jerusalem*, a distinguished work that covers the prewar and postwar crises, but omits the chronicle of the battles. Professor Laqueur explains in his introduction that for the student of politics, the three weeks from May 15 to June 5, 1967 "are of even greater interest than the war."

Concluding that "there is an Arab as well as an Israeli case," the author describes the deep malaise of the Arab world extending far beyond the military setback. He traces the causes of the crisis historically and cites the decisive moments as May 15, 1967, when the UAR troop movements were disclosed: April 7 of the same year, when the Syrian-Israeli air battle occurred; the November, 1966, Israeli retaliatory attack in force on the village of Es-Samu; the beginnings of guerrilla activities in

January, 1965; the Suez crisis of 1956; the declaration of independence by Israel in 1948; and the first wave of European immigration to Palestine in 1882.

His book includes a good analysis of the changes that were occurring in the Arab countries during the 1960s, and in the minds of the leaders. He discusses the initial confrontations at Sharm El-Sheikh and in Sinai, and concludes that Secretary-General Thant—the recipient of much abuse in May and June—"acted precipitately, but he is not the main villain; it was not his war."

ISRAEL AND WORLD POLITICS. By Theodore Draper. The Viking Press. 278 pp. \$5.75. Paper \$2.25.

In *Israel and World Politics*, Theodore Draper offers his thesis on the causes of the war. He argues that the Soviet Union decided to fight a war by proxy in the Middle East. Their scare tactics, foisted upon the Syrians and Egyptians, together with the overwhelming hubris of President Nasser, made the conflagration inevitable, and he quotes a Soviet spokesman, who said in an interview in *Le Monde*: "Nasser should have proceeded in a more prudent and especially a more moderate fashion. He should not, in any case, have made threats to exterminate the state of Israel."

Draper is unrelenting in his condemnation of the role of the United States, Britain and especially France during the four weeks in 1967 from May 15 to June 15. He reserves some of his sharpest criticism for Richard H. Nolte, a man with "an excessive deference for Arab sensibilities" whom President Johnson sent to Cairo as ambassador on May 31, 1967. When asked his view of the impending crisis upon his arrival, he replied, according to one version, "What crisis?" and, according to another, "There is no crisis in the Middle East. This thing will not amount to much."

Draper also criticizes those politicians who would link Vietnam and Israel in one framework, and make support of U.S. policy in one instance conditional upon support of it in the other. He warns against the wars of proxy fought by the Soviets in the Middle East in 1967, and by the United States in Cuba in 1961, noting that "war by proxy still remains the most dangerous game of armed conflict the great powers are playing today." A helpful series of appendices contains texts of press conferences, speeches, letters and aide-memoires of key figures in the conflict.

ISRAEL WITHOUT ZIONISTS. By Uri Avnery. Macmillan Co. 215 pp. \$5.95.

Uri Avnery is a controversial member of the Israeli parliament, the Knesset. In *Israel Without Zionists*, he sets forth his proposal for Arab-Israeli cooperation through a federation of two states which would embody the two nations in Palestine—Israel and the Republic of Palestine. He cautions Zionist advocates that the only alternatives for Israel are the ceding of the occupied territories or the annexation of additional areas. The refugees must be given a choice between compensation and repatriation, something that the author asserts should have transpired immediately after the war. Avnery's scheme, when placed in the context of Zionist history as he describes it, holds some merit; it is at the very least in the interests of the people among whom he resides.

THE SANDSTORM. By David Kimche and Dan Bawly. Stein & Day. 319 pp. \$6.95.

The most comprehensive book to be written on the war, surpassing even the fine Laqueur work, is *The Sandstorm*, by *Jerusalem Post* correspondents David Kimche and Dan Bawly. This is an objective study of the war, the events leading to it, the aftermath in both Israeli-occupied areas and in the Arab lands, and the big-power involvements.

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Kimche and Bawly disclose several new pieces of information, based on captured documents and battle reports. One issued by UAR Field Marshal Amer (who later died mysteriously in his Egyptian cell) asserts that the Israeli Government did not succeed in obtaining United States support before the war. This contradicts the distorted tale concocted by Nasser and Hussein immediately after the war and later reversed.

The authors include the moderate Arab views of Bourguiba and Houranti, contrasting them with the Al-Ahram stands; on the political front, they praise the efforts of special UN representative Gunnar Jarring, and refrain from criticizing Secretary-General Thant.

They see peace arriving only "when new leaders take over and when the Middle East is removed from the grip of the cold war." *The Sandstorm* is a sober, well-written account of a cautious push toward that peace.

ISRAEL: POLITICS AND PEOPLE. By Leonard J. Fein. Little, Brown and Co. 338 pp. \$6.95.

Leonard J. Fein's book discusses the centers of power in the country, the parties and their ideologies and the relationship between the government and the people. Noting the problems faced by the new nation in its rapid development, he observes in a postwar epilogue that

... the country which had been so agonizingly in search for itself had found, if not a total definition, at least a scrap of understanding. That understanding would not solve the myriad problems, but it would, by placing them within a new perspective, make them bearable. Henceforward they were likely to be seen as problems rather than pathologies; henceforward they would, no doubt, be faced with greater confidence, as would the whole experiment with nationhood itself.

This excellent summation provides a reasonable picture of what the Israeli man in the street is thinking today, and how he may react to events in the near future.

MISSION SURVIVAL. Edited by Ruth Bondy, Chad Zmora and Raphael Bashan. Sabra Books. 503 pp. \$7.95.

One of the few anthologies on the subject, this collection, edited by three Israeli journalists, contains writings and speeches during the two-month period of the crisis, its prelude and its aftermath. It ranges from such contributors as Abba Eban, General Dayan, Nasser's spokesman, Mohammed Heykal, to Nahum Eisenhalt, a 5th-grade student in Tel Aviv. The book is interesting not only

as an insight into the trials of people caught up in an impending catastrophe but also a prime source book for press conferences and major statements during the crisis.

ISRAEL ON THE SEVENTH DAY. By Ruth Gruber. Hill & Wang. 214 pp. \$6.50.

Recollections of Israel's development, from the days of illegal immigration in the 1940s to the recent war. The author was in the tiny nation at the time of its independence, during the 1948-49 war, and since that time on numerous visits. She describes her visit after the 1967 war to Shederot, a development town near the Gaza Strip, and comments on the care that was taken by the Israeli forces to preserve the holy places in Jerusalem intact. "Many Jewish soldiers lost their lives," she remarks, "that buildings might live." Miss Gruber's concise semi-autobiographical work is an excellent basic book on the history of the state, as seen through the eyes of one of its most frequent visitors.

THE HAND OF MORDECHAI. By Margaret Larkin. Thomas Yoseloff. 256 pp. \$5.95.

This is a vivid portrayal of kibbutz life, as well as a solid account of the history of one of Israel's most famous settlements, Yad Mordechai, near Gaza. Margaret Larkin recalls the founders of the settlement, the wave of Polish immigration, the 1947 partition plan of the UN which placed the kibbutz on the Arab side, and the famous, even legendary siege in the year of independence. She attributes the Egyptian failure to capture Yad Mordechai in 1948 to the invading army's lack of preparedness for war, its low morale and the poor physical condition of its troops.

BIBLE AND SWORD. By Barbara W. Tuchman. Funk & Wagnalls. 412 pp. \$6.95. Paper \$2.95.

A reissue of a work originally published in 1956, which traces the origins of Britain's Palestine mandate from Roman times to the Balfour Declaration in 1917.

AFRICAN ZION. By Robert G. Weisbord. Jewish Publication Society. 347 pp. \$6.

A scholarly treatise on the period at the turn of the century when feelings ran high in favor of creating a Zionist state in Black Africa. Weisbord presents the diverse reactions to the plan expressed by the press in Great Britain, in the

Sephardic community and among the white settlers in East Africa.

STRIKE FIRST! By David Dayan. Pitman Publishing Corp. 292 pp. \$6.95.

Strike First! is a day-by-day account of the six-day war by the chief correspondent of the Israeli army broadcasting service, reconstructed from the many dispatches he received from all branches of the armed services. From these and from additional taped interviews, Dayan conveys not only the feelings of his army but also those of the enemy that the Israelis encountered in the field. Included are numerous battle maps tracing the route of the victorious forces.

ISRAEL. By Oden Meeker. Charles Scribner's Sons. 358 pp. \$7.95.

In a book about Israel unconnected to the war, Oden Meeker, a reporter and former executive of CARE, divides his subject into geographical areas and devotes a chapter to each region's cultural, religious, aesthetic and political histories. He sees Israel "in a kaleidoscope held to the light, slowly turning, the jagged mosaic of bits of colored glass, harsh reds and greens and yellows and purples sharply sporadically shifting, yet always forming a pattern." Meeker sees the future of Israel as "ein brera," meaning there is no choice; no choice, he says, but to fight to preserve the state as a living, sovereign political entity. He recalls the past of Safed, of General Allenby, of the holocaust, of ancient Phoenicia and of Masada, and includes detailed portraits of contemporary people, among them Abie Nathan, the peace pilot; Dr. Rolf Pauls, the first West German envoy to Israel; Dr. Nelson Glueck, the archaeologist; and Miriam Mirvish, a handicraft shopkeeper. It is a beautiful study of a people and of a nation.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

What Zeffirelli's film version of *Romeo and Juliet* puts across very well is the extreme youthfulness of the principals. They are young in years and young for their years—a couple of silly kids, swept away by their green lust. And given that emphasis, one sees the play as a tragedy of immaturity. What with those old brawlers, Montague and Capulet, blustering behind gangs of street boys led by the hysterical Mercutio (John McEnery) and the braggart Tybalt (Michael York); what with the recklessly meddle-

some Friar Laurence and the sentimentally irresponsible Nurse, there are no adults about—unless it be the County Paris, who was at least soberly negotiating a suitable wife for himself.

The film makes this point specifically in the pivotal duel between Mercutio and Tybalt: they are shown as a couple of neighborhood warlords, vaunting their courage with grandstand high jinks, trying for a victory by humiliation, and giving no strong impression of a taste to kill or be killed. Tybalt's sword slides home by accident as Romeo tries to part them. Verona was a city of children—beautiful, gay, cruel, and tumbling toward disaster.

This is a valid approach and, as the saying goes, I was not sorry to see it. I could, however, have been a lot happier. The ads boast, "no ordinary love story"—which is understatement, for once—but the trouble with the film is precisely that it has become a rather ordinary story. *Romeo and Juliet* is a tragedy constructed on the highly contrived machinery of Elizabethan comedy: it is not the plot but how Shakespeare used it that counts. And how he used it is scarcely given a chance by Zeffirelli.

In the first place, the language is gone. Cut and mauled and shouted above the tumult of what often seems a musical comedy in full spate, the lines flicker and die like despairing strains of music in a public catastrophe. Beyond that, there is a pace to *Romeo and Juliet*—a quick ascent to the spark of meeting, a sustained moment of stillness around the lovers, and then the world crests up and thunders down on them. But Zeffirelli magnifies scenes for his cinematic pleasure, inventing diversions, stringing a few staccato lines across long passages of melodramatic business, capitalizing on architectural delights, and losing sight of the fact that the attendant action was not provided for its own picturesque sake but to enclose, to protect, and then to sweep the lovers away. Zeffirelli so distorts the pace that the meetings of Romeo and Juliet become fleeting incidents in the extended riot and revelry of Verona.

The director indulges himself in this way partly, I suspect, because, like Mercutio and Tybalt, he enjoys showing off. But beyond that he cannot work to the focus of the principals with the performers he has chosen. Olivia Hussey and Leonard Whiting are kids indeed, not actors, and they are by far the least interesting figures on the screen. It is a dramatic disaster when the death of Mercutio becomes more memorable than the awakening of Juliet, when you cannot readily distinguish Romeo from the other rowdies, when the balcony scene

is better remembered for its architecture than for the vows exchanged.

Any pretty young couple can enact the story of *Romeo and Juliet*: if you like, they need not speak or act at all—the action around them will sustain the plot. But if it is to be "no ordinary love story," you require actors of no ordinary talent, ones who can seem to exhaust the experiences of a lifetime in two days of knowing each other, so that in a sense they do not die young; who can make legend out of a theatrical machine. The magic is in the poetry, in the timing, in the fragile isolation of the stupendous duets. *Romeo and Juliet* is a play peculiarly ill-suited to show business, and the appetizing sight of the lovers naked in bed together is no fair exchange for Shakespeare.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

There are more than a few people in Europe and America who believe that the company known as The Living Theatre (Brooklyn Academy of Music) is making a vital contribution to the theatre. Having seen three of its four presentations I judge that *Le Living* (as the French call it) is more concerned with "living" than with theatre.

The company disarms criticism. Its productions are a way of life, closer to religious manifestations than to either art or entertainment. Though it borrows haphazardly from various arts and artists, The Living Theatre is anti-art. One cannot blandly declare that its performances are boring because they lack measure, every turn, scene and sound being prolonged to our breaking point: "rituals" are always enervating to the uninitiate. "Be bored, you brutes!" the company might retort. "Get sore! Go crazy!"—then at least you will be open to emotion!" The usual points made against the "Living's" group exhibits are not relevant to its intention.

My initial impression on seeing *Frankenstein*, the first item in the four-week program, was not of the company's rancor but of sweetness. No matter how absurd the covetings, I thought only of the company's childlike dedication, the passionate commitment of kids to their games. The sillier the things I beheld the more sympathetically naive and primitively "idealistic" they seemed. People who have suffered ridicule, abuse, penury, perhaps even persecution, and who can still hurl themselves about with wild fury, shrieking apocalyptic slogans

in generally untrained voices and worse diction, can't be all bad.

It has been objected that *Frankenstein* is no play. It certainly isn't drama, that is, literature. But it is all play, approximating what is loosely termed "total theatre." As theatre there were only two effective things in *Frankenstein*. One was the scene in which Man was operated on, all his organs being extracted so as to fashion a new Creature, a dismembered monster. The operation, with its multicolored tubing and electric gadgets crisscrossing in an inextricable tangle over the prostrate body of the victim, reminded me of Matta's paintings of intricate sadism by machinery. When the Creature emerged it was as an enormous, grotesque figure composed by the assembled players in an elaborate acrobatic stunt. That was the second effective moment.

For the rest there was noise, sloppy

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(though strenuous) movement, caricatural statuesque poses and unsightly exercises for "purification," in the second bill, *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces*; and in Brecht's *Antigone*, the company's third bill, crude borrowings from Brecht, Grotowski, Yoga, Hindu chants, and whatever else might arise from the flotsam and jetsam of improvisation.

If you complain of a dreadful lack of professional skill in these proceedings the answer might well be that professionalism is anathema here: these folk are fanatics of amateurism. I have already suggested that the company is only marginally a theatrical organization. It is a cult and a cult must have a doctrine. What is theirs? It is a utopian anarchy. Its passwords announced (in an incense-filled atmosphere) by the company's high priest, Julian Beck, and chorally repeated by his ragged acolytes, are: Stop the War, Freedom Now, Stop the Draft, Free the Blacks, Free the Poor, Abolish the Police, Open the Jails, Abolish Money, Abolish Banks, Abolish the State.

In *Antigone*, the heroine (Judith Malina) says that it would be better if the victims of tyranny gathered the expression of their protests and did something useful with them. That was the one moment I was inclined to applaud. For what The Living Theatre is now doing is hardly useful, unless one be-

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GEORGE BOWERING

lieves that any and all expressions of dissent are valuable and that any departure from convention is a liberating force. I fear, on the contrary, that the basic lack of discipline—of craft and mind—in this as in many other present-day forms of dissent is an invitation to repression, a beckoning to both martyrdom and fascism. For with all the good will of which one is capable, one must recognize mental deficiency in this particular mode of protest. The religion becomes hysteria, the ritual inept, the catharsis flat.

"The horror has failed to horrify," Brecht says in his interesting version of *Antigone*. This applies *a fortiori* to the work of The Living Theatre. The more impassioned it is, the louder its members scream, grovel on the ground, howl, snarl, spit, mock, bluster, fume, pile "dead" body on body, the less we care. And this precisely because there is so little art in it—that is, original inspiration plus thought, rigorous calculation, skill and self-critical application. Boldness is not enough; it frequently turns out to be foolishness.

The Great White Hope by Howard Sackler, directed by Edwin Sherin, first presented at Washington's Arena Theatre and now to be seen at the Alvin, is a real good show—and a few other things besides.

It succeeds as "propaganda" by not seeming to be exactly that. One reason for this is that, being largely based on the life and times of the former world heavyweight champion Jack Johnson, the first black man to win the title, it is situated in what for most of us is the distant past: the years before and during World War I. The detachment gives the audience, now presumably free of prejudice, a chance to view the depicted events as an episode in the history of our shame of which it need not feel personally guilty. Jack Johnson, like the Jack Jefferson of the play, won the crown fair and square, but being a black he was traduced and hounded by the white community until, almost an old man, he was battered down by the great white hope.

There is a wonderfully funny and telling speech in the play in which a fight promoter appeals to all the world to consider the calamity which has befallen the "Caucasian" race: it wouldn't have been so shameful if the black man had achieved eminence as an entertainer, a singer or even as a scientist, but to have triumphed in the ring—!

On a happily broad scale the play offers comedy, agony, still applicable social comment and rousing theatrical energy. The cast, by the shrunken standards of present-day Broadway drama, is colossal in number and sweep. It is a pleasure to see the stage once again take on size, buzzing and fermenting with a vast variety of types, accents, costumes and passions. Almost everyone has a taste for expressive spectacle, and in this instance the spectacle is vulgarly and excitingly American.

The Great White Hope is a bracingly popular play. There is no mystery, no private meanings, hardly any *avant-garde* pretentiousness. The writing is roughly eloquent with occasional lapses into anachronistic lingo. Now and again the play swings wild and muffs its objectives. Two soliloquies might well have been cut. A kind of "Black Power" rhapsody occurs twice and would prove much more dramatic if employed not as a declamation but as part of the funeral scene.

The effect of the whole is that of a giant poster. I wondered for a while whether a somewhat more naturalistic approach, that is, a more "interior" style of direction, less slapdash and "fair-ground" than the one chosen, might not have served the play's purpose better than the mixture of Brechtian devices (the actors frequently turn to us to make their points), with something like convention hoopla. (Brecht's productions, remember, are always spoken with great relaxation and memorable calm.) Still what has been done with the production works, and its directorial design, making the play rather more clangorous than moving, may be right.

What I have said here in regard to the script and its treatment also goes for James Earl Jones who plays the triumphant and tortured champion. His presence is splendid; his motor power and good-humored abandon are tremendous. Except for one excellent scene of pathos, his performance is almost totally without nuance. But in the end we can do nothing but congratulate this robust, hard-working, whole-hearted actor. Quieter and more delicate, as the role of Jefferson's white mistress demands, is Jane Alexander. She is genuinely touching.

The Great White Hope deserves its success.

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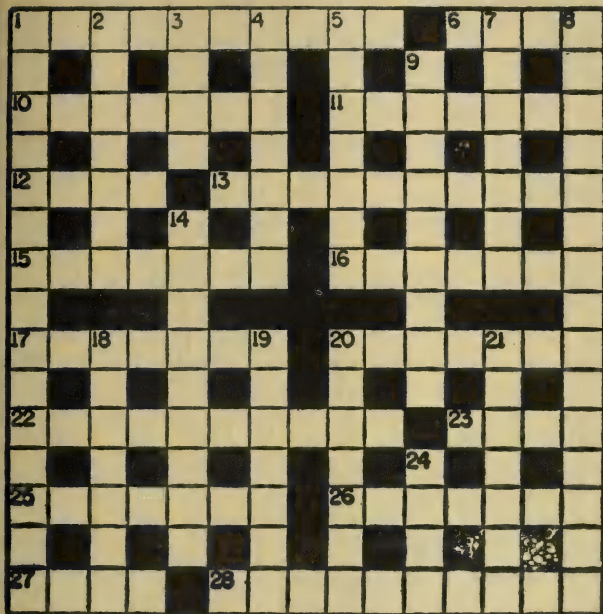
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1269

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 See 11 across
- 6 Uncle Frank doesn't get what one does to the unneeded as a symbol. (4)
- 10 A number in the manner well-suited to be held so? (7)
- 11 and 1 across Each one might mark "one-upmanship" in an aggressive back-lash movement. (17)
- 12 Those not in could imply a change to us. (4)
- 13 Scotch or Irish whiskey? (10)
- 15 An interdiction on Russian waters? Don't concern yourself! (7)
- 16 Iron, for instance, or what makes it capable of pressing. (7)
- 17 Making things groovy, or just criticizing the sound of it? (7)
- 20 It might be expressed as a rule. (7)
- 22 Manufactures weapons such as Tommy might throw. (5,5)
- 23 It makes the parting sweet naturally. (4)
- 25 A striking deed to use for one's selfish purposes! (7)
- 26 Tell his stagework? It's very distinctive! (7)
- 27 Stone used in jewelry, sometimes associated with onyx. (4)
- 28 Is one thrown casually on the floor? (7,3)

DOWN

- 1 Seemingly intelligent crowd, not typified by Pi. (8,7)

- 2 But the old province didn't only take care of the blind! (7)
- 3 One might be slinky to toss a hoop. (4)
- 4 Attempt to get a few last words in for a biochemical converter. (7)
- 5 Good choppers should. (7)
- 7 Little companies represent a type of it. (7)
- 8 Is the watch so existing? At least temporarily! (3,3,4,5)
- 9 Beadle, perhaps, at an old-fashioned get-together? (You can prove it'll never fly!) (9)
- 14 One can be so taken in by this, it is acknowledged! (9)
- 18 A singular tool, in replica! (7)
- 19 Costing a little change, as one knows! (7)
- 20 The wrong abettor to beat, perhaps, or at least stand! (7)
- 21 Things that are might have more baths, too. (7)
- 24 A female tennis-player? Quite a man, rather! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1268

ACROSS: 1 Key signature; 10 Noisier; 11 Inhabit; 12 Hoist; 13 Interpret; 14 Loggerhead; 18 Pubs; 20 Ostensibly; 23 Fair catch; 25 Rhomb; 26 Hessian; 27 Sundial
DOWN: 8 Administered. DOWN: 2 Exiting; 3 Shift key; 4 Garnishes; 5 Alt; 6 Ushers; 7 Embargo; 8 and 16 In the lap of the gods; 9 Status symbols; 15 Amethysts; 17 Estrange; 19 Britska; 21 Bromide; 22 Actium; 24 Tenon.

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LETTERS

question for Nixon

New York City

DEAR SIR: Gen. Curtis LeMay's statement that in his view nuclear weapons are just another weapon and should be used if they will "do the job" brought forth cries of outrage. It would be wise, however, to recall that over the years this same opinion has been publicly expressed by "responsible" military and civilian leaders, among them Richard M. Nixon.

Mr. Nixon today is politically "sophisticated"; he would not be likely to volunteer any comment about nuclear weapons during a Presidential campaign, and the press abstains from pressing such questions. In the past, however, he did not hesitate to express his views bluntly. For example, in the spring of 1955, during the crisis over the Chinese islands Quemoy and Matsu, Mr. Nixon told a gathering of business and industrial leaders: "Tactical atomic explosives are now conventional and will be used against the targets of any aggressive force." (*The New York Times*.)

Mr. Nixon has told us that "when" he is elected President, he will stop the Vietnamese War. He has not explained how. We ought to know—before the election—under what conditions he, as President, would authorize the use of any sort of nuclear weapons. *Helen Mears*

Guevara's reminiscences

New York City

DEAR SIR: Thank you for Jose Yglesias' review of Che Guevara's *Reminiscences of the Cuban Revolutionary War* [*The Nation*, Sept. 30], and for calling it the "smoothest reading" edition. I am afraid Mr. Yglesias has misunderstood a number of things. His notion that we produced the book in haste to meet the demand for Guevara material at the time of Che's death is erroneous; we began work on this book more than a year before Che's death. Nor did we "add" articles to the text of a book written by Che. He never wrote a book: he wrote articles which appeared in various Cuban periodicals, only some of which were collected by the Havana house, Ediciones Unión, in 1963, when some two-thirds of the articles had appeared.

American and British publishers interested in a hasty book merely rushed this slim volume into print; having been working on the project for a long time, we had collected the post-1963 articles and were able to produce a much more nearly complete volume. We made a completely new and much more careful translation (from the original Spanish—only three articles were done from French when it proved impossible, after a search here, in Cuba and in Paris, to locate the originals).

I should also point out that the twenty-six Guevara letters we added as an appendix are not "goodies" but have an extraordinary historical value: their inclusion was highly praised by scores of readers and almost every reviewer.

We did not give credit to an editor because this book was done with entirely in-house editing and it would be a pretentious violation of publishing custom for a house editor to take such credit. The responsibility for the editing is thus that of Monthly Review Press. We believe it was done in a careful manner in order to make available the fullest possible text of Guevara's writings on the Cuban revolutionary war, in a clear translation.

Harry Braverman, Director, Monthly Review Press

New York City

DEAR SIR: Harry Braverman's letter is as puzzling as Monthly Review's version of Che Guevara's book, which Mr. Braverman says he never wrote. True, the chapters
(Continued on page 468)

EDITORIALS

Party-Splitting

Ticket-splitting has become an increasingly common practice among voters over the last several decades. Many Democrats voted for Eisenhower, many Southern Democrats for Goldwater, many Republicans for Johnson. At the state level, ticket-splitting is in some states (Michigan for one) virtually the prevailing mode of selecting officials. This year we are witnessing a matching trend, party-splitting on the part of candidates, some of the best illustrations of which may be found in New York.

Item: New York papers carry double-page advertisements for the Humphrey-Javits ticket sponsored by the Non-Partisan Committee to Elect the Best Man. The ad strongly urges New York voters to "forget the bosses" (what bosses?) "and the party machines" (what machines?) and vote for "the best men."

Item: James L. (the other) Buckley, Conservative Party nominee for the Senate, has been trying to catch as many Republican votes as possible by appearing to be more Republican than Senator Javits, who is trying to be more like Humphrey and Muskie and less like Nixon and Agnew. At the same time, the Conservative Party is fighting off constituents of George Wallace as though they were lepers, despite the fact that the Wallaceites love them and that it is virtually impossible to distinguish Wallace's general position on issues from that of the Conservative Party.

Item: Senator Javits is endorsed by the Liberal Party, which is savagely attacked by Spiro T. Agnew—who appears at a dinner of the Conservative Party, which is running a candidate against Javits. Senator Javits, an old hand at the new politics, is running simply as "The Senator." As the nominee of the Javits Party, the Senator is in the habit of saying that he voted against the Eisenhower administration one-third of the time and if necessary will vote against Nixon "60 per cent of the time." Logically, Nixon should stimulate the formation of a "Non-Partisan Committee" to elect Nixon and Buckley as "the best men." No doubt he would if he were not so busy pursuing the "undecided" and chasing after Democratic voters in the South.

In California, Jesse Unruh, the operating head of what used to be known as the Democratic Party, is directing a campaign against President Johnson, who is not running—on the theory that the harder he attacks the President, the easier it will become for Democrats to vote for Humphrey. Mr. Unruh is Speaker of the Assembly by grace of a Democratic margin of two votes, and this year the Democrats face opposition not only from Republicans but from Peace and Freedom candidates and from Wallaceites (California is about the only state in which the Wallace movement has fielded a large number of candidates for the state legislature and for Congress).

The cream of the jest is that while all this elaborate party-splitting is going on, spokesmen for both major parties keep up an incessant chatter about the vital importance of the two-party system. In an article in which he

details his nearly complete agreement with Wallace on the issues. Barry Goldwater concludes that it would spell "disaster for America" if anything happened to the two-party system (which is already a four-party system: Democrats, Republicans, Undecideds-and-Independents, and Wallaceites). As a matter of fact there are several minor parties and two new groupings that are almost distinct enough to be designated as parties, namely, "weak Democrats" and "weak Republicans." With approximately 55 per cent of the electorate—by some estimates—showing no party preferences, it is a little difficult to accept, at face value, the imperative of the two-party system. Party-splitting simply completes the process set in motion by ticket-splitting. In the past, even if there seemed to be little differences on issues, the party labels were distinctive; now even the labels are porous. What looms ahead is not so much the "multi-party" system that everyone fears but the "one-party-with-several-names" system—or, more aptly, "the no-party system."

Politics and Peace

It is to the political interest of George Wallace and Curtis LeMay to sabotage the negotiations in Paris. In this endeavor they are assured of the support of President Nguyen Van Thieu of South Vietnam. Conversely, if hopes for peace were rising on Election Day, the chances for election of Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie would probably be enhanced. Though Nixon and Agnew could be disadvantaged by such a development, Nixon is too shrewd to lay himself open to attack as a candidate opposed to an early peace; besides, his lead may be sufficient for him to win, peace or no peace. But Wallace and LeMay need hardly bother to disguise their identity of interest with the hawks, here and in Asia.

In accordance with this pattern, the candidates deliver their lines as if they were reading from a script. General LeMay returns from a "fact-finding" mission to South Vietnam with the "facts" everyone knew he would find: he wants to restore the bombing to its former level and escalate from there. Aware of the sentiment for peace—in which even the stock market now joins—Wallace speaks in prudent terms but demands that Hanoi's concessions in return for a bombing halt be publicized. This would be disruptive in itself, but Wallace goes on to tell Hanoi and the Johnson-Humphrey Administration what concessions he deems acceptable. Hanoi is to de-escalate the fighting in the South (it appears to have done so, but Wallace would have it made official), end terrorist activity, cease all acts of war against the United States and the Saigon government, and force the Vietcong to do likewise. In return for a cessation of the bombing the United States and its allies are to be presented with the only honorable form of peace: victory.

Thieu's stand is familiar. According to Gene Roberts' dispatch from Saigon (*The New York Times*, October 21), Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker has been meeting Thieu, apparently to sound him out on possible proposals for a bombing halt, and Thieu has been less than obliging. Like Wallace, Thieu has his own list of conditions that Hanoi

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 15

must accept: Hanoi must promise to continue the lull in fighting around the DMZ and to stop shelling cities in South Vietnam. Hanoi must accept a South Vietnamese delegation at the Paris talks, but the National Liberation Front is *not* to be represented there. NLF officials may attend as members of the Hanoi delegation, *provided they represent themselves as North Vietnamese!*

These conditions impelled Mr. Humphrey to ask who was doing the bombing anyway? He pointed out that it was, in fact, a "peculiarly American" tactic in the war. This is true in every sense: the greatest of military powers has unleashed on one of the smallest a killing machine unmatched in history. Mr. Humphrey remonstrated that Mr. Thieu, while necessarily concerned with the issues, should not be given a veto over U.S. decisions on whether or when to halt the bombing.

But a veto is precisely what Thieu insists upon. Asked whether there was a possibility of a coup in Saigon to overthrow the Thieu government, Mr. Humphrey became "very grim" and said that he did not think the American people would "tolerate" such unconstitutional action. Apparently he is still vacillating between his unmodified pro-Johnson stand and his desperate need for immediate peace moves in Southeast Asia. But if the Wallace-LeMay-Thieu coalition is to be broken up, Thieu's pretensions must be forcibly stepped on, both to put our puppet in his place and to thwart his American accomplices in the prolongation of the war.

Midnight at the Ball

Ever since the wedding announcement, which for a few days made the 500-acre island of Skorpios a focus of greater world attention than Saigon, the international public has been asking, "Why did she do it?" It is a question that interests us too, but we think it is hardly our concern. Mrs. Kennedy had mourned her husband long enough, and if her taste ran to an elderly man with an unenviable reputation for rapacity in both his business and his private life, the choice was hers to make.

What does concern us is the reverse question, "Why did he do it?" Mr. Onassis, like his enormous tanker fleet, flies flags of convenience. He enjoys dual Argentine and Greek citizenship, and it is known that his great wealth has never contributed notably to the tax rolls of any nation. The United States Justice Department was once forced to indict him, receiving \$7 million in settlement. He has spent much of his time on his yacht—a suitably slippery perch for his international dealings. Since the military seizure of power in Greece, however, he has shown some signs of being willing to come home.

Indeed, the sudden nuptials suspended momentarily Mr. Onassis' negotiations with the junta, whereby it is believed that for certain tax concessions he has offered to invest heavily in industrial and tourist enterprises designed to improve Greece's economic situation. It remains to be seen just how much Mr. Onassis will improve any fortunes except his own, but the colonels obviously believe in him. Government helicopters protected his hymeneal tranquility, a government press officer issued his bride's state-

ment as to the dreams of privacy indulged in by famous people, Greek soldiers locked newspaper men into a shack when Mrs. Kennedy landed at a military airfield after a flight that began at Kennedy Airport by bumping ninety passengers off a plane of the airline owned by her husband-to-be. (Ordinary travelers may in future think twice before booking on Olympic Airlines; they will never know when Mrs. Onassis may have a sudden need for their plane.)

Many signs, thus, point to a *rapprochement* between the colonels and the magnate; he may indeed become the new "king of Greece," making up in money for what he lacks in ancestral lines. If so, he now has the acknowledged popular queen of the world to preside at his side—tragic, radiant, ever ready to bestow that enigmatically perfect smile on persons considered useful enough for her husband to invite aboard the yacht. Jack and Jackie created Camelot in Washington; Ari and Jackie may create Golconda on an isle in Greece.

If the popular judgment continues to see the former Mrs. Kennedy as a fairy princess, this will have been one of Mr. Onassis' shrewdest deals: his manipulations of power and money will henceforth be "sanctioned" by her good magic. But if the world decides that she was not a fairy princess after all—just another American of the "International Set," eager to snatch the richest man from under the noses of her sisters in idleness—he will have done no more than take a handsome, but exceedingly expensive young wife to his bosom. We hope the latter proves to be the case: Onassis can stand the overhead and it will be better for the rest of us if his wife loses the Kennedy prestige along with the name, the Secret Service attendants and the postal franking privilege. Melina Mercouri, the actress and most vocal enemy of the present regime in her native Greece, offered a wedding present of advice to the bride (who scarcely needs flat silver or chafing dishes): She hoped that, now she had become "a little Greek," Mrs. Onassis would not forget Robert Kennedy's declaration, shortly before he died, that "if he became President he would cut off all military aid to the junta in Greece." The news immediately following that reminder was that the aid had been restored in full measure—NATO must go on!—and the deal was obviously completed before Mrs. Onassis appeared on the scene. For the future, she cannot be asked to thwart her husband; it will be enough for the rest of us if she proves unable to abet him.

Clausewitz Updated

Everyone who can read is reminded a dozen times a year that war is the extension of policy by other means. This dictum needs to be domesticated: A nation that maintains warlike, aggressive, counterrevolutionary policies abroad is a nation that will eventually pursue these same objectives at home. Thus domestic politics becomes the extension of war by other means.

The Defense Department is not unaware of this development. A UPI story from Washington (September 14) reports that it "is being drawn ever more deeply into the problem of domestic violence in America" and cites the

movement of 6,000 Regular Army troops from Texas, Oklahoma and Colorado to Chicago during the Democratic convention to restore order if the local police and National Guard were overwhelmed by the hippies and Yippies. The Army also provided the Secret Service with agents, helicopters, communications support, air reconnaissance, vehicles and experts on defusing bombs. As it turned out, the Chicago police clubs were more than sufficient to control the demonstrators and put the fear of Daley into the hearts of bystanders, but the "pre-positioning" of federal troops for a political convention in an American city is surely a significant innovation.

Chicago presents only an isolated instance of the Pentagon's role in quelling or preventing riots. A 180-man Directorate of Civil Disturbance Planning and Operations, commanded by Lieut. Gen. George R. Mather, was set up in April as the nerve center for such activities, and a Civil Disturbance Steering Committee, headed by Army Under Secretary David E. McGiffert, meets about once a week. During the summer Army teams visited more than 100 American cities to discuss riot-control plans with local officials and study the layouts of police precincts and communications to insure that the police, National Guard and federal authorities could cooperate in civil crises. "City profile" books incorporating the findings have been compiled for future use. An Army school at Fort Gordon, Ga., gives a week-long course in civil disturbance planning for troop commanders of the Regular Army, National Guard and city and state officials. Some 160,000 Regular Army troops have received thirty-two hours of riot training. Including Reserves and Guard units, riot-trained military forces in the United States are stated to comprise more than 500,000 men.

The UPI survey does not touch on an important phase of federal aid in civil crises which may well be in an area so sensitive that publicity is best avoided. However, another of Clausewitz's teaching is apposite in this connection. He was a pioneer in total war: instead of the traditional armies clashing in battle, the citizens, property and territory of the enemy nation should be attacked by all available means. In the present situation the enemy nation, so to speak, is within the national borders and the Clausewitz doctrine, if adopted by its military segment, leads to the concept of total guerrilla warfare and unlimited sabotage.

More than half the population of the United States now lives in urban and suburban areas which are completely dependent on distant sources for food and water and only partially self-sustaining in electricity. The cities are thus less vulnerable within their boundaries than at innumerable external points, perhaps dozens or hundreds of miles distant. To guard major highways, bridges, aqueducts and transmission lines day and night will be a large order, even if the defense uses the latest technological equipment and the troop strength of the Army, Guard and Reserves.

It would seem less expensive and more prudent to forestall such developments by other than military means, yet with varying emphasis all three Presidential candidates are fostering the idea that law and order are to be preserved almost exclusively by force. No doubt Clausewitz would agree.

Our New Junta Crop

In the wake of the military take-over in Peru (see "Peru: Oil and the Army" by Stephen L. Rozman, *The Nation*, October 28), has come the coup in Panama. As might have been expected, the press has been full of feature stories about the cyclical alternation between civilian and military governments in Latin America, the present wave of military coups being the second since the end of World War II. The usual articles and editorials have also appeared about the sputtering out of the seven-year-old Alliance for Progress and the need for a new Latin-American policy.

It remained for Senator Gruening, a real expert on Latin America, to raise an underlying issue that continues to be evaded in most of the port-mortems. By and large, the stage has been set for the recurrent military coups by U.S. military assistance programs. As Senator Gruening points out, we have given Peru more than \$139 million in military assistance, and other Latin American countries have received a total of about \$1.1 billion in military hardware. The effect has been to put civilian governments, when they have managed to gain power, in the position of "literally peering into the barrel of a gun, their every move subject to checkmate by military cliques." Yet every time a military junta takes over, Washington issues statements of concern and disapproval, as though we were unaware that by building up the strength of the military we had invited the inevitable overthrow of civilian governments.

The most recent seizure in Panama is particularly instructive. The 4,800-man National Guard is equipped and counseled by the U.S. Army. Most of the Guard's officers have attended training schools run by the U.S. Southern Command in the Canal Zone—where they have been properly briefed on the proposition that in a democracy the military should always be subject to civilian control. More to the point is the fact that the Southern Command administers the various military assistance programs in Latin America, and these are mostly intended, as Henry Giniger reports in *The New York Times*, "to protect the area from subversion." Yet the military leadership elsewhere in the hemisphere cannot fail to note our apparent inability to dissuade the Guard from seizing the government in Panama.

By some accounts, we are now confronted, at least in Peru, with "a new breed" of officers—military technocrats, so-called, who feel that they know how to run the economy more efficiently than do the civilians, and also that it has become possible to negotiate better trade arrangements with countries other than the United States. So in the end we may well find ourselves shorn of our private investments—in the case of Peru the \$208-million American-owned International Petroleum Company (Standard Oil of New Jersey)—as well as a substantial portion of the region's trade.

In the process of fending off subversive guerrillas, we seem to be turning the countries over to voracious gorillas (the epithet used in Latin America to describe military dictators). These new military technocrats, as Jeremiah O'Leary reports from Lima in the Washington *Star*, know how to stage their power grabs with a flourish calculated

to silence, for the moment, the opposition forces, as well as uniting the nation in a wave of patriotism behind the junta. The take-over in Peru was presented as "the day of dignity." The Marine Corps and First Light Infantry Division moved into International Petroleum as though the plant and facilities had been defended by a military force. A French-purchased jet made jubilant passes over the oil fields. The expropriation itself was announced with

fanfare by General Velasco in the Gold Room of the Presidential Palace. However, the distribution facilities of the company have not been seized by the junta, and after it has obtained whatever political advantages it can from the dramatic occupation of the plant it may quietly work out a new arrangement with Standard Oil. But what has happened in Panama and in Peru must be put down as fresh setbacks for the military-assistance program.

THE SCAR OF WALLACE

EDWARD SCHNEIER

Mr. Schneier is in the Department of Political Science at the City College, New York. He is the author of "New Tide of National Politics" (The Nation, January 22).

In 1964 George Corley Wallace, in his words, "shook the eye teeth of the liberal establishment" by polling more than one-third of the primary vote in Maryland, Indiana and Wisconsin. This year Wallace's American Independent Party will be on the ballot in all fifty states; and if the Gallup and Harris Polls prove accurate, the liberal establishment will be shaken right back to its wisdom teeth this November. Even if he polls but half of the 22 per cent recently predicted, George Wallace will receive more popular votes than any third-party candidate since Theodore Roosevelt.

Wallace is not running for show; he believes he has an outside chance of being elected President in his own right, or failing that, of playing a major role in deciding who will be elected and how. With solid support in Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, Wallace could win the electoral votes of as many as eleven Southern states. Even in Texas, with its prize of twenty-five electoral votes, Wallace is considered a strong contender. In the North, however, he is unlikely to receive the 35 or 40 per cent needed to carry many states in a three-man race, so that even if he wins all 120 Southern electors, he will be far short of the 270 he needs to win.

But whatever the outcome in 1968, Wallace will have left his mark. His candidacy has already altered dramatically the calculations and strategies of both Democrats and Republicans. It is he more than Nixon, McCarthy, Humphrey or Johnson who has set the tone of this campaign. It is his issue—"law and order"—that has dominated the campaign dialogue, not just in the race for the Presidency but in countless Congressional, state and local contests. It is to his followers, not to those of McCarthy, Kennedy or Rockefeller that the major-party candidates have made their pitch. And whatever its impact in 1968, the Wallace movement may be still more formidable by 1972. For unlike the Dixiecrats of 1948, the American Independent Party cannot be dismissed as a regional phenomenon. Nor, at this point, does it appear to be an ephemeral puff of popular passion. On the contrary, Wallace has tapped streams that run deep in American society, and has won the allegiance not just of a radical fringe but

of a solid cross section of a disaffected electorate. More than any popular uprising of this century, the Wallace movement threatens to reshape the American political system. For all that Left talk about a new politics, it is the Right that now threatens to produce it.

Given its now obvious political significance, the Wallace movement has received remarkably little serious attention. The press has learned that Wallace cannot be ignored (until September his campaign entourage included only one full-time reporter), but it still tends to view his candidacy as a quaint bit of political exoticism, somewhat on the order of the World Flatists, Vegetarianism or Technocracy. Political scientists, perhaps because we have been so well sold by our own arguments about the stability of the two-party system, have tried to pretend that Wallace doesn't exist. But ignoring George Wallace has not caused either him or his followers to go away. What it has caused is some rather serious distortions of fact and interpretation. Seldom has so significant a political phenomenon been so underestimated and misunderstood.

When Wallace tells his supporters that "there are more of us than there are of them," the "them" are not difficult to identify. Negroes, implicitly, and more directly intellectuals, beatniks, *The New York Times*, student demonstrators and federal bureaucrats are the bogey men. The "us" are not so easily defined. For all the speculative essays written in the long wake of the 1964 primaries, we still know very little about the kinds of people who voted, and who will again vote, for the former Governor of Alabama. Indeed, a close look at the 1964 returns, as well as at data gathered earlier this year by the Gallup organization, indicates that many of the most common assumptions about the constituency that has grown up around George Wallace are quite wrong.

Foremost among these erroneous assumptions is the myth of ethnic revolt. Comforting as it may be to charge one minority group with discriminating against another, the white backlash was not basically an ethnic phenomenon. Wallace in 1964 did not make his best showings in foreign-stock areas. In Baltimore, for example, thirteen census tracts are more than 40 per cent foreign stock (first- or second-generation immigrants). These districts gave Wallace an average of 16 per cent of the vote. The twelve white neighborhoods with less than 10 per cent foreign stock gave the Alabama Governor a whopping 68

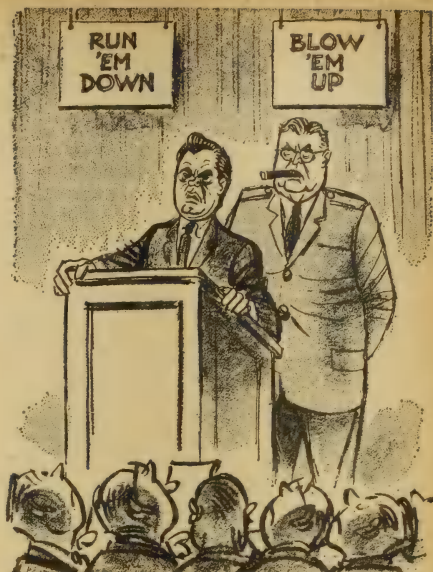
per cent. Many of the high-foreign-stock neighborhoods are Jewish, and Jews were second only to Negroes in their hostility to Wallace. But even in the distinctively Polish areas of southeast Baltimore, Wallace ran less well than he did among suburban WASPs. Similarly, in both Gary and Milwaukee, among comparable socio-economic groups, native-born, native-stock whites were at least as inclined as Poles or Italians to vote for Wallace.

The most telling factors associated with support for Wallace in 1964 were home ownership and income. In all three states where he took part in primary contests, middle-income, suburban home owners were the backbone of the backlash. Thus Wallace carried Baltimore County but not the city; he carried the Washington suburbs of Prince Georges County and won majorities in more than half of the suburban communities surrounding Milwaukee, Gary and Indianapolis. He carried Lake County by 2,600 votes, but lost the city of Gary by 3,500. In all three states, Wallace won a majority in the suburbs, trailed in the cities, and ran poorly in rural areas. He did well with ethnic voters because he did well in the kinds of neighborhoods where ethnic voters now live.

The Wallace vote in 1964 was generally highest in middle-income areas. In Gary, for example, he carried all fourteen of the all-white census tracts, but in doing so he averaged 10 per cent better in middle-income (\$6,000 to \$8,000) than in either high- or low-income areas. His best showing (79 per cent) was in a district with a median family income of \$7,093, his worst (58 per cent and 59 per cent) in districts with median incomes respectively of \$9,703 and \$5,910. Poll figures for 1968 show a similar pattern: Wallace supporters in the North have numbered from 8 to 12 per cent of those with incomes of less than \$5,000; 14 to 15 per cent in the \$5,000 to \$7,000 bracket; and 5 to 8 per cent of those with incomes of \$7,000 or more.

Finally, housing is a key variable. In 1964, Wallace voters were a majority in 64 per cent of the urban and suburban white areas where home ownership was high (more than half); he carried only 40 per cent of the other white districts. Thus if there was a typical Wallace voter in 1964, he was a suburban, white, middle-income home owner, of no particular ethnic group (though not Jewish). Contrary to widespread assumptions, he was as likely to be a clerk as a steelworker, a Methodist as a Catholic, an Anglo-Saxon as a Pole, or to live in a securely all-white suburb as in an increasingly Negro central city area.

In many parts of the country it takes courage to display a Wallace button or bumper sticker; in other areas it takes courage not to. Both pollsters and politicians have been careful to hedge their bets, believing that many people are lying about, or have not yet faced, their real preferences. And of course the returns from 1964 cannot be taken at face value if only because votes in a primary do not have the same meaning as votes in a general election. Nevertheless, it is possible to predict what some of the short-run consequences of the Wallace candidacy will be and, more important, to evaluate the long-range meaning and significance of the movement.



Mauldin, New York Post

"So Much for Domestic and Foreign Problems . . ."

In the short run, the Wallace candidacy hurts Nixon more than Humphrey. Despite the oft publicized defections of such normally Democratic groups as union members and ethnic minorities, the polls have consistently shown that there are only slightly more Wallace Democrats than Wallace Republicans. And when one considers that many Southerners who call themselves Democrats seldom vote the Democratic ticket nationally, the overall picture is one that, if the tide of opinion were less strongly anti-Administration, would seriously worry Mr. Nixon. One recent poll of union members showed Wallace with 49 per cent, Humphrey with 39 per cent, and Nixon with 12 per cent. This and similar polls have been widely interpreted as being most damaging to Humphrey; but when one considers that Nixon won 36 per cent of the union vote in his 1960 campaign against Kennedy, it appears that both major parties have lost about equally. Similarly, an erroneous tendency to regard the South as solidly Democratic has led some analysts to conclude that Humphrey has more to lose than Nixon from Wallace's Dixie drive. Nixon, however, trailed Kennedy by less than 1 per cent in the South, and Republican strength there has grown in the intervening eight years. With Wallace in the race, Nixon will do well to match Barry Goldwater's total of forty-five Southern electoral votes, or even his own 1960 total of thirty-three.

What this suggests is that Wallace is helping Humphrey by siphoning off protest votes that might otherwise go to Nixon. In 1964 Wallace ran best in Wisconsin's Republican areas. As Michael Rogin wrote in the *Public Opinion Quarterly*: "Wallace's vote . . . was strikingly concentrated

in the middle- and upper-class, native stock, suburbs. Apparently, Republican voters in these suburbs crossed over into the Democratic primary to vote for the Alabama Governor." Ironically, however, similar neighborhoods gave Wallace his biggest margins in Indiana and Maryland, where cross filing was not permitted. Democrats who voted for Wallace were, it would seem, demographically marginal Democrats: that is, they were registered Democrats whose economic, social and ethnic characteristics are normally associated with Republicanism. In this autumn of discontent, most of them could have been expected to vote Republican or not at all. The Wallace candidacy allows them to express their hostility to national policies without severing their traditional party ties.

One of the most interesting questions in this year of surprises is what such voters will do with the rest of their ballots. "Franklin Roosevelt is like a ferry boat," local Democratic candidates were assured in 1936, "he'll bring in a lot of garbage in his wake." In this sense, Wallace is like a scow—his candidacy may carry a lot of garbage out to sea. For whatever else it proves to be, 1968 is likely to tumble many incumbents out of office, particularly those from suburban areas where Wallace is strongest. The structure of committee power in the House of Representatives is thus almost certain to be significantly altered this November.

Much as Wallace may unsettle us in 1968, it is the long-range effect of his candidacy that is most interesting and perhaps most significant. Wallace has built his campaign on a politics of pure status. It is, indeed, the clearest manifestation of status politics that this country has witnessed since the temperance crusade of fifty years ago. Joseph Gusfield, in his study of the American Temperance Movement, defines status politics as those in which

what is at issue is the position of the relevant groups in the status order of the society. Such issues polarize the society along lines of status group differentiation, posing conflicts between divergent styles of life. They are contrasted with class issues, which polarize the society along lines of economic interests.

Gusfield describes the drive for Prohibition as a "symbolic crusade," a culturally sanctioned means of expressing deeper social, ethnic and religious hostilities. Passage of the Eighteenth Amendment symbolized the "superior power and prestige of the old middle class in American society."

Similarly, the Wallace vote is a symbol of the power and prestige of the new middle class. It provides a culturally sanctioned means of expressing hostilities, not just toward Negroes but toward a wide range of social groups and values. The Negro, in fact, is not the principal scapegoat. "The real target ain't race," Wallace says in almost every speech. "The real problem is all these intellectual liberals, who can't even park their bicycles straight, trying to run people's lives." To his detractors this is hokum: to them Wallace's cries for law and order and States' rights are euphemisms for keeping blacks in line. For his followers, however, the equation is not so simple. Indeed, in a society permeated by the rhetoric of equality, few of Wal-

lace's supporters consider themselves bigots, and Wallace's vulnerability to the charge of racism probably hurts rather than helps his campaign.

Instead of race, what exercises the typical Wallace supporter is a sense of remoteness from government. The major issues of the past three decades seem irrelevant to his concerns. Wallace offers a new politics, a politics of conviction, of limited interference in people's lives. It is a politics that will not trouble people with issues like poverty, urban renewal or rent subsidies that are irrelevant to their day-to-day lives; a politics that will keep such troublesome phenomena as narcotics, crime, peace demonstrations and college protests out of sight. In this context it is significant that Gallup found voters in the 21 to 29 age group considerably more likely than older voters to be Wallace supporters. For older voters, memories of the Great Depression, or even of the recession of 1958, are too strong to enable them completely to abandon class politics. Issues like the minimum wage, Medicare, Social Security and right-to-work laws still agitate those who have lived through the battles. After a decade of prosperity, however, today's young worker takes the security of his job almost for granted—he has never been through a recession and he doesn't expect to see one. And if he should be laid off—well, there's always unemployment compensation.

This, in short, is the politics of prosperity: the politics of those who can afford to use their vote not to achieve economic objectives but to express moral indignation. This kind of politics has not displaced the old politics of economic and class issues, but it has been laid down on top of it to produce a confusing, sometimes contradictory pattern.

In every previous era of American political history, the emergence of a fully developed system of status politics has been checked by the emergence of a new and overwhelming class conflict. As Gusfield has said of Prohibition:

The most significant element in the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was not directly related to the cultural conflicts and struggles for status that had precipitated the Prohibition issue. It was the change in the tone of political life brought about by the Great Depression that killed the Eighteenth Amendment.

Such a change of tone is unlikely in our times. Our growing ability to manage economic affairs in such a way as to avoid economic catastrophes effectively precludes the dominance of class politics. Class conflicts exist and will continue to exist, but in the political arena they will be forced as never before to compete with status issues for the attention of the electorate. The Wallace campaign has demonstrated the appeal that such issues have for a large segment of the American voting public.

Political commentators will interpret the 1968 election as a turn to the right in the attitudes of the American people. But even if Hubert Humphrey finishes third, it may not symbolize that at all. Lyndon Johnson's landslide victory in 1964 was based primarily on voter reactions to two issues: nuclear war and economic policies. The fear of Goldwater's positions on Social Security, Medicare and

nuclear weapons buried him in an avalanche of "leftist" votes. In 1968, attitudes on these issues have not changed; they have simply become irrelevant. Hubert Humphrey has tried desperately to resurrect them; thus far, he has failed, and his failure may be the handwriting on the wall for the future of American politics.

Lyndon Johnson once said that a great society would be one which asked not just "how much?" but "how good?" Many Americans cannot yet afford to raise this second question—their stakes in the economic services of the government are too high. What sets the Wallace supporters apart from the rest of the community is that they see themselves as sufficiently affluent to raise this question, and they are in fact raising it.

American Pox

WENDELL BERRY

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The American pox is insignificance. One of the consequences of our history up to now is that we have a large and growing number of people who suspect that they don't mean anything—or who are certain that they don't. The ones of these who are white make up the Wallace constituency, and after spending several hours among them at the October 13th rally at the Cow Palace my sense of them takes me a good deal by surprise.

Since I am a rural Kentuckian with some conservative impulses, I expected the rally to produce a distinct charge of reactionary political outrage that I would recognize and be touched by, even though I would not agree—as a skeptic might find himself swinging a little with a good primitive evangelist. I expected Wallace to be The Charismatic Leader, and I was prepared to resist with my head what I feared would be his influence on my nervous system.

No such thing. My overriding impression was that the occasion rose and flowered out of a terrible boredom. Both the band and the hillbilly ensemble produced a slick late-depression ballroom sound, with rhythms that belonged to no activity I could imagine—music straining to seem animated and up to the minute, but coming off more old-fashioned than *Dixie*. I had the weird feeling that I had somehow got tuned into a late-night radio program out of 1939. Wallace said most of the formula sentences that the newspapers have quoted again and again, and that he appeared to take no pleasure in repeating. And the crowd, though it was thoroughly bad-humored, and though it rose to instant fury every time Wallace punched in one of his familiar tag lines, never approached anything resembling political outrage or reaction. They were peeved, soured on themselves, bored to death; they were looking desperately for something big and clear that they could

feel, and thus know beyond doubt, for a change, that they were alive.

The strangeness and fearsomeness of the gathering, for me, was that it was only unconsciously political, in about the same sense that a furious crowd at a high school ball game is unconsciously social. Though its effects will unavoidably be political, its intentions or motives were deeply personal and therefore, in the group, chaotic. There is no denying that it was a highly charged meeting. But the charge did not come from the contact between Wallace and his constituency. It came from the antagonism between the Wallace folks, for whom Wallace seemed more a symbol than a spokesman, and a group of bearded ones who had occupied several of the higher tiers of seats opposite the speaker's stand.

It was this confrontation that the occasion existed for. The bearded ones heckled Wallace; Wallace and his folks heckled the hecklers. It was as though the two groups had had a long evolutionary association, and had achieved perfect symbiosis. Wallace's speech presupposed the presence of the bearded ones, whose presence of course presupposed the speech. They were each other's other half. Hating each other, they needed each other, like partners in a thirty-year-old bad marriage. And between them they had developed a sort of super-rhetoric: the words were negligible, even unnecessary; the tune and the tone were everything. It was the language of a politics that is all effect, without content. It was the unknown tongue. In the seizures of glossolalia, which rose regularly like volcanoes above the wide lowland of boredom and peevishness, everybody was transfigured. There was a great pumping of adrenalin. The Wallace folks around me were all working their jaw muscles, mad out of their heads, ready to kill a hippie for Christ, ready to seize one of those stinking long-haired pseudo-intellectuals and eat him alive, and so strike a blow against cannibalism.

"Come up here," Wallace told the bearded ones, "and I'll autograph your sandals for you." And I gathered that he didn't mean it as a joke. He meant that if *he*, George Wallace, autographed their sandals he would use poison ink, and they would go around limping for the rest of their unwashed, anarchist lives. And the bearded ones chanted back: "*Sieg! Heil! Sieg! Heil! Sieg! Heil!*"

In the extreme rhetoric of their meeting they were each other's completion and fulfillment. It was like the desperate love embrace of the last two dinosaurs, hopeless of offspring, but threatening all the countryside around with an awful trampling and wallowing. They saw their fate in each other, and nobody liked what he saw. But there was a considerable difference in the reactions. Wallace and his people responded with a fury so humorless as to be drab. They couldn't *stand* it. It drove them to adrenalin the way in better times it might have driven them to whiskey. But the bearded ones, though they too hated what they saw, also saw an outrageous joke in it, and they played out their part with much gusto and style.

For that reason as much as any, I sided with them. But not much. No one could enter that contest without submitting to the burden of political irrelevance and unintelligibility. It was a mixed mob, incoherent and dangerous.

AFRICAN AUSTERITY

JOHN HATCH

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In a hotel ballroom in Kitwe, Zambia's copper-belt gay spot, I met the local government party boss. He and his wife were the only Africans visible. The hotel is the weekend focus for the swinging set of the younger white miners, where Russian caviar is imported for the menu. The expatriate European miners—still essential to copper production—form a labor aristocracy, paid at rates that are probably higher in comparative terms than any other wages in the world. One of their sports is flying their private planes between the mining towns strung along the copper belt just south of the Congo border, or to the game parks in the west. Yet, just a few days previously, that same African leader had been demanding that his African fellow countrymen abjure the fleshpots, sacrifice normal celebrations, like honeymoons, and live austere, hard-working lives in order to contribute to the economic construction of their new nation.

In Nairobi, capital of Kenya, an official of the opposition Kenya People's Union told me that one of the major reasons for the quarrel between old stalwarts like Odinga, Kaggia and Oneko and President Kenyatta was the degree of luxury encouraged among the country's ministers and public men. They had objected to the buying of farms, large cars and business interests by the President himself and his colleagues at a time when the majority of Kenya's inhabitants are still eking out a bare existence on their small plots or vainly seeking work in the towns. Almost all the opposition candidates had just been disqualified from the local government elections on the ground of having incorrectly completed their nomination papers. No government candidate suffered the same fate.

In Tanzania, parliament was celebrating a victory over President Nyerere's government. Last year Nyerere and his Tanganyika African National Union—the governing and only party on the mainland (Zanzibar, the other half of Tanzania, has its own party)—called for austerity throughout the nation. It demanded that all party, government and other public leaders maintain themselves on their official salaries, discarding any incomes derived from property or business interests. This year the government pointed out that its ministers and chief officials do not qualify for pensions and therefore live in an atmosphere of insecurity. It proposed that this be assuaged by the granting of gratuities. Despite the fact that Tanzania is a single-party state, its parliament has demonstrated both its freedom to speak its mind and its ability to criticize effectively by rejecting the proposal on a private member's motion. The government immediately withdrew the project after it had been defeated in parliament.

The issue of austerity has become focal to the African political scene. It calls to mind the early days of the British Labour movement, which drew on strong nonconformist

sources and bitterly criticized any leader who compromised with the fleshly temptations of the capitalist world. (Ramsay MacDonald's predilection for the company of duchesses and the argument as to whether or not Labour ministers should wear court dress were matters of national concern.) African states are now becoming divided into two categories: those which try to enforce austerity from the top, and those which believe that leaders have the right to enjoy the sweets of office, as their colonial masters did before them.

This has become much more serious than a social argument. In French-speaking Africa, governments have fallen, on the one hand when they have tried to enforce salary cuts on civil servants, on the other when the masses have become infuriated by the ostentation of their leaders. The collapse of civilian regimes in Ghana, Nigeria and Sierra Leone was closely connected with the riches displayed by ministers and public officials and with the inevitable corruption attendant on the search for such luxury. In Sierra Leone, too, a major accusation against the military regime which succeeded civilian government was that its members had become corrupt and were accumulating private fortunes. This suspicion then led to a second revolution, with the army being replaced by another set of civilian politicians.

Ghana has provided the clearest example of the political significance of ostentatious wealth rubbing elbows with poverty. The downfall there of President Kwame Nkrumah was not caused by inept policies, as had generally been assumed. On paper, his basic policies met squarely the needs of his country. The imaginative Volta River scheme, for example, could have provided the hydroelectric power on which an industrial revolution covering the whole of West Africa could have been based. The port and industrial new town of Tema is even now contributing a large proportion of the economic growth of Ghana. The tremendous expansion of education still provides the country with the ever-increasing number of trained young men and women on which the future of economic development depends. As in the rest of the continent, the absence of a serious indigenous entrepreneurial class made it imperative that such large-scale projects be undertaken by the government rather than left to private initiative.

But there were two flaws in Nkrumah's application of his policies. First, he could never resist spending large sums of public revenues on unproductive, prestige ventures like expensive embassies, huge public buildings and costly aircraft. In other words, his government did not practice austerity, or concentrate its resources on measures designed in the short or long term to raise the living standards of its people. Second, although Nkrumah himself was aware of the danger and frequently exhorted his colleagues to avoid it, he was never able to curb the ostentation of his public men, their accumulation of private fortunes, and all the corruption and inefficiency which inevitably accompanied this attitude. That he himself participated in this organized graft is yet to be proved, for

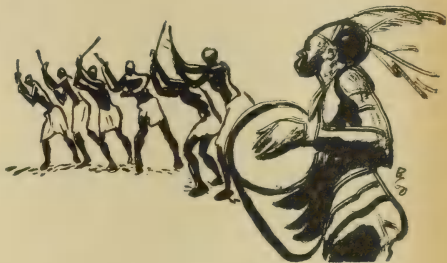
it is unwise to accept at their face value the accusations of the military regime which overthrew him in 1966, and which obviously needed to discredit him. But that his chief colleagues did so was obvious during his period in office. He frequently upbraided them publicly for owning large houses and indulging in luxurious living; on occasion he even disciplined some of them. But he could never stamp out the habit, and in the end his regime was discredited among many of his people for the very evils he had so frequently denounced.

These lessons from both English-speaking and French-speaking West Africa have not been lost on the most intelligent of East and Central African leaders. It is true that Hastings Banda in Malawi risks suffering the same fate as Nkrumah by reckless public expenditure—as, for instance, the building of a new capital city at Lilongwe; that Jomo Kenyatta's indulgence in expensive tastes often seems taken straight from the book of European colonialists; that even young Milton Obote in Uganda allowed himself to be persuaded into spending a vast sum of public money on his wedding (he has learned better since). But increasingly over the past two years the younger leaders of East and Central Africa have recognized that it is in their interest to equate austerity with nation building and the drive toward social justice. The previous generation of leaders, men like Nkrumah, Kenyatta, Banda and Nkumbula (in Northern Rhodesia, now Zambia), taught their followers that colonial rule was the main barrier between them and the comfortable life they saw their colonial masters enjoying. This was part of the anti-colonial strategy. Inevitably, though, it raised high expectations of rapidly increased standards of life once independence was attained. The frustration of these expectations has caused more revolts in post-independence Africa than any other single issue.

The modern generation of African leaders—not all of whom have yet attained power—recognize that political independence is only a first stage toward full national sovereignty. They recognize that the vast majority of their people have not yet approached the fringe of 20th-century life; in Tanzania, for example, despite increases over the seven years of independence, the average annual per capita income is about \$60. They have also discovered since they took responsibility for the economies of their countries that colonial rule did little to equip them for the development essential to attain modern goals. Almost invariably the European powers thought of their colonies as suppliers of raw materials and food, or as markets for their own exports, rather than as areas to be developed into modern economies. Communications led to the nearest ports and inter-African trade or internal domestic traffic was almost totally neglected. The British, French and Belgians all grafted their own institutions onto their dependencies, regardless of their relevance to local traditions. Education systems, civil services, legal procedures and language were all Europe-oriented; trading and defense patterns all geared to the Western bloc. Above all, of course, the very boundaries of the colonies were artificially drawn according to European rivalries during

the period of imperial dissection of the African continent at the end of last century. No colony ever coincided with an indigenous national unit. Since independence, therefore, every leader of an African state has had first to find the means of cementing various, often fragmented, tribal communities into a nation.

With so many handicaps and such an abundance of centrifugal elements menacing national unity, the new generation of African leaders are increasingly concentrating on economic development as a unifying force. They realize that if their nations are to become free in any real



sense they will have to control their own economies from bottom to top. They have therefore consigned to history the evils of colonial rule and are exhorting their peoples to apply themselves to the task of building nations free from foreign economic dependence and capable of providing their citizens with rising living standards. That this outlook serves both political and economic needs is a happy coincidence.

Since the downfall of Nkrumah, leadership in most inter-African affairs has passed from the west to the east of the continent. President Nyerere of Tanzania has most decisively stepped into Nkrumah's shoes, though the difference of temperament between the men has inevitably produced a change in the character of this leadership. Nkrumah displayed a form of arrogance in public that is quite foreign to Nyerere's modest personality. Even when Nkrumah was still in power Nyerere countered his Pan-African Union policy with a federal approach to African cooperation. Since then the Tanzanian President has led the attack on Britain's Rhodesia policy, has taken the lead in trying to end the Nigerian civil war and has desperately held together the Organization of African Unity despite the intense strains of the past two years. But most important, perhaps, Nyerere almost alone has firmly set an example in principles of economic development which have universal relevance throughout independent Africa. He has proclaimed that the objective of social equality is the central purpose of economic progress and has pointed out with unchallengeable logic that it can be achieved only by sharing poverty until greater national wealth accrues.

The bible of the austerity school is Rene Dumont's *False Start in Africa*. This book, in its English translation, has had more practical effect on recent African gov-

ernment policies than any other piece of literature. It became compulsory reading for every member of Tanzania's government; the same example was then followed in Zambia. The Arusha Declaration of 1967, which laid down a creed against which every action of party or government in Tanzania should be tested, clearly drew its root inspiration from Dumont. A great deal of President Kaunda's Mulungushi speech in April of this year, which charted the way ahead for Zambia, was drawn from the same source. Even where leaders and governments are not yet committed to the Dumont thesis, younger activists, either in government or in opposition, are inspired by its message; and every government has to answer its arguments.

The Dumont theme is simply that discipline and hard work are first essentials in the battle for greater wealth; that, since the vast majority of Africans live in the countryside, a rural renaissance must be accepted as the starting point of development, and industrial growth must be geared to locally produced materials. Austerity and discipline are essential for this effort, and the social evils of alcoholism, luxury and ostentation introduced by colonial influences must be exorcised.

The Arusha Declaration, accepted as the guideline to the future of Tanzania by government and party, is based on the destruction of exploitation, control of the means of production by the peasants and workers through their government and cooperatives, democratic election of the government, and the pursuit of Socialist principles in the life of every party member. National policy is to be based on self-reliance, on hard work rather than the accumulation or dispersal of money, on the efforts of the nation's citizens rather than on gifts or loans from abroad. Emphasis is to be diverted from building industries, which require foreign capital and technical knowledge, to developing agriculture in the rural areas for the production both of more food and of cash crops. The primary objective of industrial growth is to provide substitutes for imports and improve the balance of trade. The basic requirements of this policy are hard work and the use of intelligence. Where foreign capital is obtained, it must be used to further these central objectives of the nation and it must be secured from a variety of sources to avoid concentrated dependence which could influence policy toward one section of the international world. Thus an American loan of just over \$11 million is welcomed to make the Great North Road from Zambia to Tanzania a highway of international standard and improve trading communications, while the Chinese prepare to build a railroad between the same two countries, and the Italians have just completed an oil pipe line. The majority of expatriate teachers and civil servants remain British.

Of course such a self-disciplined policy raises many problems. It will be a long time before party officials, on whom the major burden falls, can be expected to attain the required caliber; the cooperatives are often too big or ambitious and can be expected to suffer many setbacks before organization and performance are efficient; the urban, industrial workers, together with many civil servants, district and party officials will not readily surrender

their privileged position in a country likely to remain very largely rural for many years; there will continue to be those who consider that the fruits of independence should rightly be theirs, that large salaries, profits, cars and houses are their legitimate reward.

But Tanzania has set its face toward social justice as a national objective. It is attempting the unique feat of leaping straight from communal subsistence into socialism without going through the phase of capitalism. Its government has taken control of banking, insurance, parts of the export-import business and certain aspects of industry. It has openly proclaimed that the interests of its massive peasant population have precedence over the privileged industrial and service workers. This presents a direct challenge to the development principles of the rest of the continent.

Currently it seems most probable that Zambia will be next to follow the Tanzanian line. President Kaunda has not yet accepted the premises of his friend Nyerere. In fact, in his Mulungushi speech he asserted that "To a humanist there is nothing wrong in owning some property." His main concern is to see that Zambian citizens join the property-owning class by insisting that Zambian businesses get first priority in contracts and facilities. As he has also announced that his government will take majority control in certain firms, he must intend, if he can, to prevent foreign industry and commerce from continuing to dominate his country (although he promises foreign capital further protection).

It is because of this desire to secure local economic control that I expect Kaunda eventually to be forced into following the Tanzanian example and taking much firmer direction of his economy. He has already warned against the dangers of creating a Zambian capitalism, has abhorred "the exploitation of human beings by other human beings," and has gone so far as to assert that "economic power can belong to the people only if we work the cooperative way in every field of economic endeavor." His development plans have shown the same concern for bridging the gap between urban and rural life that is found in Tanzania. It will certainly be much more difficult to practice austerity for social justice in Zambia than in Tanzania, for the contrasts are much greater in the former country and the riches a great deal more profuse. Yet the direction of policies in the two has begun to converge.

Meanwhile, the first serious stage of the war between white and black in southern Africa, which has been seen as inevitable for years, has physically started. The attacks of "freedom fighters" in Rhodesia began in August, 1967; they have continued ever since and are now combated not only by Rhodesian security forces but by South African units sent to aid the Rhodesians. Zambia is in the front line, for the guerrilla warriors usually pass through its territory to cross into Rhodesia. This inevitably drives Zambia economically closer to Tanzania, for the northern routes, now by road and pipe line, later by rail, are the only safe outlet for its copper and import route for coal and oil as an alternative to its traditional Rhodesian communications to the sea.

These trends all suggest that the friendship between Nyerere and Kaunda, together with the increased co-

operation which has been growing since Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence in 1965, will eventually culminate in a federation or union of the two countries.

In Uganda and Kenya the future is much more speculative. Uganda is trying at present to forge national unity out of traditionally rival kingdoms. Kenya is attempting to diffuse land ownership by resettling thousands of Africans on former white farms. A great deal of foreign capital is also entering the country, building proceeds apace, and Nairobi increasingly resembles a wealthy American tourist center. Meanwhile, the politicians are engaged in the dangerous game of jockeying for position in the Kenyatta succession sweepstakes. What happens when Kenyatta ceases to be President is anyone's guess.

Yet both Uganda and Kenya are now more intimately

linked with Tanzania than is Zambia itself. From last December the three have been members of the East African Community, a common market with joint institutions. The object is to strengthen mutual interests and counter the economic rivalry which has become apparent among them since independence. With their varying outlooks and different problems they may well find themselves uneasy bedfellows. Yet it is in this crucible of experimentation, perhaps widened by the inclusion of Zambia, that the most significant developments for Africa of the 1970s will take place. Those who are eager to read the direction of African political, economic and social progress should watch carefully the fate of Presidents Nyerere, Obote and Kaunda, together with the maneuvers to secure a successor to President Kenyatta.

MICHIGAN WALK-IN

NEW POLITICS FOR DEMOCRATS

DOUGLAS CRASE

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Ann Arbor

There has been no McCarthy walkout from the Michigan Democratic Party since Chicago. Something more important has happened—a walk-in. At the call of the state McCarthy organization and the Michigan Conference of Concerned Democrats (MCCD), about 450 dissident Democrats convened in Detroit's Cobo Hall on September 28 to proclaim "The New Democratic Coalition of Michigan." While much of America's demoralized Left flirts with fourth parties or reads Che's diary, the "New Democrats" have embarked in Michigan on an experiment whose grand purpose is nothing less than the radical reconstruction of the Democratic Party.

The activists who met in Detroit to lay plans for this effort were, with few exceptions, middle-class white reformers from MCCD and McCarthy chapters throughout the urban areas of southern Michigan. Sporting the usual assortment of beards, buttons and sandals, they made it clear that new politics was in session, although one recalled seeing many of their faces at earlier meetings of the old politics of the Democratic Party.

After an often dramatic debate that stretched from mid-afternoon to early evening, the New Dems overwhelmingly refused to support Hubert Humphrey. But their presence and enthusiasm made clear their general conviction that the Democratic Party may still be shaped into an instrument for basic change in America. Much has happened since the first McCarthy-for-President Committee was formed here in November, 1967, to make that conviction plausible in the context of Michigan politics.

The groundswell of discontent with the Johnson Administration did not prevent 72½ of Michigan's 96 National Convention votes from going to Humphrey. The delegation to Chicago, however, was never within reach of new politics. It had been named at a state convention the character of which was determined, according to state law, by precinct elections held in 1966—two years before Chicago. Where the delegate game was concerned, the McCarthy and Kennedy forces couldn't even get into the ball park.

When new politics teams have been able to play, however, encouraging changes have taken place in the Michigan game. The most dramatic example was the recent state convention at which newly elected McCarthy-MCCD delegates combined with liberal regulars to adopt overwhelmingly a resolution supporting the minority, or peace plank, on Vietnam, which had just been defeated by Humphrey regulars in Chicago.

There are two reasons for the liberal shift in Michigan. Most important are the dissenters themselves who, for the last tormented year, have refused to give up the notion that they could effect radical changes from within the party. Now their hard political work, done at the prompting of Prof. Otto Feinstein of the McCarthy movement, Al Fishman of the MCCD, and the fiery former state chairman Zolton Ferency, is beginning to pay off.

Second, however, is the liberal nature of much of the Michigan party itself; it is not the private club of an intransigent Richard Daley. The Michigan delegation, while voting for Humphrey at Chicago, supported the minority resolution on Vietnam as well. Among the party leadership, U.S. Sen. Philip Hart and state chairman Sander Levin voted for McCarthy and McGovern respectively. Thus changes in response to new politics power are partly due to willing spirits already established within the party. The growing power of dissenters has both forced and enabled organization liberals to make accommodating re-

sponses. Those responses, in turn, have made easier the continuing task of dissent.

The most dramatic changes have come in response to the McCarthy-MCCD attack on the party's own organizational bedrock—the precinct delegate. The character of the party begins in the precincts, and the delegate elections of August 6 afforded the first test of that character since McCarthy's initial challenge to LBJ.

McCarthy and MCCD volunteers set to work, circulating petitions, running candidates in sparsely populated townships where the party had not elected delegates for years, and ranging its strongest candidates against the most objectionable of the old guard. In many counties, party regulars were either complacently unaware of what was happening, or too lazy to do anything about it. When the results came in it was clear that the McCarthy-MCCD forces had won a major victory, now controlling perhaps 35 to 40 per cent of the party's precinct delegates. Feinstein claimed nine of Michigan's nineteen Congressional districts.

The fall state convention, which met in Grand Rapids the day after Chicago, reflected proportionally the influx of new politics delegates at the party's base. Tired Humphrey delegates, who have never yet understood what happened to their party in Chicago, nor why the news media favored those bearded, beaded demonstrators, came home the next day to find their state convention swarming with what could only be—yes!—more hippies. And McCarthy supporters, who almost seemed disappointed not to find blue-helmeted police awaiting them, were spoiling for a fight. The threat of the insurgent delegate strength, however, enabled state chairman Levin to bring conservatives into an all-night leaders' caucus with McCarthy-MCCD chiefs where, finally, the aging New Deal confronted the reality of new politics.

The dramatic results of the caucus were visible later on the convention floor, where the Michigan party officially endorsed the minority report on Vietnam and condemned Mayor Daley for "the shocking display of brutality on the streets of Chicago." Out on the floor, young McCarthy delegates wearing black arm bands were fastening HHH buttons to their lapels. The party seemed to have compromised its differences.

"Only time will tell, however," warned a reflective Senator Hart, "whether they have been harmonized and buried or just papered over." Later that same day, Vice President Humphrey undid much of the work of the Michigan liberals with an insensitive statement supporting Daley's Gestapo tactics in Chicago. The HHH buttons so recently pinned to McCarthy lapels were quickly discarded.

Now the New Democrats have begun in Detroit what may be a protracted and impassioned debate: how do you reform a Democratic Party, part of which is willing, the rest of which will never yield? When most of the New Coalition leaders say "reform," they are clearly thinking of "control." "I think that we will later see ourselves as leaders of a majority," Feinstein told the crowd in Detroit.

Much time was consumed in the hallways, workshops and restaurants discussing whether new politics "credibility" would be enhanced more by merging into the regular

party as a demonstration of good faith, or by maintaining a separate identity with which to vex the regulars. But if reform really means political control, the New Democrats should not fog the strategy debate with questions of credibility. If control is the aim, credibility is simply an ambiguous euphemism for political power. Power is what the New Coalition must be willing wholeheartedly to seek, and use, if it intends to change America.

For many new politics Democrats, unaccustomed to power and predisposed against it, the notion may come as a shock. But Feinstein and Fishman must make the reality of the power imperative clear to their troops. Zoltan Ferency began that education in Detroit. "Political parties are an avenue to power," he told the reverent faces. "Power makes change." When that basic fact is understood it is clear that the interests of the New Democrats can be served only by maintaining an identity separate from the regulars. "A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority," warned Thoreau, "It is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its own weight." Each time the party has responded it has responded because faced with identifiable power—nothing else.

The fundamental issue of long-range power strategy became hopelessly tangled, however, in arguments over the effect of endorsement or non-endorsement of Humphrey on the Coalition's "credibility," which in this context usually stood for "moral consistency." As a result, some New Dems seemed unable to separate the long-range goals of the Coalition from the immediate tactics of the Presidential election. They are in a moral quandary, where a vote for Humphrey is a cop-out because it destroys the credibility of the Coalition, but a protest vote is a cop-out if Nixon or Wallace destroys the climate for reform.

When the issue of long-term power strategy is separated from the tactical Presidential choice, however, there is no reason why support of Humphrey has to be inconsistent with the maintenance of an independent militant identity. The necessity of a separate identity does not require a separatist position on every issue, only a position separately arrived at. If New Democrats were to vote for Humphrey this fall, it is unlikely that the party would forget who its insurgents were by January.

Emotional appeals from both sides totally obscured the issue. Impassioned analogies to the Weimar Republic raised the specter of gas ovens in America. State Sen. Coleman Young, now the party's first black national committeeman, and the Rev. Channing Phillips, both urged support for Humphrey by hitting the New Dems in their white liberal guilt complexes. "We have to reform the Democratic Party, but we have no right to endanger the lives of black people," Phillips argued.

The whites listened respectfully, but they rose as a body to applaud when Mort Furay, president of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, shouted into the mike that Humphrey's "commitments are to our enemies, and don't ever forget it. They are trying to ram a *minority* candidate down your throats!" When a McCarthyite stood to assert that it didn't matter which of the three was elected, they were *all* Fascists, the convention howled its approval.

In the confusion of this emotional climate, Feinstein,

standing among his troops like a great swaying bear, recommended the adoption of a "no formal position" resolution in order to preserve unity among the New Coalition. For an organization that must maintain a separate power identity, it is ironical that unity could be maintained only by passing a resolution which allowed members to make up their minds "solely as a matter of personal conscience."

If control of the party is the goal, other tactical decisions must also be made with the power strategy unobscured. There was considerable confusion in Detroit, for example, over whether to support fourth-party candidates. But this is a tactical, not strategic decision and depends on the situation. If support of fourth-party candidates is an instrument of reform, as in Ann Arbor where it might defeat the redneck Democratic sheriff, then it is a legitimate power gambit. Whether it is "credible" in the eyes of local party hierarchies is irrelevant.

Finally, New Democratic leaders, especially Ferency and state Sen. Roger Craig, must remind their rank and file that the price of power in the party is unflagging involvement in its affairs and unceasing vigilance to protect each foot of territory gained. New Democrats must look forward to being burned, for the New Dealers have been around since the New Deal, and they have acquired a lot of political savvy with which to trip up the bearded upstart. But in an amateur, volunteer organization, if you can make yourself indispensable, you *become* the party.

There is no doubt that the New Coalition looks forward to another precinct delegate onslaught in 1970. It counts on the mounting frustration to add to the substantial delegate base it has already gained, and hopes that New Dealers are too tired and demoralized to mount a counter-revolution. If they are right, new politics will determine Michigan's choice for Democratic Presidential nominee in 1972.

NIXON'S NOSTRUMS

Tax Bait in the Ghetto

CHARLES RABB

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Richard Nixon favors tax incentives as a way to develop the ghetto. Says the candidate: "Free enterprise goes where the profits are. Tax incentives can place these profits where the people are, and where the need is." Vice President Humphrey favors, but with less emphasis, "tax and other incentives for the building of low- and middle-income housing."

Mr. Nixon points to the "economic crisis confronting America today," which he says rules out a massive infusion of additional federal funds to the nation's cities. He proposes instead "things which can be done now—which do not require the massive spending which can neither be realistically promised nor responsibly delivered"—such as tax credits, increased government loans to ghetto enterprises, loan guarantee programs and "active efforts to interest traditional lending institutions in ghetto development."

The argument for tax credits runs like this: Our urban ghettos need additional moderate- and low-income housing; the unskilled inhabitants of the ghettos need training and jobs. Private enterprise knows how to do the job, but won't be attracted to the area unless the return is sufficiently generous. And what better way to entice private enterprise than with a tax credit or some other sort of tax break?

Adherents of this approach point out that tax incentives work automatically and, because they are imbedded in

the tax code and not subject to Congressional uncertainties, permit industry to make long-range plans. And, if the 7 per cent investment credit is any guideline, tax credits work. Furthermore, it is argued, in a time of resistance to spending for social purposes, tax credits may be all that Congress will accept.

While few question this political appeal, a study of tax incentives, prepared for the National Commission on Urban Problems, rates them as a device of dubious effectiveness in dealing with the problems of core cities. Richard E. Slitor, author of the report, is an economist or the Treasury Department's tax staff who undertook the study while on a year's leave of absence. Apart from his institutional bias against any attempts to weaken the tax base, Slitor feels that tax incentives have several inherent weaknesses.

Under such a scheme, ghetto investment would be largely confined to those large corporations best able to take advantage of the credit. Community organizations, labor unions and churches, which have no need for tax savings to offset other profitable enterprises, would be frozen out if subsidy were dropped in favor of tax write-offs.

Slitor notes also that in the complex area of social and economic improvement, it is unrealistic to expect tax credits to operate without selective guidelines. Instead of facilitating bureaucratic procedure, the approach would make the Internal Revenue Service responsible for judging the suitability of housing programs.

As for the better-than-nothing argument—that tax in-

centives may be the only way to get any further ghetto subsidy out of Congress—it probably is no longer valid. With the increasing demand for tax credits as the answer to a broad range of problems has come greater Congressional awareness that a dollar lost from revenue increases the budget deficit as much as a dollar spent.

Chairman Wilbur D. Mills (D., Ark.) of the House Ways and Means Committee, Capitol Hill's most influential tax voice, said of tax credits in a House speech last December 13: "They are riding a rising crest of popular-



ity as a means of providing a subsidy—or incentive as it is sometimes called—for programs we apparently do not quite want to face as direct expenditure programs."

Mills said one of his basic objections to what he calls "backdoor spending" is that most of the benefits go to firms or individuals who would have undertaken the investment in any case; the credit thus amounts to a "wind-fall." He continued: "The increase in expenditures for the particular purpose that results from a tax credit could be achieved at a much lower cost, in terms of impact on the budget deficit, if the additional investment were financed through direct expenditures. The expenditure could more readily be channeled only to those who would not otherwise undertake the activity."

Former Sen. Paul H. Douglas, chairman of the National Commission on Urban Problems, feels that many politicians would rather vote for tax credits than for straight subsidies because it enables them to evade the charge that they are spending the public's money. "But the public always pays," he adds.

Perhaps the most unfortunate effect of stressing tax incentives is that it encourages the impression that ghetto problems can be solved by big business, with little cost to the taxpayer. Private investment cannot replace the public effort in the ghetto. The private sector cannot build at a profit housing within reach of the poor. Construction in the core cities is not cheap. Land costs are high and rising. Real estate taxes are steep. Building codes are complex. Insurance comes at a premium. The ghetto, in short, is an unpromising investment.

Yet we cannot accept the alternative of permitting a steady deterioration of the urban slums. The price is too high, both in human misery and in the threat such conditions pose to the stability of the community at large.

Much of the present difficulty exists because the government has not brought its resources directly to bear on the problem. Urban renewal programs have been used to develop luxury or middle-income housing and commercial centers, often with the effect of further reducing the limited supply of dwellings available to the poor. [See "New Haven: Renewal and Riots" by Dane Archer, *The Nation*, June 3.] Tax laws frequently work to discourage a real estate investor from maintaining his property or holding onto it for an extended period.

The public housing program, systematically undernourished by Congressional hostility and now by war-imposed budget restrictions, has produced a woefully inadequate 650,000 units in thirty years. The Riot Commission proposed that 600,000 low- and moderate-income housing units be built in 1969 alone and 6 million units in the next five years.

Although the political winds may be blowing the other way, what this calls for is an increased government role in the ghetto—and greater federal spending.

To the extent that talk of tax credits and other incentives postpones or clouds public awareness of the problem, it is an impediment to the urban dialogue. This does not rule out a role for private development capital in the core cities. With resources far greater than the public sector can at present command, private capital must be actively and deeply involved in the ghetto. But its contribution must be viewed as a supplement, not a substitute, for the public sector.

Conviction Hoax

FRANK SERRI

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Eugene McCarthy has said wittily of Richard Nixon's campaign methods: he "punts on the first down." This erratic and irresponsible attempt to get rid of problems is beautifully illustrated by the candidate's comment in the field of criminal law: "If the conviction rate was doubled in this country, it would do more to eliminate crime in the future than a quadrupling of the funds for any government war on poverty."

It would be difficult to pack into one sentence more irrelevancy and a more complete misunderstanding of the nature and magnitude of the crime problem. The exact opposite of what Nixon proposed would come much nearer the truth: "Quadruple the funds for government war on poverty, and the conviction rate will take care of itself."

Exhortations to double the conviction rate—without denying it—imply erroneously that the key to the solution is the courts. It seems to say that if the courts were not soft on criminals," the conviction rate would escalate and the citizenry would once more know tranquillity. It embodies the popular but incorrect notion that what happens in the courts makes the crime rate go up or down. It misconceives wholly the nature of the crime problem. It overlooks the central principle: the roots of crime are not in the courtroom but in the society.

The opposite line of argument—that court decisions do not increase or decrease the crime rate—is powerfully supported by Justice Fortas in *re Gault* 387 U.S. 1. He correctly pointed out that juvenile delinquency under the 14th Amendment, with no "handcuffs" on police, no warnings, no counsel, jumped enormously—by a far greater percentage than did the crime rates for adults. The basic statistics of the situation were succinctly stated by James Reston recently in *The New York Times*, though on this occasion Mr. Reston strangely failed to read the implications of his own research:

For this we get about what we pay for. That is to say, we get a system that leads to arrests in only about 25% of all serious crimes. We get convictions in only about 10% of those arrested, and in the end, those actually incarcerated amount to only about 2%.

The decisive figure there is "arrests in only 25% of all serious crimes." Out of 100 crimes reported, twenty-five are never solved, the perpetrators never arrested. And, of course, no one is brought to court. That is the great weak spot, the huge gap in our enforcement system. For 75 per cent of the wrongdoers, "conviction rate" is meaningless. Court decisions and practices can't be applied to persons never arrested.

If Nixon talked not of "doubling the conviction rate" but of "doubling the clearance rate"—clearing by arrests 50 per cent instead of 25 per cent of the reported crimes—he would be striking closer to the center of the target. Such a doubling of cases solved would be a big advance in law enforcement. But it cannot be achieved by any glib announcement of how "doubling the conviction rate" outweighs quadrupling the funds on war against poverty. It would require a major, a massive, outlay, increasing enormously the size and the effectiveness of every evidence-gathering and law-enforcement agency in the country.

There is a second, a lesser but nevertheless formidable gap in law enforcement. It occurs after arrest but before indictment. Arresting a suspect is not all there is to it. Sufficient evidence must be gathered to produce an indictment. If the law-enforcement agencies are unable to bring enough evidence before a grand jury to justify indictment, it is meaningless to talk of "a conviction rate after arrest."

The only conviction rate that means anything, that really tests the effectiveness of our court system, is the conviction rate *after indictment*. Forty per cent of those arrested are indicted: what happens to them? Between 85 per cent and 90 per cent *plead guilty*. Reston misses this controlling result. By erroneously lumping together the dismissals

after arrest with the conviction rate after indictment, and by overlooking the enormous proportion of defendants who would rather plead guilty than stand trial, he arrives at the totally misleading figure of "10 per cent conviction rate after arrest."

Obviously, when you do not possess enough evidence to indict, it makes no sense to talk of a "conviction rate." Only when an indictment has been obtained do you enter the field of possible conviction. *After indictment*, the conviction rate tests the effectiveness of our court system. And the answer leaps from the record: 85 per cent to 90 per cent plead guilty! The report of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice (1967) states: "Most defendants who are convicted—as many as 90 per cent in some jurisdictions—are not tried."

The significance of this startling percentage of guilty pleas has been overlooked by some able judges. Judge Holtzoff still repeats (*New York Law Journal*, January 24, 1966) that "the primary tool of the criminal law is the trial." The primary tool, rather, is the guilty plea. The court system works. It convicts: about 90 per cent by guilty pleas and probably more than half of the balance of 10 per cent after trial. In the Federal Court, Southern District, New York, the total has reached 97 per cent.



This makes irrelevant all talk about "doubling the conviction rate."

When about 90 per cent plead guilty, and more than half the remainder are convicted after trial, the crime problem moves out of the courtroom and back into society. It is there that this tremendous problem must be investigated, there that far greater efforts must be made to curb and reduce it. And, as the President's Commission on Law Enforcement said: "No single formula, no single theory, no single generalization can explain the vast range of behavior called crime."

ABYSS OF PROGRESS

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In a previous article (*The Nation*, November 27, 1967) I elaborated on the simple proposition that an index which evaluated the annual growth of man-made goods while assiduously ignoring the annual growth of man-made "bads"—the noxious spillover from modern industry and its products—could not be relied upon to plot the course of "real" income over time. Moreover, if the condition of society is such that the annual increment of goods adds a measure of choice that is marginal to people's contentment, while the annual increment of "bads" deprives them of environmental choices that are vital to their sense of well-being, a decline in social welfare may accompany the observed growth of GNP.

In principle, at least, many of these vexatious spillover effects can be measured, though in practice they are only beginning to enter into the cost-benefit studies of a number of public investment projects. The public, however, is becoming increasingly aware of the more blatant spillovers—motorized din on the ground and in the air, pollution of air and water, fume, smog, stench, the destruction of natural beauty and the "slumification" of built-up areas. Its concern has begun to shift these effects gradually toward the center of political discussion. If, eventually, legislation against the more corrosive side effects begins to curb their incidence, the case for economic growth would become somewhat less vulnerable than it is at present.

That case would remain weak, however, so long as we remained alert to the influence of less tangible factors that bear strongly on human welfare. The precondition of sustained economic growth is sustained discontent. Indeed, the success of the advertising agency turns on its ability to implant dissatisfactions in the minds of men; to impel them to earn more and to spend more in the vain endeavor to catch up with a receding horizon of material fulfillment. Again, sustained economic growth entails sustained innovation which, in turn, implies continuous obsolescence, not only of technology itself but of the associated skills and expertise. Specialized knowledge, experience, dexterity, accumulated over the years, the products of hard study and apprenticeship, can become obsolete today in a matter of months. For the scores of thousands that pour annually from our institutions of higher learning there is no assurance about the future, no resting on laurels; they are destined to live on the brink of obsolescence. Inevitably, the initial exhilaration of the younger generation, at the prospect of living in a world of continuous technological change, transforms itself over the years into a state of perpetual anxiety. Finally, the more significant product innovations—the automobile, self-service, television—all act to reduce interdependence, to isolate people from direct communication and direct human experience.

Now intangible consequences of economic growth such as these may be conceded without allowing that they should be decisive. The case for growth could look for support in a number of other developments which, judged at least 20th-century standards, are socially desirable: the advance of medical knowledge, the conquest of poverty, the spread of education. I shall have nothing to say here of the first except that no previous generation has depended so heavily on drugs and medical treatment. Of the second, I confine myself to the cynical observation made by Arnold Toynbee that the wealthiest country, the United States, is the wealthiest country in the world in which to be poor. On the question of education, however, I cannot resist more expansive reflections.

In the late 18th century, even in the 19th century when enlightened opinion came down in favor of nurture rather than nature, and reformers believed in the infinite adaptability of man, the belief that greater leisure for masses would be used in self-improvement was not altogether implausible. Today it is. Though a smattering of "instant culture" is certainly one of the earmarks of professional and middle classes, there is no hard evidence to suggest that the mass of ordinary people are interested in culture for its own sake. If the culture pill can be sugared and passed off as entertainment on television screens, will doubtless be swallowed without a murmur. But fact remains that it is the sugar, not the culture, that is in demand.

It can be observed, on the other hand, that where the link between potential earnings and education is evidence, the interest in education of people, at all levels of society, distinctly quickens. Thus when economists apply themselves to measure the value of education—order, generally, to justify the expansion of higher education—it is to vocational education that they turn. But they justify economic growth by reference to the expansion of educational opportunities, which opportunities are valued in terms of their contribution to economic growth. It strikes one as being a remarkably circular procedure. It is much like affirming that a man should eat more as it enables him to work harder, so giving him an appetite to eat more.

And certainly the mass education toward which we are moving cannot easily be accepted as a civilizing influence in itself. The overextended mega-universities of the United States, having campuses of 30,000 students or more, are perhaps the only way of dealing with a domestic student population which is expected to pass the 10 million mark within the next five years. But in these vast automated teaching factories one must not look for the virtues associated with the university—an atmosphere conducive to reflection, discourse and tolerance, leisure to think, to immerse oneself for a while in the disinterested pursuit of learning. In these vast and highly organized teaching corporations, vocational learning (and not vocational learning alone) is increasingly assimilated via close

circuit television and tape recorders. Discussion groups are being superseded by teaching machines. Contact with teachers is giving way to contact with computerized information centers.

do not argue that this application of technology to teaching methods is less efficient. If students could dehumanize themselves as readily as do the universities, they could well become more knowledgeable than students taught by more traditional methods. But if they cannot; if they resist the new technology, what then? Not surprisingly, there is a growing revolt against the Orwellian features



of the new automated education. It is not altogether fantastic for a student to feel he is being machine-cut, pressed, folded and trimmed to fit into a complex industrial system that is geared to churn out endless streams of plastic and gadgetry for a mass-consumption society that has no parent interest in his latent idealism nor cares for his sentiments or anxieties—save as they reduce his productivity. Rightly, then, he does not feel proud or privileged. Rightly, then, he feels somehow cheated, and in his resentment or despair makes common cause with others.

If we turn, then, to the professional and academic groups, among which it might be reasonable to suppose that increased leisure would beget increased culture, we find little cause for comfort. Among the professional groups, among doctors, engineers, administrators, scien-

tists, lawyers, accountants and a countless variety of parvenu experts, it is not impossible that official working hours will be reduced over time—though one feels certain that they work a good deal harder now than they ever did before the war. But this trend would provide no clue to the “free” time, the unpre-empted leisure, at the disposal of a member of this group. Since his earnings and, at least as important, his status depend upon his acknowledged proficiency, the painful choice, between using his leisure to add to his enjoyment or to maintain and add to his status and earnings, tends to be resolved in favor of the latter. Indeed, the current “exponential” growth in each branch of knowledge—and the consequent fear of finding himself a victim of the pace of progress, his hard-earned expertise become obsolete—is more likely to increase his anxiety and to reduce his free leisure over the foreseeable future.

A lot may be said about the practical difficulties of coordinating knowledge in the future. But confining ourselves here to the economic compulsion for men to learn more and more about less and less, it need hardly be observed that such learning is the antithesis of the learning of the educated man as traditionally understood—the “man of parts” who could converse and speculate intelligently over a wide range of subjects. Up to the turn of the 19th century it was still possible to be educated in this latter sense. The really tragic consequence of the seemingly irreversible trend toward a more intensive and systematic mining into the surface of knowledge—and this holds true even of the humanities—is the utter impossibility of men ever again being educated men.*

But if the educated man, as once conceived, is granted to be a creature of past civilizations, the faithful today seek consolation in the growth of scientific manpower. Applied on a massive scale, scientific research, it is believed, will ultimately unlock the secrets of the abundant life (though for the present it is largely engaged in providing solutions to the tangle of urgent problems brought about by the continued application of science to society). Of course, the possibility that it will do so can be entertained; but so also can the possibility that the excessive love of science is ultimately more subversive of the moral foundations of society than the excessive love of money.

As far back as the ancient civilizations men have recognized the corrupting influence of the single-minded pursuit of money. When this vice becomes an approved part of the ethos of Western society—as it gradually did between the 18th and 19th centuries, though perhaps more so in the United States than in any other country—its corrupting influence is revealed in the character and tastes of the public, as also in the style of living and the shape of towns and cities.

With the growth in popularity of the cinema, followed by the radio, and more recently television, we are becom-

* The growing sales of art reproductions, of popular histories, of classical records, provides no evidence to the contrary. The taste of the public is guided by “amateur experts,” themselves guided by more professional experts, and can be viewed as a response to fashion, or as a purchase of status goods. However “sincere” is their search for learning, such a public is the passive recipient of tidbits of “culture” passed on to them. It has no affinity with the educated elites of other ages.

ing conscious of the increased powers of these new media to mold for profit not only public opinion but the character, even the morality, of the young and impressionable. Yet there are some checks even today on the extent to which commerce and commercial entertainment are free to develop a taste for sadism, pornography and violence. There are none, apparently, on propaganda which inculcates an inordinate ambition in a man and encourages unrealistic expectations—obvious prerequisites for a life marred by discontent and frustration.

I do not for a moment underestimate the corruptive powers of commercial interests in molding the shoddy tastes, the shallow passions, and the mindless opportunism of millions the world over; but I fear far more the unchecked growth of technology and the petulant, parasitic mass society it cannot help producing. The worship of Mammon is damnable, but it is a common failing. The ruthless jostle for pecuniary gain is debasing, but it is still human. In consequence, a man may feel more comfortable in the market place, among the familiar follies and vices of humanity, than he does contemplating the blind devotions of the priesthood in the temple of science. His declarations to the contrary notwithstanding, the scientist is not at all interested in human welfare. Some may be interested in knowledge "for its own sake." Individually, each is to a greater or lesser extent interested in recognition, in the kudos of published scientific papers. As a fraternity, however, scientists are interested in the search for power—at whatever cost to humanity at large.

Furthermore, today's apotheosis of the intellect, of sheer brain power, has entailed a devaluation of all other qualities that once made up a man. The man of today, ideally, is one who by a new alchemy has transmuted the fullness of his emotional inheritance into a single flame of intellectual concentration. To this new being, to the scientist who is taking over the earth, nothing matters very much save the burning task of ripping out the secrets of the universe. For him, as for his ally, the technocrat, the world of human impulse is an irrelevance. Society is already moving from the traditional world of vice and virtue, comedy and tragedy, into a world where there is only sickness and health, efficiency and inefficiency. Anyone who sincerely believes that from giving the scientists and technocrats their head there will emerge a secure and serene future for the common man is no ordinary optimist.

Again, one asks, have we any choice? If we conclude that we cannot stop the juggernaut of science, let us not conceal our helplessness from ourselves, or take refuge in a bogus pride about the "unquenchable human spirit." Let us have the honesty to affirm that we are not free agents, and at least contemplate the possibility that, like Satan, humanity is predestined to soar onward "with compulsion and laborious flight" to a doom of its own making.

A world in which the great powers stand armed in mortal fear of one another is not one in which a call to halt the advance of technology is likely to make much impression. If we survive the next war, and there comes into being a single world government, it is not impossible that a more humane wisdom will prevail. The habit of em-

pirical research has grown over the centuries, and it cannot be disowned overnight. But in a dispensation wiser than any we can readily visualize—one in which it was finally recognized that no matter how "exciting" or "efficient" was an innovation, its ultimate contribution to human happiness was likely to be slight, whereas the risk of its causing social disharmony or ecological disaster was large—we could, for a while, permit scientists to go on probing the universe if they wished, provided we took measures to insure that they did not change it. This new and wiser society will be wealthy enough, I assume, to finance the activity for some time, and to allay their craving for recognition by the provision of prizes and titles. All their contributions to knowledge would be faithfully recorded for the admiration of their colleagues and for the wonder of future generations. Applications of any of their discoveries would, however, be strictly forbidden. History would not therefore stop. The human drama would continue to unfold. Music, art, literature and politics would, hope, flourish. Only technological change would be the thing of the past.

Is it possible that, under more favorable circumstances in a world in which peace was assured, so exacting a world might prevail? If one is old-fashioned enough to believe in free will, the possibility cannot be ruled out. But the likelihood of its coming to pass is not high. The study of history does not abound with examples of ordinary people who are willing to renounce immediate and tangible gains for some ideal conception of the good life.

LETTERS (Continued from page 450)

appeared in magazines first, but when they were published in book form, Che selected them, placed them in the order he preferred and wrote a foreword.

Braverman denies (as if he were quoting me) that Monthly Review decided to "add" articles to this edition but that is not how I described what they had done. I wrote: "Monthly Review . . . has apparently taken over the Maspéro French edition without explaining why it is switching chapters around." Monthly Review could have blamed this on Maspéro; instead, in order to assure that they worked on the project a long time, Mr. Braverman avers, "we had collected the post-1963 articles we were able to produce a much more nearly complete volume." The fact is that not all the articles Monthly Review published were originally published after 1963. I said that in my review and cited four articles Che wrote in 1959 on the military history of the insurrection as an instance of their unorthodox editing, for two were used at the start of the book and two (with several paragraphs dropped at the end. With, of course, no explanation to the reader.) Is the fact that Che did not include them in the book which he wrote a foreword no sign of his intentions?

I don't object to the publication of as much of Che's writings as Mr. Braverman can find. I do object to the way they are presented—without explanation—in a manner which was not of Che's choosing. Meeting such a standard is elementary scholarship. . . . An editor taking public responsibility for what was done to Che's work would surely have made it impossible for me to make the mistake of my review: that Victoria Ortiz's translation, which is the smoothest available, was entirely from the French when, Mr. Braverman now informs us, only part of it was.

Jose Gyles

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Two Lives of Andre Malraux

ANTI-MEMOIRS. By André Malraux. Translated from the French by Terence Kilmartin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 420 pp. \$8.95.

PAUL ZWIG

Mr. Zwig teaches at Columbia University. He is the author of *The Heresy of Self-Love: A Study of Subversive Individualism*, just published by Basic Books.

"The elephant is wisest of all animals. He alone remembers his former lives; and he remains silent for a long time, meditating upon them."

With this epigraph, Malraux begins his *Anti-Memoirs*. After a silence of almost twenty-five years, half of which he has spent in a kind of life after death as Minister of Culture in the French Government, Malraux has decided to recall his former lives. Yet this first volume of *Anti-Memoirs* (there will be others, to be published posthumously) is not autobiography in any ordinary sense. "I have no interest in myself," Malraux notes, and one recalls the preface to *The Days of Contempt*, written thirty-five years ago, where he argued so vigorously against the modern literary psyche, with its passion for self-involvement.

In that "former life," André Malraux chose the battle for social justice and the comradeship of men who risked their bodies instead of their words, opposing his choice to the "subjectivism" of the surrealists, and the endless inward dialogues of Proust and Kafka. In Malraux's present life, that choice, perhaps, has been rescinded; but the distrust of "sincerity" remains. "Until I was thirty, I lived among men obsessed by sincerity," he writes; but "the proud shame of Rousseau," he adds of the *Confessions*, "cannot wipe out the pitiful shame of Jean-Jacques."

Malraux, instead, has chosen to confess nothing. Like Sartre in his autobiographical sketch, *The Words*, Malraux has sought a model for his style, not in the memorialist tradition established by Rousseau but in the novel. Sartre's model was undoubtedly Flaubert; Malraux looks closer to himself. He has become his own model. He notes how often it happened that his writing foreshadowed his life, as if the fiction were a source for the acts that would later claim him.

It is fitting, therefore, that the chapter headings of *Anti-Memoirs* should be

the titles of his own novels and essays: *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg*, *The Temptation of the West*, *The Royal Way*, *Man's Fate*. Passages from his novels which are embedded in the text, are perfectly at home there. Indeed, the chapters taken from *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg*, which appear early in *Anti-Memoirs*, set a standard which Malraux will find it hard to maintain throughout. Another well-known episode, the magnificent escape flight from Germany in *The Days of Contempt*, is found here among the author's Arabian adventures. We discover that the flight had been a real one, over the Aures Mountains of Algeria in 1934, where for the first time, Malraux tells us, he encountered "the cosmos of *The Iliad* and the *Ramayana*":

I felt as if I had escaped the force of gravity, and were now suspended somewhere among the worlds, caught up in a primitive battle with the cloud, while under me the earth continued on its way, though I would never meet up with it again.*

At such moments, Malraux discovered a grandeur of experience which lay beyond the personal. Questioned by death, and the risk of death, the world gave answers, he felt, but in a language which only the adventurer could understand. The hero of Malraux's novels was an anti-Proust and an anti-Joyce. Not that he valued more than they did the careful civililities and the social ambition which had been a ground of spiritual encounter for 19th-century novelists. But the colloquy with self, the inward narrative which characterizes our modern literary sensibility, asked the wrong questions, Malraux felt. His novels asked another question, and the *Anti-Memoirs* ask it again, more elaborately: "In the writing of novels, in war, in museums both real and imaginary, in culture, in history perhaps, I have encountered a fundamental enigma. . . . The man you will find here is one attuned to the questions death asks the meaning of the world."

In *The Royal Way*, Perkin, dying, cried out: "There is no death; there is only me, dying." The problem in *Anti-Memoirs* has been turned around. Malraux now casts an impersonal light upon a world questioned by death, littered with shipwrecked idols of the human. He

*All quotations are in the reviewer's own translation from the French.

meditates on the frailty of "artistic" survival. He describes elegiacally the "metamorphosis" of the gods into art. As if the "fraternity" of men bound together by extreme danger, and by their common passion for an idea of social justice, had been replaced by a colder fraternity of broken images, of statues artfully restored in the museums of Cairo, Paris and Peking. Between the novelist and memorialist, another "former life" emerges to shape the *Anti-Memoirs*: that of the art historian, the memorialist of human forms, carrying on his meditation in the museums and monuments of Egypt, among the Mayan ruins of Mexico, in the sacred grottoes and temples of India. It is their memoirs that Malraux is writing here, as much, perhaps, as his own. Pieces of legend are caught up into the baroque prose, forming a succession of superb vignettes—like that of the Roman Commander Malraux evokes, who marched his legions into the inland sea of Arabia. They emerged, their casks filled with luminous sea shells, and marched over the sand to a rapid death by sunstroke.

For two centuries, Arab travelers told about an army of breastplates and skeletons, buried to their chests in the sand as they had been in the sea; their fingers held up to the sun casks filled with sea shells. Because they could not have the sea, the setting sun gave the entire desert to these dead men, projecting far over the flat sands the legionary shadows, and those of several hands opened above the fallen casks—their fingers stretching out to infinity over the sand, like miser's fingers.

Against this background of exotic imagery, today's André Malraux appears transformed. He is still a traveler, and he travels to the same places: Arabia, Indo-China, China. The *Anti-Memoirs* begin—like *The Conquerors* and *The Royal Way*—in mid-ocean, as the author sails for Egypt and then the Far East. The flight to the Orient is still, for Malraux, a voyage through the gates of horn. This time, however, his credentials are somewhat more in order. He is Monsieur le Ministre, on his way to inspect the monuments of Egypt before they are drowned behind the Aswan Dam. He is the guest of Nehru and Mao Tse-tung, the friend and envoy of Charles de Gaulle. Malraux talks at length with these "men of history," and his conversations

are an important part of *Anti-Memoirs*. Again Malraux's model is his own novels. We recall the passionate political arguments in *Man's Hope*, the magnificent colloquy in *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg*.

Yet these passages are somehow the most disappointing in the book. The official Malraux has become pompous and wooden. When he talks politics with de Gaulle or Mao, the arguments fall onto the page like tired newsprint. When he muses with Nehru about the loss of the sacred, or the eternal duplicity of political power, he is unconvincing. Such conversations are neither good journalism nor good fiction.

In a revealing passage, he writes, disappointingly: "To know a man today means above all to know what is irrational in him, what he is unable to control, what he would eliminate from the idea he has of himself. . . ." What fascinates him in the men he calls "*hommes d'histoire*" is the complete suppression of this dubious intimacy. Their contact with "history" has dissolved the small, private monologues; they have nothing to erase because "history" has elevated them into their images. He writes admiringly of de Gaulle: "To everyone, with the exception perhaps of his family, he seemed a courteous reflection of his legendary character." In his conversations with these men, Malraux is all too faithful to the "idea he has of himself" and to the idea they have of themselves. Questioned by "history," Malraux's world is unexpectedly empty. His "men of history" are pale successors to the obscure adventurers of the novels.

In this sense the gray eminence of *Anti-Memoirs* is General de Gaulle. He embodies "history" for Malraux, as the statues in the grottoes of Ellora embody "the sacred." More important, it is de Gaulle who made Malraux himself into a "man of history," and a faint warmth of gratitude enlivens those passages where Malraux describes his meetings with the General.

In this empyrean of historical titans, the *raison d'état* has gained a kind of metaphysical sanction. Malraux's discretion on Algeria, his complete silence on the moral dilemma presented by the torturing of Algerians by the French army, is understandable. He is not interested in those dubious secrets of history, which the "great man" would willingly have erased from his image. Malraux, in these portions of his book, has allowed "history" in the form of General de Gaulle, to become his unavowed censor.

Malraux's allegiance to de Gaulle, and through de Gaulle to France (he confides to Nehru: "*j'ai épousé la France*"),

is nonetheless an uneasy union. It forces him into a curious confrontation with himself. As France's envoy to India and China, he feels that he is the bearer of a historical message. "For us," Nehru tells him, "France is the revolution." And Malraux adds: "In Africa, in Latin America, even when the materials of the revolution are Russian, its language remains French." Thus Malraux carries with him an echo of his "former lives." His passion for social justice survives, transformed into the rhetoric of his patriotism and national pride. As France's official representative, he can still be the voice of revolution; it is through him now that is heard "the exaltation of the combat for justice proclaimed from Saint-Just to Jaurès."

Yet France is not only the revolution, and Malraux seems to have missed the irony of Nehru's remark. For behind Malraux's government, and his "man of history," stands a family of historical portraits: Pétain, Louis-Philippe, Napoleon, Louis XIV. This is the other France of paternal authority, empire, and bureaucracy: the France which dismantled the revolution, drowned the commune in blood, and overwhelmed the revolutionary turmoil of 1945. This is the France Malraux in fact represents. There is a moment of irony which is surely not intended, when Malraux speaks admiringly to Mao of that other great military chief, Napoleon. To the leader of the greatest guerrilla army of all time, he cites Napoleon who set out in Spain to destroy the first of the guerrilla armies, with a brutality which Goya has not let us forget.

Like all interesting fiction *Anti-Mem-*

oirs is sometimes truer than it means to be. At a time when the "subjectivist" traditions of the novel have begun to appear thin, it is stimulating to encounter a work so wholly devoted to reversing their values. Malraux's ambition to write the memoirs of the world he has lived, and not of the self he has been, gives impetus to the best passages in *Anti-Memoirs* and makes it, despite its many disappointments, an important book. In the end, Malraux has not been wholly absorbed into his official disguise. Behind the speeches and the patriotism remains a passion for adventure which moves brilliantly through the book. I am thinking, for example, of Malraux's meeting in Singapore with a shadow from his past. Clappique, the great "baron" of *Man's Fate*, slaps him on the back and drags him off to a café to reminisce about the old days in Shanghai; above all, to read him a movie script he has just written: the life of that half-legendary adventurer, the Count of Meyrena, who had been a model for Perkin in Malraux's *The Royal Way*. During the 19th century Meyrena had carved a fragile empire among the dissident tribes of Indo-China, and Malraux-Clappique now tells his story. It is a great novella, occupying almost 100 pages of the *Anti-Memoirs*, and it is Malraux at his best. Finally, one wonders where Malraux's surviving brilliance will lead him in his long enterprise of autobiography. Perhaps he will break through the official shell even more thoroughly in the posthumous volumes of *Anti-Memoirs*, and so end his literary career as monumentally as he began it forty years ago with the series of his great novels.

Our Elusive Upper Class

WHO RULES AMERICA? By G. William Domhoff. Prentice-Hall. 184 pp. \$4.95. Paper \$2.45.

VERNON K. DIBBLE

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This book contends that there is a national upper class in the United States whose position in the federal government, in the economy, and in certain other institutions makes it a governing class. It defines a governing class as "a social upper class which owns a disproportionate amount of a country's wealth, receives a disproportionate amount of a country's yearly income, and contributes a disproportionate number of its members to the controlling institutions and key

decision-making groups of the country."

Professor Domhoff handles a number of different questions. First, is there a national upper class and, if so, who is it? Second, does it control the corporate economy and if so, how? Third, what organs of government does it, and does it not, control? And how does it influence organs, such as municipal governments, that it does not control? Fourth, if there is a governing class, then what about all the evidence of pluralistic politics? What about splits within the governing class? How do we explain businessmen who inveigh against a government that they supposedly control? And what of the various restraints on the freedom of the governing class to do whatever it might want?

It is not possible in this review to

summarize, much less to evaluate, the author's answers to all of these questions. We shall concentrate upon the first two (is there a national upper class and does it control the economy?), and on his concept of a "governing class."

Professor Domhoff uses a variety of quantitative information (e.g., more than 75 per cent of Lundberg's sixty families have easily traceable descendants in the *Social Register*) and a variety of anecdotes (e.g., a story in the *San Francisco Chronicle* about the wedding of an heiress) to conclude that there is "an American upper class of intermarrying families that is national in scope," and that this class is "an observable, differentiated, interacting social group with more or less definite boundaries."

Fairly "definite boundaries" are methodologically crucial. For if there is any stratification in a society at all, people who rank high with respect to one of the good things of life usually have disproportionate amounts of the other good things as well. And so long as you deal with arbitrarily defined strata (such as "low income," "middle income" and "high income"), you can often strengthen or weaken the statistical associations that show disproportionate advantages by juggling the boundaries in a way that tips the associations in the direction you desire. Hence, if Domhoff's "governing class" is to mean more than the familiar fact that different types of stratification tend to go along together, his "social upper class" must have rather definite, nonarbitrary boundaries.

But his findings on this score do not seem to be conclusive. He considers a person to be in the upper class if he qualifies by at least one of seven different criteria, including: a listing in the *Social Register* (except in the Washington, D.C. edition), membership in certain designated clubs, graduation from certain schools, marriage to a person who would otherwise qualify, and similar tests.

Domhoff admits that each of these criteria is inadequate. But he seems to argue, without making the point in precisely this way, that you can use a single criterion (such as membership in a certain club) without going too far off base, because the various criteria are highly associated statistically. One item can stand for the whole package, because the various items hang together. But you need a variety of criteria where no single criterion works across the board. (Some large cities do not have a *Social Register*, and some people are reticent about being listed.) But all of the various tests mean essentially the same thing.

The book includes no data on these issues. (For example, what percentage

of the members of the designated clubs had graduated from the designated schools?) And I suspect that further refinements of this sort might show rather less definite boundaries than Domhoff expects to find. For, unlike Marxist or Weberian definitions of class positions, all his tests of membership in the "social upper class" are criteria that high-ranking people themselves create and sustain by their own conscious actions. And their consciousness is likely to be fuzzy around the edges.

For one thing, the ladies have a lot to do with maintaining some of the practices that are among the author's criteria.

Social Register society has *grandes dames*, but no *grands hommes*. And while the men are busy with the serious business of corporate investment or running foundations, in concert with other men whom the ladies never see, the ladies are free to define the tests of admission to balls and registers. They do so, in part, in terms of taste, style and mannerisms that allow for some degree of idiosyncratic variations.

This sort of thing is important. But it is important froth. If private schools, private clubs and the *Social Register* were abolished tomorrow, and nothing else were changed, there would still be



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an upper class, though Domhoff's methods would not enable us to find it. For he looks at certain consequences of class positions (i.e., of positions in the institutions of property) for a person's wealth, style of life and cultural advantages, rather than at class positions themselves, and at the institutions of property that define them.

When Domhoff turns to the American economy, this approach leads him sometimes to write as if he were saying that a certain group of people control the economy because they are in the *Social Register* and all that, rather than the

other way around. Part of his analysis of the position of the "social upper class" in the American economy has to do with the ownership of stock. He cites various studies of the distribution of ownership, and concludes that "the decline of family capitalism does not mean widespread stock ownership within the general population: it means dispersal within the upper class." He goes on to tell stories about various "interest groups" (the Mellons, for example), and cites studies by Sweezy, Perlo, Kolko and others, to conclude that "the biggest stockholders in the largest corporations are actively involved in determining the general policies and selecting the managers of these companies."

More important to his argument, however, are his own data on the boards of directors of "the top 15 banks, the top 15 insurance companies, and the top 20 industrials," as of 1963. He studied these fifty firms "on the assumption that these companies are the dominant elements in the American economy." He argues, first, that the American economy "is controlled by a very small number of very large corporations, banks, and insurance companies." In this context (as an accompanying footnote makes clear), "control" means economic concentration.

Domhoff must have something more in mind—for example, the ability of large corporations to invest in technology that changes the occupational structure, and their freedom to do so, without first checking with vocational high schools to see if they are ready to cope with the changes; or their freedom to negotiate wages, without first making sure that city governments are financially able to follow along, so they won't have strikes by teachers, firemen and garbage collectors. By control he must mean, or should mean, something more than sheer degree of concentration. By that definition, if 49 per cent of the artisans and peasants in a small-holder economy have 51 per cent of the wealth, then they control that economy.

Second, in large corporations the boards of directors are "decisive" because, while boards delegate "minor decisions and technical research," the directors make "major decisions, such as those of investment, and select the men who will carry out daily operations. In fact, their power to change management . . . is what we mean by 'control.'" In this context, "control" refers to organizational authority and legal prerogative.

Third, Domhoff reports that 53 per cent of the directors of the fifty banking, insurance and industrial firms he studied are members of the upper class. (The same percentage holds in transportation, but in utilities and in merchandising the percentages are smaller.) The directors

of the fifty firms who are not upper class, apart from a few foreigners, are executives who have come through the ranks, corporation lawyers, wealthy Jews, former military men, presidents of colleges and of foundations, technical experts of various sorts, and a few small, local businessmen. In this context, "control" has still a third meaning. Domhoff writes that the presence of directors who are not in the upper class is no reason to doubt "that members of the upper class continue to control the corporate economy" because some types (e.g., executives) are trusted employees and other types (e.g., wealthy Jews and foreigners) are not numerous enough to matter. In this context, then, to "control" means to have a majority.

In short, the large corporations control the economy, the boards control the corporations, and the social upper class, as the author defines it, controls the boards. Therefore, the upper class controls the economy. The logic is fine, except for the different meanings of "control."

But even with no such problems, I am not sure what difference it makes to say that the "social upper class" does or does not control the economy, so long as we define "upper class" in Domhoff's way. Whether in the *Social Register* or not, whether graduates of Groton or of Cobleskill High School, directors of corporations will choose more profitable investments over less profitable ones (whatever the pursuit of the commonweal might require); will seek to maintain stable systems of authority within their organizations; will give something to charities and to education; and will desire manageable, nonrevolutionary political and social change at home and abroad.

Perhaps the existence of "an observable, differentiated, interacting social group with more or less definite boundaries," whose members have various prestigious credentials, makes little or no difference for the way a corporation is run, but does make a difference for the mesh between different institutions in American society. For example, perhaps a network of personal trust grows up in such a group, making capitalists more ready than they would otherwise be to accept reformist innovations in politics if some trustworthy men of their own kind give the word that a proposed reform is acceptable or necessary. But in any case, we want to know not simply what percentage of all corporate directors also enjoy private clubs, but what difference it makes that some do and some do not.

Domhoff uses the same technique that he applies to corporate directors to study foundations, the trustees of universities,

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the mass media and various agencies of government. That is, he asks what percentage of any given body are, and are not, members of the upper class, by his criteria. He concludes, for example, that "members of the American upper class do not control [i.e., do not have a majority in] the Legislative branch" of the federal government; that they do control the Treasury and the Department of Defense, but not the Agriculture and Interior Departments; and that they do not control the majority of news outlets but do control "every major opinion-molding institution in the country." He also examines the CIA, the military, state and local governments and numerous other organizations.

This method leads Domhoff to make some rather curious statements. For example, after noting that former Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr. was "a Jewish member of the upper class who was a neighbor of President Roosevelt's in the New York countryside," he writes:

His replacement, Fred M. Vinson, was a Kentucky-born lawyer, politician, and judge who was moved to the Supreme Court within a year of his appointment. Following the Vinson interlude, control was returned to the bankers and financiers with the appointment of John Snyder, vice-president of the First National Bank of St. Louis, who had served in a variety of ways during the war.

If bankers and financiers really had control of the Treasury when (and because) Morgenthau was in charge, lost control when (and because) Vinson took over, and gained control once again under Snyder, then their control of this agency is very precarious indeed. It depends upon the social background of a single man in the key spot, and if Betty Furness were to become Secretary of the Treasury tomorrow, the bankers and financiers had better start trembling. And if such things really happen, then Domhoff must show that the Treasury under Vinson acted contrary to the interests of bankers and financiers, but never did so under Morgenthau and Snyder. If he cannot show that, then his data on the class backgrounds of various governmental officials and foundation presidents might simply show that thousands of members of the upper class are selflessly devoting themselves to the public good by taking jobs in public service that pay less money than the jobs they could have in business.

But, of course, the author does not really believe his statement about the Vinson interlude. He was led to this slip of the typewriter keys by his definition of a "governing class," as a social upper class which, among other things, "con-

tributes a disproportionate number of its members to the controlling institutions and key-decision-making groups of the country." His use of this concept has led him to some valuable descriptive data on the extent of overlap between different kinds of hierarchies—social prestige, wealth, income and organizational authority. But it has not led him to an analysis of classes in an era of corporate capitalism, or to an examination of the structural links between economic and other institutions.

Following the lead of most American sociologists (the author is himself a psychologist), he fails to distinguish between the historically specific concept of "class" and other phenomena such as distributions of social prestige, or of income, that may be subsumed under the ahistorical concept of "stratification." More crucial, however, is his apparent assumption that you study power, and both the economic bases and the economic goals of political power, by finding out what sorts of people are in what sorts of political jobs.

If Socialists took over the Treasury tomorrow, the constraints upon their actions (e.g., flows of capital that are largely removed from political control, the ultimate possibility of investment strikes) would be the same as they are on the Treasury today, unless there were some general crisis in American capitalism. Nor is it by any means obvious that capitalists in the Treasury are more likely than professional politicians, say, to govern in the interests of large corporations. In fact, one might argue just the opposite.

The greater the isolation of capitalist business enterprises from politics, and the more politics is run by professional politicians, the more free businessmen are to maximize market rationality, unconstrained by purely political considerations and goals. When the English gentry had rural enterprises that produced for a market, but were also the bases of the gentry's political authority, they had to be "good to their tenants" in ways that could interfere with market rationality. But when business enterprises and politics are structurally isolated, businessmen can leave it to politicians to worry about stable authority in the society (stepping in occasionally when politicians fail, as with Urban Coalition), while they worry about profits; and they can limit, simply by their own freedom to operate in the market, the alternatives open to politicians (sometimes preventing the politicians from maintaining stable authority).

Domhoff wants to show that this description does not fit the United States today, that the "social upper class" is

IF I WERE CERTAIN

(Translated by Aijaz Ahmad and Carolyn Kizer)

*If I were certain, o my friend and lover,
If I were certain that your muffled pulse,*

*Grief in your eyes, heart in your breast afire
Could be revived by my devoted care*

*If sympathetic phrases were a cure
To lift the sterile shadows from your brain,*

*To wipe the stain of insult from your brow,
Could I restore your failing youth again!*

*If I were certain, o my friend and lover,
I would nurse you day and night without repose.*

*How I would croon you tender, moving songs,
Songs of cascades, of spring, and orchard blossoms.*

*Morning's commencement, the travelling moon and planets,
How I would spin you long, romantic tales!*

*Tales of proud girls whose stiff, unyielding bodies
Melt beneath the urgent warmth of hands,*

*How the features, learned by heart, of a single face,
Alter at once, and bloom before your very eyes,*

*How the marmoreal pallor of her skin
Warms, of a sudden, with a glow like wine.*

*And how the roses dip to touch your hand,
And how the imperial night bursts into fragrance.*

*Thus would I sing, sing endlessly for thee,
Weaving my songs, kneel endlessly beside thee.*

*No song of mine can be a panacea
For suffering, though it may soothe your grief.*

*My song is not a lancet but a salve
Touching the famous sorrows of your life.*

*Only a knife can end your agony.
Killing, redeeming, I cannot fulfill you,*

*Nor any breathing being on this earth
Except yourself, except yourself, except yourself.*

FAIZ AHMAD FAIZ

A WOMAN THERE WAS

(Translated by Aijaz Ahmad and Carolyn Kizer)

*If you were a child I could take you in my lap
And you would fling your arms about, and laugh
Seeming to quiver on the verge of speech.*

*Now, when you speak or smile, sometimes you fall
Across my breast, your voice a warbling wind*

*That penetrates the forest fastnesses,
Whispers its strange riddles to the heart;*

*Or a cool rivulet, tumbling and meandering
Its beauty frail, no force in its spangling drops,
Which may grow into a stream, a falls, an ocean!*

*I would float in my steerless craft, over the waves of you.
Move peacefully out to sea, and never return,*

Sunk in a fathomless tranquillity.

*If I could be a child, I too would shout,
Gesticulate, and wave my arms about*

As if to quiver on the verge of speech. . . .

MEERAJI

OBSCURE VOCABULARY

(Translated by Aijaz Ahmad)

poetry: a day yet to come,
far ahead of today,
always.

poetry: someone's letter
addressed to all;
greetings, mad as the wind
that streams through a window half-open.

poetry: the lash of sun-dazzle
on body and soul gone dark;
festivity of light.

poetry: for remembrance
a day of enunciations;
a tremor
to change the mind's directions.

poetry: that boundless sea
of possibility,
sky into sky into sky.

poetry: ■ taste of dying.

M. SALIM-UR-REHMAN

also a "governing class" (even though it does not "control," by his criteria, the most powerful legislative body in the world). He clearly assumes that his conclusions have more radical political implications than the alternative lines of thought that are sketched out here. But

radicals and Socialists can hold that assumption only if they allow centrist pluralists who glory in the absence of a monolithic ruling class to define the issues for them, and fail to analyze American society from their own more penetrating perspective.

A Child of Paradise

EXPENSIVE PEOPLE. By Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard Press. 320 pp. \$5.95.

LOUIS T. GRANT

Mr. Grant is a short story writer and freelance critic.

So much of serious contemporary American fiction is self-conscious and literary in the worst sense that it is truly a "literature of exhaustion." It is a literature written on the floating island Jonathan Swift called Laputa, whether we are reading the elegant parallelograms of Updike or Roth's grotesque rhomboids. As Swift put it, "although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behavior of life I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people."

On the other hand, an occasional writer comes along, such as Joyce Carol Oates, whose books display a vision of significant human experience. Her characters in *By the North Gate*, *With Shuddering Fall*, and *A Garden of Earthly Delights*, were simple, uneducated, often illiterate people, to whom the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself were more real than the refined anxieties of the sophisticated. The stark, regional stories of *By the North Gate* did not so much remind me of Flannery O'Connor's work as confirm what I had taken to be her failures as a writer. Flannery O'Connor tortured her characters, like some Luigi Galvani of fiction, in order to demonstrate her own deep pessimism about life. Whereas Flannery O'Connor's characters merely twitched, Joyce Carol Oates's suffered.

Joyce Carol Oates's new and finest, thoroughly modern novel proves that it is possible to be relevant without being a regionalist, as she appeared to be in her previous work, although it is largely due to her apprenticeship to a regional literature that she is now able to write of the contemporary world without herself assuming its self-conscious, affected, trivial and artificial attitudes.

The "given" world of *Expensive People* is the best—the model—little en-

claves of wealthy suburbia, where the sons of local butchers, now vice presidents of prosperous chains of Colonial-style Fish, Fowl and Meat Shoppes, gambol in enormous kidney-shaped swimming pools. Such a man is the father of *Expensive People's* narrator, Richard Everett, a child murderer who has shot and killed his mother with a mail-order rifle. With an almost diabolical elegance, Joyce Carol Oates reveals the cruel story of Richard's childhood. Richard is the ignored quantity in one of those wealthy, unhappy marriages among the titleless aristocrats of our suburbs. His father is a busy, sentimental executive. His favorite phrase in moments of stress is, "Don't talk morbid." Richard's mother, Nastashya, is a minor novelist who enrolls her son in Johns Behemoth—a private school—with the following injunction: "Look reserved and a little abstracted. Look intelligent." At the school, which "seemed to me an elegant nightmare concoction made by adults for adults, to further the aims and fantasies of adults," Richard meets a boy of similar background, a 13-year-old alcoholic.

The creation of Nastashya, "this woman who was so simple in her way that all things ostentatious and expensive seemed emanations of a higher existence," is brilliant. The tortures she inflicts on her son in the name of civilization are as effective as the less refined ones inflicted out of pure brutality. One day she announces her disappointment in Richard's IQ score, 153, and coerces him into retaking the test. He surpasses himself out of love for his mother, scoring 161, fully aware that it is the score, not him, that matters. He is a self-declared "failure at eleven."

Evil has a logic; madness a structure few men discern. Slowly, with infinite grace, Joyce Carol Oates turns the conventions inside out and we see Nastashya Everett (nee, Nancy Rananow) creating in her son a monster in her own image and the image of the world she inhabits, as she stretches him upon the Danish-modern rack of her vapid ambitions, commanders his adoration, and then abandons him for empty adulteries between appointments at the Cedar Grove

Beauty Parlor. Not the cunning of reason, as Hegel said, but the cunning of madness disguised as convention rules this world. It takes its energy from the violation of human impulses and from the exploitation of natural means to achieve the unnatural ends of accumulation and regimentation.

Fernwood Village and Cedar Grove are the strongholds of this madness. The very existence of evil is unimaginable to their residents. And yet what Joyce Carol Oates accomplishes in *Expensive People* is the embodiment of the evil these people are without their ever knowing it:

It is a lovely long walk. These spring days in Fernwood! Everything, everything is lovely in Fernwood! To tell you all of the sloping lawns, evergreen screens (planted in full growth), green-gardens, courtyards, oval driveways, to tell you of all the luxurious pleasures of their box-shaped houses, their fishponds, the glimpses of their colored maids at windows, washing windows that are already clean—ah, to tell you of these things would be to write another *Paradiso*.

And out of this empty, diabolical paradise runs the child murderer, the "child of freedom" and of civilization, like an 11-year-old Joe Christmas in bifocals and a blue blazer, blasting away at his mother.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Mr. Hamilton is music editor for W. W. Norton, and for some time has contributed regularly to High Fidelity. Benjamin Boretz is on leave for this season, but he will write occasionally in the next several months.

A recent Columbia Records advertisement—"Ives, Stockhausen, Boulez, Varèse, Messiaen, and other young electronic composers whose passion gig is the exploration of sound are bringing us the natural, limitless field of sound"—suggests both the categorical confusions and the factual inaccuracies that are being foisted on the record-consuming public by an industry that has discovered the contemporary "product." Although the tendency toward divergence between professional approval and mass enthusiasm has long been a characteristic of musical culture, the intervention of the economically influential recording industry now threatens more than ever the relative, if lopsided, stability whereby serious composition and performance have held their own against showmanship and simplistic exploitation. Those now gambling on the possibility of a gold mine if the "avant-garde" can be made

palatable to a large public are pitching their wares toward the rock-psychedelic market and encouraging the more primitive current tendencies, the better to meet the far from intellectual demands of that public.

A sobering illustration of the possibilities inherent in this kind of exploitation came out of the International Music Congress held in New York early in September. Among the concerts presented for the delegates was an evening of music by Harry Partch, the venerable composer, advocate of microtonal music, and inventor of instruments for such music. Partch's work has been known to professionals for quite some time (recordings have been available for several years now), and has influenced younger composers. However, not until this particular evening, it seems, had his work caught the ear of a major record company executive—whereupon the entire *equipe*, unique instruments and all, was packed off to a studio and taped for future release.

No one would begrudge Partch this opportunity—but the resources that the record mogul disposes can (and have been) directed with equal ease in decidedly more dubious directions. Most subtly disturbing, of course, is the report that a man commanding such resources should at this late date have been still ignorant of Partch's activity.

It would be vain to expect that the exposure (at another concert during the Congress, on September 9) of a series of works composed for Tanglewood might similarly result in major-label recordings (it did, however, at least attract the attention of *The New York*

Times, which consistently ignores comparable programs when they are presented by the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia or by Composers' Showcase). Noteworthy in the program by Tanglewood-based ensembles under Gunther Schuller were a fluent new trio by Easley Blackwood and Henry Weinberg's 1966 *Cantus Commemorabilis*, in which his usually highly tensile structure is enhanced by increased concision (no doubt related, in turn, to the greater tension generated at the unusually colorful instrumental surface). Mario Davidovsky's *Synchronisms No. 2* and Charles Wuorinen's *Flute Concerto* (both from 1964) were further presentations to the international audience of significant and fruitful aspects of American music that they could not otherwise encounter easily (only the spectacular live-and-tape Davidovsky work has been recorded: CRI 204).

The final concert presented during the New York segment of the IMC, by the Buffalo Philharmonic under Lukas Foss (September 11), raised another aspect of the difficulties faced by the serious composer: a press that is willing, perhaps eager, to condemn his work before it has been properly heard. In this case the victim was Milton Babbitt's *Correspondences* for string orchestra and tape. Despite a speech by the conductor clearly implying a less than satisfactory performance, despite the presence of an assistant conductor who signaled measure numbers to the orchestra, and despite the glaringly uncertain gestures of the players, none of the daily or weekly reviewers, to my knowledge, saw fit to consider the possibility that they were not hearing an even marginally adequate representation of Babbitt's conception. To be sure, anyone acquainted with the highly sophisticated sonic surface of Babbitt's previous works could have deduced this inadequacy from internal evidence alone; the only fair conclusion is that the work has yet to be heard.

More satisfactory performances were given at this concert to the slick and showy *Capriccio* for violin and orchestra by Penderecki (superbly played by Paul Zukofsky, who at the Tanglewood concert had already demonstrated his indisposability to the new music scene by performing in four works and conducting a fifth), a trivial march (*Calcium Light Night*) by Ives, and the conductor's own *Baroque Variations*. Foss's collage techniques, here performed upon works of Handel, Scarlatti and Bach, are not in themselves objectionable, but the resulting works show less concern with structure than with *Schadenfreude*: the "idea" of the piece is more important than the musical events. (The Penderecki and Foss works are recorded by the Buffalo

orchestra on Nonesuch H-71201 and H-71202 respectively.)

The Buffalo concert opened with an orchestral work, *Re-ak*, by the Korean composer Isang Yun, whose earlier *Garak* for flute and piano was premiered at the uncommonly interesting recital (October 11 at Carnegie Recital Hall) by Sophie Sollberger, Robert Miller and the violist Jacob Glick. Yun, whose kidnapping from Berlin and continued detention on political charges by the South Korean Government has aroused protests from the musical community, is a composer of some resource: his delicate sense of instrumental color fills out rather static, spatially oriented conceptions to a level of real musical interest.

At the same Carnegie concert, Robert Miller presented the world premiere of four piano pieces by Arthur Berger, which further develop the brilliantly virtuosic keyboard style of his Three Pieces for Two Pianos (recorded on Columbia MS-6959). Berger's tactful and functional employment of "prepared" piano notes is an example of how a device originally introduced (by Cage) for coloristic purposes eventually becomes a significant resource to a composer of vastly different aims. Similarly, Harvey Sollberger's *Composition in Nine Sections* (1961) for viola and piano incorporates the glissando effects so beloved of sound-effects composers into a clearly pitch-defined role. Throughout the evening, which included Schubert's *Trock'ne Blumen* variations as well as works by Raoul Pleskow, Manuel Enriquez and Milhaud, the playing and musicianship were exemplary; all three performers stand at the forefront of their profession.

Despite the obtrusion of a tinkling chandelier and the intrusion of occasional climaxes from performances in the main hall next door, Carnegie Recital Hall is an exceptionally satisfactory room for chamber music—a fact that was underlined a few nights later by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's performance of Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* in the main auditorium (October 16). The economic reasons for such a grotesque disparity of scale between music and hall are probably irrefutable, but some way should be found to present this singer in a space reasonably proportionate to the *Lied* repertory. From many seats in Carnegie the listener must strain acutely to hear softer passages and details. For those within range, at any rate, Dieskau was in exceptional voice (after a rough start in *Das Wandern*), and his skillful dynamic control overcame the excessive contrast between loud and soft singing that has sometimes seemed an inevitable consequence of his vocal method. Indeed, from a sheerly vocal standpoint

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Schubert cycle has not been so well forth in years. I regret only that the jury impulse sometimes seemed more rational than musical, that Schubert's key positions were upset by irregular positions, and that Norman Shetland's "accompaniments" were rarely more than that term implies, however played.

He most superficially newsworthy subject of Luciano Berio's *Sinfonia* (commissioned by the New York Philharmonic, who performed it under the composer's direction at the concerts of October 10-14) was a movement comprising in greater part, the *St. Antonius* movement of Mahler's Second Symphony, adding extensive additional counterpoints, including vocal parts for the Swingle Singers. Since Berio's remarkably imaginative ear for sonorities and textures has always been the most obvious feature of

his music, it was disappointing to find in this movement an opacity that impeded clear apprehension of just what he was up to. A great number of quotations from the literature is said to be embedded in the piece, but I could sort out relatively few at first hearing. I did note that a snatch of the *Rosenkavalier* waltzes struck me as being in "poor taste" (without being at all sure what that term can possibly mean in such a context), and that the castanet rhythm from Stravinsky's *Agon* was introduced—to provide a tie-up with the first work on the program? There was something ironic about the programing of *Agon* as a tribute to the City Center's anniversary, for it was the first time that Bernstein had conducted "late" Stravinsky with the Philharmonic. To hear more recent Stravinsky orchestral music in New York, you have to go to the ballet.

pathos lurks in *The Birthday Party* and even more penetratingly in *The Caretaker*, while in *The Homecoming* the Pinteresque controlled grin seems on the verge of bursting with anger. In *Tea Party* and *The Basement* Pinter appears rather more amused, never rising to anything beyond a dry scorn. The businessman of the former might be pitiful if he were more interesting, and the boys in the latter would be contemptible if they were not such voids. But Pinter, a keen showman, knows how to make much out of little.

The plays are so well directed by James Hammerstein that it seems as if he had made himself one with the author. The cast is admirably chosen, the acting very apt. David Ford in *Tea Party* adds sufficient inner torment to its central character to save it and the play from the suspicion of triviality. Valerie French as the inciting secretary mixes just the right degree of office etiquette with the cruelty of insidious allure. Two child players actually demonstrate witty "style."

Margo Ann Berdeshevsky in *The Basement* gives the impression of an Ivory soap sphinx: smooth, attractively recipient of and indifferently content with each and every male thrust. Ted van Griethuysen and James Ray create a kind of anonymity of person—which is perhaps precisely the author's intention—in this play of nonbeings.

Robert Hatch

Out in Brooklyn, the Becks have been employing ritual, yoga, the mass chanting of slogans and group therapy on the stage and in the house to purge the audience of its militarist and capitalist devils and restore it to communal grace. Now on Broadway (Ambassador Theatre) Joseph Heller in *We Bombed in New Haven* seeks much the same goal through wit, schmaltz, buffoonery, scenic legerdemain and a preoccupation with the ambiguities allegedly induced by the fact that actors are real people who impersonate fictions. Mr. Heller is much less experienced in the theatre than are the Becks—indeed, this is his debut—but I think he has a better grasp of its dimensions. He seems to understand that a playwright's most important creation is the audience, a fragile and ephemeral entity that takes shape in the house from the matrix of what takes place on the stage. "Audience involvement," that article of faith in the modern theatre, does not consist in roughing up the cash customers, a self-defeating form of aggres-

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Harold Pinter's two new one-act plays *Tea Party* and *The Basement* at the Outside Playhouse (334 East 74 Street) are slight entertainments written with wit and the kind of economy and precision that produce suspense. Originally written for television, they provide evening of superior pastime.

They are by no means obscure, though the second of the two possesses a touch of that piquant ambiguity which makes any theatregoers ask, "What does it mean?"—to which the reply should be none spoken by the 9-year-old boy of the play, "What does 'meaning' mean?" *Tea Party* concerns an efficient and successful British businessman, a little of the Blimpish side. A widower with no children, he has married a handsome, upper, antiseptically cool woman. After a year of respectable home life he is strongly attracted to his artful tease of secretary. But being of "a certain class," he does not want to admit to himself a trouble that is apparent to everyone else. No one gives any outward sign of recognizing the situation, though in the way or another everyone seems to be looking for him. Finally the bedeviled creature becomes wholly catatonic, incapable of sight, speech or movement.

The Basement deals with two young men, Law and Stott, who were once close friends, but who have lost touch. One rainy evening Stott turns up at his former friend's cozy basement apartment and asks if he may spend the night (at the moment, he says, he is looking for a place to live). Law assures him that he can stay as long as he likes.

Stott then asks if he can bring in a girl friend who has been waiting outside in the rain. Law, only slightly puzzled, politely consents. The girl enters. Stott and the girl immediately undress, get into bed, and proceed to make love with no embarrassment at Law's presence.

The arrangement appears to develop into a permanent one, till the girl "seduces" Law; this irregular triangle in turn seems to become fixed, but then animosity between the men mounts to the point of violence. Law disappears and Stott occupies the basement. At the final curtain, we see Law return as Stott had previously done in a downpour, but with no girl, and ask to stay over.

There may be a homosexual inference in the plot but what is much more relevant to it is that the two fellows are more eager to enjoy the comforts of the basement apartment than of the girl.

Most of Pinter's work comes to this: bereft of all but a residual animal instinct and no firm moral or intellectual objectives, man loses his human identity. He can be or do anything without any clear consciousness of his behavior. It looks to many as if that is what we have come to.

There is in the telling of these two plays the same impassivity, the same provocative details and stimulating hints which, like a writer of clever detective fiction, Pinter always employs to arouse a steadily fascinated attention. His touch in this case is rather more playfully derisive than in his more important work. Though Pinter usually seeks to conceal his emotion by a noncommittal air,

sion which only fragments the assemblage into individuals acutely aware that they have private dignities to protect. Involvement is achieved by giving the audience a line to follow, a form to perceive, so that for an hour or so the minds of a considerable group of people are aligned, their disparate experiences brought to bear on a coherent set of events. When this works, the audience is magnetized to a state of perception that may be considerably superior to its individual talents. It is nothing new in the theatre, Lord knows, but I suspect the sin of pride is involved in supposing that it is not enough—the playwright's sin of wanting to manipulate the audience, not by his art but in his own person.

Heller knows all this and gets off to a good start. We are somewhere with a bomber crew that is about to bomb Constantinople because the script says that is what comes next. The script also tells who will die and where, and the men jockey for fatter, "more secure" roles. Jason Robards is the operations captain, Diana Sands the coffee-and-doughnuts Red Cross girl (beautiful and bouncy in an ugly costume). They sleep together at

night and, in this double-focus context, off-stage. On duty and in the play, they jibe at each other with the sharp humor of people not quite sure that they have committed themselves as far as their bodies have carried them. "I want you," he says. "For very long?," she asks.

Captain/stage manager Robards (Heller gives scrupulous credit to Thornton Wilder) employs the ingratiating informality of an insecure man to get the flight in the air and the show on the road, nervously conscious all the while of his major (William Roerick), the agent of delegated authority and keeper of the text. It is a fault, perhaps of Heller's stage inexperience, perhaps of John Hirsch's direction, that you know from the moment he walks on the set that Robards will leave anyone in any lurch. One of the real ambiguities of stage "reality" is that an actor is burdened with a foreknowledge that a man does not have to carry.

More generally, though, I am less seized than Heller by the fascinations of the play-within-life device. I have seen it tried fairly often, and it usually strikes me as being more a tangle than a mystery. On this occasion, too, faults in direction have caused the crewmen—who are "the people"—to cavort when out of character, so that they are less impressive as "themselves" than as "actors." Nevertheless, Heller has a use beyond intellectual decor for his bifocal approach. It creates a tension between men as citizens (actors), villains and victims of the state, and men as individuals, with pasts to complete and futures to anticipate. "They told me it would disrupt my life less if I got killed sooner," says a young replacement, and the audience applauds its recognition of the gap between official cant and private truth. The ambiguity between role and fate induces a parallel ambiguity between audience and public, so that the major who commands according to "their" script may be felt to be quoting from "our" script as well.

The problem is how to resolve a play

so bifurcated, and in this Heller is so successful. As the evening works its second half, the split becomes increasingly overt, with actors refusing to go on in their parts, with Miss Sands seething Mr. Robards to get her out of the theatre, with everyone shouting at him, at last, has no intention of dying and with one recalcitrant actor he suddenly shot dead on-stage because will not pretend to die off-stage. But course he is not really killed, the aspects of the play do not really coalesce, the edges of the mirrors have become apparent and the audience starts squirm.

That squirming is the giveaway, always happens when the spectators begin to suspect that they are being tortured, that the play is no longer a thing, and they have become it. A theatre is not a pulpit; it is a place where you must show, not tell, what you believe. Like all serious playwrights, Heller has something he wants to show, and begins promisingly enough with metaphor and paradox, wit and romance, to create a body for his conviction. But I get the impression that he had a much clearer image of the moral than of the work so that in the end he loses control of play and falls back on exhortation. The characters become witnesses, the developments become predictable, the act loses plausibility, there is not enough incident left to reach to the final curtain. The play dies and the message survives.

It is disappointing, because although I doubt that Heller is up to writing *Trojan Women*, he knows war well enough to loathe it, and he knows theatre well enough to realize that he cannot make that loathing real by venting new epithets for Lyndon Johnson. For quite a space he maintains distance and expectancy that make play work, but he had not enough invention to get the job completed and ends up chanting with the Becks in Brooklyn. It is the more serious because his *Catch 22*, that spectacular mock-up of martial heroics, suffered a similar collapse into strident exhaustion in homestretch.

PUBLICATIONS

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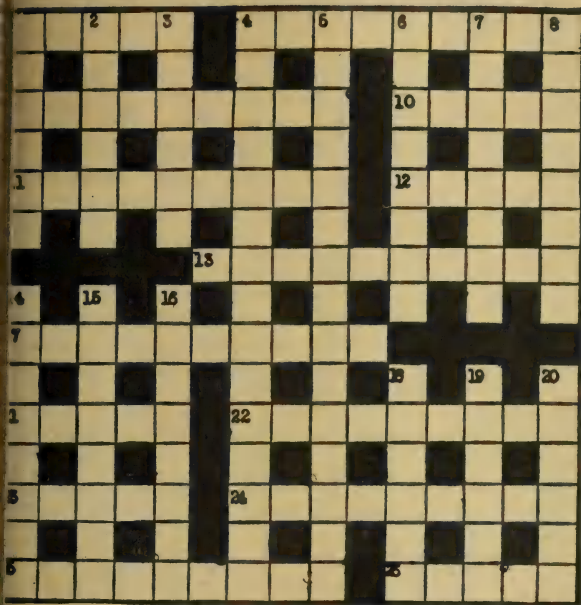
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1270

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

and 7 down Certainly not drunk legally! (5,2,1,5)
 What they had to do with a pound too much? (9)
 Does it involve getting your own back? (9)
 What craft might make, if vigilant, (5)
 Standard early form to allow something to be played? (9)
 Swimming is supposed to be free with it. (5)
 Stunned, as one might not be in a friendly game. (10)
 Do women consider skin cream such a device? (4-6)
 Butterfly familiarly known as one? (5)
 Victoria might typify them. (9)
 Bad leads caused by what one does prior to the first bid. (5)
 Are prints so developed as it might happen? (9)
 Figuring things out is doing as bad! (9)
 Periods of time not restricted to social appointments. (5)

DOWN

Herb, when the loose type, might cause a clash. (6)
 An old dog might turn against one. (6)
 The roadhead might be complained about.

4 In their case, let the client be damned! (6,9)
 5 Well, aren't they out of character? (15)
 6 One sounds as though meals and such prepared this way. (8)
 7 See 1 across
 8 It seems a mere L.S.D. substitute stoness these! (8)
 14 Was capable of providing the answer? (8)
 15 According to the plans each mast is different. (8)
 16 A foolish couple in fanatic make-up? (8)
 18 The lady novelist never wrote, according to Kokko. (6)
 19 It goes to prove an unselfish person isn't one! (6)
 20 Quakers in the manner of writers? (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1269

ACROSS: 6 Clef; 10 Tenacity; 11 and 1 across Counterrevolution; 12 Outs; 13 Usquebaugh; 15 Abandon; 16 Element; 17 Nocking; 20 Theorem; 22 Mills bombs; 23 Comb; 25 Exploit; 26 Rossini; 27 Sard; 28 Scatter rug. DOWN: 1 Rational numbers; 2 Venetia; 3 Lobo; 4 Trypsin; 5 Occlude; 7 Lettuce; 8 For the time being; 9 Bumblebee; 14 Admission; 18 Caliper; 19 Gnostic; 20 Taboret; 21 Roomier; 24 Ash.

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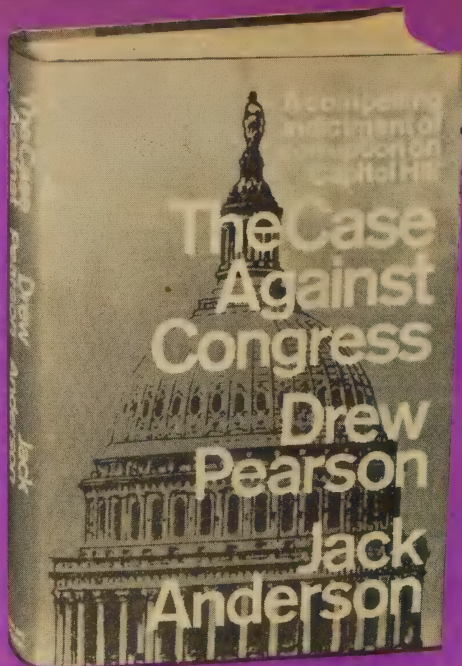
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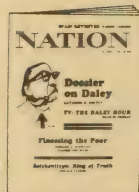
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EDITORIALS

Better Late . . .

The script for this year's fantastic succession of political happenings called for the dramatic announcement of a bombing halt on the eve of the election, with the new phase of negotiations scheduled to begin on the morrow thereof. But however calculated, the bombing halt is good news. It is, as Senator McCarthy has said, not the trump card but a good opener. That it should have come much sooner is scarcely relevant at the moment. In any case we doubt that the halt was ordered now solely for political effect; if the main intention had been to help the Humphrey-Muskie ticket, it would have been imposed somewhat earlier in the campaign.

The fact is that when the President withdrew from the race on March 31, he was successful in his aim to "depoliticize" the Vietnamese issue. Thus, although the heated public debate that began in 1965 continued right through the Chicago convention, it has remained the major, but largely undiscussed, issue of the campaign. All the contenders have completed for the peace vote, urging "an early and honorable end" to the war, and it follows that none was in a position to make major political capital of the bombing halt.

Several dangers now loom large. One, of course, would arise from the failure of either Mr. Nixon or Mr. Humphrey to poll 270 votes in the electoral college; any uncertainty about the Presidential succession would obviously impede the Paris talks. On the other hand, if the negotiations get off to a promising new start, enough progress may be made by January 20 to set the course of policy firmly in the direction of a negotiated settlement. Both parties have an obvious stake in the success of the negotiations. A second danger is that demagogic, hawkish elements may demand extra measures if the negotiations remain deadlocked, or if it becomes clear, as may well happen, that we shall be forced to settle on terms that the American people have been lead to believe we would never accept. Beyond this danger is still another: assuming that a settlement is negotiated, events in Vietnam might create an opportunity for the idiot Right to start screaming "sell-out" and "betrayal." But most of the hawks now realize the folly of the war and, for all their grumbling, may show uncharacteristic restraint during the difficult time of bringing it to an end.

The possibility of unpleasant surprises should not, however, be discounted. It arises from the Administration's lack of candor and the failure of the candidates to debate the issues and alternatives in this year's wretched political campaign. The American people should know, they should be forewarned, they should be urged to realize and accept the fact that we have lost the war in terms of the various, often contradictory goals and purposes that have been cited to justify it. If the fact is accepted, the possibility of further trouble can be minimized. The tragedy of Vietnam was implicit in the bipartisan "anti-Communist" assumptions on which the cold war has been waged. If we want to avoid similar disasters in the future, we shall re-

ject these assumptions and start basing policy on the new realities and our traditional political values.

Between the Tides

In the wake of the invasion of Czechoslovakia, *The Economist* (September 14) suggested that a second Russian revolution might be on its way. The argument was that the outbreak of liberalization in Czechoslovakia was viewed by the Soviet leaders as the paradigm for a similar development in the Soviet Union. Hence the decision to intervene militarily, at no matter what cost in world condemnation. In this view, the Soviet allegation that socialism was endangered was a transparent rationalization; what was really in danger was Russian censorship and control of expression.

Whereas socialism could remain substantially intact in the Soviet Union, a second revolution might democratize it—though not, surely, on the American model, which is now threatened from the Right as Soviet socialism is threatened from the Left. Democratic socialism is the last thing that right-wing elements of the capitalist democracies want in Eastern Europe or in Asia. When their hearts bleed for the oppressed, it is the overthrow of the Soviet system that they hope for, not its liberalization; a benevolent brand of socialism would deprive them of one of their most effective talking points. Russian repression finds a shield in this attitude abroad, which is an additional handicap for those gallant Soviet and satellite citizens who are standing up to their bureaucracies. They have other handicaps, but none is insuperable.

The Russian Revolution had two basic purposes—the world-wide overthrow of capitalism, and the modernization of the Russian economy, so that Russia might acquire industrial and military power commensurate with its potential. The first failed, the second succeeded. But to make this success possible, the Russian people had to be educated, and when people are educated some of them will begin to think. Then they will want to express their thoughts. So impelled, the Soviet scientists, engineers and technicians are inevitably going to demand more freedom. Since any modern power, Socialist or capitalist, must depend on what John Kenneth Galbraith calls the "techno-structure," in the end the top administrators will be forced to listen to them—not only about science and technology but about all the things that touch them closely as an intellectual elite. The same is proving to be true of artists, novelists, playwrights, movie producers and directors, poets, editors, and all the other occupations that make up a civilized society.

Another factor making for liberalization is that opinion is being expressed too freely in the international dialogue of the Socialist states for the leaders of the USSR to fancy that they can reimpose rigid thought-control techniques. The pressure for freedom is not confined to the Soviet intelligentsia. There is, for example, the brilliant Polish novelist Jerzy Andrzejewski. In addition to his widely read *Ashes and Diamonds*, which was also filmed, he has written other novels which should be better known in the Western world. Early in September, Andrzejewski wrote the president of the Czechoslovak writers' union from Warsaw to

express the solidarity of Polish writers with their Czechoslovak colleagues. "I realize," Andrzejewski said, in reference to the Polish role in the invasion, "that my voice of political and moral protest does not and cannot counterbalance the discord with which Poland has been covered in the opinion of progressives in the entire world. . . ." Communist parties in other countries took the same stand.

Thus rebels like the Soviet physicists Pavel M. Litvinov, Dimitri Blokhintsev and Andrei D. Sakharov (whose remarkable essay, "Progress, Coexistence and Intellectual Freedom," was recently published here); Mrs. Larisa Daniel, wife of the imprisoned writer Uri Daniel; the novelist Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn; the poet Andrei Voznesensky; the editor Aleksandr Tvardovsky, and Maj. Gen. Pyotr G. Grigorenko have time their side.

This is the season of the year when the USSR celebrates its birth as a nation out of the chaos of World War I. Accordingly, *The Nation* devotes a large section of the current issue to articles on Russia's present temper and pre-occupations. The tone and content of these reports suggest that the USSR, like the United States, is a nation at slack tide, awaiting new currents from a direction not yet perceived. For both nations it is a time of immediate hazard and of ultimate promise. If their situations can be mutually recognized, forbearance will perhaps be mutually forthcoming.

Once Again the Polls

Each Presidential campaign starts the discussion anew; how good are the polls? The argument continues, actively and with mounting excitement, until the votes are counted. Then there is usually a brief autopsical discussion centering on how well or how badly the pollsters forecast the outcome, and the subject is dismissed until the next election.

But this time it may be different, for the reason that startling discrepancies have emerged between the Gallup and Harris surveys. Just before the Republican convention, a Gallup study purported to show that Mr. Nixon could defeat either Senator McCarthy or Vice President Humphrey, while Gov. Nelson Rockefeller was in a tight race with these two Democrats. A Harris study made six days after the Gallup announcement had Nixon running behind either McCarthy or Humphrey, while Rockefeller could easily beat these two. Thereupon Harris and Gallup issued a joint statement to the effect that both polls were correct but that in the brief interval between them Rockefeller had jumped into the lead. While Gallup and Harris may have been satisfied with this explanation, to many others it seemed contrived. In a speech delivered on October 18, Burns W. Roper, president of Roper Research Associates, criticized the joint Gallup-Harris statement as implausible.

After the conventions, Gallup found a twelve-point spread between Nixon and Humphrey, with the latter trailing. A Harris poll also showed Humphrey behind, but by only five points. The Gallup poll was taken between October 3 and October 12; the Harris dates were October 9 to 11. Louis H. Bean, the analyst who predicted the Tru-

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 16

man victory in 1948, asked: "Why should two national pollsters be so far apart?"

Little attention need be paid to George Wallace's cries that the polls have been rigged against him: Wallace will say anything that he thinks will assist his noisome crusade. But the criticisms of other observers must be taken more seriously. Rep. John Moss of California and Rep. Lucien Nedzi of Michigan have suggested that a Congressional investigation may be in order, and there have been similar proposals in state legislatures. Richard Nixon called Harris a "Democratic pollster." Gallup himself was worried about the pollsters' collective reputation: "The image of the big polls will suffer if we're too far off in the Presidential race," he said.

The polls have become a form of public utility, clearly invested with a public interest. It follows that the public has a right to know more about their inner workings than it does now. The polling industry acknowledges as much. Last spring those pollsters that publish their results set up a "National Council on Published Polls" to establish standards, avoid possible conflicts of interest, and agree on a code of ethical procedures. A larger group, the American Association of Public Opinion Research, which includes the private pollsters, has been engaged in a similar project.

These efforts should be pressed, so that convincing progress can be made before the next election. One symptom of public distrust is that an increasing number of people who are asked for their views on elections are refusing to cooperate. Since those who are approached are supposed to constitute a representative sample, a large percentage of refusals and substitutions may result in distorted statistics.

Part of the industry's difficulty lies in the fact that pollsters deal with elections and other matters of public interest, and as market researchers also contribute to the great selling effort that permeates American life. Roper alluded to this duality when he conceded that while much of the blame for abuses lies within the industry, customers or clients must share some of it. Politicians and sales managers alike are prone to suppress or distort results that run contrary to their interests. This is the more reason for the pollsters to avoid any taint of partisanship in their political assessments. Few industries succeed in self-regulation. The pollsters may be an exception, but the aftermath of this election may be their last chance to prove it.

'Adios' to the Olympics

Ancient Greece was never a conspicuously peaceful land, but when games were held a truce was imposed, so that runners and wrestlers, poets and orators, might journey safely to the meeting place and demonstrate their excellence. Ours is not a conspicuously peaceful world, but the Olympic Games just completed at Mexico City were perhaps the most brilliant of the modern era, and the forecasts of serious embarrassments, if not disaster, proved groundless.

The auspices were indeed unfavorable. Mexico had

been brutally suppressing the indignation of its youth, and as the teams gathered the authorities put on a display of unseemly (and as it proved, foolishly excessive) military control. South Africa was not acceptable in an assembly dedicated to sportsmanship. There was bitterness in the prospect of Czechoslovak and Russian champions contending for laurels. The many blacks on the American squad were participating in a mood of mixed pride and anger. The altitude of the site was thought to make shocking physical distress inevitable.

But though some athletes obviously suffered (particularly those called upon for extended outlays of power), records fell in dazzling numbers in the thin air of Mexico City. And though there were frictions, ineptitudes, displays of authoritarianism and painful rumors, the young athletes of the world tested one another, displayed their strength and beauty and courage, and parted to return home in peace.

That is what the Olympics are intended to do: to show that valor is a personal virtue and that superlative achievement knows no color or flag. That is why a race to the tape is a symbol of greater human promise than a race to the moon. The circumstances could have been better; there was no wisdom in banishing the two young American Negroes for their gestures of protest, and there was no honesty in the reason given for doing so. It is simply not believable that the International Olympic Committee would have banished the entire American team over an internal matter that in no way impeded the order of the occasion. And the as-yet-unsubstantiated rumors of money improperly distributed to allegedly amateur contestants, in themselves disagreeable, emphasize once again the hypocrisy of the Olympic rules. All athletes of Olympic caliber are subsidized in one way or another; the standards which must be met in modern world competition are so high that no one can train for them in after hours. The antiquated notion of amateurism should be scrapped, and a superb performer should be acknowledged worthy of his hire.

The Olympic Games and the Catholic Church are similarly ancient institutions that have become encrusted with lore and ritual. They are both governed by old men who set the rules for the young men who do the jobs. With arrogance dominating the high ranks and zeal motivating the low, friction is inevitable. Change is also inevitable. It will become evident in the Munich Olympic Games of 1972, as it is evident today in the winds of protest ventilating the doctrines of Catholicism. All institutions resist change, but those which call upon their participants to excel in body or spirit are the least justified in their intransigence.

How Free Is Information?

Hosannas went up when President Johnson signed the freedom of information law on July 4, 1967. As often before and since, Mr. Johnson was his own cheerleader. "Freedom of information," he declared, "is so vital that only the national security, not the desire of public officials or private citizens, should determine when it must be restricted." This was all very well as sloganeering, but

a governmental practice information remains as needlessly restricted as ever. Many officials act as if they had never heard of the law or as if they had the right to veto at will.

A current illustration is Robert F. Kennedy's personal account of the 1962 missile crisis. This 21,000-word memoir, sold for more than \$1 million, gives a comprehensive idea of the feelings of the inner power circle as the United States drew close to a nuclear conflict with the Soviet Union. It tells what was said and who said it. Yet so far it has proved impossible to shake loose the report of the four-man committee (Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, chairman; Allen W. Dulles, director of the CIA; Robert F. Kennedy, Attorney General; Admiral Arleigh Burke, chief of naval operations) appointed by President Kennedy to survey the whole Bay of Pigs fiasco, to find out what went wrong and what might be done to prevent a recurrence. The Taylor report would reveal how good the military advice of the Joint Chiefs of Staff actually was, and likewise the perspicacity or lack of it displayed by the CIA in the intelligence field. Nothing could be more important, but six years after the event the public is still denied this vital information.

One difficulty is that no appeals procedure is established under the law. Such a procedure could presumably be established by Executive action. All it requires are the appointment of an official in the Executive office to whom appeals could be addressed, and the publication of regulations setting forth the procedure for doing so. The publicity attendant on such protocols would in itself have a salutary effect.

As it is, individuals and corporations must resort to the slow, cumbersome and expensive procedure of suing the government to force the release of documents or data which they wish to use. Thirty such cases are pending. Almost all of them involve material economically valuable for private use. An important exception is the suit brought in July, 1968, by Consumers Union for the purpose of gaining public access to evaluations in federal agency files as to the quality of consumer goods and services (information derived from government research at the taxpayers' expense). The specific complaint in the Consumers Union suit is directed against the Veterans Administration, which has refused to reveal the results of tests done for it on various brands and models of hearing aids.

It would be a great help in the current situation if reporters and other media personnel would make maximum use of the law as it stands, demanding the rights it provides, harassing the delinquent government agencies until they were persuaded that revelation is preferable to the angry buzz of frustration. When the media are refused information, they should at least publicize the fact. In some cases, this in itself will produce a more liberal response from government bodies, and the attitude may spread from one agency to another, somewhat improving the overall situation.

Apparently all three Presidential candidates have given approval in principle to appointment of an appeals official of the type suggested. The winner should not be allowed to forget this commitment.

The Late Late Show

Reruns of old movies on TV have nothing on the perennial crusade of the AFL-CIO against Communist trade unions abroad—or any trade unions that are not patterned on Samuel Gompers' adage of trade unionism "pure and simple." The activities of Jay Lovestone and his corps of Red-hunters in Europe, Latin America and the Far East have been chronicled in *Nation* articles by Henry Berger, Sidney Lens and others; now the same old melodramas, re-edited for local conditions but still supported by the State Department and using the same CIA techniques, are beginning to show up in Africa. As elsewhere, African labor will thereby get the impression that the entire U.S. labor movement is reactionary. Lovestone is not welcomed as an ideological mentor by more progressive African labor elements, who prefer to be aligned with neither side in the cold war.

Recent developments in the Lovestone safari are recounted by Stanley Meisler from Nairobi, Kenya, in the October 10 *Los Angeles Times*. At first Lovestone and his staff relied on the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU), which had achieved notable success after World War II in suppressing Communist unions in West Germany and creating rival, anti-Communist unions in France and Italy. As in Europe, the operations in Africa were carried on under the supervision of Irving Brown, Lovestone's long-time coadjutor. But when ICFTU proved ineffective there, George Meany directed Lovestone to supplement it with the African-American Labor Center (AALC), with Brown still in charge.

The U.S. Agency for International Development supplies the bulk of AALC funds, but in contrast to most of its operations gives it a free rein. Meisler points out that AID follows the same policy with the Planned Parenthood Association. Sensitive issues are involved in both operations, and AID prefers not to be too closely identified with their goals.

In 1967, AALC received \$1,537,000 from the U.S. Government and \$482,000 from AFL-CIO unions and private contributors. AID reports that federal money for AALC has currently increased to \$2,411,390. (This is not necessarily the actual total, since U.S. ambassadors in African countries are also supplied with special funds for "impact" projects; AALC may be getting another million through these channels.)

Whereas in Kenya, owing to local opposition, AALC has been relatively cautious, Meisler reports that elsewhere it "has fulfilled the traditional AFL-CIO role of helping non-Communist unions fight Communist unions." This is a sure recipe for setting elements in the indigenous labor movement at one another's throats. Meisler cites several instances which resulted in embarrassment for the United States.

Is it too much to expect that the new administration taking over in January will, as part of a general overhaul of the State Department, re-examine the role of AFL-CIO in relation to American policy—or, to put it more directly, the role of Jay Lovestone? If the State Department feels that it should be actively concerned with trade union activities overseas (a debatable proposition), then it should

formulate its own programs and see that they are carried out. The notion that AFL-CIO should be used as an instrument of American policy serves the best interests of neither American labor nor the State Department. The record of Lovestone's labor diplomacy throughout the

cold-war years forces the conclusion that his influence should be severed now, before his mischievous intrigue involve American policy for Africa in the same difficulties that have attended his earlier efforts in Europe, Asia and Latin America.

WHAT DALEY NEEDS, DALEY GETS

RALPH WHITEHEAD, Jr.

Mr. Whitehead, a Chicago newspaper man, is completing a book on the politics of law and order.

Chicago

About 250 delegates and visitors to the Democratic National Convention met at a Chicago hotel late on the night of August 28. A few hours earlier, Mayor Richard Daley's police force had clubbed apart a protest outside the Conrad Hilton. The meeting watched on TV as Hubert Humphrey got the nomination Daley wanted him to have. A news report said Edmund Muskie would run with Humphrey because Daley wanted the national ticket to help the four Polish members of the Mayor's Congressional delegation. A lot of the meeting's talk was about the Mayor: Daley and his cops, Daley and LBJ, Daley and George Meany. Everyone agreed that Daley's notion of how to run a convention would kill the ticket and injure the Mayor's power. So the meeting broke up, and the group packed its bags and returned home to New York City, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C. And, after two months, the election is here, and the boss of Chicago will come out of it as powerful as ever.

The Democratic organization of Cook County needs three offices to hold its base of power, and it should be able to keep them all:

Secretary of State Paul Powell must win again because his post controls 20,000 patronage jobs. Some of these are lucrative per diem jobs. They attract professionals and help to organize affluent areas. Powell has long been powerful downstate, where he should cut into the GOP majority, and Cook County's Democratic edge should then bring him in safely. Powell might be the only Democrat to win on the state-wide ticket.

Edward Hanrahan must become State's attorney for Cook County, the chief prosecutor and key to controlling the county's justice. The last Republican to hold the job served for four years ending in 1960. He was lazy and didn't organize the office well, but he almost ruined Daley by dragging out scandals on fixed traffic tickets, corrupt bail-bond practices, and a police burglary ring. This prosecutor later tried to run for mayor, but his political career was wiped out by a scandal of his own—a scandal played up by a Democratic State's attorney.

A Republican State's attorney might also move against the Democratic organization's control of the city and county election machinery. The Chicago machine has survived by understanding what reforms matter in Cook

County: civil rights, good schools, clean water, etc., and visible issues that worry, and often excite the voters. So the organization must address itself to such issues. But election laws, vital to the self-perpetuation of the Democratic organization, don't arouse most voters. Daley can have his way with them because his opponents can't stir enough opinion to force election reform by the city council or county board. But a GOP or independent State's attorney could act through the courts to end criminal voting abuses. Daley wouldn't care to have that happen—and probably won't, since Hanrahan, a safe organization man, is given a nice lead by the polls.

Finally, Matthew Danaher must stay on as clerk of the county court. This job backstops the control of the State attorney over county justice, because the clerk makes case assignments to circuit court judges. "If the organization ever wanted a major court fix, the assignment power would be useful," explains Leon Despres, an independent alderman. The clerk also controls 1,400 patronage jobs, most of which are now held by party workers of advanced age and retarded skills, poorly qualified for ordinary employment. Since their years of party service entitle them other patronage jobs if the clerk's office is lost, a ban showing by Danaher would cause confusion and anxiety inside the organization.

There are also three offices the Democratic organization doesn't need, and one of them it doesn't even want. That is Everett Dirksen's Senate seat, now sought for the Democrats by Illinois Atty. Gen. William Clark. The Democratic precinct captains aren't pushing Clark because he's openly hostile to Daley. Clark has run hard as a Vietnam dove, and some Illinois liberals have thought organizing around him to fight the Mayor. But Clark lacks a solid political base, and will soon be out of work, when he'll be forced to ask Daley to make a separate peace.

The governorship is also expendable. Samuel Shapiro holds the office for the Democrats, and it controls 12,000 jobs. His opponent is Richard Ogilvie, president of the Cook County Board. If Ogilvie is elected, his current job would be filled by a vote of the Democratic majority on the board, and the organization could eventually milk the president's office for about 15,000 patronage jobs. The party would also be enriched by the 2 per cent bounty patronage salaries. And Ogilvie's election would get him out of Cook County, where he threatens the machine. It has already put strong GOP organizations into seven West Side wards, where the Republican committeemen have traditionally been on the Democratic payroll. This does

mean that the Democrats are knifing Shapiro as they are Clark. The executive director of the Independent Voters of Illinois, John Kearney, points out: "The precinct workers are pushing Sam because they like him, not because the organization has to have him."

The Presidency of the United States is also expendable. Labor needs Humphrey, but local trade union officials say Illinois' twenty-six electoral votes have been conceded to Richard Nixon. The Chicago Federation of Labor and Industrial Union Council wants Humphrey but is putting the bulk of its money into its precinct network on the northeast and southwest sides of the city, giving priority support to three labor Congressmen running against backlash Republicans. The Democratic organization's own campaign workers are pushing Humphrey variously according to their ward, precinct, block or even building. Some Polish areas boost Muskie and don't mention Humphrey. Elsewhere the word is out to go easy on Wallace voters who back the county ticket. The organization has been unable to lay down a blanket policy of straight ticket voting for all precinct workers inside the city. This lets the troops use their own judgment to drop the weak men on the ticket, and consequently Humphrey suffers.

The black wards are an exception, something of a surprise after the April riots and Daley's shoot-to-kill order. Yet Negro support for Humphrey probably shows the shrewdness of the Mayor's convention security. A trade union staff man, Paul Booth, explains why the Chicago polls show a 95 per cent black vote for Humphrey: "The cops didn't let Dick Gregory take his marchers south of

18th Street on the night Humphrey made his acceptance speech. If the march had gone into the South Side, Gregory would carry the ghetto himself."

A President would be nice to have, but Daley doesn't really need one. He won't be able to reach Nixon's Cabinet members on the phone, and he'll lose some federal patronage. Yet he won't lose much by a decline in his Washington influence. During the past eight years, the Mayor has increasingly used his power at the White House to veto any federal disruptions of Chicago's *status quo*. Usually this has meant that Daley would block any use of Washington funds to punish Chicago's bigotry, or to reward racial progress made by anyone outside the Cook County organization. Nixon has already promised not to use federal funds for such ends.

At the state party convention held during September, a few days after the national Democrats had left town, several thousand local party workers crowded into an old meeting hall and seated themselves according to their ward and township organizations. Daley introduced the state ticket, and then announced the top man on the county ticket, Ed Hanrahan. As Hanrahan approached the microphone, a half-dozen girls, wearing "Hanrahan!" straw hats and sashes, cakewalked around the podium and sang an off-key campaign melody to the accompaniment of a band of tired old men stashed in a balcony above the stage. After the song, Hanrahan stepped to the microphone to bellow: "Now there's my kind of new politics!" And the crowd stood and cheered for nearly fifteen minutes. Daley has no reason to be dissatisfied with his Chicago.

RUSSIA AFTER 50

'Moscow Is So Dull'

DESMOND SMITH

Mr. Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, is on the staff of C.B.S. News. Last summer's visit to the Soviet Union was the third he has spent in that country.

When the whisky had run dry we switched to Soviet champagne—a very bad mixture, but it is not every year that you get to celebrate the 14th of July with the French in Moscow. Tricolor bunting that had not seen service since last Bastille Day was draped over tables everywhere. The bar, a boozy sea of drinkers, was awash with red, white and blue crepe paper. In the next room 500 writhing, shaking, wriggling bodies were spastically jerking to a hundred decibels of pure electronic howl. It was the Air France party at the Metropole Hotel and it was a gas. Dick Reston, of the *Los Angeles Times*, and I were talking to a couple of French girls, Claudine Canetti, who writes for *Agence France-Presse*, and a friend of hers, Sylvie Kahn, a Sorbonne student. "A month ago," yelled Sylvie over the din, "I was an ambulance attendant in Montparnasse.

Very bad. Very good. It was our student struggle in Paris . . . it was our revolution. *Quelle joie!* Moscow is so dull!" I asked what she had been doing in Moscow. Sylvie wrinkled her face in disgust. "We talk. When we stop talking they take us on tours. Last night we went to a factory for an evening of friendship. Some of the workers entertained us with folk dances! I mean, can you imagine that? Folk dances!" The din was murderous. "Well," shouted Reston, "that's Moscow 1968 for you!"

Nowadays, Moscow is the most conservative city in the world, not even excluding Wichita, Kan. By 11 P.M. Red Square looks like a drained sink. The Metro, Moscow's incomparably efficient subway system, is the drain that nightly sucks the city of its humanity. Inside, the turnstiles are clogged with the homeward bound. The attendant, a stout woman in her middle 40s, stands on a rubber mat, keeping up a steady flow of patter:

"Move along there, comrade. . . ."

"Let's get going, fellow countryman. . . ."

"Don't dally, citizen. . . ."

Below, trains thunder down the gleaming marble tubes, en route to the outer ring of cement apartment houses that girdle Moscow's bulging perimeter. Walking by night about the silent yellow streets, a visitor is struck by the local primness. Everything is tidy and orderly. You can, literally, walk for hours without encountering a single policeman. Between midnight and dawn, Gorky Street—Moscow's main stem—is a sanitation worker's delight. Six and a half million Muscovites are snugly abed. The loudest sound you hear is the Kremlin bells, chiming the hours.

On Dzhherzhinsky Square the Detsky Mir, Children's World Department Store, is dark. Across from windows filled with bright *matryoshki* wooden dolls and rubber spacemen is the Lubyanka prison. A water truck goes by. The wet and glistening street reflects the few lights that still burn in Lubyanka. Before the Revolution this granite pile housed Russia's largest insurance company. Now it looks like an orphanage with its neat, starched white, curtained windows, green-shaded lamps and combed grass lawn.

The day afterward I kept thinking about Sylvie's remark. In one sense she is absolutely correct. A country without free political discussion is, inevitably, a dull place. And, as everyone knows, there has not been—since Trotsky's ouster—any left- or right-wing faction in the Communist Party's Central Committee. "Democratic Centralism" is the sole order of business. Yet this is only the top of the picture. Hardly a day passes but some poet, scientist or factory manager attacks the *status quo*. The issue is not between party members and nonparty members but between the alert and forward-looking and those who obstinately cling to the past. The Soviet Union might be exotic in some respects, but in others it is exactly like every place else. Mr. Suslov and his ideologues in Kom-somol Square are saying: "Comrades, Lenin has secured our Revolution. We do not intend to have another, so let us now get along with the job of building communism." Given this ukase, it is apparent why the Central Committee's powerful Ideological Commission is ill at ease with the present generation of artists and writers.

During July the Soviet press, led by *Pravda*, went on a Mayakovsky binge. The 75th anniversary of the Soviet poet's birth was marked by fulsome praise for his achievements. Party hacks who had publicly rebuked him in his lifetime now sang his praises in marshmallow reminiscences. Here was a poet of world stature who, for more than a decade, poured out his prodigious heart in praise of Soviet achievement. The awkward fact that Mayakovsky, attacked from all sides, ended his life with a bullet through his heart is now the subject for some judicious rewriting of history. In his last unfinished poem he wrote feelingly of his struggles with the authorities:

*Agitprop sticks in my teeth too
and I'd rather compose romance for you
more profit in it
and more charm
But I subdued myself
setting my heel
on the throat
of my own song.*

But *Pravda* was not thinking of Mayakovsky's last poem.

It praised instead the poet who wrote, "I from poetry's skies,/plunge into communism,/because without it/I feel no love." Who, among contemporary poets, sings so sweetly of present-day Soviet triumphs? And why do they not? One answer might be that what Yevtushenko calls "one-sided certainties" no longer seem valid to this generation.

Tatiana met me outside the Hotel National. It had been a hot Saturday and now thick cumulous clouds were piling up threateningly over beyond the Moscow river. "It must be raining already in Peredelkino," said Tatiana. We were going to the writers' village where Andrei Voznesensky and other friends of Tatiana's were waiting for us.

My companion had brought a large wicker basket filled with food and neatly covered with a folded copy of the day's *Izvestia*. As we skirted Manege Square, Tatiana asked the taxi driver to stop on Gorky Street at one of the food stores. She had forgotten to buy wine. It is about 20 miles from Moscow to Peredelkino. We headed out along the Minsk road, the taxi, an old Volga, bouncing along like a young colt that had finally been given the reins. The driver, a happy enough man, kept muttering aloud, "*Kak shacka, kak shacka*" (how hot, how hot); it was difficult to know if he meant the engine or the weather. Just past the Minsk turnoff, we passed a glass-boothed police observation post. Other than that there was nothing worth a long look. On a Russian highway there are no advertising billboards, no roadside diners, no used-car lots, no electric signs, and almost no directions.

The entrance to Peredelkino passes the graveyard where Boris Pasternak is buried. A river runs alongside and green parasol pines stand in silent clusters, like mourners at an Irish wake. It is very lovely. Here the countryside is gentle, with open fields and stands of white birches. We drove down lanes that wound in and out of a great pine forest. The Russian love of privacy is well known; at Peredelkino not only are streets unmarked, very few of the *dachas* or country homes have name plates. Presently we found the old Samarin estate, where the Writers' Union has some twenty small cottages in an old park. Tatiana left the car to go find Voznesensky. We were to travel on to another *dacha*.

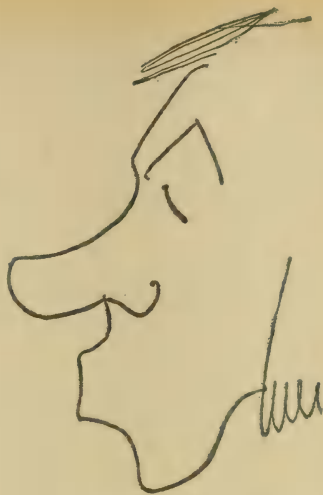
After about ten minutes, the poet appeared with his wife Zoya, an attractive blonde in her early 30s. Voznesensky owns his own car, a gray Volga which had cost him nearly 4,000 rubles (about \$4,400), and Zoya—who is learning to drive—followed us cautiously to our destination. It was the summer cottage of a well-known translator, a man whom I shall call Boris. As I turned from the taxi I saw that Voznesensky was taking the windshield wipers off his car. He smiled and said, "I can't afford to lose my eyes!" It appears that car wipers are stolen regularly from parked cars and are terribly difficult to replace. So most people are careful to remove the blades whenever they park. The *dacha* was hidden in a grove of birches, well back from the road. The afternoon thundershower had spread a cobweb of raindrops over a clump of elderberry bushes by the steps that led to the house. It was all immensely idyllic—the absolutely wholesome, sweet life, a

hour's drive from Moscow. We stood silently for a minute until the door opened and Boris, a middle-aged man wearing a flannel sports shirt and baggy blue pants, bustled out. "Greetings, greetings!" he cried. "Come along in and excuse the mess."

We found ourselves in a narrow corridor, with a number of doors leading off it. "Down this way to the right." We entered a large, sparsely furnished room with white walls, a small bed, a table and several chairs. The windows were uncurtained. Our hostess came in, dark-haired and smiling, and gravely shook hands all around. A small boy, presumably Boris' son, entered the room and placed a large ashtray, in the shape of a lobster, on the table. Voznesensky pulled out a pack of Bulgarian cigarettes and offered them around. As we talked, Boris asked if I had tried to buy a copy of Voznesensky's poems in Moscow. I said I had but with no success. Unspoken was my thought that the reason for this was Voznesensky's well-known troubles with the Ideological Commission. As if reading my mind, Boris exclaimed, "We love poetry in Russia, everyone knows that! Even so, among our poets Andrei is a phenomenon. They publish an edition of 40,000 and it's sold out the next day. They double the next edition and the same thing happens! His last book of poems—*An Achilles Heart*—was published in the fantastic edition of half a million copies and there is not one copy left in the whole of Moscow!"

Boris leaned forward and poured everyone a glass of Georgian wine; then he continued talking. "In our country poetry is the pulpit. It is entertainment, it is philosophy, it is life. Everything else is dead—or was dead until very, very recently. Poetry has been a way of saying things that could not otherwise be said (for the first time Voznesensky quietly nodded his head in agreement). But it is most interesting that, in recent years, there has been a small but obvious decline in the popularity of poetry. Why? Because other channels have been opened. Nowadays our films are more frank. Then, too, you can find more open discussion in our books and our magazines." I asked Boris what was the nearest parallel to the young Soviet poets in Western society. "I suppose if I were to try to find a comparison," said Boris, "I'd have to say our poets are like the French boulevard singers or your Pop groups."

The sky was turning dark; the tall uncut grass outside the windows cast a green glow over everyone in the shadowy room. Voznesensky was wearing a heavy blue Italian sweater, and over his shoulders a dark blue nylon windjammer—a slight, dark-haired young man with merry quizzical eyes, a bobbed nose in a long face, and a shy, reserved manner. I do not recall Voznesensky moving at all during the long evening. He sat, hunched forward, his eyes darting toward all speakers as they talked. After dinner the talk turned to Mayakovsky. Voznesensky is a great admirer of "the poet of the Revolution." I asked him about the line in his poem "Oza" (a play on the name of his wife Zoya) about the bullet flying from Mayakovsky's heart back into the gun. He explained that he tried very hard to find out everything he could about Mayakovsky's death. "But a strange thing," explained Voznesensky, "Mayakovsky owned two pistols, but it was a third one—



Andrei Voznesensky: *A Self-Portrait*

a German Luger—which killed him, and that has completely vanished."

Boris spoke next. "People will be arguing about Mayakovsky's death for the next century. There will always be those who have doubts. It is like the Kennedy assassinations. People love facts and they need a conspiracy to make them palatable. It is an open question. There were so many open questions in 1930," said Boris, with a wave of his hand toward the dark window. "It was a time of great confusion in the arts. The young Soviet state hardly had time for art or to worry about its role in the Revolution. There were, in those years, no hard and fast positions. These were to come later with Stalin—paradoxically, a more settled period. So Mayakovsky danced between the *proletkult* and the bourgeois concepts of culture, supported by Lenin and championed by Lunacharsky. He went from one group to another, in vain. The wave of arrests began in 1929. For Mayakovsky that was the beginning of the end. When he sought a passport to visit Paris and it was refused, he touched bottom. The literary establishment gave him the cold shoulder. His plays flopped, he lost his glamour, his fame and his luck in love. Women, you know, are like rats: Mayakovsky's women more so than most. For them the word loyalty did not exist, they were mere vamps. He had no one to turn to. It was the end."

All this was said so forcefully that I felt a bit presumptuous even to ask Voznesensky for his view. But wanting to hear it, I asked him just the same. "Mayakovsky had a tragic quality about his whole life," said Voznesensky; "I especially admire the contrasts between the challenge in his poetry and, on the other hand, the extreme sensitivity and fearfulness." Voznesensky leaned forward, his slight shoulders hunched over the table. "He was an artist who loved life yet finally strangled it in himself. Paradox upon paradox." He repeated the words: "paradox upon

paradox." An expression of haunting sadness dropped like a curtain across his long thin face.

Later, back at the hotel and before turning out the light, I read some lines from Voznesensky's first book, *Mosaic*:

*An artist firstborn
Is always a tribune.
In him the spirit of overturning,
And rebellion—eternal.*

From the distance, beyond the lace curtains, came the Kremlin chimes.

As in the West, a dominant topic of Moscow conversation these days is talk, talk, talk about what lies ahead for the young people. The movie makers have hold of this theme and, as a consequence, the movie theatre is a good place to go for an insight into contemporary Soviet life. Unfortunately such films as *Three Poplars on Plisetskaya Street*, *One Hundred Ways of Love*, *I Am Twenty* and *July Rain* are not likely to be seen in the West for some time to come. When I asked a Soviet official why this was so, he parried the question: "When you can tell me when your government will sell us the distribution rights to *Raisin in the Sun*, *Blackboard Jungle* and *The Manchurian Candidate*, I can answer when the Soviet Union will export our controversial films." I very much wanted to meet Marlen Khutsiev while I was in Moscow, but was told that he was hard at work on a new film about Pushkin and not available. Khutsiev, now in his early 30s, is perhaps the most talked about of the Soviet's "new wave" film directors. Five years ago his film *The Ilyich Gate*—subsequently retitled *I Am Twenty*—ran into the formidable opposition of Nikita Khrushchev. Viktor Nekrasov, the Kiev writer, compared Khutsiev's film with Paddy Chayefsky's *Marty*:

Marty owns a butcher shop in New York: Khutsiev's youngsters are all workers. They are all about 20, not much more than that. And of course they are all in love, each in his own way, and all have moments of melancholy. . . . Questions arise, as indeed they must: Where is the future? What is the right thing to do? How can one avoid mistakes? In general how one ought to live. I am eternally grateful to Khutsiev and Gennady Shpalikov (the script writer) for not dragging in an old worker with graying mustaches who understands all and has a precise and clear answer for everything.

Khrushchev had the film screened and got so boiling mad about it that he singled it out for his spitting scorn, in a speech to writers and artists at the Kremlin Hall of Congress:

"Even the most positive characters in this film, three workers," shouted Khrushchev, "are shown not knowing how they should live and what they should strive for. And this in our time of full-scale construction of communism, illuminated by the ideas of the Program of the Communist Party! . . . In the Soviet Socialist society there are no contradictions between generations." I had heard that Khutsiev's most recent film *July Rain* was playing in Moscow, but inquiries at the Intourist office failed to reveal where. There are hundreds of movie houses in Moscow but no one paper lists their programs. Indeed the

morning papers carry no movie or theatre advertising at all, and *Evening Moscow*—the city's most popular paper—carries listings only for central Moscow.

However, a movie critic, knowing of my interest, called me up one day. She had heard that *July Rain* was playing at a small suburban cinema. The next evening we took a taxi to the outskirts of the city. In contrast to the marble and glass midtown movie houses, this cinema was part of a recreation hall. We went upstairs to a long narrow room with straight-backed wooden seats. As with *I Am Twenty*, *July Rain* tells of young people, a group of friends—writers, editors and engineers—who live and work in Moscow. Khutsiev has filmed it in the familiar *nouvelle vague* manner, and he moves his group-as-anti-heroes through half a dozen different Moscow locations. A newspaper office, the new Kalinin Avenue, a picnic scene in the Moscow suburbs, the ordinary Moscow squares—all these come wonderfully alive in the wide-screen black-and-white camera work of Margarita Pilikhina. It is a totally plotless film, but Khutsiev achieves great lyrical power through a skillful mixing of acting, music scoring and sensitive photography. But what was really fascinating was the audience reaction. Could Khrushchev have been right? In the flickering half-light I glanced around; the audience was made up mostly of blue-collar workers. The film seemed to irritate them enormously. By about the fourth reel there was a good deal of coughing and muttering as if to say: "Why don't they do something, instead of just talking all the time?" A few days later someone showed me a review of the film. Once again, Khutsiev was nailed for having made a "pessimistic" film. He was criticized for showing the emptiness of "some people's lives" without showing the positive side. "As with *I Am Twenty*," wrote the critic, "this is another Khutsiev film in which mutual relations are characterized by intellectual poverty." The critic concluded by suggesting a change of title to *I Am Thirty*.

A couple of nights later, I was having a drink in the Labyrinth, one of the new cocktail bars that have popped up in the Kosygin era. My friend, Yablomov, was sitting at the bar with me (in the Soviet Union it is not polite to stand at a bar). I wanted to get his opinion of *July Rain*. Yablomov, in his early 30s, is a bachelor about town. A translator, he earns good money working for a foreign organization, and is, I would judge, more sophisticated than most Muscovites. To my surprise he had nothing but scorn for Khutsiev's films.

"What's so good about feeling bad?" he asked, recalling a movie title I had seen somewhere. "People go to the movies to be entertained," Yablomov continued. "They've had a hard day at the office or in the factory. They have probably attended a Komsomol meeting or a Sports Club 'compulsory-voluntary' session after work. When they have free time they want to enjoy themselves." He swung the chrome stool around on its pivot and ordered two more champagne cobbles from the bar attendant. "There should be more comedies—something to make people laugh. Who needs problems?"

Walking home alone along the glittering new Kalinin Avenue I found myself wondering what was happening in



Russia. Depending upon whose company I happened to be sharing in Moscow, there seemed to be two distinct viewpoints. Among Moscow intellectuals I can fairly quickly tick off some of their hopes. They want an end to the more stifling excesses of bureaucracy and the downgrading of personality (a favorite word of opprobrium here is "cosmopolitan," meaning anyone who tends to a world view rather than the strict party line). They yearn for privacy, and above all desire to travel abroad—simply, to own a passport. Among ordinary people, on the other hand, the mood recalls the Eisenhower years in America. First, there is a sense of never having had it so good. The streets are crowded, the shops and restaurants are full. Most people now work a five-day week, get thirty days' paid vacation a year; social security system covers sickness, old age, maternity, unemployment, occupational hazards and family bonuses. Housing is improving rapidly and direct income tax is hardly noticeable. Second, most citizens have a deep-rooted desire not to rock the boat. Last year's great fiftieth anniversary blowout simply reinforced their faith in their Socialist society, and this faith, sustained by an ever-improving economic security, is confirmed by what their mass media tell them is happening in the corrupt old capitalist empire. Third, they betray a distinctly hostile attitude toward literary radicals. An undercurrent of anger at "double-dealers" who allow their works to be published in the West is best expressed in the Russian proverb that "no family is without its monster." A highly respected American observer told me he was absolutely convinced that the verdict in the Daniel-Sinyavsky trial was warmly applauded by most ordinary Soviet citizens.

Kalinin Avenue provided little sense of relief from the curious sense of melancholy I encountered from my conversations with Soviet friends. At nine in the evening the broad street was crowded with people looking in shop windows, queuing up to enter the October movie palace, or stopping to buy flowers from the sidewalk vendors.

There is every indication of Socialist affluence, even an air of Socialist superiority in the red and white banners strung across the eight-lane street. "Glory to the Communist Party of the CCCP." And yet the porridgelike conformity of the scene was depressing.



Edmund Stevens came to the Soviet Union in the early thirties. Like Henry Shapiro, the veteran UPI bureau chief in Moscow, he married a Russian girl and settled down to report the Soviet scene for the American press. Over the years, Stevens has worked for almost every American newspaper or magazine of note, from *The Christian Science Monitor* to *Time*. Currently, he writes for the London *Sunday Times* and for *Newsday* specials syndicate. He won the Pulitzer Prize in 1951.

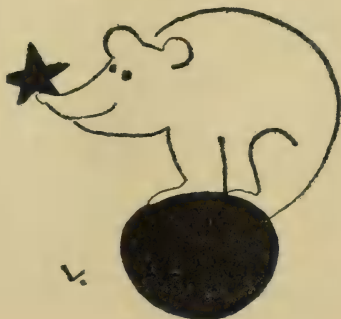
Mr. and Mrs. Stevens live at 11 Ryleeva Street, not far from the Kremlin. There is nothing remarkable about the street—a very ordinary Moscow thoroughfare. In the windows of the wooden house on the corner I could see faces staring out at the limousines arriving at the Stevens home. Everyone in Moscow knows the couple and they must know literally everyone in the Soviet Establishment. Ed, a cheery red-faced fellow in shirt sleeves, was working on the Czech crisis story as I entered. The door of his study was open and I could see him waving a sheaf of Tass copy in one hand; the other hand held the telephone into which he was shouting in Russian. I waved hello as I passed through. Nina Stevens, a high-strung, handsome woman, who gives the appearance of being constantly in motion (even when sitting perfectly still), dashed down the hallway shouting instructions in Russian to a kitchen full of perspiring help. Beyond—the loud confused concatenation of cocktail chatter.

"Pajalsta!" "Please!"

The cook projects her great bulk through the crowd by the garden doors. She is carrying shashlik on metal skewers to a blazing outdoor barbecue.

"You know our ambassador, of course?" says Mrs. Stevens. I look across to Ambassador Thompson who is talking to "Chip" Bohlen who, in turn, is talking to the well-known Soviet stage and film director, Gerasimov.

I nod. Nina propelled her way out of the crowd toward her other guests grouped like statuary around the flowering garden, leaving me to help myself to a passing tray of



vodka. From the schoolyard next door came the sound of a football game.

Someone introduced me to Julian Semenov, a young writer sporting a Papa Hemingway beard.

"How do you like Moscow?" Semenov asked.

"A bit dull."

"Can't say I disagree. Just got back from Vietnam myself—*South Vietnam*. . ."

My ears tuned in to that bit of information.

"Really? Where were you?"

"In the Central Highlands with the front forces," he said.

"Do a lot of walking?"

Semenov got my point right away. He smiled.

"I won't say how. I won't say where we came from. I can assure you, however, that we did not have the luxury of a helicopter."

Semenov's intelligent face grew thoughtful. You got the impression that he thought it fine to be home again. But somehow, after guerrilla warfare in the rice paddies, after the Hemingway life with the NLF, there was something a little drab about Moscow. For who, after all, is a greater romantic than a Russian? That is why he makes a first-class revolutionary. I was just about to learn more of Semenov's Vietnamese travels when Nina returned.

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but I've got to introduce a film director you haven't met."

She led me away and presented a severe-looking bald-headed man who was munching a canapé; Mrs. Stevens nodded absently as she left.

"I want to ask you a serious question," he began. "I don't suppose Hollywood would make a film about the life of Tolstoy?"

I waited.

"I mean the real life of Tolstoy. No sex. No violence. I reached for another passing vodka. "Why not?"

"I don't think Hollywood could do it. You see Tolstoy was a pure and noble man." "On the contrary," I responded, "it sounds very much like a Hollywood project. You'd be surprised how much our two countries have in common these days." I was warming to the theme.

"Really?"

"Walt Disney, for example, specialized in pure and noble themes. And then too, consider *The Sound of Music*."

"Did that film make money?"

"About \$40 million at the box office!"

There was a long silence.

"Aahhh . . ." sighed the director, "if only your circles would end this war in Vietnam. Why, we would have so much in common!"

It was shortly after that remark that I noticed Dick Reston had arrived at the party. I excused myself and joined him by the bar.

"Let me get you a drink," I said. In some odd way was suddenly reminded of Sylvie Kahn's remarks at the Bastille Day party we had both attended. That was a month ago.

"What shall we drink to?" asked Dick.

I thought for a moment.

"How about to Moscow, 1968?"

You can believe the future belongs to Yablomov if you want to, but I believe Sylvie Kahn had it right. There's a sense of longing and loss about this smart new Russian Voznesensky, a patriot, says it all somewhere:

In finding truths lives vary in daring:

Worms come through holes and bold men on parabolas.

Plain Talk With Vodka

W. E. CHILTON III

Mr. Chilton is publisher of the Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette.

I fancy a number of people all over the Western world still think of themselves as liberals but are in essence no such thing. In their hearts they believe that their society won't and shouldn't change much, that communism is the enemy absolute and that the only tasks open to men of good will are to fight in the cold war with one hand and perform minor benevolent activities with the other. This is a tenable attitude but it's one of people who have given up the intellectual struggle.

Sir Charles P. Snow

From June 24 to July 10, I traveled with a twenty-two-member American Study Mission the length of the Soviet Union. We entered by boat at Tallinn and departed by boat from Nakhodka, a recently developed port near Vladivostok. In between, we visited Moscow, Samarkand, Tashkent, Alma-Ata, Irkutsk, Bratsk and Khabarovsk.

My first inkling that the Soviet Union was bullying Czechoslovakia more than usual came moments before we docked at Yokohama on the way home. A dour Czecho-

slovak approached me on deck and proudly inquired what I thought about the Soviet troops leaving his homeland—which intelligence, he had somehow learned, constituted the afternoon headline in Tokyo newspapers. The truth was I hadn't known Russian soldiers in any abnormal quantity were in Czechoslovakia, as news throughout our travels had been largely gleaned out of stray copies of the *London Worker*, no fountain of information.

Yet until it happened, I was convinced that the USSR intended to leave its satellite alone, and most of our party shared this opinion. Nothing in our travels prepared us for the mid-August invasion. To the contrary, all our contacts and associations, with both dedicated party representatives and ordinary citizens, had persuaded us that the boot-heeled approach was a discredited, discarded tactic of Soviet statesmanship.

On the ship to Japan most of the group had convened late one morning to submit for general analysis individual impressions of the tour. Almost without exception the consensus was that the Soviet Union was entering a period of stability and growth.



Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)
"Down with the Establishment!"

To counter the oppressive influence of the Communist Party and its tired elite there was emerging a constituency of technicians who, though apolitical, had to be placated. The mass of Russians, it was felt, now had a stake in the development of their country. Consumer shortages and universal deprivation were no longer acute problems. Although nationalism (Russians are even more chauvinistic than Americans) played too coercive a role in Soviet affairs, the country and the people were sincerely interested in establishing cordial relations with the United States and in promoting an indigenous prosperity.

For those who have returned recently from the USSR the incursion against Czechoslovakia leaves a very acrid taste in the mouth. Were the thousands of miles we traveled a waste of time and money? Were all those splendid frank and private chats with Russians so much verbal flak? Are the Strom Thurmonds of the world right that Communists always lie, that pretext and deceit exemplify the hammer and sickle?

The answer is no, but the Kremlin sure makes the Thurmonds look right, just as President Johnson has brilliantly managed over the past four years to validate the Goldwater response to Vietnam.

I spent two evenings drinking vodka and brandy with Albert Kaar of Tallinn, interpreter and foreign affairs analyst for Estonia's state-operated broadcasting complex. Kaar is a trusted Communist Party member—later in the summer he was to spend a month in England with an Estonian trade exhibit—and a former World War II Red Army officer. I know no Russian, but English is one of six foreign languages Kaar speaks perfectly. Our discussions were frank and far-ranging, and Kaar's knowledge of the world and particularly of the United States impressed me.

There will be, he told me, no unification of Germany until Russians are convinced that Germans have become peace-loving neighbors. His views on the war in Vietnam were more flexible. He admitted that his country was supporting North Vietnam and agreed that Johnson's ordered halt to the bombing of Hanoi was de-escalation, but to my counter suggestion that the North Vietnamese stop rocketing Saigon, he replied he doubted Ho Chi Minh

would compress the struggle, because Ho thought he could win. Nothing consequential, Kaar predicted, will happen with respect to the war before November's elections.

Nixon will win the election, said Kaar. He based his forecast on a meeting with an assistant from Sen. Mike Mansfield's office, who had visited Tallinn while touring through the Soviet Union.

Which nation, the Soviet Union or China, I asked, has more influence over Ho?

"That's very difficult to say. Ho used to be dominated by [I missed the name, but it was obvious the person mentioned favored China]. Of late, he's in disfavor. But our influence is minimal at best."

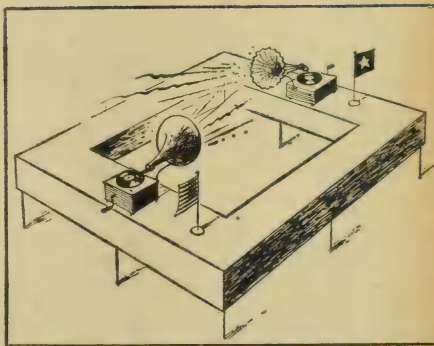
Kaar was especially gloomy about China. I declared that our two nations must bring China into the community of nations. Kaar scornfully asked me how. William F. Buckley, Jr., could not have been more disdainful. Kaar contended China will have a missile delivery capability within five years, perhaps sooner.

Kaar approved of consular treaties with the United States and the mutual opening of airports, but saw no early end to the cold war. Nevertheless, military expenditures disturb him. "A single American fighter plane costs your taxpayers \$4 million," he observed. "Development of Russian aircraft comes out of my pocket, too."

He was convinced that the United States is under the dominance of different moneyed power groups and warned that if the Texas-Hunt clique ever came to direct America's destiny, the results would be "calamitous" for the whole world. As a solution to any problem, war is out, insisted Kaar, and nuclear war is unthinkable. "If it comes," he said, "I hope I'm at the epicenter."

In Moscow our group met with a dozen members of the Union of Soviet Journalists. The official meeting, at which were served soft drinks, coffee and strawberries in a huge glass bowl with refined sugar on the side, soon deteriorated into a heated controversy regarding the functions of the press. We stressed freedom; the Russians emphasized responsibility.

Respecting the latter, the Soviet chairman spoke of the flood of hate literature constantly circulating through the



Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)
Talks on Vietnam

United States. He mentioned a Walter Lippmann column which had suggested that the inordinate violence prevalent in the United States might be partially attributed to such volatile rubbish. Would those Americans present, he asked, regard the muzzling of irresponsible and incendiary printed material an imposition upon press freedom?

After the formal meeting I conversed with Serguei N. Vichnevski, a *Pravda* correspondent just back from six years in Washington. The business card he handed me listed his Connecticut Avenue address and phone number. Vichnevski has the easy, confident manner of an All-American fullback who subsequently won a Rhodes Scholarship.

He readily admitted that the Soviet press doesn't criticize the Soviet system, but suggested, in turn, that American newspapers rarely assault the basic premises of free enterprise. Aspects of the system may be condemned, but never the system itself.

I asked Vichnevski if he knew Art Buchwald. The name drew a smile. He said he and Buchwald exchanged messages written in red ink. I inquired if he'd read a column of Buchwald's which described the CIA and the KVG as living one off the other, and which suggested that if either went out of business, the other would soon go.

He laughed, saying he'd missed that one. Buchwald, he added, was extremely popular in the USSR, and his columns were frequently reprinted. I asked whether that column could be. "No," he replied, "we can criticize the system in conversation but not in print."

Did he think, I inquired, that the Russian press would be criticizing the system twenty years hence? He avoided a direct answer, saying he had after a long absence from his country noticed a marked change in conditions. The private citizen, he stated, was much freer and felt much freer: People no longer worried that the secret police might be standing behind them, listening to everything said. Then he changed the subject, remarking that the Soviet Union had no Art Buchwald, and what a shame it was because someone with his incisive humor was greatly needed.

Speaking as a private citizen and echoing no official

policy, Vichnevski said he was extremely pessimistic about the Vietnamese War. He foresaw no termination date. Ho Chi Minh, he thought, believes he can win. On the other hand the United States can't possibly emerge as victor without committing enough troops to occupy South Vietnam. Vichnevski admitted he knew of no practical step the United States could take to disengage, to win, or to dissuade Ho from his present policy.

After another formal session—this one with employees of the Novosti Press Agency, a state-owned, glorified public relations service—I talked briefly with another Russian. What was the likelihood, I asked, that a responsible political opposition will arise in the Soviet Union? By way of illustration, I referred to Czechoslovakia.

My informant gently reminded me that the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia and their peoples have entirely different backgrounds and institutions. Nevertheless, he added, in its own fashion—the quote is almost direct—a development in the Soviet Union not unlike that which has occurred in Czechoslovakia will happen. "It must happen," he said.

Most surprising to our group was the lack of criticism we encountered on the issue of Vietnam. We were rarely challenged about the war. When we were, and our questioners were asked how the United States might best extricate itself, the responses were inevitably a dispirited "I don't know" or a despairing shrug of the shoulders.

In Irkutsk one night following dinner, three of us were joined by a Soviet naval officer. Because of the language obstacle the traffic in toasts was considerably heavier than the exchange of ideas, but the word "Vietnam" was dropped. The officer promptly grabbed every American hand in sight, placed one atop the other, covered the lot of them with his own hands, shook the pile, and in boozy tones made it evident that he approved wholeheartedly of what the United States was doing there.

Maybe Buchwald ought to write another column about symbiosis, dealing this time with the Soviet and U.S. military.

Kremlin Seismograph

SIDNEY I. PLOSS

Mr. Ploss, an associate research professor of international affairs at George Washington University, is the author of *Conflict and Decision-Making in Soviet Russia* (Princeton University Press).

The brief revival of free speech in Czechoslovakia during 1968 gave to that country's intellectuals a chance to speak out frankly about the politics of totalitarianism. It could be said publicly that under Communist Party rule the process of choosing between different methods of solving national problems takes the devious form of "lobby conspiracies" and "palace revolutions." Vaclav Havel, a Czech writer

and playwright, who argued for the creation of free political institutions, further pointed to the element of surprise which is built into the Communist mechanism of secretive politics. "The competition for power," observed Havel, "which disappeared as an open phenomenon some time ago, suddenly reappears and strikes in every direction, all the more cunningly and dangerously because it is hidden."

This generalization certainly applied to the political situation in the USSR after the death of Stalin. A series of dramatic shifts at the highest level of government resulted from fierce struggles over power and policy which until the last moment were concealed from the general public. Today a seeming calm hangs over the surface of

political life in Moscow. The former subordinates of Nikita S. Khrushchev wield his former vast power on a more or less equal basis and maintain an appearance of unity. There have been no big shake-ups in the Kremlin's latest version of "collective leadership."

But does this outward serenity betoken a change of the inner climate of rivalry and intrigue in which Soviet chiefs have always moved? Or are powerful tensions rising once more behind a false front of oligarchic solidarity? The questions are worth exploring because struggles for power in Moscow are invariably fought out on grounds of policy, and in the past this has made Soviet official conduct notably unpredictable.

Actually, not a few policy surprises have originated from behind the Kremlin wall during recent months. A careful reading of the Soviet press suggests that the four-year collective leadership is deeply divided on a number of key issues. Sharply contradictory utterances give reason to believe that debates are occurring over such questions as whether to concentrate investment resources on heavy industrial or consumer goods; the relationship of party organizers to state administrators in the management of economic affairs; the position to be taken in evaluating the historical role of Stalin, whose name is a blazing symbol of centralized authority and social discipline, and of course of anti-Americanism; and the prospects for reaching arms limitation settlements with the United States.

All major governments have to make difficult decisions on budget outlays in order to meet their responsibilities for promoting social welfare and national security. The long-standing policy in the Soviet system of planned economy has been to place great emphasis on basic and military goods. The share of the gross national product devoted to spending on heavy and defense industry has indeed been so large as to depress the level of individual consumption to less than half that in Western Europe and to about one-quarter of what it is in America. The plight of the ordinary consumer has been a little eased in recent years, but the regional and rural markets still lack the simplest household goods. An official decree authorizing emergency measures in 1966 grossly understated the case when it noted that "the working people are not always able to buy in shops the necessary clothing, footwear, building materials, utensils, furniture, refrigerators and certain other commodities."

An unorthodox decision was finally taken in October, 1967, to manufacture consumer goods at a higher rate than producer goods for no more than one year. The word was that increases in wages and salaries had put into the hands of citizens more money than they could spend; a temporary increase of everyday necessities would check inflationary pressures.

This new attention to consumer goods appealed to members of the bureaucratic elite who were professionally concerned about the grave economic imbalances arising from decades of military industrialization. Only a few weeks after the announcement the magazine of the State Planning Committee featured an article which tacitly advised the continued emphasis on light industrial development beyond 1968. It affirmed that skillful management would

enable the Soviet "to develop the output of consumer goods at the very same rates as the output of capital goods, or even at higher rates, for not only one year but for a longer period as well."

Accumulating evidence indicates that Premier Alexei N. Kosygin, the Politburo's overlord of the economy, shares this heretical solicitude for the consumer. Addressing a gathering of local government officials in the Kremlin on December 25, 1967, Kosygin called for "special" attention to an upswing of the light and food industries and "satisfaction of the population's demand for goods of various assortment." He further associated himself with the consumer goods position when he addressed a party rally in Minsk last February. Looking forward to the drafting of the next Five Year Plan, the Premier hailed "new tendencies" in economic life, chiefly the closing of the huge



Amplifiers of the Kremlin Voice

Ed Keiss

gap which separated the growth rates of light and heavy industry. "We must fully solve the problem of uninterrupted supply of the population with varied foodstuffs, clothing and other consumer goods." Similar words were once uttered by Kosygin's fallen predecessors, Malenkov and Khrushchev.

In line with these reformist pronouncements, the journal of the State Planning Committee published in March a favorable review of a book written under the supervision of one of its editors, A. N. Yefimov, which polemicized that "neither in the theory nor practice of long-term planning can we deny the possibility of equal rates of development of heavy and light industry, or even the predominant growth of light industry for certain periods." This refreshing viewpoint was supported at an All-Union economics conference held in May, where, according to *Izvestia*, the participants were sure that "the branches of our industry which manufacture consumer goods have attained a solid foundation for rapid development."

This flirting by Kosygin and his fellow technicians in the state bureaucracy with a Western type of economy has drawn markedly hostile reactions from others in the power structure. Leonid I. Brezhnev, General Secretary of the Communist Party, has openly aligned himself with those who hold to the belief that the regime's survival depends on a further build-up of military-industrial potential.

Only a few weeks after the decision was made to accelerate light industry, threatening lessons were preached by party "historians" at work in the ideological branches of Brezhnev's General Secretariat. They recalled Malenkov's unavailing effort in 1953-54 to equalize for some time the growth rates of heavy and light industry, and pointedly added that this error was remembered at the Central Committee meeting of June, 1957, which expelled Malenkov from the party's ruling councils.

In striking contrast to Kosygin's moderate remarks of February, Brezhnev that same month toughly came out for "preserving the accelerated development of heavy industry as the basis of our industrial might." He advised that the Soviet Union had to increase its steel production by another 22 million tons within three years, bringing to mind Khrushchev's abuse of "some comrades" who had "developed an appetite for giving the country as much metal as possible," even if the consumer had to go begging. Deploring Kosygin's prescription of consumer stimulants to labor productivity, the party leader asserted on March 29 that "it would be wrong to reduce everything to material incentives; this would impoverish the inner world of Soviet man."

After Brezhnev's defense-minded rhetoric, the cause of heavy industry was taken up by the press organs nearest to central party headquarters. The editors of the party magazine, *Kommunist*, for example, ran an attack by the orthodox economist Anatoly I. Pashkov on "certain economists" who challenged the thesis of absolute primacy for heavy industry. The same periodical has carried a directive article for social scientists by Pyotr N. Demichev, a central party secretary whose fortunes have fared well under Brezhnev. "We must," instructed Demichev, "give thought to the matter of keeping our economy, particularly heavy industry, constantly on the level of present-day demands, so that it will insure a reliable base for further development of productive life and defense" (italics added). Party historians, again demonstrating their taste for political parallels, reminisced about how the main architect of Stalin's first Five Year Plan virtuously battled for "the rapid growth of heavy industry" against state experts who mistakenly advocated "cotton-dress industrialization."

The views of army leaders on the allocations dispute are also expressed in tones that suggest nostalgia for the iron rule of Stalin. The military newspaper *Red Star* has warned that any who would cast doubt upon the wisdom of conserving the time-honored investment pattern threaten to undermine the foundations of national power.

Brezhnev and Kosygin have not escaped personal involvement in the conflict between party and state officials which has always plagued the Soviet system of government. The interest of party organizers lies in their control of economic decision making and bureaucratic appointments, regardless of efficiency. The state technical experts strive for the right independently to manage the economy, and to select personnel without reference to dogmatic political criteria.

In January, Kosygin made an inspection trip to Tyumen Province, where his ministerial subordinates were defying

Brezhnev's party controllers. A subsequent report in the party daily *Pravda* upheld the local party secretary by giving wide publicity to his complaint that state technicians "do not consult with us about the recruiting and placing of cadres and are therefore making gross mistakes." In March, Brezhnev himself questioned the integrity of Kosygin's apparatus during a speech to the Moscow party conference, in which he emphasized the dominant role of the party machine. The same gathering was notified that leaders of the Ministry of the Radio Industry did not always heed the opinion of party bodies when promoting and assigning personnel. This frank talk may be taken to reflect the increased vitality and self-assurance of modernizing social groups on the Soviet scene, as well as the ferocity of the party Establishment's defense of its traditional prerogatives.

The Stalin question became an outstanding issue of public life early in 1968. A group of intellectuals in Moscow then circulated an appeal calling for preventive measures against "the impending danger of new Stalins." The authors of this remarkable letter deplored as cynical lawlessness the recent trials of independently minded young people on charges of subverting the regime. The revival of honor to Stalin's name in official media was deplored, as was the ban on literary works which turn attention to the crimes of the Stalin era. "What is most humiliating," said the protesters, "regular surveillance in all its forms has become a part of daily life for quite a few Soviet people."

This forced a wide recognition of the fact that there were groups in the country who applauded the gradual restoration of Stalinism. The reactionaries included officials alarmed by the loosening of disciplinary bonds ("people with an obsequious yen for a strong man"). A second group reportedly consisted of the late dictator's henchmen, "who have sought vindication of what was their own conduct in the not so distant past." The petition's allusion to "people with remnants of perverted nationalist sentiments" indicated that anti-Semites in the bureaucracy also hankered for bygone times.

There is every reason to believe that hounding of loyal citizens who speak out for what they see as historical truth and social justice has been instigated by special policy factions organized around party chief Brezhnev. The propaganda machinery at the disposal of the General Secretariat has been increasingly used to inflame latent pro-Stalinist feeling in the ranks of officialdom. A second clique that has pressed for the rehabilitation of Stalin is made up of army leaders. Responsible for morale of the military, the generals are disturbed by the spread of pacifist sentiment among younger citizens. The brass frowns also upon the mood of political skepticism that took root after Khrushchev's sensational exposés of high-level criminality during the reign of Stalin.

The alliance of party and military die-hards on the Stalin question is particularly evident in the newspaper *Soviet Russia*. This organ of Brezhnev's party headquarters recently featured a significant review of the wartime memoirs of Army Gen. Sergei M. Shtemenko. An alleged target of the spurious Jewish "Doctors' Plot," which Stalin fabricated early in 1953 as a pretext for purging opposi-

tionists, Shtemenko was demoted after the death of Stalin and vanished from public view for three years. He re-emerged on the eve of the radical decision to crush the Hungarian revolution in 1956, and was later named to secondary posts. (Shtemenko was appointed chief of staff of the Warsaw Treaty Organization a few weeks before the invasion of Czechoslovakia last August, which once more pointed up the connection of organizational and policy questions.) Now the party apparatus warmly endorses Shtemenko's book for its account of Stalin's allegedly courageous and confident direction of military operations.

Liberalizing critics of Stalinism were reproached by *Soviet Russia* in an ensuing survey of war fiction. The review dissociated Stalin's purge of talented Red Army commanders in 1937 from Soviet military defeats in the first year of the Russo-German war. It heaped scorn upon freedom writers who depict brutal agents of the Generalissimo's military police, and generously forgave Soviet soldiers who allowed themselves to fall into German captivity. "Such actions," declared the party newspaper, "make it difficult to instill patriotic feelings in Soviet people during the present tense international situation, when we must keep our powder dry."

On the other hand, lavish praise of Stalin is seldom seen in the governmental newspaper *Izvestia*. Managing news in tune with the wishes of Kossygin, *Izvestia* a short time ago even commemorated the birthday of the Jewish Communist Solomon A. Lozovsky, whom the secret police arrested on trumped-up charges and put to death in 1952.

The Brezhnev-Kossygin disagreement over economics was certain to spill over into foreign policy. The Kremlin habitually justifies its allocation of huge amounts of goods and services to defense on the ground of meeting the threat of "American imperialism." Any leader who wishes to reorder economic priorities along genuinely peaceful lines would have to demonstrate to his colleagues that agreement is possible between Moscow and Washington on vital matters of common interest.

The U.S.-Soviet accord to sign a treaty halting the

spread of nuclear weapons, reached in July, gave Kossygin an opening to test American intentions. The Politburo was evidently of one mind about the desirability of the nuclear treaty, insofar as it would help to keep super-weapons beyond the reach of West Germany. But divergent estimates of the importance of the nonproliferation treaty soon broke through to the surface. Brezhnev referred guardedly to "a document of peace which is aimed at reducing the danger of nuclear war." Kossygin more confidently declared that the compact "is aimed at reducing, and unquestionably will reduce, the danger of nuclear war" (italics added). Brezhnev's cautious evaluation of the latest step to improve relations with the West was in effect a vote to "keep our powder dry," and maintain a high level of defense spending. The brighter world outlook of Kossygin left room for maneuver in the area of investment strategy.

Information now at hand suggests that the coalition of diverse personalities which was put together in October, 1964, for the sake of driving out Khrushchev is probably breaking down. Premier Kossygin, who grapples daily with the realities of a top-heavy economy, has moved to bring into symmetry the competing interests of production and consumption. The Premier and his reformist followers have also found it expedient to downgrade the merits of Stalin, and search for ways to reduce global tensions. The managerial class for which Kossygin speaks is, of course, Communist in the sense that its members are dedicated to the principles of planned economy and single-party rule. But the managers' immersion in practical affairs inclines them toward less doctrinaire solutions to problems of government than is the case with the watchdogs and theorists of the Communist Party apparatus. The party staff, led by Brezhnev, has vigorously responded to the technocratic challenge. It has brandished the outmoded slogans of "discipline" and "vigilance," and boasts of past factional triumphs over forward-looking rivals. The great diversity of political conceptions in this struggle makes it likely that the next Kremlin power play will be even more consequential than Khrushchev's removal just four years ago.

POLITICS OF VANDALISM

STANLEY COHEN

Mr. Cohen, lecturer in sociology at the University of Durham, England, has been working for the past four years in the area of social reaction to various forms of deviant behavior.

All disciplines tend to have an underground of theory which challenges the traditional ways of studying their subject matter, the ways ensconced in undergraduate courses, textbooks and professional journals. This underground—like similar movements in the arts—in time becomes fashionable, goes through a period of vulgarization and is eventually absorbed into the traditions of the discipline. Such a process can be observed in the fields of criminology

and the sociology of deviance, with the gradual emergence from the underground of what has been called "transactional" or "labeling" theory.

This approach, which owes much to the work of Edwin Lemert and Howard Becker, assumes that deviant behavior is a transactional process between the deviant and the community. Deviant behavior is not a static category: an act must be so labeled by others. This means that the sociologist should be on guard when society (or powerful groups in society) designates certain behavior problematic or deviant. In regard to some forms of mental illness, for example, R. D. Laing has suggested that the labeling can be seen to involve a *political* decision: somebody (who has power, influence or status) acts in such a way that

somebody else is defined as mad. In discussing vandalism, I want to use this term "political" in the very broad sense that Laing adopts. In a narrower sense, it is apparent that the label one attaches to certain forms of behavior is affected by one's political position: to some, members of an African nationalist group who sabotage a power station in Rhodesia are "freedom fighters"; to others, they are "terrorists."

The first point, then, to make about vandalism is that it is an emotive label, attached to certain forms of behavior only under certain conditions. The term has its origin in the practices of the Vandals, an East Germanic tribe that invaded Western Europe in the fourth and fifth centuries, and eventually sacked Rome in 455. They were regarded as the great destroyers of Roman art, civilization and literature and the term "vandal" was broadened in the 17th century to refer to anyone who recklessly destroyed property, particularly works of art. Vandalism is currently defined by dictionaries as "ruthless destruction or spoiling of anything beautiful or venerable." The vandalism that criminologists study (for example, a group of youths smashing the furniture of a classroom) or the vandalism defined more as "political" than "criminal" and which conveys evident ideological overtones (for example, burning shop interiors during racial disturbances, or stoning embassy windows during a demonstration) seems far removed from the etymological origins of the term. Nevertheless, these origins continue to make an effect: the adjectives which the behavior of the original Vandals conjure up—barbarous, willful, ignorant, cruel—remain part of the stereotype of contemporary vandalism. They are used in a political context in order to justify action against the deviant.

In many cases, of course, the deviant does not accept this description. To him, his acts are not reckless and witless but eminently sensible. As with the Luddites of the early 18th century, property destruction (in their case, machine breaking) may be a deliberate act of protest. Economic historians have done much to dispel the stereotype of Luddism as being "pointless" and "frenzied" or a mere "overflow of high spirits."

Eric Hobsbawm's distinction between two types of machine breaking—"collective bargaining by riot," which under some conditions was a normal way of putting pressure on employers, and the destruction which expressed working-class anger against the new machines of the Industrial Revolution—has more relevance to contemporary forms of vandalism than at first appears. Newspaper accounts and reports by the two commissions on racial disturbances in American cities over the past few years seem to make it evident that most of the property destruction was patterned and, in a sense, "rational." The targets chosen were not arbitrary. For instance, the 1968 Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders states: "In at least nine of the cities studied, the damage seems to have been, at least in part, the result of deliberate attacks on white-owned businesses, characterized in the Negro community as unfair or disrespectful toward Negroes." Even if the targets were arbitrary, there is no denying that, in a society dominated by consumption, those who

are denied access to the "goodies" operate by a kind of logic when they destroy whatever they can get their hands on. As one analysis of the 1965 Watts riots expressed it: "The man who destroys commodities shows his human superiority over commodities." One does not have to accept this statement, with its somewhat dangerous implications, to make the simple point that to characterize property destruction—whether it is pulling up the paving stones of Paris, breaking embassy windows in Jakarta, or wrecking a slum-area store in Los Angeles—with a phrase like "reckless, ignorant vandalism" is a political judgment. It means that one denies the legitimacy of the motives behind the behavior, and it also justifies punitive measures, which themselves might be "reckless" and "ignorant."

Vandalism raises very starkly the problem of problems: what we call a social problem has objective elements (people are killed, property is damaged, the air is contaminated, the streets are congested, children die of malnutrition), but also a subjective element: the perception and assertion by certain people that "something should be done." Many forms of illegal property destruction are not so judged. Only a few weeks ago, students at Keble College, Oxford, taking part in a traditional celebration after boat races, caused about £1,000 damage. A boat worth £600 was burned, and the blaze was supplemented by property such as chairs, tables and books, including some looted from the rooms of students opposed to the whole ritual. None of this was reported in the mass media. Tolerance for such behavior is highly arbitrary and again illustrates a political process: painting "Beat Fink College" on a wall is not vandalism, painting "Stop Making Bombs" is. Many forms of vandalism never become defined as problematic, because they are invisible: they might occur within the confines of an institution such as a factory, hospital or school. Other forms are similarly overlooked because they occur with a certain regularity and individually are quite trivial. An example would be the defacement of walls of public toilets with various forms of graffiti: in England at least, one would be extremely surprised to find bare walls in the toilets of, say, a public bar. These forms of vandalism get defined as problematic only when somebody says "Look, it's getting beyond a joke" or "Things are going too far."

Turning back to the more conventional forms of vandalism—to destruction "pure and simple"—it is important to note that the behavior is labeled, by social scientists and the public alike, by terms that from the start obscure any attempts to understand the phenomenon. The most commonly used labels are "wanton," "aimless," "pointless," "senseless," "malicious" or "meaningless." These adjectives, in turn, serve to justify particular forms of social control. Society says, in effect, "if you do such meaningless things, don't ask us to be meaningful in what we say or do about you." But is conventional vandalism so meaningless?

Studying juvenile vandalism some years ago, John Martin distinguished three types of vandalism: predatory, vindictive and wanton. The first type refers to crimes such as stealing lead and tin from roofs, smashing and looting parking meters, slot machines and telephone coin boxes.

This should perhaps not even be classified as vandalism, since the damage is incidental to the end of theft. But the wreckage is disproportionate to the possible gain, and the public confuses the issue by habitually referring to such delinquency as "damage for its own sake."

The same confusion between instrumental and expressive activity may be seen in regard to vindictive vandalism. Here, the main motive is to express antagonism and hatred toward particular individuals or groups. Property might be damaged to settle a particular grievance; for example,



The overt characteristics of vandalism—for example, the targets that are chosen—may give a misleading impression of what the act means. In his study of gangs in *Midcity*, Walter Miller has shown that much gang vandalism, instead of being a random outpouring of accumulated aggression, is often very specific. On the other hand, one should be wary of reading into certain types of vandalism, which look to be obviously ideological, motives that don't exist. Studies of the 1960 swastika daubings in America show that a fair proportion of the offenders were not particularly anti-Semitic and were carried away by the wave of publicity and hysteria which surrounded the incidents. Incidents of vandalism occurring at the same time but totally unrelated are sometimes given a degree of organization and a centralized planning that never existed.

Politicians are particularly given to advancing conspiratorial theories for such incidents: this leads to scapegoating, victimization and other such maneuvers. Vandalism is often erroneously attributed to mental disturbance, particularly when the form of damage appears to be somewhat bizarre or the target is particularly emotive. Writing or chipping names on the walls of public buildings is a practice that dates back for centuries: it is recorded that on the walls of Pompeii slogans were written, such as "Good Luck to Comrade Proculus" and "Vibius Restitus Slept Here." When, however, in 1965 the names "Andy" and "Dell" were scratched on the Kennedy Memorial at Runnymede, there was a vast public outcry, in which the offenders were thought to be part of some obscure political plot, or else simply "mad."

the premises of a youth club might be smashed up by a gang excluded by the club leader. A school may be broken into by its own pupils as an act of revenge or protest. Recent research in a British school revealed an interesting side light to such incidents: when the pupils broke in, they smashed up their *own* desks. The damage might also be related to minority-group conflict: for example, symbolically important property such as a synagogue or cemetery is defaced, or the windows are broken in the house of a Negro moving into a white neighborhood. Again, the grievances behind these acts—whether or not they are legitimate—are obscured by using the phrase "damage for its own sake."

Martin's third category, wanton vandalism, includes all those acts which do not fit into the other categories, but even these acts may not be as wanton as the label implies. For one thing, the ownership and identity of the property is not irrelevant: most targets of vandalism tend to be public property. It might also be property, which in certain neighborhoods is regarded as fair game, for example, derelict houses or houses under construction. Damage of this sort is admittedly often carried out purely for excitement; this may or may not seem to be an acceptable motive, but a motive it is. Minor acts of vandalism, particularly by small children, are often committed as part of a game; such acts are easily rationalized by their authors because no one is hurt and no property stolen. The self-image of such offenders is unlikely to correspond to the public definitions of them.

When society defines certain people as outsiders, it needs to emphasize the ways in which such people are different from the insiders, who are normal. Thus criminals are not just people who have broken the law; they are also generally dangerous and not to be trusted. Narcotics addicts don't just take drugs; they are "dope fiends," vicious, degenerate and dirty. To stress the discontinuity between deviance and normality gives a feeling of security; the difference becomes clear-cut between good and bad (or, to be more up to date, between "healthy" and "sick"). It is more disturbing to entertain such a view as that advanced by David Matza that much adolescent behavior—and vandalism would seem a good example—is a caricature rather than an inversion or repudiation of middle-class conformist culture. There is an interchange between the conventional and deviant traditions of society as shown, for example, in the ambivalence of most adults (in private) to many forms of youthful misconduct. It needs no subtle Freudian interpretation to suggest that much adult denunciation of teen-age sexual permissiveness is accompanied by a degree of envy.

Similarly, the values associated with juvenile vandalism and thought to be peculiar to delinquents, such as the search for excitement and kicks, the high regard for toughness and aggression, might reflect values running through the whole society. The adolescent is easily stigmatized as a violent hoodlum or an irresponsible hedonist and, as Edgar Friedenberg has pointed out, many adults use the terms "adolescent" and "delinquent" almost interchangeably. But there is, after all, nothing peculiarly adolescent in the

violence and vandalism of James Bond movies, or for that matter, of real life.

I have not tried here to explain vandalism. This does not mean that I consider attempts at such explanations irrelevant: rather that one must first be sure of *what* one is explaining. The usual terms used to describe various forms of vandalism obscure and discredit what may be the real explanations: if a boy breaks into his school and smashes up the classrooms because he has a grievance against the teachers, it is no help to call his behavior "wanton" and "pointless." The only end such labels serve is the teacher's need to hold himself blameless. Most research into school vandalism indicates, in fact, that there *is* something wrong with the school that is damaged. The highest rates of school vandalism tend to occur in schools with obsolete facilities and equipment, low staff morale and high dissatisfaction and boredom among the pupils.

The final point I'd make is that, by using the labeling perspective, I do not imply that vandalism exists only "in the mind of the beholder." That would be patently ridiculous, especially to anyone given the available figures for the cost of damage from conventional vandalism in its many forms: street lamps broken, windows smashed, public buildings defaced, fixtures on trains and buses broken, and so on. Such damage not only entails a

financial loss but is a symbolic threat to a society which places high value on property. Particular forms of vandalism also threaten accepted values about the resolution of political, racial and religious conflict. Yet other forms of vandalism may lead to loss of life as well as property: trains have been derailed by obstacles placed on the railway lines, often by very young children; calls for medical help have been delayed because public phone boxes have been damaged.

One must guard against the vulgarization referred to earlier that leads people to assert, for example, that nobody is really mentally ill; they are just passive victims of conspiracies organized by their families and abetted by wicked psychiatrists. The view I have illustrated—somewhat unsystematically—in regard to vandalism simply supports the point that Lemert makes: while traditional sociology rests on the idea that deviance leads to social control, the reverse idea—that social control leads to deviance—"is equally tenable and the potentially richer premise for studying deviance in modern society." One must aim at a truly transactional view of deviance and social problems, so that the political processes whereby certain forms of behavior and certain people become defined as deviant can be considered along with the ways in which persons respond to these labels and social problems are shaped because of them.

HARRY GOLDEN

Rolling Wood is a predominantly white residential neighborhood in Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. It was a peaceful enclave until Mr. and Mrs. Caple and their two children moved in at 2517 Remington Road, and then the trouble began.

The Caples are Negroes. Mr. Caple came to Raleigh to teach drama at Shaw University, a Negro school, where Mrs. Caple, too, is a teacher. They have been harassed and threatened since they moved in with a nine-months' lease.

First their garbage was dumped on their lawn, then came the speeding cars whose white occupants shouted obscenities and "Nigger go home." This was followed by the burning of Horace Caple in effigy. The couple's two children are bewildered. The little boy of 4 does not understand, but the 12-year-old girl understands well enough; she often goes into fits of crying.

When it was learned that Mrs. Pat Juby, the white real estate lady who had rented the house to the Caples, had been threatened, Mrs. Caple broke down completely and Mr. Caple decided to arm himself.

The pattern of life is changing for the Caples. They live in constant fear and always go out together. The police are keeping vigil at the Caple residence but the

Caples feel that they must move and the officials at Shaw University are looking around for another house for them. The police, too, have suggested that the Caples move out.

That is the picture of "open housing" in North Carolina. A letter was sent to all white residents of Rolling Wood, expressing "sorrow for the misfortune of the invasion of our neighborhood."

"The Negro block busters are wards of the federal government," said the letter, adding: "The niggers are protected by the government and the open housing law." A poster distributed to the white residents warned, "We have to watch for any more contamination of our neighborhood."

Governor Wallace has encouraged these white people with his statement against open housing, and so has Mr. Nixon with his lukewarm references to the housing law. Both candidates for governor of North Carolina, James Gardner, the Republican, and Bob Scott, the Democrat, have stated that they will not support "open housing." All this despite the reasonable editorials by Jonathan Daniels in his liberal paper, the *Raleigh News and Observer*.

Meanwhile, the speeding cars circle the Caple home and Mr. Caple says, "I didn't realize how much hatred exists in this world."

BOOKS & THE ARTS

McNamara: The Glacial Technocrat

THE ESSENCE OF SECURITY. By Robert S. McNamara. Harper & Row. 176 pp. \$4.95.

TOM J. FARER

Mr. Farer is an assistant professor of law at Columbia University and was formerly special assistant to the general counsel, United States Department of Defense.

Early in his extraordinary study of Luther, Erik Erikson reminds us that

In the evaluation of the dominant moods of any historical period it is important to hold fast to the fact that there are always islands of self-sufficiency order—on farms and in castles, in homes, studies, and cloisters—where sensible people manage to live relatively lusty and decent lives: as moral as they must be, as free as they may be, and as masterly as they can be. If we only knew it, this elusive arrangement is happiness.

When I worked there during the Kennedy era, the office of the Secretary of Defense seemed just such an island. We were zestful, moved by a controlled excitement, occasionally even euphoric, not with any crass sense of power but with vistas of the elimination of nuclear terror by means of the systematic application of human reason. We were true believers, and McNamara was our prophet.

It was difficult for those who were not in government at the time to perceive, through the curtain of martial statistics, McNamara's consuming dedication to reducing the threat of nuclear war and, beyond that, to altering the tone and terms of our acerbic dialogue with the principal centers of Communist power. Although there is substantial evidence of this dedication in *The Essence of Security*, the balance of both its form and substance can only strengthen the conception of McNamara as a glacial technocrat ultimately deficient in intellectual vision and moral passion. Unduly influenced, perhaps, by the residue of true belief, I found the book obscuring its author. It does, however, reflect with disturbing clarity the fundamental presuppositions of American foreign policy since the inauguration of John F. Kennedy.

As McNamara notes, the administration began with "a general reassessment of our military forces in relation to our national security policies and objectives."

There is here no suggestion that "our national security policies and objectives" also were reassessed. There were ample deterrents to a fresh view, personified by the eminences grises of foreign policy—Acheson, Lovett and McCloy—who provided continuity with the earliest days of the cold war. Although holding no official position, their opinions were periodically received and, I think one can assume, with some deference. And when these paladins of Eastern respectability were not available in person, that Southern beneficiary of Establishment patronage, the Secretary of State, was likely to express comparable views in the detached incisive style which has fueled his career.

To be fair, even in retrospect it is hard to make any case for the proposition that a difference in influential personnel could or should have modified national objectives in Europe or the commitment to an invulnerable, second-strike nuclear capability. It was with respect to our policies in the Third World that the continuity of assumption proved disastrous.

With a relish and capacity which dwarfed mere competence, the Secretary of Defense began to reshape the military instruments which were to serve the President's policies. Although the missile gap from which the President had fashioned a campaign shillelagh was revealed as the fevered distortion of certain intelligence estimates, Kennedy and McNamara, in order to hedge against the possible future build-up of the Soviet missile force, initiated an enormous missile production program. "Despite the retirement of all the Atlases and Titan I's, the number of land-based ICBMs increased from 28 at mid-1961 to 1,054 by mid-1967." The administration also added most of the forty-one Polaris submarines carrying 656 missile launchers which now are part of our nuclear arsenal.

No one in the administration regarded this build-up as provocative to the Russians, because the quantitative changes were accompanied by qualitative ones—the deployment of solid-fuel missiles underground and underwater, and improvements in the mechanisms of command and control—which provided us with a second-strike capability under any then (or now) foreseeable circumstances. It was clear to the administration that that

capability would eliminate a dangerous temptation for a pre-emptive strike in a moment of crisis and the President and his advisers apparently assumed that the virtues of this arrangement would be equally clear to the Soviet Union.

While the elimination of one first-strike incentive may have been reassuring to the Kremlin (a rather speculative matter particularly in light of the comparatively low order of nuclear sophistication then evidenced by Soviet writing), the coincident enhancement of our assured destruction capability in the event of a decision to strike first was bound to be traumatic for Soviet military planners who doubtless were at least as concerned about the security of their own retaliatory second-strike forces as they were about any United States temptations generated by the possible insecurity of its forces.

As early as 1963, "using the realistic measurement of the number of warheads available . . . which could be delivered with accuracy and effectiveness on appropriate targets in the United States or the Soviet Union," the United States possessed a superiority over the Soviet Union of at least 3 or 4 to 1. Soviet fears may have been aggravated by the Secretary's reference in one or two speeches to the possible merits of a counterforce strategy, that is, a conscious policy of targeting weapons rather than population centers. Although the suggestion was not specifically keyed to a first-strike option—indeed was probably motivated by concern over the potential consequences of an inadvertent nuclear exchange—it may have had that connotation for the Russians, since it would be folly for the smaller nuclear power to initiate a counterforce exchange with the larger on a 1-for-1 basis.

One of McNamara's most attractive qualities, his natural candor, is here in evidence when he concedes that

our current numerical superiority over the Soviet Union in reliable, accurate and effective warheads is both greater than we had originally planned and more than we require. In the larger equation of security our superiority is of limited significance, for even with our current superiority, or indeed with any numerical superiority realistically attainable, the blunt, inescapable fact remains that the Soviet Union, with its present forces, could still effectively destroy the United States, even after absorbing the full weight of an Amer-

GETTING THE PICTURE

*Holding her naked child, she squats
beyond words. Columns of newsprint
break ranks at her, go around.*

*She is young as old donnas, foreign
like them, but her skin
is bone-tight, her bare feet wrung*

*tight to the tramped-down dirt
she seems to be trying to get into. She cries
something we can't hear; her*

*eyes glitter and her baby dangles
until her howl, life-size,
is a black hole eating outward like napalm, until,*

*too close, she draws past, blows up. Words
are huge on the page, but machines have arranged
ink dots in a cloud where a woman was.*

NANCY PRICE

ican first strike. . . . [For this reason] a substantial numerical superiority of weapons today does not effectively translate into political control or diplomatic leverage.

This was the first lesson he attempted to communicate to a recalcitrant Congress. The second proposition the Secretary sought to convert into an accepted maxim on Capitol Hill was the apparent truism that "the Soviet Union and the United States mutually influence one another's strategic plans." Essentially as a corollary to these propositions McNamara held that it was not *ipso facto* necessary for the United States to acquire every weapon which turned up in the Soviet arsenal. Before selecting any weapons system, he warned, we must ask whether it is required to maintain our assured second-strike capability and must evaluate the expected Soviet reaction to acquisition. In this connection McNamara builds a devastating case against a Soviet-oriented anti-ballistic missile system, while reserving for an Appendix his notably halfhearted defense of the light, allegedly anti-Chinese, system for which funds have already been appropriated.

In his writing, as in office, the Secretary displays an impressive grasp of our nuclear problems. The complexities of deterrence and the limitations of nuclear power are presented in prose admirable for its brevity, clarity and force. There is, however, one slightly disconcerting omission. While frankly conceding "that if we had had more accurate information about planned Soviet strategic forces, we simply would not have needed to build as large a nuclear arsenal as we have today," McNamara does not indicate why we completed the build-up *after* we had acquired a far more accurate assess-

ment of the Soviet weapons program. I suspect that at least part of the problem is the cost associated with the reduction of a planned production run. Perhaps the long-range programing which McNamara introduced at the Pentagon (and which he regards with unabashed pride) rigidified the weapons-production process. One can only regret Secretary McNamara's failure to discuss this phenomenon with all its disturbing implications for the dynamics of the arms race.

A depressing thing happens on McNamara's way to the Third World. Muddled assertion replaces analysis as a tool of persuasion. Ideas bubble off the page only to pop at the first touch of critical thought. The parade of wooden platitudes would do justice to Secretary Rusk. The thread of his argument, such as it is, begins with a deceptively impeccable statement of our national objectives:

. . . to create . . . a world in which even the smallest state [can] look forward to an independent existence, free to develop in its own way, unmolested by its neighbors, and free of fear of armed attack or political domination by the more powerful nations.

A decade ago it would have passed unnoticed, merely a decorous banality. Now it presents itself as provocative hypocrisy or unseemly naïveté. As a minor matter, it ignores the shift in world values which has made it a right, even an obligation, to "molest" certain states—South Africa being the classic case in point. Gone is the traditional right of each equal sovereign to be monstrous to his subjects.

The bland implication that small, less-developed states associated with the United States, as opposed to the Soviet Union,

can "look forward to an independent existence . . . free of fear of political domination" might charitably be ascribed to a covert sense of irony, if only one could find some verbal scrap that would bear such an interpretation. It does seem a little cavalier to create, by means of a significant silence, the status of a non-person for Señor Arbenz, the former President of Guatemala. The Bay of Pigs and the Lebanon also find no home in these "Reflections in Office," while the Dominican Republic is touched gingerly in one sentence where it is laid alongside Vietnam and the Pakistan-India conflicts as examples of "first attempts to substitute multinational for unilateral policing of violence." The legal mind boggles at this whimsical hodgepodge of "precedent."

Bolts of candor do break through occasionally, as where after announcing sternly that "certainly we have no charter to rescue floundering regimes which have brought violence on themselves by deliberately refusing to meet the legitimate expectations of their citizenry," he adds:

Further, throughout the next decade advancing technology will reduce the requirement for bases and staging rights at particular locations abroad, and the whole pattern of forward deployment will gradually change.

In other words, the strategic justifications for gross interference in the processes of less-developed countries will diminish.

Such moments are warming, but one is quickly chilled again by new clichés and *non sequiturs*. "It is clearly understood," we are assured, "that certain Communist nations are capable of subverting, manipulating and finally directing for their own ends the wholly legitimate grievances of a developing society." Which nations? When? How? What is the evidence of success? There are no answers. Nor is there any indication of how a citizenry whose "legitimate" expectations have been frustrated can acquire the weapons required to remove "floundering" but well-armed regimes. There is no suggestion that the United States should provide them, and there is ample indication that the United States will regard any reliance on the wily Communist powers as compelling evidence that a rebellion is not genuinely indigenous.

Related in a deplorably unsystematic way to Secretary McNamara's alertness to the threat of subversion in the "traditionally listless areas of the world," which the "sweeping surge of development [has turned] into seething caldrons of change," is his concern with stability. It is announced in the Preface and proceeds thereafter on its murky

way through the entire book. "Whether Communists are involved or not," we are crisply informed, "violence anywhere in a taut world threatens the security and stability of nations half a globe away."

I do not know why Secretary McNamara regards this as a self-evident proposition, as opposed to self-fulfilling prophecy. Just how is the security of the United States threatened by violence on the streets of Ouagadougou? Because "there are those who . . . would . . . undermine us slowly with subversion and limited war"? And suppose those incubuses (whose names suddenly are coyly withheld) become, through coup or civil war, as influential in Upper Volta as the United States is in literally dozens of less-developed countries from the Dominican Republic to Thailand. What is the actual relationship between this contingency and our security?

I will say this: if Secretary McNamara is correct in his assertion that peace and tranquility are indivisible (why won't Wilsonians just fade away?), our national prospects appear, on his own evidence, rather bleak. We are warned of "a hemisphere of youth where mounting frustrations are likely to fester into eruptions of violence and extremism." We are assured that if present growth trends persist, by the end of the century the average per capita income for the less-developed countries will be barely \$170, while that of the United States will be \$4,500. And finally we are pressed against the wall of despair by the revelation that order and stability are impossible without a reasonable standard of living which is not an objective level of existence but a subjective sense of relative well-being.

What are we to do? The nostrums have a familiar ring. Economic aid and military assistance to provide the "shield behind which development, the central fact of security, can be achieved," but only for those states which "are willing and able to help themselves." Yet how can we afford to ignore any state if violence anywhere is a threat to our security?

Privately, many of the most convinced

supporters of our present policy concede the dominating role of the United States in many states, and the extensive degree to which we have exploited that role by influencing decisively the policies and personnel of client governments. They also concede that we have from time to time aided inept, corrupt and viciously authoritarian regimes wholly unable or unwilling to promote development and distributive justice. Until this concession is made publicly, debate is degraded to a dialogue of the deaf.

Arguably, it was necessary for the Secretary of Defense to participate occasionally in the ritual of support and justification for the President's policies. That would be a generous explanation for the quality of several of the "policy" statements which were stitched together to create this book. But it obviously does not cover a retrospective confirmation of the official pieties by a man who has moved to more neutral ground.

There is, here, the adumbration of tragedy. Through all his years in office, McNamara's dominating concern was to halt the arms race by convincing the American public, and more particularly its Congressional representatives and the Soviet leadership, that the multiplication of weaponry would concurrently multiply insecurity. There is evidence that he has succeeded in communicating this position to the Russians. There is more compelling evidence that with respect to the Congress of the United States he has failed. Under any circumstances the obstacles would have been great. In the combustible environment which is a product of the war in Vietnam, they appear to have proved insuperable. Thus the whole problem of American policy in the Third World which for McNamara was, I believe, of only secondary concern has come to dominate the ramparts of foreign and defense policy, and finally has driven from the office of the Secretary of Defense easily the most admirable figure ever to have occupied it, his hopes subverted in part by the arrogant assumption that any policy could be made to work by a man who was sufficiently determined, sufficiently able, and sufficiently willing to pay the price.

He has, I suspect, paid a greater price than he had ever imagined would be required, and though we have paid it too, is it possible not to regret his passing from the seat of power in the Pentagon? There is no longer a clear voice there responding to the belligerent trumpets on Capitol Hill and on the hustings as well. Weapons yet unseen move their slow thighs in anticipation of birth. I fear the day is not distant when I and many others will ask plaintively: "Where have you gone, Robert McNamara?"



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Dahlberg: A Prophetic Wisdom

EDWARD DAHLBERG: American Ishmael of Letters. *Edited and with an introduction by Harold Billings. Roger Beacham. 175 pp. \$8.95.*

THE CARNAL MYTH. By Edward Dahlberg. Weybright and Talley. 121 pp. \$6.50.

RAYMOND ROSENTHAL

Mr. Rosenthal is the editor of a recently published anthology, McLuhan: Pro & Con (Funk & Wagnalls).

That Edward Dahlberg is one of contemporary America's most important writers is becoming clearer with every book he publishes. Recently his most eloquent and esoteric work, *The Carnal Myth*, has been issued, almost simultaneously with an anthology of criticism on him, edited by Harold Billings, in which critics as well known and authoritative as Allen Tate, Herbert Read and Alfred Kazin rub elbows with a number of younger men who have espoused Dahlberg's cause.

But what is his cause? It is interesting to note that the critics, although almost uniformly laudatory, are not quite sure of its limits and lineaments. Allen Tate, for example, locates Dahlberg's *mystique* in his opposition to the state, and connects him with that line of American loners that runs from Thoreau to Randolph Bourne; he is "the poet as the perpetual dissenter and outcast. Dante was exiled from his City, with a price on his head; but what had brought this upon him he accepted in principle since he could not have entertained a theory which would justify resistance *as such* to the City." On the other hand, Herbert Read hails him as "our twentieth century Thoreau, seeking an understanding of the past which will be the understanding of our land and ourselves. . . . His career demonstrates that there is no tradition for American writers: 'We are the eternal infant aboriginals,' as he has said, and each artist must take the journey into the backwoods alone if he is to reach the plateau of achievement where Edward Dahlberg stands."

I have read *The Carnal Myth* six times and I now feel confident that I understand its main outlines sufficiently well to write a review of the book. Dahlberg's cause, his importance, lie in his ingrained suspicion of the rationalistic, scientific heritage which has imprisoned intellect in our time. He knows, instinctively—and this is the virtue and defect of his auto-didactic limitations—that above reason and the soul or spirit stands what Dante called "*il bene dell' intelletto*,"

that is, the good of the intellect, the light of wisdom which is a perpetual source of interpretation and transformation. Dahlberg intuitively knows that the method of this form of intellect is the explanation of myths, the presentation of symbols, the search for ancient wisdom. And this is precisely the form taken by *The Carnal Myth*, which one of the contributors to Mr. Billings' interesting volume, Joseph Evans Slate, describes as a "bestiary . . . or moral book of erotic beasts . . . (whose) scope is encyclopedic and its retrospective movement embraces the entire history of living matter."

Dahlberg is famous, or infamous—depending on the degree of the critic's tolerance for heretical opinion—for his attacks on modern literature. Yet his new book, *The Carnal Myth*, is a magnificent example of the montage method used with a brilliance that the self-proclaimed modernists might reflect on with advantage. It is precisely the tension between his love and veneration for the wisdom of the past and his battered, reluctant immersion in the present that imparts a note of conflict and longing to these queer, astoundingly evocative mosaics of quotation, garnered and set out on the page with an originality that pedestrian scholarship could never achieve. In this sense, he is a true modernist, like Eliot, Valéry and Joyce: he cannot settle down comfortably in an uncomfortable epoch. Tradition is not a lifeless institution for him but rather the reminder of tragedy that goads him to feats of incomparable juxtaposition and analogy.

Self-revelation is a heavy Petrine doubt hanging about my neck. That is what writing is. I fume away my gloom and imagine I am gaining a knowledge of my nature, and that is sufficient to make a Goya cower. . . .

Only a writer steeped in the classical awareness of human limitation could make the illuminating parallel between the terrible trials and hardships of the Spanish conquistadors in America and the sexual gluttony described and excoriated by the classics. "Who can muse," he says in his preface, "upon the disasters of Panphilo de Narváez or the pilgrimage of Cabeza de Vaca, who walked naked from the Atlantic to the Rio de las Palmas (the Rio Grande), without understanding that suffering is the Buddha of all flesh?" And his musings have given us perhaps the most profound scrutiny of America's rapacious beginnings—its indigenous identity—to be found in our literature. Acknowledging his debt to

that other, first explorer of the American past, William Carlos Williams, "the only poet with the historian's faculty of the American earth," Dahlberg plunges deeper and further by linking all these frightful assaults on the virgin wilderness with an ancient warning that was being flouted and ignored.

The Quiché Maya papyri are jaguar psalms. Aztec hieroglyphs are water demons and the human skulls sacrificed in the oratories. Thoreau is a wild quaggy testament; the strongest books of the American smell of the slime, the horny spicules of sponges, and the spermacti of leviathan.

Dahlberg's true rebelliousness can be traced directly to his fierce reverence for the past. "The writer's occupation," he proclaims, "according to Ben Jonson, is a 'sacrament of misery.' To be truthful is to dwell in a tomb described as society."

The difficulty of interpreting Dahlberg can be located in the fact that he is a religious writer without a religion, or rather in search of one. Myth, as used by many of the contributors to Mr. Billings' volume, would seem to be an empty literary exercise, an ornamentation. Dahlberg is after much greater game. He is doing what D. H. Lawrence said American writers must do if our unfledged continent is ever to find its soul: he is ransacking our primeval past to find the roots of a new religion. He himself is not sure, like all true prophets.

Living in the age of separation, I had a clandestine wish I could not repress: not having written this work to instruct others, I hoped it would be a remedy of sorts for those who are broken, my sole kin, wherever they are. . . . I made apothegms, never failing to be concerned with style first and last, but prayed after they were framed they might be a scanty value to those remote hermits, dying in the Arctic Circle of the literati. Had I the dung of the musk ox as fuel in the frozen regions to warm them?

But anyone who reads *The Carnal Myth* with my warning in mind will come away marvously refreshed and reawakened. The Indians on our continent lived in mythical symbiosis with that "spirit of place" which, as Lawrence declared and as Dahlberg intimates, must be experienced, lived through, struggled against and, finally, reconciled if a land or a country is to grow and flourish. The ghosts that haunt the American land are ancient ghosts that have been transplanted by the spirit and need human and mythical recognition before they can be understood and, perhaps, banished.

The western people have sepulchred

away the sun and the moon; and the American is far from the Indian god rivers, bays, rain and maize that give him images, without which he is sourceless. Until he is connected with the fens, the ravines, the stars, he is more solitary than any beast. Man is a god, and kin to men, when he is a river, a mountain, a horse, a moon. . . . Hindu writing is meditative, and the domestic heifer is sacred and near the Buddha. The American legend is the mesa and the bison; it is the myth of a tragic terrain stalked by banished men.

Dahlberg's prose is eminently quotable; he is perhaps our most consummate rhetorician, but he also has a great deal to say. His books are worth the trouble of meditation, of rereading, of pondering over again and again. I myself wonder whether he *knows* fully and intimately the profundity of his own wisdom. He is indeed like a seer whose vision sometimes escapes himself; the delight of the imaginative transport blurs the clarity of perception. At times one has the feeling that he believes America can be saved only by an ancient past, that the Indians and their ceremonies and rituals are meaningless to us, that spirituality can only come from elsewhere. He is an

aesthete in religion too, and perhaps that is why he mistakes his own wisdom for a lesser thing than it is. The truth is in his rhythms, his eloquence, not in his explanations.

But once it has been said, even in this confused clairvoyant manner, it is quite clear to all. It is true that America has never been redeemed by the spirit, by the *bene delfi intelletto*. Dahlberg is important because he points a new way: "Ragged earth seldom produces mild men; the rivers of the New Continent are choleric, and the reason that the rapacious Scamander, with whom Achilles fought, appears to be small and of little importance is that Homer has tamed this stream."

Dahlberg is a lone searcher for the true myths of human destiny in our violent, barren, raddled land. He says: "Man is the animal who thinks, but he cannot employ his intellect without losing his reason, which is why Cristóbal Colón saw mermaids in the waters near the Antilles, or how Plato conceived the *Timaeus*." From such statements, American criticism, if it were really mythical in orientation, could evolve a new corpus of thought and revelation to counter the materialism and sensationalism growing on all sides.

Our National-Security Managers

INTERVENTION AND REVOLUTION. By Richard J. Barnett. *AN NAL Book.* World Publishing Co. 302 pp. \$6.95.

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton is the author of *The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson*, just published by Coward-McCann.

This splendid and melancholy book has laid to their final rest any lingering doubts about the nature of America in world affairs. America, born in revolution, the ultimate inspirer of almost all the revolutions that have followed, has become the fist of counterrevolution. Richard J. Barnett, a founder and co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, has written a calm, dispassionate book, perceptive and truthful, that quietly demolishes the basis of most American foreign policy since the war. The basic assumption, of course, one accepted by Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson, is that expansive communism seeks to conquer the world and that America, in self-defense, must strike down this hydra-headed monster wherever it can, near or far. This hypothesis

was accepted a priori or perhaps on the basis of what might be called proof by reassertion. Thus in Greece and Iran, Guatemala and Cuba, the Dominican Republic and Vietnam and elsewhere, the United States has carried on its crusade to prevent the latter-day Munichs that it claims would mean the eventual battling of the Communists on American shores.

In his first sentence Barnett states simply the paradox in American foreign policy. "The Cold War arose over the fate of Central Europe, but it has been fought almost everywhere else." The containment policy was established, not without some justification, to block any further Russian expansion beyond what became almost immediately its satellite states. However, and the reasons are still not quite clear, the United States was not content to contain Russia along the line of original tension but, by the time Dulles was through, had relentlessly established an armed ring around the entire Communist world. And paradoxically while the original area of confrontation was quiet—although often tense—the United States engaged itself, sometimes covertly, sometimes openly, in putting down revolutions in the ruins of the old

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW

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social and political order caused by the upheavals of war.

Before going any further, it should be made plain that Barnett is no starry-eyed romantic about revolutions:

But the moral depravity of the colonialist does not mean that the revolution is pure heroism or that its leaders are saints. Revolution is ugly and violent. It devours its children and innocent people along with it. The revolutionary always starts from a position of weakness, and he resorts to terrorism, the weapon of the weak—the derailed train, the bomb in the officers' club, or the cut throat of the colonialist collaborator (real or suspected). The revolutionary, even when he is fired by a righteous cause, often marks his success by reverting to the political type he supplants.

Yet while he realizes that revolutions may be betrayed by the very men who made them, he points out what successive administrations have not been able to grasp, that "Revolutionary movements"—as opposed to the *coups d'état* the United States is usually able to accept—"grow in the soil of exploitation and injustice," and result only when this *status quo* has successfully resisted all other attempts at change.

Our National-Security Managers (Barnett's term), those intelligent, often brilliant, well-mannered, well-dressed, well-educated, awesomely well-informed and quietly arrogant men who have led us into one moral, political or military disaster after another, would explain with the long-suffering patience they display to those of us who just don't know the score, that they are hardly counterrevolutionaries. The United States, as we should know, has a long tradition of anti-colonialism, and besides, everyone knows that the United States is different; we don't do the things other paramount nations have done. We intervene in revolutions only when they have been taken over by outside forces, only when the Communists subvert them, and such intervention is clearly in the interest of the people involved, for the good of the entire "free world" and essential to American security.

Here's the difficulty and here's where Barnett is so splendid. He establishes that successive administrations have defined as Communist virtually every revolution that intended profound economic and social change, whether or not Communists were present. And if Communists were involved in any way—even as remote inspiration or minor suppliers of material aid—or if any domestic Communists participated in the revolutionary movement, this was taken

as proof positive that the revolution was directed from Moscow or Peking. This despite the fact that there is absolutely no evidence that Moscow or Peking has organized and dominated even a single "war of national liberation." Indeed, while both have been free with advice and rhetoric, they have been stingy with material aid except, as Barnett points out, in response to a major American commitment such as in Vietnam. Further, there is ample evidence that such revolutionary leaders as Castro and Ho Chi Minh are fiercely protective of their independence. Further still, it is a documented fact that Russia, particularly, has often denied aid to avowedly Communist rebels and continues to discourage revolutions in areas where, if it followed Communist dogma, it should encourage them.

In short, as Barnett superbly documents, these revolutions are nationalistic and, regardless of the rhetoric, not part of a Communist wave that threatens to engulf us. Thus the Munich analogy so beloved of Secretary Rusk is simply false. These revolutionaries are not part of one army which, if defeated in one place, will be unable to fight us in another. Each country, however similar the circumstances, is a separate problem, and a successful counterinsurgency in one country does not prevent a revolution in another. And Barnett consigns to where it belongs, fantasy land, the prevailing notion that successful revolutions threaten American security. "... the notion that the Castros of the future will muster an army of millions, transport them by sampan and burro, and loose them on our cities is nothing less than a psychotic fantasy, so absurd in fact that

it is never explicitly stated, only hinted at in vague anxiety-producing historical analogies." These revolutions threaten our national security only (as has been proved in Vietnam) if we insist in trying to put them down.

Barnett not only discusses revolutions in general, he gives excellent concise accounts of American interventions in, among other places, Iran, Guatemala, Lebanon, the Dominican Republic and, of course, Vietnam. What interested me most however was his discussion of the Greek civil war and the Truman Doctrine. Most of us who were young then and busy defending Truman against the McCarthyites accepted as an article of faith that the Truman Doctrine alone would have been enough to establish him as a great President. Yet we have come to learn that it was not that simple, that the Communist rebels had been refused aid by Stalin as a result of a deal with Churchill, that the government rescued and then supported by Britain and the United States was corrupt and repressive and, if possible, even more brutal than the Greek Communists. Now it seems clear that this fateful step that changed the course of American and world history was based, perhaps even deliberately, on the false premise that Greece was intended to be an extension of the Russian Communist empire. The ultimate irony, of course, is what happened to Greece twenty years later.

The question now is—what happens next? Here Barnett's superb book is of no help if it's not read by those who most need to read it. Have we finally learned from Vietnam? Or, perhaps more pertinent, has the new President and the men who'll surround him?

Books of Interest to Nation Readers

FRONTIERS OF CIVIL LIBERTIES. By Norman Dorsen. With a preface by Sen. Robert F. Kennedy. Pantheon Books. 420 pp. \$8.95.

A panoramic view of contemporary issues in civil liberties describing the advances and retreats in a constant struggle of negotiation, victory and defeat.

THE OTHER GERMANY. By John Dornberg. Doubleday & Co. 370 pp. \$6.95.

A view of East Germany which depicts it risen from the rubble of a decimated Europe to a position of the world's seventh largest industrial power. Its citizens are shown enjoying a measure of

consumer affluence and personal independence. By a *Nation* contributor.

CRISIS IN CAR INSURANCE. Edited by Robert E. Keeton, Jeffrey O'Connell and John H. McCord. University of Illinois Press. 279 pp. \$6.95.

A collection of papers by representatives of the insurance industry, plaintiffs and defendants' counsel, federal and state government, universities, and consumer groups debating the pros and cons of methods for handling automobile claims, and evaluation of much needed proposals for change. It includes a chapter by *Nation* contributors Robert Keeton and Jeffrey O'Connell on "Basic Protection: Automobile Insurance."

I HEARD THE TREAD OF HUNTERS

*I heard the tread of hunters,
Snapping forge in broken trail
Across the shell-backed, pheasant-
Fathered leaves along
The tracing snowglobe*

waters of October.

*I heard the tread of hunters,
Thrashing past the mossy roots of
Thorn and pacing
Pair by peer beneath the furry
Harvest of the walnut trees.*

*I heard the tread of hunters
Signal terror to the deer
Who wandered at the grassline of
The clover-breaded pool and
Watched them twitch their
Hate for death and fly
Fleet on ragged wings of
Blood and cinder fading
Small as owls away,
Their*

Mandarin-delicate flanks

Leaping in the gloom.

MICHAEL SHORB

impressions of the Red Guards in action and of the hypnotic effect of Mao. A chapter of this work appeared in *The Nation*.

REGIS DEBRAY AND THE LATIN AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Edited by Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. 138 pp. \$5.

A symposium on Régis Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution?* which includes essays by Juan Bosch, Robin Blackburn, André Gunder Frank, Gordon Lewis and William A. Williams, among other writers. The essay by Egbal Ahmad appeared in somewhat different form in *The Nation*.

THE TRIAL OF ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN BY THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION. Edited, with an introduction by Corliss Lamont. Horizon Press. 222 pp. \$5.95.

Mr. Lamont was a member of the ACLU Board of Directors and present at the 1940 meeting at which Miss Flynn, a leading woman labor and radical leader, was expelled on the ground that she was a member of the Communist Party. A full stenographic transcript of the

hearing is included in this fascinating account of a turning point in the alliance between liberals and radicals.

FREEDOM OF CHOICE AFFIRMED. By Corliss Lamont. Horizon Press. 214 pp. \$5.95.

A product of four decades of thought and discussion, this history of philosophy is an overall case for existence of free will from the humanist and naturalist viewpoint. Mr. Lamont derides those schools of history, philosophy and psychoanalysis that see man as a puppet or automaton entirely subject to forces within or without himself.

SUPERNATION AT PEACE AND WAR. By Dan Wakefield. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 252 pp. \$5.95.

BETWEEN THE LINES. By Dan Wakefield. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 274 pp. Paper \$2.45.

Both books are colorful, personalized accounts of a reporter's journey through public and private events. The first describes a trip across the country in the early months of 1968. The second is a reprint of a collection of essays originally published in 1966, almost half of

THE RICH: Are They Different? By George G. Kirstein. Houghton Mifflin Co. 266 pp. \$5.95.

Mr. Kirstein defines who is rich and who only affluent and discusses the differences between the hereditary rich and the self-enriched. He writes of the education of the rich, their guilts, fears and isolation, their philanthropy, their fun, their power, and the special problems of rich women. Finally he answers the two questions: are the rich happy and are they different? A condensed version of one of the chapters appeared in *The Nation*.

THE PEOPLE AND THE POLICE. By Algernon D. Black. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 246 pp. \$6.95.

Mr. Black, former chairman of the 1966 Civilian Complaint Review Board of the Police Department of the City of New York, voices the hope that there is still time for the people and the police to come to understand one another's needs, problems and points of view.

THE RED BOOK AND THE GREAT WALL. By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Ronald Stom. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 170 pp. \$4.95.

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which were written on special assignment for *The Nation*.

THE ATLANTIC SALMON: A Vanishing Species? By Anthony Netboy. Houghton Mifflin Co. 457 pp. \$6.95.

A fully documented and delightfully well-written book showing how the Atlantic salmon has become the world's most harried, as well as most valuable, freshwater fish. Mr. Netboy describes the evolution of the species, its life cycle and migrations, and the history of salmon fisheries from earliest recorded times to the present. A condensed version of one of the chapters appeared in *The Nation*.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

As a writer, Norman Mailer is utterly professional; he commands a powerful language and designs his work to produce the effect he foresees and desires. As a film maker, however, Mailer is persuaded that a deliberate amateurism will better serve his ends. He brings together a small group of friends, assigns them roles that rather well suit their physical appearances, tells them the general idea of the topic he has in mind and sets the project in motion, confident that several hours of vigorous larking can be edited to a feature-length picture of admirable spontaneity. That it won't work should be, but evidently is not, obvious to the professional Mailer.

In *Beyond the Law* he stipulates that the police misuse the suspects brought by them into the precinct station during the night-hour scourings of the city streets, that police work either attracts the corrupt or corrupts those it attracts, and that everyone involved, quarry and hunters, is thus beyond the law. Since the thesis is not strikingly novel, the picture's success would depend on how it was developed. But Mailer, having no script, develops nothing; he merely iterates. A group of alleged malefactors, ranging from a gambler, through a subway deviate, a self-declared wife killer and a pair of spitting, long-haired motorcycle boys, to a girl who hires out as a sex whipper, are repetitiously threatened, abused and deprived of their rights by a handful of sardonic detectives. Mailer, in the role of Lieutenant Pope, a 1930s tough cop with an Irish propensity for folk wisdom, shoulders his way through the night, orchestrating and controlling the hatred, fraud and violence to which he has dedicated his life.

The film is not oriented; you never know how you got where you are. The individual scenes cannot be assimilated because the cameras work so close as to destroy spatial relationships. And the dialogue is "legible" only in fragments, partly because untrained performers do not speak well, partly because Mailer feels that speech (particularly his own speech) is more important as "make-up" than as communication. The cumulative effect of all this improvisation is to produce in the viewer a sensation of partial anesthesia, as though he had deadened his responses with whisky.

It may be evident at this point why Mailer has abandoned professionalism in his work for the screen. He may well believe that the predictable inadequacies of "spontaneous" creation will simulate the sudden opacities of contemporary society. One cannot hold a reader by mumbling in print (though there was a period when Mailer appeared to be trying it), but an audience is more captive, and can perhaps be persuaded to accept stultification as its dessert.

In addition, Mailer is aware of the underground cinema and must know himself more talented and vigorous than the bulk of that feckless brotherhood. If they can produce a cult out of ineptitude, he should be able to turn it into art. It doesn't work. *Beyond the Law* is less irritating than dull. The theory that an audience will participate in disavowal is fallacious; it will rather withdraw into its own reveries. An innocent man might suppose that, without talent or training, he could step before a camera and ad-lib a morality play for his contemporaries. But Mailer is not innocent, and it is hard to forgive him for

assuming that a competence he has worked so honorably to master in his own art can be had without charge in some other man's art.

Negatives, by a young director, Peter Medak, is as bouncy as a tennis ball, and as hollow. It presumes a psychopathology so elaborate that the picture requires more to be diagnosed than reviewed, but as an entertainment it is enervated by the fact that its characters are presented only in the dimension of their aberrations. Despite the work of three vivid performers, Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento and Glenda Jackson, the effect is bleak, like one of those psychiatric case histories that begins, "C—a male upholsterer, aged 37...."

McEnery and Glenda Jackson get their kicks by pretending that he is Dr. Crippen and she his paramour; they make love only in Victorian drag. Along comes Miss Cilento, a German photographer of dubious gender, who persuades McEnery that he is not Crippen but Baron von Richthofen, ace of the World War I flying circus. The advantage of this new masquerade, from her point of view, is that the baron was a notorious loner and Miss Jackson becomes available.

All this is very slickly photographed in a chichi style, and admirably paced; but the ingredient of plausibility, never great, steadily decreases as the action proceeds. Characters bearing a taint of nuttiness can make wonderfully enticing theatre, but pure nuts are fit only for Madame Tussaud's (where one scene of the picture is incautiously staged, to suggest the comparison).

TELEVISION

LESLIE R. COLITT

Mr. Colitt is Berlin correspondent for the Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. and *The Observer* (London). His *The Other Germany*, a study of East Germany, has been published in West Germany.

West Berlin

A week after the invasion of Czechoslovakia, East German television still was unable to show a suitable news clip from its occupied neighbor. As far as its viewers were concerned, it did not have to: 80 per cent of all East Germans followed the Czechoslovak crisis on West German television. Evening after evening, East German TV's star commentator, Karl-Eduard von Schnitzler, appeared before the cameras and spoke of scenes in Prague that his audience had just seen on the West German channel.

The incident illustrated the nature of

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his most unusual competition between two television networks. Through West German TV, the people of East Germany are still able to follow developments in the West almost as closely as if they lived there. Apart from a small area east of Dresden, West Germany's Channel 1 can be received throughout East Germany.

It appears odd that with the exception of occasional campaigns to tear down Western-oriented antennae, the East German authorities have never tried to halt this viewing of the Western program. Yet the same regulation applies here as with radio: tuning in the West is not in itself punishable, but telling one's neighbor about the program is very much so. Visiting an apartment house in any East German city, one can hear the West German program reverberating through the prefabricated walls.

East and West German television are similar in their program make-up: politics, sports, culture, light entertainment and children's programs, occupying roughly the same amount of time in each. For the most part, though, that is where similarities end. With its persistent didacticism, East German television resembles its model, Moscow television, on a somewhat more sophisticated level. West Germany's public corporation television is closest to the B.B.C., on which it was patterned. Only the first of the three West German channels can be received in East Germany, but fortunately for the Easterners, it is the best balanced.

A typical day in the battle of the air waves starts at 10 A.M. on the East and West networks. Both open with attractive young women who read the schedule of the day's programs. Time is squandered liberally on both networks. A clock, for example, is flashed on the screen until the sweep hand moves to the full minute when the news begins. In the early 1950s, when East German TV was in its infancy, its newscasters appeared in fatigues. Now, they wear the same overpadded business suits favored in West Germany. North Germans, having approximately neutral accents, are chosen to read the news in both Germanys.

Before noon, the East German station often reruns programs from the previous evening, for the benefit of night-shift workers. One such special, a serialized film about East German peasants during the postwar land reform and subsequent collectivization, was recently awarded a national prize by President Walter Ulbricht, who called it "a genuine experience for millions of viewers." A random sampling of ten East Berliners the next day revealed that not one of them had seen any of the installments.

While this program ran in the East,

West Germany's Channel 1 brought a half-hour of advice for young people on future occupations; the job for that day was flower arranger. The East closed its morning program with a film report from North Vietnam. In the late afternoon, the East resumed transmission with a report on the East Berlin scene, and the West with the news, followed by instruction in Chinese cooking. A program of greetings from children of all the Warsaw Pact countries, with the exception of Czechoslovakia, followed on Eastern TV, the West countering with a half-hour of interior decoration hints—"out with overstuffed furniture." In the East, an august group of professors then assembled for an hour of bandying questions for which the answers were immediately implicit.

Early each evening, East and West German TV roll out the heavy guns, in the form of the "sandman" children's programs. A flurry of channel switching occurs as children watch first the East's "sandman" and then the West's. The unanimous nonpolitical opinion of children in both East and West is that the East's "sandman" is better—perhaps because the Western puppets act out a sugar-coated fairy tale, while the Eastern puppets confront children with more realistic situations from everyday life.

A hush falls over living rooms in both parts of Germany when the commercials come on in the evening. They consist

of two twenty-minute blocks of subdued advertising on the two main West German channels. Although the East also has its harmless commercials, it is the rare Easterner who cannot repeat the latest Western cigarette jingle. One Western producer of TV commercials has pointed to the irony that the most intensive viewing of Western commercials is in the East, where people cannot buy the products.

Both networks are very serious in tone, although compared with the pedantry of the East, the West German programs are almost witty. Humor on West German TV is mainly confined to the biting presentations of leading political and literary cabarets; in the East, the rare humor that does slip through is wholly unintentional.

Although East German TV introduced the semi-documentary to Germany, this genre has been developed to perfection in the West. One such re-enactment of recent history this autumn dealt with the flight of the Jews from Denmark to Sweden in 1943. This superb program is typical of the emphasis West German TV puts on dealing with all aspects of the Nazi era. East Germany, too, has its share of anti-Nazi programs, one East German having said wryly that you may think, from the way they recall history, that East Germany must have been the original member of the anti-Hitler coalition.

West German TV has gained a repu-

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tion for "hard-hitting" documentaries, such as "police state visit" which lampooned the Shah of Iran's visit to West Germany (it has been shown on National Educational Television in the United States). Most of the documentaries are decidedly anti-official in content. In capsule form, this in-depth treatment is also given to the weekly "reports" which critically dissect political life in Germany.

In the face of the superiorities of West German TV and the persistent viewing habits of East Germans, television in the East has virtually given up direct competition. East German producers are now reduced to creating programs for their most appreciative viewers—the party elite and themselves.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

As done by the APA at the Lyceum Theatre, Molière's *The Misanthrope* would make a first-rate radio show. Richard Wilbur's admirably ingenious translation (less sprightly than the original French, which is mostly a matter of the difference in languages) is well spoken by the entire company. It is all quite sensible and easy to take.

But I did not see on the stage any characterization, movement, setting, costume that added anything to the text. In my view, this is hardly theatre at all but recitation, good recitation if you like, but still mainly a kind of reading. And of all Molière's plays *The Misanthrope* most decidedly needs something more.

One might call this a traditional performance, so frequently hailed with exclamations of gratification in reaction to what may be the excessive liberties sometimes taken by autointoxicated directors to break loose from convention or to display their originality. But it is just such

traditionalism that turned Shakespeare moldy in former years (during the la days of the Old Vic, for example) and from which the *Comédie Française* has only partially rid itself in the playing of Molière. It is essentially illustration, not creation. A text is only the beginning of the theatrical event; it should serve to inspire a new artistic work with its own unique spirit, its own fresh blood, bon and sinew.

Still the APA *Misanthrope* is no worse than several performances of it I have seen in Paris. But a distinction should be made. Many years ago I saw Lucie Guity (Sacha's father) play Alceste. He was all "wrong": he played the part a a near-tragic figure, ill with resentment at the frivolity and cynicism of the court's upper crust. The critics protested that *The Misanthrope* is a comedy, intended to provoke laughter. "Laugh, you like," Guity stormed in an interview. "This is how I see Alceste."

I recall the incident now because although I agreed with the critical objections to Guity's performance, I never forgot that Alceste as a portrait and as interpretation, while I have no memory of any other "traditional" one, Guity had converted the play into something of a black comedy with a substance all its own. All the others had been chaff and dress parade.

The DMZ. New York's only political café, moved downtown this fall from the Columbia University neighborhood, to the Village Vanguard in Greenwich Village. It got off there to a shaky start, but has now settled down with its strongest company to date—a white man, a black man, a pretty girl with a dissatisfied mouth and a tousle-haired pianist, who looks as though he had come straight from the demonstration. The old material has been rigorously combed, new turns are added every week or so, the level of projection is now the highest it has been in the thin-ice life of this tenacious venture. R.H.

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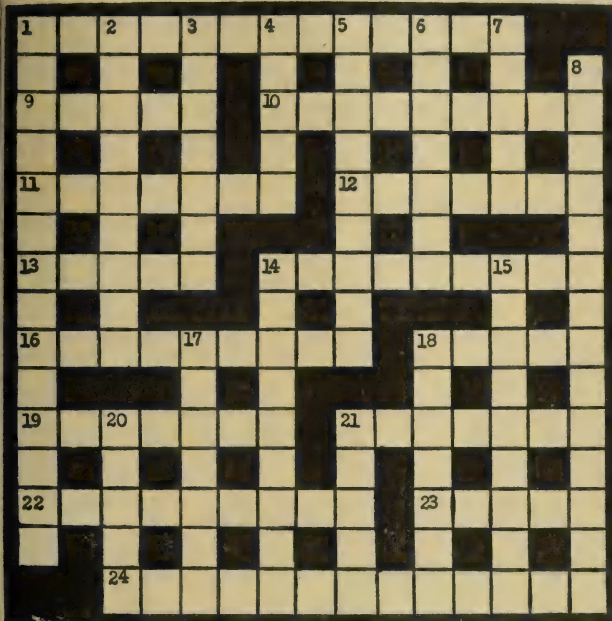
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1271

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 In this puzzle underline the address of a minister here. (7,6)
- 9 But it doesn't offer only cruises for the privileged class. (1-4)
- 10 Stress something other than a superior stock of merchandise? (9)
- 11 The tactic of one who manages to avoid coming to terms? (7)
- 12 Such a law test might be a hanging matter, or else mixed up with a fence. (7)
- 13 Feel happy about what used to be last month? (5)
- 14 Dick's job? (9)
- 16 Choose the part of the book that might be made of leather or hide? (4,5)
- 18 Where one might see the skill of those who can punch? (5)
- 19 Flat-changer, perhaps, though one doesn't pretend to be. (7)
- 21 In a human, a clear method of restraint. (7)
- 22 Our Man in a different environment than Havana might be! (That's one way of putting it!) (9)
- 23 Stress either the literal or physical type. (5)
- 24 Is the red change best for a different spot of Nazidom? (13)

DOWN

- 1 Would it be equivalent to "Hear! Hear!" in the Paris discussions? (6,8)

- 2 A log under the wheels to prevent movement of the little beast? (9)
- 3 Church music might mark the end of contrition, in a way. (7)
- 4 The noise of an animal, or a fish? (5)
- 5 The seacoast? We trade it for the equivalent. (9)
- 6 Not fixed, of course! (7)
- 7 Shaft next to the drawer? (5)
- 8 One doesn't talk to just anybody this way! (6-2-6)
- 14 A ray of evil? (9)
- 15 One might find it candied, hashed, or just pointed. (9)
- 17 The equivalent might sound like a private ear. (7)
- 18 Paradoxically, what Americans might call standing for election in England. (7)
- 20 If the possibility of a hitch occurs, one might find it conveniently on hand. (5)
- 21 Hawthorne's was evidently mossy. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1270

ACROSS: 1 and 7 down Sober as a judge; 4 Devaluate; 9 Retrieval; 10 Awake; 11 Flageolet; 12 Scuba; 13 Sandbagged; 17 Face-saving; 21 Opera; 22 Carriages; 23 Deals; 24 Transpire; 25 Diagnosis; 26 Dates. DOWN: 1 Strife; 2 Betray; 3 Railed; 4 Devil's advocates; 5 Valetudinarians; 6 Leadsman; 8 Emeralds; 14 Afforded; 15 Schemata; 16 Assassin; 18 Missed; 19 Egoist; 20 Aspens.

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LETTERS

haves or dawks?

Northridge, Calif.

DEAR SIR: How can we continue to cling to faith in the democratic political process when men like Sen. Edward Kennedy, Michael Harrington and the UAW's Paul Schrade support Humphrey knowing that in September of this year both Humphrey and Nixon supported the largest armament budget in history . . . when Lippmann and Lindsay (co-chairman of the Urban Coalition) support Nixon; when the only discernible purpose and result of the recent New Coalition Conference in Minneapolis was castration of any effective political opposition to the warfare state in this election.

Are these hawk-supporting doves free and responsible men? Are they brave once again that liberals are incapable of creating a politics of truth, peace and sanity?

Nicholas V. Seidita

roots of racism

New York City

DEAR SIR: I do not think that B. J. Widick quite got to the heart of the Wallace wave among industrial workers ("Why They Like Wallace," *The Nation*, Oct. 14). It is not racism "pure and simple" that is involved but racism within a specific historic context which is not simple.

During the New York school integration crisis of 1964, I was startled to hear more than one liberal middle-class parent, engaged in battle against integration plans pressed by militant blacks, give passionate expression to an intent to support Barry Goldwater. Two decades earlier, when the Communists attempted to preserve some war-created jobs for Negroes by introducing the concept of super-seniority, even "Left" unions were torn by hysterical dis-sension and the concept quickly died.

The point is that the pervasive historic deprivation—economic, social, cultural and psychological—of 20 million blacks cannot be redeemed in today's highly organized and relatively inflexible order without large-scale sacrifices by the entrenched white majority, and no entrenched group ever makes such sacrifices voluntarily. . . .

If organized industrial workers feel themselves most threatened, it is probably because they have "made it" relatively recently. They see the disorders, riots, threats of revolution as directed against their new found status and economic equality, won largely through the unions. The struggle of the Negro for economic equality brings him into conflict with the job security features which are the most precious attainment of American unionism, but which now serve as an obstacle to the resolution of black oppression.

The current New York school crisis is a complex reflection of this national conflict. It is a matter of massive record that the ghetto schools have not been educating the children. It is irrelevant that white, middle-class teachers have been personally blameless. . . . What is relevant is that in the name of job security, academic freedom and justice for teachers, the union is blocking possible approaches for improving the situation through control by the black communities of the education of their own children. I do not know how many teachers will turn to Wallace, but I have observed emotions which seemed very close to those of white liberal parents who vowed to back Goldwater.

The tragedy is that in the spiraling intensification of the conflict between the entrenched white workers and the aroused, oppressed blacks, both are threatened with engulfment by a reactionary wave which can swell to fascism.

Max Gordon

EDITORIALS

Campaign '68

If there is to be any dancing in the streets, it will be because this wretched campaign is finally behind us; no one has had a kind word to say for it. As a British journalist put it, the people were offered the choice between a clown with a tragic face, a marionette and a Southern primitive out of the pages of William Faulkner. Not one memorable speech was made; the talk, of remarkably low quality, centered on "dead visions, dead purposes and dead politics." Yet this latest Presidential election, like so many in the past, produced an interest disproportionate to its personnel and content. The American people have a remarkable capacity to minimize political disaster. With the miserable hand they were dealt in this campaign, they did surprisingly well.

Campaign '68 may not have yielded a single noble speech, but it did produce a hero. Senator Eugene McCarthy's decision to offer a challenge to President Johnson within the Democratic Party changed the landscape of the campaign. Once he had provided a point of resistance, voters in the key primary elections proceeded to demonstrate that—as everyone but the "old pros" of both parties had known for some time—there was a large and growing opposition to the war and a sharp rejection of the President's leadership. The chorus of opposition which Senator McCarthy evoked, more than any single factor, prompted the President to withdraw and seek a negotiated settlement. Historians of Campaign '68 will certainly record McCarthy's candidacy as one of the most extraordinary demonstrations in our political experience of what can be accomplished despite the limitations of the old politics by even a casual candidate with a largely amateur following, if he has possession of a great issue.

But there is more to Campaign '68 than the McCarthy rebellion. The pundits are now telling us that a "swing to the Right" has taken place in American politics. It may be so, but the returns do not show it. The primary elections dramatized the magnitude and intensity of popular opposition to the war. Offered a "choice" of Nixon, Humphrey and Wallace, despite a clearly indicated preference for other candidates, a minority of the electorate concluded that the best way to effect a change was to vote for Nixon. A large part—perhaps the largest part—of Nixon's vote was a vote against Johnson. If the Nixon vote had been restricted to his personal following, he would have been soundly defeated.

Actually the situation was "structured" for the Republicans to take the Congress as well as the Presidency. If Rockefeller had been nominated, the Republicans would have made a sweep of it. But, as the returns show, Nixon had no coattails. What he did was to minimize opposition to the Johnson Administration. Among the active Democratic contenders, only Humphrey could have lost to Nixon, just as only Nixon, among the Republicans, could have failed to lead a landslide. True, if one adds the Wallace vote to the Nixon vote it is possible to hypothesize some swing to the Right; but a large part of the Wallace

vote was itself a protest, nor would all of it have gone to Nixon if Wallace had not been a candidate. The main point, in any case, is that it is unreasonable to assume a swing to the Right in an election in which there was no Left. The public was given a "choice" of candidates all of whom were essentially conservative in terms of today's needs and problems. Mr. Humphrey offered no brave new programs. He did not seriously address himself to the new issues; what he offered were, at best, warmed-over New Deal and Great Society measures, with only a hint or two of some possible modification of cold-war policies.

To confront voters with the worst political choice of the century and then interpret the results as a swing to the Right is to overlook the fact that the Congressional and Senatorial returns cannot be read in that way. If President Johnson had been renominated, it is fair to assume that he would have pulled many Democratic nominees down to defeat. As it was, some Democratic nominees—Senators Church and McGovern to name two—won in large part because they were known to have opposed the President on the war.

Senator Nelson, a dove, won re-election from Wisconsin—which went for Nixon and re-elected a Republican governor. Governor Hughes was elected to the Senate from Iowa, which voted for Nixon. Arkansas went for Wallace but re-elected Senator Fulbright and Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller. And so it went.

Senator Gruening lost not because of his stand on Vietnam but because (unfairly but understandably) of his age—81. Senator Clark lost in Pennsylvania not because his general record was rejected but because he had, inadvertently or perhaps indiscreetly, offended Italian-Americans and had been an advocate of strong gun-control legislation. If Senator Morse loses, it will not be because of his stand on issues but for other reasons (see *The Nation*, May 27, p. 687). Senator Monroney has been a better-than-average Senator, but he is certainly no dove.

Nelson, Fulbright, Church, McGovern and Ribicoff came through in fine style and so did Birch Bayh—in a state that went for Nixon. In California, Alan Cranston defeated Max Rafferty; in Maryland, Charles McC. Mathias, a Republican dove, defeated Senator Brewster; Thomas F. Eagleton won in Missouri; and, as expected, Senator Javits registered another personal triumph. Both Gilligan, in Ohio, and Clark, in Illinois, ran remarkably strong races.

That the Democrats did as well as they did in the House indicates that voters were not seeking an opening to the Right. And the election of such candidates in New York as Mrs. Shirley Chisholm, the first Negro woman to serve in the House, Allard Lowenstein, who had much to do with the original "Dump Johnson" movement, and Edward Koch points to the same conclusion.

The fact is that Nixon—always the "loser" even when he wins—lost votes steadily from about the middle of September down to the moment the polls closed. The size of the Humphrey vote reflects not so much a preference for the "lesser evil" as a strong protest against the greater. The more "exposure" Nixon obtained, the more votes he lost. Something about this strange man conveys an im-

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 17

pression of almost total insincerity and bottomless personal insecurity. Vice President Humphrey tried hard (one must admire his spunk, verve and high spirits) to make the fitness of Nixon—**and Agnew**—the dominant issue. The size of his vote demonstrates that he was succeeding, but he ran out of time. More important, perhaps, the “anti-Johnson” feeling was too strong and too pervasive.

The question now is: what approach will Nixon take to the difficult political problems he will face on assuming office? He could, of course, attempt to reconstitute the old Dixiecrat-Republican coalition, but this is not a promising course of action, except perhaps on selected issues. Sen. Strom Thurmond is not a great figure among the Dixiecrats. Most of the Southern Democrats have an acute sense of political realities; they know that they must yield to Negro demands without appearing to, and as slowly as possible. Texas, with a splendid accumulation of Johnson-bestowed defense goodies and federal projects, has shown a firm if quiet determination not to permit the Wallace movement to jeopardize these benefits. Other Southern states are beginning to exhibit a similar political sophistication. Nor are the Dixiecrats willing to forfeit their seniority by following Thurmond into the Republican Party.

A more likely strategy for Nixon would be to work through the liberal Republicans in the House and Senate, knowing that the liberal Democrats will support them on a great many issues. In general, that is what President Eisenhower did; it is the best course for a Republican President who must live with a Democratic Congress, and who must look ahead, first to the 1970 Congressional election and beyond that to Campaign '72. Nixon is astute enough to realize that his best hope is to tap the resources of talent and leadership, of political and financial support, to be found in the liberal-moderate wing of the GOP, particularly if he plans, as he must, to make a better showing next time in the big industrial states of the East. Governor Reagan, who tried the opposite approach of cultivating the party's right wing, is now confronted with the prospect of decapitation by Jesse Unruh in 1970.

With his own political survival at stake, Nixon will be forced to pay close attention to the demands of urban Negroes who, in this election, demonstrated once again their power in the big cities in the key states. The President-elect can read the Wall Street returns on peace and Vietnam easily, and as accurately, as the next man; he knows that “the Street” wants the war terminated, now. He knows that there is little enthusiasm in that quarter for further “limited” wars. Also, the circumstances confronting the country dictate a somewhat more cautious, less aggressive foreign policy, with some curtailment of overseas bases and commitments and less emphasis on counterrevolutionary capers. The real danger with Nixon arises, first, from the fact that he will be a noisy advocate of bigger arms spending—for which, unfortunately, there is support in “the Street”—and, second, because he will not push for disarmament or arms control.

On balance, it was better that Nixon should win than that the election should have been thrown into the House. If that had happened, it might have gravely complicated the Paris negotiations. He will be forced to deal with a

Democratic Congress that has lost little strength and has an experienced leadership. This leadership, notably in the Senate, has begun to recapture some of the legislators' prerogatives in the field of foreign policy. From this Congress it is doubtful that Mr. Nixon will get many “joint resolutions,” Gulf of Tonkin style. He enters the White House bearing a credibility gap as great as that which President Johnson fashioned for himself over the years in office. From the day he takes office, Mr. Nixon will be looking over his shoulder at Sen. Edward Kennedy and forward to 1972.

The new President will be warily watched by a press which knows him well and with which his relations have never been cordial. There is something to be said also for the view that it is time the American people outgrew their enthusiasm for messianic leadership in the White House. While some Presidents are greater leaders than others, they are all human beings and should be regarded as such; we can dispense with “father images” and glamorous young charismatic types. This time there will be no initial illusions; we shall be spared the honeymoon. If Mr. Nixon becomes acceptable to the public at large, it will be after he demonstrates that he is worthy of the trust that a minority has placed in him. Today, he is widely known and widely distrusted. In effect he is another “accidental” President. The people should realize that this time they have been put on notice in advance; it is their responsibility to watch this man. On his record, Mr. Nixon is entitled only to the support he earns; he takes office with no reserves of confidence.

In the meantime, prospects for renovation and renewal in the Democratic Party should show improvement. A good start was made in the rule changes adopted in Chicago. New Politics elements have strengthened their position within the party in Wisconsin, Michigan, California, New York, Illinois, Ohio, Colorado, Texas and other states. Negroes today constitute perhaps the largest single element within the party and are gaining additional leverage through the rise of “new” Democratic parties in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.

In the big urban centers, the power of the city bosses has been undercut. The combined specters of Nixon and Wallace forced certain elements to coalesce behind the old machines in this election, so that they appear to be as sturdy as ever. But that is a surface illusion. As expected, Daley was able to get what the machine needed in Cook County, but his hold on the party in Illinois has been weakened. In Philadelphia, ward leaders were reduced to such stratagems as applying pressure on those for whom traffic tickets had been fixed to get them to the polls. Meany's dominance of the AFL-CIO is weakening, and now that the election is over Reuther can step up the competition for leadership.

In an odd way, Nixon's election may help the new Democratic leaders. It will give them a mandate to renew and revitalize the Democratic Party. Of course a harsh struggle will take place for party control, but on balance circumstances favor the ultimate success of those who are out to refashion the Democratic Party. The old coalitions are breaking up, new coalitions and alignments are reforming, and above all, new issues are emerging.

Message to the Intelligentsia

In the 1964 election, Lyndon B. Johnson received the overwhelming support of intellectuals. While he was hardly their *beau ideal*, he was running against Barry Goldwater. When the Vietnamese War took a course that owed they could hardly have done worse with Goldwater, the intellectuals defected, at first in a stream and then in a flood. Some of those who departed had been key figures in the Kennedy administration; personally, Mr. Johnson was no doubt glad to see them go. But he was not oblivious to the fact that widespread antagonism among thoughtful citizens can be unhealthy for any President, however secure at the outset his reputation may appear.

A particular problem arose in connection with the White House overseer of intellectuals, Dr. Eric Goldman. Even if he had been in wholehearted support of the war, Goldman could not have withstood the opposition to it on college campuses and in the liberal press. Mr. Johnson, however, did not make allowances. In an effort to narrow the breach and improve Dr. Goldman's performance, Mr. Johnson appointed three assistant intellectuals, but to no avail. Then the President, with the aid of Mrs. Johnson, resorted to the White House Festival of the American Arts, where unfortunately the spotlight was seized by certain invited intellectuals who used the occasion to speak it against the war. Shortly thereafter, in August, 1965, Goldman resigned, blaming both the President and the intellectuals for what he termed "a tragic estrangement." He was rewarded with a White House statement that he had never worked anything like a full-time schedule.

At this juncture, Vice President Humphrey induced the President to appoint as Goldman's successor John P. Roche, chairman of the department of politics at Brandeis University and former chairman of ADA. Instead of trying a soft sell, Roche proceeded to berate the customers. "Who are these alienated intellectuals?" he asked. "Mainly the New York artsy-craftsy set. . . . A small body of people who live in affluent alienation on Cape Cod and are off salvos against the vulgarity of the masses. . . ." In March, 1968, conducting a press conference at the UN "at the suggestion of Washington," Roche compared Johnson's critics with the intelligentsia of 19th-century Russia—"a self-defined, self-anointed, self-appointed cultural elite which has taken unto itself the job of protecting the society from various and sundry problems. . . ." This approach was even less successful than the White House strategy during Goldman's ill-starred period of service.

At one time the President tried inviting a group of government-employed intellectuals to lunch, but instead of listening for their views he spent most of the time hectoring them, with predictably dismal effects. Later, however, it seemed that a successful formula had at last been worked out. Eric Sevareid turned up an anti-intellectual intellectual who greatly admired Mr. Johnson and might perhaps be able to make the pro-intellectual intellectuals see the light. The new paragon was Eric Hoffer, the ex-New Yorker who had made a career out of cultivating middle-brow distaste for the intellectual community. Johnson and Hoffer hit it off perfectly. The White House press

aide conceded that Mr. Johnson had not read any of Hoffer's books, but it turned out that Roche had long admired both the author and his works. It helped, also, that Hoffer regarded John F. Kennedy as having been essentially a European. "All you have to do," he told Mr. Johnson, "is tabulate how many times Kennedy crossed the Atlantic and how many times he crossed the Appalachians, and you know where he belonged."

Eventually Roche left the White House service and wrote an article for *The New Leader* (October 21) entitled "Can a Free Society Fight a Limited War?" The text leaves one in doubt as to whether Roche is more sorry for himself or for Mr. Johnson. "I have watched," he writes, "impotent and heartsick, while the War has eroded the position of the Johnson Administration." He describes himself as "an old-fashioned liberal cold warrior"; with others who share his views he stands appalled "by the fact that a great President, Lyndon Johnson, has gone into political limbo because of his indomitable commitment to a sound but unpopular policy, flexible response and limited war." The alternatives, as Roche views the future, are isolationism and "its identical twin, nuclear deterrence."

It is a safe prediction that, back on the Brandeis campus and writing for King Features Syndicate, Roche will have no more success in healing the breach between Johnson and the intellectual community than he had during his term as the White House intellectual-in-residence. And soon it will not matter.

Carolina Law 'n' Order

A few days after the assassination of Martin Luther King, five Negro boys, aged 16 to 20, set fire to a Ku Klux Klan hut in Benson, N.C. They were caught and pleaded guilty to arson. The only witness for the state, a police agent, testified that the damage to the building was not great. The attorney for the boys pleaded for leniency, on the ground that they were emotionally upset at the time. But Superior Court Judge William Y. Bickett declared that "the courts must stop people from damaging other people's property" and sentenced each of the five to twelve years at hard labor.

In North Carolina the Klan is legally chartered by the Secretary of State.

'WHERE'S MY NATION?'

During October, the mail distribution of *The Nation* was most unsatisfactory, and the publisher apologizes for the irritation caused by the delays. The trouble occurred because our mailing house was bought, oddly enough, by American Can (see "Conglomerates," *The Nation*, October 28), and announced between one issue and the next that it would no longer handle our work. In this emergency, we had to make overnight arrangements in the neighborhood of Milford, Conn., where the magazine is printed, and the firm available at the moment proved inadequate. We have now made other arrangements and believe the emergency is over.

The Publisher

ELECTION MOSAIC

Reports from the Great Centers

JEROME L. WILSON

New York City

Mr. Wilson covers Albany as a legislative correspondent for WCBS-TV.

NEW JERSEY. Sixteen months ago twenty persons were killed in the Newark riots. The black Central Ward was the setting, and quite literally the white North Ward had the front-row seats. In this election these two bordering wards in Newark were figuratively miles apart.

In many ways New Jersey really told the national election story in the tri-state area that pivots on New York City. Even though George Wallace got a low 9 per cent of the Jersey vote, it was enough to swing the state to Richard Nixon, a pattern followed in other industrial states in the nation. And it wasn't the chicken farmers of downstate Jersey who supplied that Wallace vote. It came from traditionally Democratic Hudson County. It came from the North Ward of Newark.

In addition to reflecting the impact of Wallace, New Jersey showed graphically the electoral division between black and white. In key districts, selected by WCBS-TV News, a backlash vote surfaced in Newark's North Ward. The ward is mostly Italian American and usually votes overwhelmingly Democratic; but this time George Wallace took 18 per cent of the vote, Nixon 35 per cent. And only a few blocks away, sample precincts in the black Central Ward reported 87 per cent for Humphrey, 12 per cent for Nixon, nothing for Wallace.

NEW YORK. Humphrey needed the state if he was to make ■ real run for the Presidency, and the fact that it voted so strongly Democratic is a credit to the "forgive and forget" attitude of those peace Democrats who won the state's June primary. There were a couple of other Democratic dove victories in New York, although the big one, the Senate candidacy of Paul O'Dwyer, went down. The peace triumphs were Allard Lowenstein's exciting race for Congress in Nassau County, and to ■ lesser degree Edward Koch's Congressional victory in Manhattan. Lowenstein, who has a demonstrated gift for organizing dissenting forces in the country, could play a major role in restructuring the Democratic Party during its years out of power.

New York also saw the erosion of moderate Republicanism in this election despite the re-election of Jacob Javits. Conservative Senate candidate James Buckley tallied more than 1 million votes. If the Democrats offer ■ strong candidate for governor in 1970, as they are expected to do for ■ change, the GOP will be tempted to turn to the Conservatives for a co-endorsement. The Conservatives will demand in exchange that the state Republican Party should return to conservative principles and nominate conservative Republican candidates. Nelson Rockefeller's idealism and his bankroll have kept the

Republican Party relatively pure until now. But if Rockefeller goes to Washington, or retires, the Conservatism will begin to tell Republicans how to be Republicans.

The Democratic loss of the state Assembly in Albany is a story touched with irony. For years, the Republicans controlled the state legislature by means of a constitutional gerrymander that favored upstate rural districts. The Democrats protested and protested through the late years, until finally the courts threw out the unfair apportionment formula, and with the aid of the Johnson landslide the Democrats took control of both Houses in 1964. They soon lost the Senate, but kept the lower House. Now they have lost that too, and have no one to blame but themselves and the electorate.

The new Republican-controlled Assembly will probably choose Suffolk lobster wholesaler Perry Duryea to be the next Speaker. Duryea made a crusade out of cutting back the Governor's Medicaid program at the last session and because of the conservative character of the legislature won more extensive cuts than even the Governor was prepared for. As for former Speaker Anthony Travia, he made it just in time to the federal court bench. His district in the Assembly was carried by Vito Battista, formerly of the United Taxpayers Party, who ran as a Republican. Rosemary Gunning, founding member of the anti-school-busing PAT, also won election to the Assembly.

CONNECTICUT. The smallest of the three states in a metropolitan area is by tradition part of New England but it proved that it is now in the Democratic Pantheon. George Wallace got a puny 6 per cent of the vote, and Humphrey totals and the Ribicoff re-election reflected the state's preponderant Democratic registration.

All three states—New York, New Jersey and Connecticut—returned Democratic Congressional delegations. Congress, which is a tribute to the late surge of Hubert H. Humphrey and to the firm positions many of these Democratic incumbents have gained for themselves in heavily Republican districts.

Whether in Newark, Harlem—or for that matter, Atlanta, Ga.—the black communities supported Mr. Humphrey. To a far lesser extent, if Wallace did forge a national movement, and that is debatable, his vote came from low- to middle-income whites. By and large, the peace vote came out for Humphrey, both in the East and across the nation.

The most disturbing factor is the suggestion that votes are separated by race, rather than by economics or, indeed, ideology. It is one thing when pressures in an electorate are formed by economic jealousies or aspirations; it is another when they derive from prejudice.

In this campaign the President-elect and his running mate saw fit to avoid personal campaigning in the New York districts of the area. Not that they lacked a genuine

for the Negro vote, or for future black cooperation with their government. Still, one must assume that the strategists around Nixon judged that a campaign in Harlem would lose him votes in other parts of the country, even in the white communities next door. In this respect, the Nixon campaign hardly contributed to its stated objective of unifying the nation.

HIL KERBY

Los Angeles

Democratic leaders in California consoled themselves Wednesday with the thought that the party's defeat could have been much worse. At the same time, they expressed amazement that Richard Nixon did not win nationally by a far larger margin. They are convinced that Rockefeller could have beaten Humphrey easily. One said, "only Nixon had a chance to lose to Humphrey."

They give Nixon credit for helping to unify the Democratic Party—to the extent that it was unified in the last weeks of the election. But even those who most strenuously opposed Humphrey's nomination grant that he conducted a formidable campaign. One said, "Humphrey took Johnson's defeat by proxy."

In California, the Republicans took over the state legislature for the first time in a decade, but by the narrowness of margins. But they lost Senator Kuchel's seat to Bill Cranston, who beat Max Rafferty by a comfortable 10,000 votes. Unruh is now out as Speaker, but may become a leader in realigning party factions. The Democrats will probably keep their 21-to-17 edge in the California delegation to the House of Representatives. George Wallace got only 7 per cent of the vote, and on the Left, the Peace and Freedom Party was a nullity.

It was the war and its train of domestic ills that fought Humphrey-Johnson down. Political leaders here expressed astonishment that Humphrey came as close as he did after the debacle of the Chicago convention, which reverberated in the minds of millions all that was wrong in the country.

"I can't explain what they will be, but I have a gut feeling that big changes are coming in politics," former Gov. Earl Warren said. Masses of people are alienated. They want the political parties to respond more quickly to their problems. Brown suggested that McCarthy or Ted Kennedy may become the leaders of the New Politics.

Whatever form the New Politics will take, Democratic leaders here believe the changes will be largely inside the Democratic Party. They don't see a new party arising on the Left, and they think Wallace will be confined to the Deep South, although they don't discount his future influence elsewhere.

Democrats here think the war is nearing an end. They are resigned to Nixon's election before he was elected. At the next day they wondered: can he reconcile the peoples? One highly placed Democrat said, "The tragedy of this election is that the blacks, the people who had the biggest stake in a Humphrey victory, lost." They have bet the rich win again.

An aide to Alan Cranston said: "Maybe TV is the most revolutionary factor in politics now. TV is forcing a confrontation between hostile groups. Whites can no longer escape merely by moving to the suburbs. That black man on the screen is talking to you, man. The war is going on right in your living room."

One Republican said Nixon will be the last of the old-style politicians to be elected President. "The people are bored with the politics of evasion. Students on the campus are in deadly earnest. They are going to demand something better."

SYLVAN MEYER

Gainesville, Ga.

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Richard Nixon played the South more cannily than either his supporters or opponents elsewhere figured he would—what with that Greek feller and refusing to debate and all. Since Mr. Nixon and staff can analyze election returns as well as the next politician, they must have relaxed when key border states—Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, Florida and North Carolina—failed to go for George Wallace. It mattered not to Mr. Nixon whether Wallace or Hubert Humphrey carried these states; if he didn't get them, he could not swing a majority of electoral votes. With them,



Wetzel

he could afford to lose two out of three of the races in Texas, Illinois and California, and still struggle over the 270 mark.

Indeed, Tennessee and the Carolinas were bonuses for him. Florida and Virginia, if they had fallen, would have represented the intolerable degree of Wallace invasion into Nixon territory.

Wallace made his big splash where he always splashes big, in the Deep South: Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. The ripples diminished as they moved outward, but it would be a mistake to assume that what Wallace represented to the voter was similarly confined. Lumping together the Wallace and Nixon vote gives a better definition of voter attitudes, and outside of Texas, which Humphrey carried narrowly, the combination in the South runs from 2 to 1 up to 4 to 1 against Humphrey, the Johnson Administration, the unrelenting pressure for social change, the fumbling around in Vietnam, and softness on the *Pueblo* incident.

The decisive issues were the national ones; local Democrats generally won. LeRoy Collins' defeat in Florida and the failure of two liberal Georgia Congressmen, Charles Weltner and James Mackay, to unseat GOP opponents, were among the exceptions, but in these instances the losers suffered from identification with liberal causes, with "all them programs." Wallace is considered a sort of Democrat, anyway, in the Deep South. In the border areas, Nixon attracted support from him because voters "didn't want to throw their vote away," but still wanted to protest.

Mr. Nixon's campaign sustained for him a favorable mixture of anti-Humphrey ballots, but his administration can hardly escape the same activities that got the Democrats into trouble down South. The whole area knows there is no going backward, but it is eager for a recess. It objects to overcompensatory federal treatment of Negroes. Although it is the major beneficiary of federal largess through such new programs as economic development, Appalachia, educational-facilities grants and the rest, the South is weary of these complex, fearsomely bureaucratic ventures, fraught with civil rights pledges, bribe money and tedious regulations. It wants to say, "Just send the money, friend, and leave us be."

Mr. Nixon promised that school aid will not be tied to Health, Education and Welfare guidelines, but he must confront the national social revolution with just about the same tactics as the Democrats used. Did not Eisenhower send troops to Little Rock? Nixon may alter the methods, but any administration ignores poverty, ghettos and stagnant economic areas at its peril. By avoiding debate, Mr. Nixon avoided affronting the South on these sensitive issues, but they remain and will grow.

What Ralph McGill calls "lawn order" mightily affected the vote. The street disorders have been elsewhere but they scare Southerners. Much of the progress toward racial readjustments in the South has come because people here preferred to yield rather than suffer chaos in their communities. With the potential for violence in the South, which every Southerner senses in his viscera, the yearning for order is strong enough to outweigh other impulses, even those for the regional ideology. The more a Nixon administration tries to ease the leverage for genuine in-

tegration, the more it risks activist aggression in the street. There is no way it can satisfy the South. In the Congress Mr. Nixon may be able to patch together a shadow of the old Republican-conservative Southerner coalition. It faces immediate abrasions, however. Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia will be chairman of Appropriations, and President pro tem of the Senate. The House may have a new Speaker and a new Majority Leader, and Southerners a likely prospects for both posts. Party solidarity will become more critical to their purposes than a scotch-tap alliance with a President who, when you get right down to it, doesn't owe them a thing. Indeed, Southern Congressmen may win more points through tough-minded opposition than through acquiescence with the administration.

And Mr. Wallace will be around for a while, well-financed, eager to harangue, and to point to his 9 million votes. Perhaps he is not destined for national office; nevertheless, he is the central national rallying point for the radical Right, he is the irascible challenger of the Establishment. He will continue to draw funds and support, and to be a giant nuisance to a President hungry for unanimity but with no currency to buy any. Of course, a lot of sub issues were at play in the election. And of course the South had come a long way only to confront Mr. Humphrey at a bad time for him, on the heels of that disastrous and insulting convention. Still and all, Mr. Nixon may secretly wish, before the next four years are over, that Virginia and Florida had gone the other way.

JOHN T. DEMPSEY

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Dearborn, Mich.

The big story in the Michigan election was the strong resurgence of the Democratic Party within the state. Democrats swept all state-wide offices which were at stake, captured control of the state House of Representatives, fought off the challenge of George Wallace, and gave lie to the oft-repeated charges that they are a "divided and demoralized" party. All signs indicate that the Republican Party is in trouble, and that its trouble will increase.

Michigan was never thought to be Nixon country; five years ago Johnson swept the state by more than a million votes; eight years ago Kennedy took it by about 65,000 over Nixon. At Miami, most of Michigan's Republican delegates stayed with George Romney as their favorite, although the majority would have supported Nelson Rockefeller if Romney had released them. State Republicans realized that Nixon would not carry the state, a few anticipated just how depressing an effect his narrow win would have on the slate as a whole. Put simply, Nixon was a minor disaster for the Michigan GOP. Democrats now control the state supreme court and one house of the legislature, and are in a strong position for the gubernatorial and Senatorial elections of 1970.

George Romney worked hard for the Nixon ticket. In past elections, when the Governor was himself running



Jones, Toronto Telegram (Canada)

or office, he has had modest success in carrying other Republicans into office with him. His efforts in 1968 were of no avail. It is generally felt here that Romney has bought his last campaign. The odds are that he will be offered a place in the Nixon administration, and that he will accept. This will remove the best vote getter that Republicans in Michigan have had for many years. Romney's successor, if he does leave, will be the present Lt. Gov. William Milliken, from Traverse City. Milliken is young (45) and attractive, but his vote-getting capacity is untested. He is in the liberal Republican wing, and was Rockefeller's Michigan campaign chairman last summer.

The Wallace vote in Michigan fell short of expectations. His people had hoped for 20 per cent, had expected 15; the actual vote was about 10 per cent. Even in Dearborn, proclaimed by its flamboyant, segregationist Mayor Orville Hubbard to be "Wallace Country," only about one voter in ten went for Wallace. A quarter of the Wallace vote came from Wayne County (Detroit and suburbs), the rest was widely scattered throughout the state. It would seem that Wallace drew more heavily from Nixon than from Humphrey, but not enough to affect the outcome. The black voters of Michigan, some 300,000, supported Humphrey overwhelmingly (about 90 per cent). Eldridge Cleaver pulled only about 4,000 votes.

A few weeks ago it had been expected that Wallace would attract a significant union vote. One local in Flint went even so far as to endorse the Alabama Governor. But then organized labor turned on the heat. For the past month the union leadership has used every conceivable means to combat the appeal of the gentleman from Dixie. Evidently the effort was successful, and in the process labor proved that its effectiveness in elections is

still strong. Much of the credit for the Democratic victory must go to the unions. The result can only be to increase labor's influence in the Democratic Party of Michigan—and in the past twenty years it has been the strongest single force within that party.

The divided control of Michigan government can be expected to produce some donnybrooks in the two years ahead. The executive office is firmly in Republican hands, Democrats have a four vote margin in the House, while Republicans control the Senate narrowly (20 to 18). Both parties will be jockeying for position while getting ready for 1970, which in Michigan will be more important than the elections just held. The state will be choosing a governor for a four-year term, a United States Senator (Philip Hart, the two-term incumbent, is expected to run), nineteen Congressmen, both houses of the state legislature, and many other state-wide officials. Michigan's Democratic Party demonstrated this year that it could bounce back strongly from the bitter defeat of two years ago, when it lost a U.S. Senate seat and five Congressional seats. The question now is whether the Republicans can similarly recover. The answer will probably depend on William Milliken, who seems to be looking forward to the challenge.

GENE I. MAEROFF

Cleveland

Mr. Maeroff is an editorial writer on the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He spoke with an unfamiliar drawl, and his traveling entourage featured country music cacophonous to Northern ears, self-proclaimed rednecks and a bulletproof lectern, over which he would peer with those beady eyes fixed on us and condemn newspaper editors and bearded intellectuals. Not the stuff of which successful campaigns are built in the big states of the industrial Midwest—Ohio, Michigan and Illinois. But it was Campaign '68, George Wallace style, and it sent Richard Nixon to the White House.

The votes that would have made the difference for Hubert Humphrey in Ohio and Illinois ended up in the Wallace column, giving Nixon the 53 electoral votes of the two big states. A heavy portion of the Wallace vote was cast by labor—the Steelworkers, Printers, Plasterers, Rubber workers, Department Store workers and others who traditionally have been counted on by the Midwest Democrats. But this was the year of law and order, and Wallace told them what they wanted to hear.

Of the three states, only Michigan with its 21 electoral votes went to Humphrey. He owes that to Walter Reuther and his United Auto Workers. When it became clear during the campaign that defections were mounting and that the Democrats were in danger, the UAW swung into action, recapturing many of the blue-collar workers who were flirting with Wallace.

But in Ohio there was no Walter Reuther to twist the arms of the 1,148,000 unionists. In Ohio, with its huge Chevrolet, Goodyear, Republican Steel and Procter & Gamble plants, Wallace ran stronger than in either Michi-

gan or Illinois. Buttressed by labor support, he grabbed almost 12 per cent of Ohio's Presidential vote. In Cleveland alone, the Alabamian won more than 70,000 votes, while Nixon captured the state by fewer than 100,000.

This is not to say that all of those traditionally Democratic votes would necessarily have gone to Humphrey this year if they had not been seduced by Wallace. But the point is that they were votes that the Democrats had garnered in the past, and party leaders knew they had to hold them to gain victory. George Wallace's presence in the race determined otherwise.

Even Mayor Richard Daley could not hold Illinois for Humphrey. The sizable margins that Daley had been able to provide for Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy were not produced, and the downstate vote saved Nixon. Actually the tale of defeat in Illinois began last February when Daley blocked the bid of State Treasurer Adlai Stevenson III for the U.S. Senate nomination to run against Everett Dirksen. Daley's recalcitrance kept off the ticket the powerful Stevenson name that might have provided a fillip to defeat Dirksen, to hold the governor's seat for Samuel Shapiro and to win Illinois for Humphrey, denying Nixon his electoral victory. As it turned out, Daley's hand-picked U.S. Senate candidate, Illinois Attorney General William Clark, turned dovish during the campaign and Daley went cold on him, as he had on Stevenson for the same reason.

The black voters remained faithful to the Democrats of the industrial Midwest—at least the blacks who voted. To begin with, registration was not up to expected levels in Cleveland, Chicago and Detroit, all with tremendous inner-city Negro populations, and in the more heavily Republican outlying parts of each of the states registrations were at all-time highs [See "The Black Vote," *The Nation*, October 21].

The Presidential race did not generate enthusiasm in the ghettos. There was talk in Cleveland's Glenville and in Detroit's 12th Street of a "blackout" at the polls, with Negroes simply not showing up. But finally most of them—though not in numbers as large as Democratic chieftains had hoped—made the scene, and when they balloted they supported Humphrey to a greater degree than any other ethnic group.

Humphrey's final weekend surge in Michigan raised the possibility that the bombing halt may have given him a boost there. At least it became an eleventh-hour issue in a campaign in which the greatest excitement had seen to center on neither major candidate but on Detroit baseball star Al Kaline, who took to the hustings for Nixon. The Administration was quickly condemned by George Romney for calling the halt. He said it was a "brainwasher"—a subject on which he should be an expert by now. Michigan's dovish Democratic Sen. Philip Hart immediately rapped Romney for questioning the President's integrity.

Even the moment of glory that the Democrats enjoyed in Ohio when Charles Vanik unseated U.S. Rep. Frank Bolton, the conservative Republican in the 22nd Congressional District, was tainted. The victory was brought about not so much by enchantment with the Democratic Party as by the voters' reluctance to continue with a Representative of Mrs. Bolton's age, which is 83.

Ohio's 22nd, which includes prestigious Shaker Heights, has a heavy Jewish population, and that also helped Vanik over the top. He jumped into the race against fourteen-term Congresswoman when redistricting made his old 21st District 65 per cent Negro. His success there, Louis Stokes, profiting from the name that his brother Carl had made famous, fashioned a 2-to-1 victory over a nice-guy Republican, also Negro. Stokes, Ohio's first black Congressman, will bring to Washington a keen legal mind and a voice that will be raised whenever necessary in behalf of racial justice.

Ohio's Democratic nominee for the U.S. Senate, Joyce Gilligan, the one-term former Congressman who had whipped U.S. Sen. Frank Lausche in last spring's primary [see "Ohio: Politics After Johnson," *The Nation*, April 27], was unable to overcome the downstate Republican votes, even with the generous edge furnished him by the voters of Cuyahoga County. He was downed by William Saxbe, Ohio's lackluster Attorney General, who with the enthusiastic backing of Gov. James Rhodes.

So although Hubert Humphrey failed to convert nightmare of Chicago into the realization of an impossible dream, the real story of the election is that deep into the night he was able to dare contemplate the prospect.

OCEAN HILL-BROWNSVILLE

BAD SHOW FOR REPORTERS

KENNETH G. GROSS

Mr. Gross has covered the New York City school strike for the New York Post since last May. He is the author, with Bernard Lefkowitz, of The Victims, to be published next spring by Putnam's.

It was always the same. Always the cameras and microphones and pencils poised over Ocean Hill-Brownsville to record that the school decentralization struggle remained

blind and deaf and still, until a *dashiki* appeared. The plementes sprang to life for the Afro-clad militants, never noticed the fire in the eyes of the man with clerical collar—until it was too late.

Rev. C. Herbert Oliver spoke softly and with polished and bearded Sonny Carson made a better picture on six o'clock news, with his Afro shirt, Afro haircut, defiant bucks in the background. When anyone bothered to listen to the Reverend Oliver, he quietly said again

gain that the stand for school autonomy would be made here in Brooklyn, at Junior High 271, and that the locally elected governing board, of which he was the president, could never budge from that position. He said it in the morning; he said it in the summer; he said it as the leaves turned in the fall. But he did not say it loud enough or distort his face enough or seem mad enough for anyone to take him seriously.

And so Ocean Hill drifted into a disaster, and all the while we were looking—we ladies and gentlemen of the press—in some other direction than into the flaming eyes of the Reverend Oliver.

The events at Ocean Hill had become theatre, and the stage belonged to those who performed best. Indeed, after press conferences, parties on both sides would discuss the "performance," judging such things as delivery and style, and often not even mentioning content. The leading performers were not always the most serious men; sometimes merely the loudest or most apparent.

In the beginning Ocean Hill appeared to be available to journalism, but as the story grew, as the attention focused with more intensity, we became locked in. Eventually, physically locked in. The police would daily erect long lines of triple barricades against some imagined charge. Within the outer ring, the police built a smaller ring. It was a U-shaped pen, situated across from the entrance of HS 271, extending halfway into the street. Here, reporters and cameramen were expected to cover the daily confrontation. And so we became physically locked in. Eventually, we had become so long ago. Without undue protest, the reporters accepted the police definitions of their assignment. We were not permitted to wander freely or speak freely; the police had decided how this story was going to be covered. Deputy Police Commissioner Jacques Nevard, a former *New York Times* reporter dubbed "Jacques Naive" by some police reporters and "Jack-the-Flak" by others) would shrug and be unable to answer when asked who had given the orders to pen up the reporters.

The only effective voice raised against the pen came from a *New York Times* reporter who defied the police to arrest him. But he was black and the cops realized that it was far too chancy to arrest a black reporter under such circumstances. A white reporter, I was assured, would not have lasted a minute.

The coverage at Ocean Hill thus became infused with racism. It was not a one-way street. Many things were kept into the coverage. Television reporters whose children were inactivated by the teachers' strike would ask coercive questions. "The trouble with this story," one TV reporter finally came to understand, "is that we cover it by sticking a microphone in someone's face and asking him, 'What's new?' This is exactly the wrong kind of story or that. People do not tell the truth. They tell what will suit them."

Television was almost impossible. The program editors in Manhattan cling to the bromide that if you see something, it must be true. However, when the cameras remain still until a militant appears, and when the news program shows only the militant, that alters the truth. The truth

was much quieter. The children were far more polite—until the cameras were turned on them and they recognized the unspoken signal to perform. They knew what was expected of them.

What also happened was that we were trifled with. The clan of news photographers—who form the most right-wing element in journalism—would form small knots inside the barricades, sipping at their steamy coffee containers, exchanging flashes of anger with blacks who sensed that it was their blood the photographers had come to film. We would remain in the press pen, sometimes moving through the cordon of plain-clothes men, to use a telephone or grab a spokesman in the charade of coverage, but there was very little contact with the neighborhood. It was possible to listen to the foxhole chatter of the combatants at the barricades, but most of the white reporters were afraid to roam widely, and the black reporters were contemptuous of that fear. If you were white, the plain-clothes cops would be too friendly within earshot of someone eavesdropping for you to betray something. If you were white and walked with a black reporter, it was always the uniformed cop on the corner who asked you for information—as if he didn't trust what the black guy would say.

We all had our humiliations. Black reporters, even the most famous of black reporters, were made every time to show their credentials at the barricades. And the white reporters got their bruises at the office of the local governing board. Most of the black staff would snub a white reporter in reprisal for all the snubs black people resent. The resentment could rise to stupidity. I recall once needing a document and a friend on the staff asked one of the girls to make a few copies. The girl kept running off dozens of copies until the black staff member returned and said that that was enough.

The plain-clothes men presented a problem. They were salted in with every group of reporters and soon we had all lost our ability to go unchallenged. The cops were on one side and since they stood with us, it was superficially concluded, we must be on that side, too. There were too many reinforcing factors for anyone to suppose otherwise. Reporters stood behind the police lines during any confrontation. Reporters chatted with cops. It was inviting abuse to try talking to anyone else, most reporters came to believe, and they quit trying.

Reporters who managed to establish a rapport with the governing board or the community also faced a test. They were not able to perform as journalists, but were expected to become agents. It was natural. The United Federation of Teachers behaved in exactly the same way, but the intimidation at Ocean Hill was thought to be greater. A group of white reporters were sitting in the office of the unit administrator, Rhody McCoy, when a group of black toughs appeared. They studied everyone's press card and jotted down our names and affiliations. "We're going to be watching what you write," one of the kids said. "You better not come back here if we don't like it."

The truth is that the kids were playing with us, but so many of the white reporters took them seriously that it had

an impact on the reporting. Thus when a white TV reporter got flattened by one man, the long history of playful threats took on a much more menacing aspect, although the two events were probably unrelated.

"Tell Paul Parker that his days are getting short," one huge black man shouted to me one day in a parking lot. The story got back to Paul Parker, a radio reporter, and was circulated widely. I knew that the guy who made the threat did not mean anything serious by it, but in the retelling, it became sinister.

It was possible to distort such things. I recall being at a meeting of school supervisors, who were supporting the third teachers' strike. I was manhandled by a school principal, who was complaining that I was "insensitive to the question of violence" in the schools. The attack on me was not reported, it being felt that such comment would unfairly characterize the meeting. True enough. But no such sympathy was shown to Ocean Hill people.

A black C.B.S. reporter complained in a lengthy memo that Ocean Hill was becoming impossible to cover since his technicians were refused access to a particular night meeting. He had also been threatened. There arose a great issue in that newsroom. "What's going on out there?" demanded the news director.

Another reporter, white, explained that he had never had any trouble covering the story. Technique, he said, was important. Reporters covering this affair had to suppress their natural overblown arrogance. A tactical withdrawal was often smarter than a face-off. Once, a radio reporter thrust a microphone in Rhody McCoy's face. One of McCoy's supporters told the radio guy to remove the microphone or he would get hurt. "You want me to call a cop?" the radio man asked. Such belligerence, which recurred, did not help dispel the notion that we were aligned with the police. The people in Brownsville did not have time to distinguish between friends and enemies. We were white and therefore had to prove ourselves.

I witnessed a morning of classes at one school, coming away with an upbeat feeling about the teaching. As I stood talking with the principal, I noticed a roach crawling up his shoe. It would have been a good dramatic touch to add to the story, yet I considered the effect of the detail on my own future in Ocean Hill.

One black reporter became furious over a story that reflected badly on the schools. It was not a question of the truth of the statement, simply the reporting of it. Professional discipline, which many of us felt certain that we possessed, began to crumble. One writer, married to a teacher, said he returned home every night to answer for every syllable he wrote. Lajer, his wife's friends would call, going over every aspect of the coverage. Still, he felt, his impartiality had not been compromised.

The citing of facts became a torture. Albert Shanker, United Federation of Teachers president, referred in a speech to the new teachers in Ocean Hill, "many of whom are out there simply for draft deferments." When the teachers were told by the reporters that this was tantamount to calling the new teachers draft dodgers, they were incredulous.

"But that's not the way I get it at all," one teacher told

a reporter. "But he said it in that context, using a loaded phrase, while he is backed by many, many teachers who receive draft deferments, is that not true?" they were asked. They had never thought of it that way.

We were in Madison Square Garden, surrounded by 4,500 teachers, at a union delegate meeting. They were chanting, "Murray Kempton, tell the truth." A group of about twenty-five teachers stood arguing, cursing or glaring at the *New York Post* columnist. The speech by Shanker began.

"Write it down, Murray," the teachers chanted.

The union people could not understand that anyone might be neutral. They screamed for "due process," the shrieked that teachers should be free to do their jobs without fear of intimidation, and a few tried to intimidate reporters into telling it their way. They could not believe that reporters were unable to see how clear it was, and the frustration drove them to near violence—something very much like the violence of frustration out there in Ocean Hill.

It was neater to cover the UFT. The teachers might say something nasty, but there was a fundamental sympathy between the press and the UFT. It was not a sympathy of ideology or position. It was something I detected when a white teacher confided that she really never expected anything better from "them," and I was supposed to understand who "them" was. Some felt betrayed by what was written, but all "knew" that sooner or later the press would return to the fold.

I was later forced to conclude that many teachers objected to a Jewish, white reporter being on some side other than their own. There were obvious anti-Semitic overtones to many of the statements made in Ocean Hill and that they believed, should have driven a Jew into their corner. However, it was not the anti-Semitism (it was present, although not nearly so virulent as some might suggest) but the white racism that struck me during the months when I spent every day in Ocean Hill. An almost detectable smile of satisfaction spread on the faces of the police who observed the birth of an ally. Each day the police grew chummier and chummier with the teachers, who now "know what we're up against." And yet it's not something that one could document—except with the hate sheets that circulated on both sides.

In apartment 1-B of the cooperative apartment, puffing quietly on his pipe, Rhody McCoy remained intact behind his hooded eyes. Late in the afternoons, when all the other reporters had gone home, he would come out of his inner office, his tie pulled down, his glasses perched on his forehead, and seeing me sitting in that soft old leather couch he would just laugh and I would laugh back. Perhaps we both knew how ridiculous it all was, or perhaps it was just weariness, or finding that we were both still in the case.

The black reporters would absorb the taunts of the militants. "Tom," they were called. Finally, one day was too much and one reporter exploded back. "I can take the crap from the cops and from you," he said through clenched teeth.

I remember feeling that same kind of pressure when

white New York University professor told me I couldn't go into a "liberated" building during the recent fuss over John Hatchett. I wanted to take out all the frustrations on that poor, safe target because I couldn't go after the cops and all the others who took liberties with me in Ocean Hill. In all honesty, one cannot absorb so much abuse and so much personal thrust without some response.

The job of the journalist is to make allowance for the response, to be disciplined enough to step back from it and not use inaccurate verbs. The job at Ocean Hill was almost impossible from every standpoint. The actors would not say what was new, even if they knew. They would say what was beneficial to their side, or what they thought the reporter wanted to hear, in order to get column space or air time. But almost never would anyone say what was new. Not the UFT. Not the governing board. Not the teachers. Not the cops.

And the coverage was technically difficult. One could not devote the space to the nuances. Some could not detect the nuance. The guys who came in on a hit-and-run basis seldom had time to feel the mood shifts. The crisis coverage led to staring headlines and little else. Large shifts were seen and reported, but the minor movement of the iceberg went unreported. Sometimes that was the most important part.

Israel: The Stagnation of War

C. W. GONICK

Mr. Gonick is editor of Canadian Dimension and assistant professor of economics at the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg. He was in Israel this past summer.

A year and a half after a brilliant military victory, Israel remains a land obsessed by physical survival. Its citizens are supremely confident of their own military prowess and utterly contemptuous of the military and general capabilities of their Arab neighbors. Yet they are nervous. Border skirmishes and border casualties are a daily affair; the possibilities of heavily damaging sabotage are only too well known (in urban centers, all persons entering public buildings are routinely inspected). Israel occupies vast new territories of land where dwell 1.25 million hostile Arabs—and there is no consensus as to what to do with that land or its inhabitants. Indeed the disposition of the occupied territories defines the content of much of Israel's politics today.

The one other public issue of consequence is the future political leadership of the country. Israel's parties, like most of its other public institutions, are still controlled by first-generation East European Jews, now in their 70s. At issue is not simply the age of these leaders but their system of political patronage that penetrates all aspects of public life. Since its inception, and indeed for years before, public life in Israel has been dominated by a small clique of old-time Russian-born social democrats. Their rule has always

In the name of being objective, reporters had to hide from the apparent truths of the hate sheets on both sides. In order to appear unbiased, the obvious biases went unreported. Whispered hate is not always reportable. An editor might reasonably ask if repeating something so hateful could escalate the argument and stir dormant passions. When does that become censorship?

I began to get an inkling of how poorly we were performing when I spoke to some of my colleagues in Manhattan. Most had gotten the impression that Ocean Hill was a wasteland, filled with angry warriors waiting for the signal to attack. Most believed that the schools were populated by angry children, defiant and ready to slit the throat of the nearest white man. Somehow, despite the repetition of the fact that 80 per cent of the new teachers were white, most civilians and reporters not on the story came to believe that the only people hired were black.

And yet I explained that most of the kids appeared well-mannered and well-dressed. There were, if anything, fewer hippies than one might expect in Queens. It seemed, on the days when the massive press presence was not there, tranquil. One of the controversial white teachers, accused of being a racist, who had the best television manner of them all, did slip when the cameras were not there and shout rudely at one black boy. But there was no one on hand to record it except a single pencil reporter.

been based on control over the three institutions that are central to the Israeli power structure: the major political party, MAPAI (Israel Workers' Party), the giant trade union organization, the Histadrut, and the ubiquitous Jewish Agency, originally set up by the British in the mandate period to represent Jewish interests in Palestine. (Israel does not yet have an important business community; the mix of early Socialist idealism and an uneconomic and unattractive commercial environment has never nurtured a national bourgeoisie.) This ruling clique has used its power unashamedly to distribute political, civil service and Histadrut posts to political allies—and, it is widely rumored, to raise campaign funds from Histadrut enterprises and welfare services. For years they have manipulated these organizations to eliminate young, ambitious and talented rivals.

Such obvious abuse of power has not only sabotaged efficiency in the public services and Histadrut enterprises; it has created a widespread cynicism toward politics in general. Unfortunately, the politics of patronage and incompetence is now linked in the public mind with the politics of socialism. The universal desire to smash the old politics is easily manipulated into an attack on ideology in the name of efficiency and modernization.

Israeli politics obviously needs a massive shaking-up. It is monopolized by men who are veterans in the ways of old-fashioned East European politics of patronage,

barter and authority, but unattuned to the requirements of an open politics and unacquainted with the techniques required to operate an efficient industrial system. Whether that shake-up will occur in the forthcoming general election is debatable. The central figure in opposition to the old politics is Moshe Dayan. Unfortunately, he also represents the technocratic, anti-ideological, chauvinistic and right-wing tendencies in Israeli politics. The Establishment is sponsoring another Sabra (native-born Israeli) general, Ygal Allon, who, like Dayan, is widely respected. He is a man of the Left but he also has a reputation for being highly chauvinistic, and whether he could ever divest himself of the party machine is a moot point. They will probably oppose each other in the race to succeed Levi Eshkol as leader of MAPAI. It is increasingly shaping up as a choice of the lesser evil.

The Left in Israel is desperate. Historically centered in MAPAM (United Workers' Party), it also has grown old with its leaders. But again, the disintegration of MAPAM is not simply a matter of age; its hard-line Marxist leaders have for so long identified this party with the Soviet Union that no amount of backtracking can now alter its image. The youth in the party, in particular, having seen Soviet officers commanding Egyptian and Syrian forces in the Six Day War (it is widely believed in Israel that some of these Soviet officers were taken prisoner, but quickly and quietly released), are completely disenchanted with the leadership. Cut off from its own youth and, since the Six Day War, from the "International Left," MAPAM is isolated both from within and without. Its traditionally dovish position on the Arab question has become an even greater political liability.

It has been evident for some time that the pre-eminent position of national security in Israeli politics has worked against a Left-Right cleavage and systematically screens out all substantive issues. A permanent state of national emergency necessarily favors the government in power and neutralizes the opposition; strengthens the hawks and weakens the doves. MAPAM has all but admitted that it is a spent political force by applying for a position in the MAPAI alliance in the forthcoming general election. Whether it is accepted or not, MAPAM will probably lose a significant number of members, and an Israeli New Left, already visible, will have to take shape.

Every society has its own peculiar mixture of social institutions—publicly and privately owned; market-controlled and state-administered; planned and unplanned; democratic and autocratic; centralized and decentralized. There is no simple formula which makes one combination "socialism" and another "capitalism." More important than formal institutional structures, moreover, is actual human relations and motivations. And what may be more indicative than the existing situation is the direction of change.

Two factors combined to give a Socialist basis to the founding of Israel. One was the humanitarian Socialist zeal of the original East European immigrants who had come to Palestine to build "the good society." The other was the reluctance of capitalists abroad to invest their profits in a backward, resource-poor country. Communal rather than private initiative was supported, then, both by

sentiment and necessity. Even today the state owns 90 per cent of the land, all sources of energy and most of the natural resources. The Histadrut, to which 70 per cent of the labor force belongs, owns one-quarter of all industry, most of the public transport and the major construction enterprises; it operates an admirable medical mutual insurance system for its members and their families. The style of Israel's army is also indicative; it is as close to a



Yedioth Ahronoth (Israel)
Border Inspection

true people's army as exists anywhere. There are almost no visible or material distinctions between officers and regulars. There are no army careers: officers must resign after a relatively short period.

And Israel alone, of all the so-called "Socialist" countries, possesses real Communist communities, where the classic principle "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs" is fully operative. More than 100,000 Israelis live in kibbutzim. The kibbutz is the only large-scale example of direct democracy (participatory democracy) the modern world has known. Kibbutzim contain only 5 per cent of the population, but they produce 35 per cent of Israel's agricultural output and 10 per cent of its industrial output. Moreover, their importance in politics, in the army and other public agencies is vastly disproportionate to their number. Kibbutzim are increasingly expanding into industrial lines and are beginning to consider new possibilities such as the establishment of urban communes and a kibbutz university.

While steeped in Socialist traditions and institutions, however, Israel is a highly commercialized society, and this seems to be the stronger tendency today: nobody in the Histadrut hierarchy is even considering experiments in worker control; the government and Histadrut have resigned themselves to the sectors they now control; new industries such as electronics and chemicals are left to private enterprises, and since the Six Day War there has been a major effort to attract foreign business capital. The MAPAI-led government may be fairly described as a bourgeois government seeking to develop a bourgeois class.

Israel's income distribution, once the most equal in the world, is now not much different from that in North America. High school education is still not universally available; in fact, tuition fees are steep. No government

spokesman defends this regressive system, but the plea of financial stringency is becoming less and less convincing. University fees are high and this is one institution that very much belongs to the privileged few. Scholarships are available to students in both high schools and universities but they are limited. Universal accessibility to lower education no doubt upgrades the living standards of Arabs and Oriental Jews, but there is little evidence to show that Israel has used its educational system to the full as an agency for social and economic equality.

The Oriental Jews who came to Israel in the 1950s and now account for the largest proportion of the country's population certainly form an underclass of impoverished people, unemployed or more typically underemployed, unskilled and illiterate. Measures to integrate them into the stream of Israeli life exist and have been successful to a point. In any case, skipping over 500 years of history in little more than a decade would have been impossible, whatever the extent of government effect. Nevertheless, the government has been justly criticized for not giving greater priority to the problems of Oriental Jews, for not having discriminated sufficiently in their favor. The same kind of criticisms have been leveled at government policy toward the indigenous Arab population. The curfews and controls intermittently thrown up against the Arab communities and widespread charges of discrimination against them are evidence that Arab Israelis have hardly been accepted as full citizens.

Though market forces are still blunted by an elaborate welfare system and a maze of subsidies and acts of various kinds, there has never been any comprehensive planning in Israel. Even conventional Keynesian policies are discarded during election years, lest they interfere with the vast giveaway programs that are a standard electioneering practice. The group of economists who advise the cabinet and man the senior civil service posts have been persistently attempting to steer Israel toward a more laissez-faire approach: to free the market mechanism by eliminating government and Histadrut regulations, and to follow standard Keynesian fiscal measures. That they have been only partly successful is evident enough, but their monopoly of access to government decision makers assures them of ultimate success. It is interesting that this clique of economist-technocrats has been trained by Don Patinkin, graduate of the notoriously conservative "Chicago School." (Patinkin is head of the Economics Department of the Hebrew University.)

Anti-Israel ideologues have argued that Israel's growing capitalist tendencies result from its dependence on the West, from American tourism, gifts by American Jews and loans by the American Government. But stating this thesis does not prove it and it can be countered by certain facts: U.S. Government loans have not been an important source of capital; American share in Israeli trade has not grown (36 per cent of imports, 17 per cent of exports), while trade with the Afro-Asian countries has risen considerably (18 per cent of exports and 7 per cent of imports). And nobody has yet produced evidence that the American Jewish community has tried to swing Israel over to U.S. positions in world affairs. Socialism has stagnated in Israel be-

cause politics have been distorted and sidetracked by the Arab-Israeli wars. National emergency requires consensus and consensus has weakened the Socialist opposition forces. At the same time, it has reintroduced into Israeli politics the old right-wing terrorist leaders from the days of the independence wars. These forces, banned from active politics for twenty years, have now found a new respectability. American ties and the absence of counter ties with the Soviet Union or the Chinese only reinforce these developments.

It is safe to say that the consensus that supports the government's immediate policies vis-à-vis Arab-Israeli relations is complete. Division occurs only with respect to more distant issues. All political parties and groups except the tiny Arab Communist party, Rakah (there is also a non-Arab Communist party), agree that Israel cannot give up any of the occupied territories until a permanent peace settlement has been secured. "It would only encourage them to think that they can start new wars and, if defeated, succeed in erasing the consequences of defeat." Beyond this point, however, there is no unanimity. On one extreme are the annexationists or "poet-conquerors" as they are called by their opponents. In the most chauvinistic terms they insist that Israel must retain permanent possession of the new areas and thereby return to its "historical boundaries"—the boundaries of the Bible. On the other extreme is a much weaker group, led by liberals and Left-Socialists, that calls on the government to return all the six-day conquered territories—once a permanent peace is established. In the middle ground, where the bulk of public opinion probably lies, is the view that most of the occupied territories can eventually be returned, but that certain strategic areas must be retained for defensive reasons. The so-called Allen plan embodies this notion.

The annexationists are supported by the two largest daily newspapers, the extreme right-wing party (HERUT), the religious parties and several key individuals in the MAPAI alliance, including (although this is not certain) Moshe Dayan. They have formed an organization called Movement for a Greater Israel. Among other projects, this outfit has promoted a few moves to establish civilian settlements deep in the conquered areas. To its credit, the Israeli military command has discouraged these efforts and has returned all such civilian settlers. But the latest reports indicate that a substantial Jewish settlement now exists in Hebron. Composed largely of religious families, they are gradually being housed in newly constructed government facilities. This may well signal an important change in government policy toward the occupied territory and one that cannot be welcomed by those who are hoping for some kind of peace settlement.

Reacting to the growth of the annexationist movement, activists on the other side have been working to build a countermovement: Peace and Security Yes—Annexation No. To date it is largely university-based and spans the entire spectrum of anti-annexationists, including those who favor the retention of strategic strips of conquered lands such as the Golan Heights in Syria.

The government itself has taken no definite position on

the matter. Eshkol and Eban are the moderates, backed by some elements in the MAPAI as well as the MAPAM; Dayan and Peres are the militants backed by elements in the MAPAI as well as many of the other parties. It is not at all certain which tendency is stronger at the moment. What is certain is that time favors the extreme annexationists. Their strength grows as a peace settlement fails to materialize and as guerrilla activities increase in tempo and intensity.

There is another area of broad consensus, and a more surprising one. Almost everyone praises the excellent record of the military command in the occupied territories. Moshe Dayan is given much of the credit and in this regard is acclaimed even by his most vehement enemies.

Most of the 1.25 million Arabs in the occupied zones are concentrated in old Jerusalem (70,000), the West Bank of Jordan (600,000) and the Gaza Strip (350,000). The Sinai is nearly bare—the one formerly populated area, El Arish, was almost totally deserted—and the Golan Heights lost its 70,000 population when they retreated with the Syrian army. Some 75,000 Arabs are estimated to have left the Gaza and the West Bank since the end of the war; together with the 200,000 to 300,000 that fled the West Bank during the war, they comprise a major source of potential recruits to the Palestinian guerrilla forces. The Israeli army is of the opinion that terrorist organizations have yet to establish a base in the occupied area, that they maintain their centers largely in Jordan and Syria, and from there send their infiltrators and shells across the cease-fire lines.

Dayan's policy in the occupied areas is to treat terrorism swiftly, brutally and relentlessly. He goes so far as to bomb the homes of civilians who are suspected of housing and abetting terrorists. Strikes, demonstrations and political meetings are banned; "troublemakers" are expelled to Jordan. On the other hand, his policy toward civil, social and economic activities is strictly laissez faire. Arabs run their own schools, municipalities and businesses. The idea is to restore social services and economic activity at least to their former levels, and to minimize interference in civilian affairs. A staff of 200 Israeli officials is engaged in civilian activities and a major effort has been made to set up experimental stations, field demonstrations and short courses for Arab farmers. The only other positive activities of the Israelis, aside from removing oil from the Egyptian wells, seem to be reforestation projects and the widening and construction of roads. Urban unemployment has increased a great deal in the Gaza and the West Bank. The idea behind these Israeli-sponsored public works is to absorb the newly unemployed in order to restore the prewar situation.

The authorities have permitted open commerce between the West Bank and Amman. This policy allows West Bank farmers to sell surplus produce which otherwise would find no market. And by retaining links with the Arab world, it gives the West Bank population hope that Israel does not intend to occupy the West Bank forever. For similar reasons, West Bank inhabitants are permitted to visit Jordan and from there, other Arab countries. This is not to suggest that Israel's occupation policy is above

criticism. The blowing up of civilian houses is excessive and probably defeats its purpose; earlier in the occupation, attempts were made to control school curricula (in addition to removal of anti-Jewish textbooks); the unilateral annexation of Jerusalem itself kills any chance for serious negotiations; Israel's reluctance to permit the return of refugees only creates a larger reservoir for terrorist organizations. These are anything but trivial matters; they cause needless dislocation and suffering and, in the long run, can work only against Israel's interests.

Any number of solutions are being bandied on what to do with the Palestine Arabs, and there have been both private and government discussions with Palestinian leaders. But the answer, whether it be a plebiscite among the Palestinians (which would probably return them to Jordanian rule); an independent Palestine state (with or without Jordan); or a bi-national federation with Israel, seems very remote.

A much more plausible prognosis is that Israel is in the twentieth year of what may be a hundred years' war. Its presence in the Middle East is not accepted by Palestinian Arabs or by the Arab world. It is as simple as that. A liberal policy in the occupied zone may make the occupation more tolerable—and for that reason is fully justified—but it does not lessen the inbred hostility, fear and resentment that most Arabs feel toward Israel.

This hatred and frustration have not yet been mobilized into a large-scale indigenous guerrilla movement among the Palestinians. And what exists is of a low level of political consciousness, still indulging in an exaggerated verbalism and boastful comparisons with the Vietcong and the Algerian FLN. Arab terrorists still believe that the Jews, like the French in Algeria, can be driven away. Despite the wars of the past twenty years, they have not realized that for the Israelis there is no other homeland; that Israel is a nation and will resist to the end. Moreover, the Arab forces are still beset by petty jealousies and enjoy little broad identification. Captured fighters are said to break down very quickly, denouncing and accusing one another and giving away valuable information.

Nevertheless, terrorism is growing and the guerrilla forces are increasing in strength and sophistication. The more damage they do, the more savage Israeli retaliation will be, and the more difficult to carry on a liberal policy in the occupied area. Should the Arab terrorists be successful in carrying out a mass killing of Israeli civilians (a likely possibility since button bombs and other explosives are commonly placed in schoolyards and hotels where they have only to be picked up to go off), a counter-slaughter will be hard to suppress. In the meantime, the guerrilla activities severely limit the willingness of both Palestinian and Israeli leaders to explore peaceful solutions.

There will be more killing and a great deal more suffering. Moreover, the continued state of war acts as a substitute for social revolution in the Arab countries. And while it stifles their revolution, it also halts social progress in Israel. The only interests served by this conflict are those of the right wing—whatever its guise. By the same token, peace is a prerequisite to progress. If only the Left would understand.

PORK IN BIG BARRELS

A. Q. MOWBRAY

Mr. Mowbray is the author of The Thumb on the Scale or the Supermarket Shell Game (J. B. Lippincott). The following is a chapter in his new book Highways or People, which will be published by Lippincott next year.

In 1909, total sales of passenger cars in the United States were just under 125,000. Seven years later, annual sales of passenger cars exceeded 1.5 million—and the demand to build more roads was in full voice. It was in this year, 1916, that President Wilson signed the first Federal Aid Road Act, putting the federal government into the road-building business in a big way. This act provided that half the funds used for road building in the states would be supplied by the federal government, on the understanding that the states would bear the cost of maintenance once the road was built. The act also stipulated that the federal contribution was not to exceed \$10,000 per mile (typical cost of a modern urban expressway is easily a thousand times as much).

Injection of federal money was a marvelous tonic for the road builders. In 1916, the expenditure for construction of state-administered highways was about \$50 million. Only four years later, this figure had zoomed to nearly a quarter of a billion dollars. But the real magic formula for building roads was discovered in 1956, and since then, construction has come in at about \$5 billion each year. Best of all, the secret hit upon in 1956 guarantees that the money will continue to pour out every year; in fact, the more roads we build, the more money becomes available for building still more.

The magic formula is known as the Highway Trust Fund. It was invented when the nation entered on a highway-building program that has justifiably been called "the greatest public works program in history." The National System of Interstate and Defense Highways will be a 41,000-mile system of superroads, connecting 90 per cent of the nation's cities with populations greater than 50,000. This program, 90 per cent of whose costs are to be paid out of federal funds, is superimposed on the continuing federal-aid highway programs, which have built 1 million miles of roads on a 50-50 state and federal basis.

The Bunyanesque new measure, passed by a voice vote in the House and an 89-to-1 roll call in the Senate, projected a total cost for the system of about \$40 billion, to

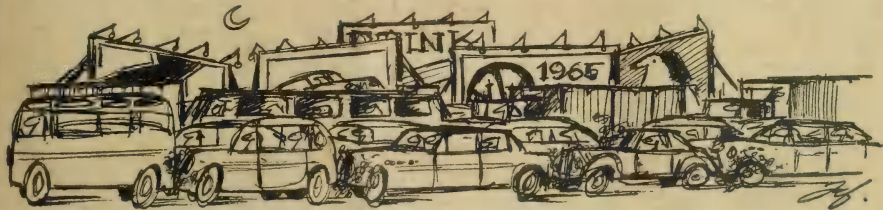
be spent over a period of years. (The estimated cost has since increased to \$55 billion or \$60 billion, and the completion date has crept by stages from the original target of 1972 to 1975 or 1976.) The sum was large, even for legislators accustomed to pork in big barrels, and there was much wrangling as to where the money was to be found. Eventually a scheme was devised that not only assures a steady flow of funds but also renders the flow all but immune from the year-to-year whimsies of a fickle Congress. This is the Highway Trust Fund, into which pours an unceasing stream of tax money from the sale of gasoline and other motorists' necessities such as spare parts and tires. At the outset, 1c of the federal tax on every gallon of gasoline fed the Trust Fund; this has now risen to 4c.

Like all magic structures, this fund simply grows—independent of any new authorization by Congress (and like all magic structures it is not easy to restrain). Each year the Administration doles out the bounty to the states as their highway departments come up with plans that seem reasonable to the Federal Bureau of Public Roads. Thus the road mileage increases, more cars take to them and drive more miles, burning more gallons of gasoline, wearing out more tires, and feeding more money into the Trust Fund. It is the ultimate cornucopia, and calculated to keep smiles on the faces of the highway builders.

In the decade following enactment of the Interstate Highway Act, all went smoothly. Engineers across the land drew lines on maps, and the bulldozers followed, in increasing numbers. While each year Washington budget makers strained to find money for a thousand critical needs, the Highway Trust Fund poured out its gold. "We want more roads," the nation had said, and more roads it was getting. The check had been signed in advance; it remained only to dole out the largess year by year.

But after ten years, a major land war in Asia and the threat of runaway inflation cast the first shadow of doubt over the operation. In the fall of 1966—with war costs mounting, spending levels rocketing above \$100 billion, and heavy federal borrowing pressing prices upward—President Johnson looked about for ways to reduce federal spending without curtailing vital programs. His eye fell on the highway program.

Federal grants to the states for highway building had been running along at about \$4 billion per year, and high-



way builders anticipated an allocation of \$4.4 billion for fiscal 1967. On the day before Thanksgiving, however, the Administration announced that the states would receive only \$3.3 billion. This was not a cut in allocations—no one would take such liberties with the magic Trust—it was merely a “freeze” of money already allocated, a delay in handing it to the states for use.

The announcement had been capably timed. Election Day was safely past, and the long Thanksgiving weekend might provide a cooling-off period for any Congressional or gubernatorial hotheads. But the President had underestimated the power of the highway lobby. No sooner had the freeze been announced than White House wires began to heat up with messages from the state capitals expressing the displeasure of the various highway departments and governors; letters and telegrams from road contractors rained down upon Congressmen, and they, in turn, rose upon the floor to denounce the President.

“Illegal” and “unwarranted” were some of the terms used to describe the freeze. The chairmen of the Public Works Committees of the House and Senate announced angrily that they would hold joint hearings to investigate the cutback in highway funds. Rep. George H. Fallon, chairman of the House Committee on Public Works, said “the cutback and freeze makes it impossible to maintain an orderly highway construction program. The failure to do so is not only economically shortsighted but puts us in the highly questionable position of acceding to an action that must spell death and injury to the thousands of people who will be involved in accident.”

Engineering News Record, the authoritative weekly construction magazine, echoed the life-and-limb argument: “Delayed completion of new highways claims a high price in lives and property lost in traffic accidents, as well as in the economic losses caused by traffic congestion. Individuals and groups concerned with highway construction should do their best to make [their wishes known] to the Administration, and to Congress.”

The individuals and groups concerned needed no prodding. Their wishes were flowing to Washington in abundance. Robert S. Holmes, president of the politically potent American Road Builders Association, worked into the night preparing testimony for the joint Congressional hearings. As general manager of highway construction for U.S. Steel Corp., Mr. Holmes was quick to announce that the freeze would eliminate a half-million tons of steel from highway construction.

Massachusetts Gov. John Volpe, himself a one-time road contractor, charged that the President had designs on the frozen highway funds, that he intended to use them for other purposes. This, said Volpe, would be a “misuse of gas tax money” and a “direct violation of the intent of Congress.” The full \$1.1 billion in frozen funds, he said, should be restored at once.

On February 13, in a move to take some sting out of the rising storm, Secretary of Transportation Alan Boyd announced that the frozen funds would be released just as soon as economic conditions permitted. But Representative Fallon and Sen. Jennings Randolph went busily ahead with plans for their joint hearings. The Building Trades Department of the AFL-CIO adopted a resolution demanding

restoration of the frozen funds, warning that a slowdown in construction would seriously jeopardize the industry and cause substantial increases in unemployment.

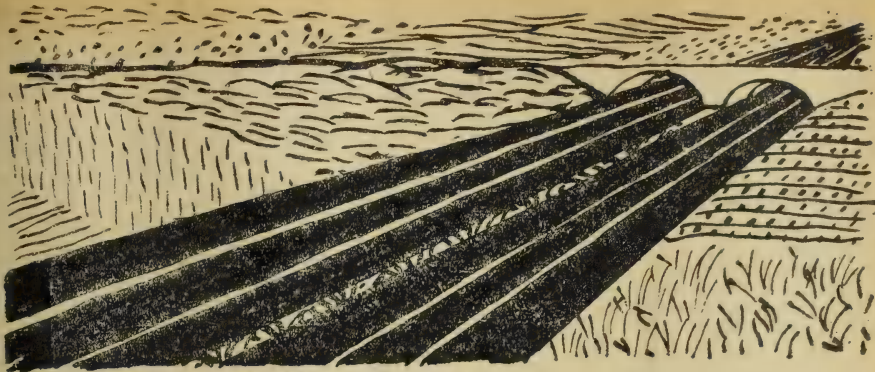
On February 27, Secretary Boyd was up on Capitol Hill testifying at the joint Public Works hearings. He had brought with him a large concession: the Administration had decided to release \$175 million of the frozen \$1.1 billion immediately, and promised \$225 million more before the end of June, which was the end of the fiscal year. Further, he promised that the Administration would release to the states the full \$4.4 billion authorized by Congress for the coming fiscal year, starting July 1. As though unwilling to let his Transportation Secretary get all the credit, Mr. Johnson, back in the White House, made the same announcement, at almost the same moment.

The President said the partial release of funds was prompted by an easing of the inflation threat, but many in Washington saw it as a bending to the will of an irresistible political force. Even so, the builders were unappeased. Senator Randolph said the hearings would continue. Rep. William C. Cramer, ranking Republican on the House Roads subcommittee, demanded that the President release the entire \$1.1 billion. “This is nothing more than a token gesture,” he said. “The Administration has converted the federal-aid highway program from a stable program, for which advance planning could be undertaken with the assurance of orderly construction, financed by an inviolate trust fund, to an ‘iffy’ program which goes up and down like a Yo-Yo, depending upon the policies and economic theories of the Administration.”

On February 28, President Johnson sent his Budget director, Charles L. Schultz, down to the joint Congressional hearings to capitulate. In his testimony, Mr. Schultz hinted very broadly that substantial sums of money would be restored to the highway program within a few weeks. When Representative Fallon asked how good a bet this was, Mr. Schultz smiled and replied that, although he was not a betting man, he would be willing to put a substantial stake on the probability. This satisfied the Congressmen. Although several days of hearings still were scheduled, they were abruptly ended.

On March 17, Mr. Johnson made good his promise: he released an additional \$350 million. Three months later he released the remainder of the \$1.1 billion. Said the President, “inflationary pressures have subsided.” *Engineering News Record* believed there might be another reason. “Administration officials soon realized they had a tiger by the tail,” said the construction weekly. And they loosed their hold on the highway funds “before the aroused beast mauled them severely. . . .” This, the magazine said, should be a lesson to the President and also to his new Secretary of Transportation: “Never underestimate the raw power of the federal-aid highway program. Politically, it contains something of benefit to every member of Congress, something he can show the home folks that he has got for them. Practically, the vested interests with a major stake in the program are strong, vocal and well organized; they pack tremendous clout.”

The great highway battle of 1967 ended with a clean victory for the forces of highway construction. By spring,



it was apparent that, even with the very temporary setback occasioned by the President's imprudent shenanigans, 1967 would be the biggest year the road builders had ever had. The states planned to spend more than \$5.2 billion, an estimate that would rise to record-breaking proportions when the unfrozen funds swelled the flood. And 1968 promised to be even better; the President had already stated his intention to release \$4.4 billion to the states.

For several months, during the summer and early fall of 1967, all was serene on the highway front. The battle had been won and, seemingly, the principle of the untouchableness of the Highway Trust Fund established. But inflation, despite the President's pronouncement, had not subsided; war costs continued to mount; budget deficits continued to widen. In belated response to these pressures, Mr. Johnson finally went to Congress with a request for a 10 per cent tax surcharge. But Congress was adamant; no tax increase until the President cut spending.

The resulting protracted pull and haul between the President and Congress was not one of the more heroic chapters in American political annals. Frustrated in his attempts to get a tax increase, furious at what he felt to be irresponsible yammering from Congress about spending cuts, Johnson countered with a right cross to the body, a blow that the men on Capitol Hill felt below the belt. They wanted spending cuts? All right, he would give them spending cuts. He proceeded to freeze funds for certain low-priority military construction projects and for the time-honored "pork barrel" construction involving rivers and harbors and flood control. Further, he instructed Transportation Secretary Boyd to send a telegram to each of the fifty Governors warning that massive cuts might be necessary in federal aid for highway construction. The telegram asked the Governors to give their estimate of the economic effects on their states of a freeze in highway funds amounting to as much as \$2.2 billion, or half the program for the year. The telegram went out on October 9.

The reaction was swift and intense. Within two days, replies were in from sixteen outraged Governors. Typical was that from Gov. Ronald Reagan of California, who fumed that a cutback in highway money would be a "dishonest and grave mistake on the part of the Administra-

tion, since under federal law, highways are built with gasoline tax funds placed in trust for highway purposes. They cannot legally be diverted or used as a tool for fiscal gimmicks." This response ignored the fact that Boyd's proposal had been merely to "freeze" the money. When the economic storm had passed, the funds would be there in the Trust Fund, waiting to lay asphalt.

The telegram, said *Engineering News Record*, was "intended to give Congress a taste of what it means to demand that the Administration make sweeping reductions in the federal budget as the price of a tax increase." Most other observers agreed that the move was an attempt to put pressure on Congress rather than a serious effort to cut spending. In Congress, it rinkled. "It looks to me," said Rep. Charles S. Gubser (R., Calif.), "as if the President were trying to use these popular programs to put the screws on Congress." Other Congressmen accused the President of trying to "badger" them. Said Rep. William C. Cramer (D., Fla.), Johnson's move was "an obvious sledge-hammer tactic to bludgeon the Congress into passing the tax surcharge . . . instead of reducing unnecessary federal expenditures." Rep. Fletcher Thompson (R., Ga.) accused Mr. Johnson of "trickery," "chicanery" and "blackmail."

Grumbling in the Senate was more discreet. Sen. Jennings Randolph, chairman of the Senate Public Works Committee, said that "nearly every Senator" had complained to him about the proposed highway fund cutback. He noted that, interestingly enough, the complaints about cutbacks in other construction projects had been very light by comparison. "A dam that helps prevent a flood can be vital," he said, "but there's a detachment about that kind of project that you don't get with money for highways or schools. Those things are more personal to people than regular public works."

A few days later, Congress responded. On October 18, the House whooped through a bill, by a vote of 238 to 164, demanding that President Johnson cut nonmilitary spending by a minimum of \$5 billion. The bill specifically exempted a number of activities from budget cuts, to wit: Social Security, old-age assistance, veterans' pensions, the

Post Office, Internal Revenue Department, Medicare, payments on the national debt, all military and related operations and, last but not least, highway construction. Debate on the bill was often raucous, undisciplined, irrelevant, and even downright ludicrous. At the end of it all, the oldest member of the House, 85-year-old Barrett O'Hara (D., Ill.), was heard to say, "For the first time in all the years I've been here, I'm ashamed of this House."

Such was the immunity of highway spending that it ranked with Social Security and payments on the national debt. Some other less essential programs were chopped. A record \$1 billion was lopped from foreign aid, poverty funds were slashed by \$300 million, model cities by \$350 million. The rent supplements program was cut from \$40 million to \$10 million, which left it just barely breathing. All these cuts the members of Congress seemed to bear with equanimity but, said Rep. George H. Fallon, "any cutback in the federal-aid highway program would amount to breaking faith with the states, and with the motorists who are paying the bill."

One week after the controversial Boyd telegram, the 53rd annual convention of the American Association of State Highway Officials (AASHO) opened in Salt Lake City. One of the politically most potent organizations in the nation, AASHO includes in its membership the top officials from state Highway Departments as well as the top Highway people from the federal government. At the Salt Lake City convention, meeting rooms and lobbies buzzed with the voices of incensed highway engineers speculating on the outcome of the Boyd message. The highway officials adopted a resolution warning that any cutback in federal highway funds would have "great adverse effect upon the program and would not be in the public interest." The AASHO resolution demanded an end to "the atmosphere of uncertainty that has engulfed the federal-aid highway program" and assurance that the program continues "at the maximum level possible."

By now the outcry in the construction industry had reached such proportions that even *Engineering News Record* felt constrained to question the sacrosanct position of highway building in the economy. "In a time of national economic strife, with defense expenditures soaring and the possibility of runaway inflation threatening the economy, should any federal spending program be sacrosanct?" asked the editor. "Should the highway program be spared? Are expenditures for roads more important than those for flood control, urban renewal, airports or conservation? Or, for that matter, for education, public health, the war on poverty, or any one of a host of other programs? . . . Can we really expect to build federal-aid roads at a normal rate when other worth-while programs are being delayed, crippled, even canceled? Are roads that important?"

Apparently the readers of *Engineering News Record* thought they were. In a later issue, the magazine published letters from several irate readers. Typical was one from J. Anton Hagios, of the National Good Roads Association: "Your editorial prompts me to say to you, 'Et tu, Brute.' The editorial concludes with the question, 'Are roads that important?' Let me state here, categorically, emphatically and unequivocally: *They Are!*" Highways, said Mr. Hagios,

represent a "current, continuing and universal need, affecting and benefiting virtually all people, from cradle to grave." And if the worst were to happen, he pointed out, and World War III were to break out, look at the mess we would be in with only a half-finished highway system on our hands.

But the suggestion that road funds might be cut still remained only a threat. At the beginning of January, 1968, three months after the Boyd telegram, the Department of Transportation notified the states that they would receive \$1.1 billion for highways for the first quarter, which was exactly one-fourth of the promised \$4.4 billion for the year. The Administration had not followed through yet on its threatened cut. And, commented the UPI, "any such move would certainly encounter strong opposition in Congress. Several legislators threatened to introduce bills to prohibit Boyd from trimming the program."

By now the controversy was becoming partisan. In a 13-page report issued January 7, the Republican Coordinating Committee charged that the Administration was using highway funds "as a tool for playing budget politics with the Congress, by repeatedly withholding and threatening to withhold construction funds from the states." The President, said the Republicans, should "stop using interstate highway funds for political purposes."

Finally, two weeks later, the second shoe dropped. Secretary Boyd announced that \$600 million in federal highway funds would be held back for 1968, as a "modest but essential move to combat general inflationary tendencies in the economy." This was a far smaller cut than the \$2.2 billion he had hinted at in his telegram to the Governors more than three months earlier, but still it was a substantial sum of money.

The outraged response from the states echoed the reaction of the year before. In Pennsylvania, Secretary of Highways Robert G. Bartlett said, "This is a black day for highway construction in Pennsylvania." With the announcement of the cut had come rumors that the Administration had nefarious plans to use the fund money for other purposes. This would be illegal, said Bartlett. "Congress set up inviolate—and I underscore inviolate—rights where monies that go into the Highway Trust Fund must be used only for highways."

Pennsylvania's Governor Raymond Shafer, charging that the cutbacks made a "complete farce" of highway planning, sent telegrams to the entire Congressional delegation of his state, two Senators and twenty-seven Representatives, urging them to "join with me in a direct appeal to the President that the cuts be restored." Further, asked Shafer, each legislator should support the bills which would restrict the President's freedom of action to "manipulate" the Highway Trust Fund.

In the midst of their travail, the highway builders could take comfort from the knowledge that the freeze was, after all, only a temporary measure to take some of the steam out of a dangerously overheated war economy; it was not prompted by an aversion to building highways. The four pennies from the sale of every gallon of gasoline would continue to pile up in the trust fund and, once the economy cooled, it would be there, waiting to buy more bulldozers and pay engineers to draw more lines on maps.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Historians: Simple-Minded and Complex

THE PROGRESSIVE HISTORIANS: Turner, Beard, Parrington. By Richard Hofstadter. Alfred A. Knopf. 506 pp. \$8.95.

ROBERT SKLAR

Mr. Sklar is the author of *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön* (Oxford). He teaches at the University of Michigan.

The crisis of the generations affects us in curious ways. It is surely one of the reasons why the distinguished American historian Richard Hofstadter, under attack himself from younger scholars, has reopened his old quarrel with his own intellectual fathers in an immense new book. *The Progressive Historians* is rich and allusive, overtly autobiographical in part, and in even larger measure *histoire à clef*, like a complex sermon by a Puritan divine, who charges every obscure Biblical reference with the passion of contemporary conflict. The Columbia crisis and the New Left, though nowhere mentioned, rise to stalk the reader from the dust of distant university and political struggles. *The Progressive Historians* is at once the most engaging and most dissatisfying of Hofstadter's books.

The heart of *The Progressive Historians* is taken up by lengthy intellectual biographies of Frederick Jackson Turner, Charles A. Beard and V. L. Parrington. These three writers, more than any others, formed the American historical consciousness in the first half of this century, and Hofstadter has re-created the triumphs and dilemmas of their intellectual careers in an impressively humane and perceptive way. It is as if the current difficulties of Hofstadter's generation of historians have revealed the older scholars in a new and more compassionate light. Among the many other sketches of American heroes in Hofstadter's works there are none so understanding, so committed, so intensely readable.

Yet for all their insight and warmth, Hofstadter's detailed portraits of the Progressive historians seem bland and slightly pointless. Turner's *The Significance of the Frontier in American History*, Beard's *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*, and Parrington's *Main Currents of American Thought* made an enormous impact on the American mind over several decades, and no one will now dispute Hofstadter's basic conclusion that their influence was greater than their intellectual substance,

indeed that their viewpoints toward the American past were supported neither by their evidence nor by the rigor of their logic. Hofstadter began to make these criticisms as a young scholar nearly thirty years ago, and the professional journals have sustained themselves on such fare for years.

Once Hofstadter has completed his catalogue of their errors one wants to ask a disturbing question: Why did works so badly flawed, so fundamentally unsound, dominate the historical profession and the American historical consciousness for so many years? The question poses most serious problems for the historical profession to consider. Though Turner, Beard and Parrington were powerful in their own time, their heritage seems useless now, and they left behind no lasting intellectual contributions as did contemporary social thinkers like Thorstein Veblen and Jane Addams. Since their time, history has become less and less central to the major creative insights into present-day society. Perhaps this has come about not from lack of interest in the past but from the way we—both professionals and laymen—think about history.

Hofstadter seems indifferent to questions of this sort. He compares his historical subjects neither to their contemporary European historians nor to their American colleagues in such fields as sociology, psychology and anthropology. Indeed, he saves his interpretative framework for a brief final chapter, "Conflict and Consensus in American History," in which the contemporary message of his book becomes unmistakably clear—he is preaching a gentle jeremiad against the simple-minded history of his Progressive predecessors and of his New Left heirs.

The argument of Hofstadter's final chapter may be summarized like this: The historians of the 1950s, in their reaction against the mistakes of the Progressive historians, obviously carried the theme of consensus in American history too far. Who would still argue that Americans basically agree on their political views and that sweet agreement has dominated our political life—when foreign war and domestic conflict threaten to tear the nation apart? Of course you young historians are right to stress conflict, only recognize what the consensus school achieved—a new sophistication about complexity of motive, interest and behavior. I have written this immense

book to show you the dangers of simple-minded history. By all means write about conflict, but do so with a sense of complexity. Thereby may history contribute to holding our endangered republic together.

This is a very fine sermon, but it does not precisely reflect the actual issues of disagreement. The issues are more political than historical, and in ways that Hofstadter does not choose to stress. He does remind us that Turner, Beard and Parrington, despite their emphasis on fundamental conflict in American history, were rather more conservative than their disciples. He suggests that the idea of consensus in the American past is intrinsically neither conservative nor radical. He implores us, most of all, to remember the importance of comity in social life—humanity, civility, community, regard for the rights and values of others. But he leaves unstated the actual political views, implied and expressed, of his own works and the works of other historians identified with the consensus school.

In his earlier books Hofstadter has always had a keener eye for the excesses of radical political movements than he had for the essence of the cause; this same perspective appears here in his implied rebuke to the young radical historians. "I suppose we may expect that the very idea of complexity will itself come under fire once again," he writes in reference to the younger generation, "and that it will become important for a whole generation to argue that most things in life and in history are not complex but really quite simple." How sad, the mindlessness of those who follow after. The young have not yet learned Hofstadter's technique of cloaking his slashing political attacks in the mantle of disinterested intellectual endeavor—wishing, as he has put it, merely to stimulate thought.

The fact of the matter is that young scholars have attacked Hofstadter's view of history not because he is in some way identified with a consensus school of history but because of the overt political views he has expressed in his historical works. Hofstadter has been a leading exponent not of a consensus view of history but of an elitist view of history. His influential historical works have concentrated on finding fault with the motives, style and perspective of political movements for social change and social justice, stressing such factors as anti-

intellectualism, status-consciousness, and anti-Semitism to the neglect of specific political proposals and concrete social circumstances.

The sources of Hofstadter's historical elitism may lie in his generation's mistaken identification of McCarthyism with the earlier Midwestern Populist-Progressive reform movements, and his own rejection of the Turner-Beard-Parrington glorification of the rural small farmer as

democracy's nobleman. In any case, it seems clear that his effort in *The Progressive Historians* to treat Turner, Beard and Parrington more kindly stems neither from a revised view of earlier protest movements nor from a receptive attitude toward present-day radicals. One doesn't know whether to be glad or sad that Hofstadter treats the past more gently, now that he is even more fearful for the present.

especially of common life: tobacco, music, good books, dreams, womanly women, fortunetellers, "first snow," the moors, eccentric characters.

He is at his best unembattled, not striking out against modern idiocy but demonstrating its opposite in his civilized (and admittedly tame) pleasure excursions. Priestley so obviously enjoys these pleasant engagements, so obviously enjoys his own words, that his artifice is often irresistible. His best pieces resist the critical faculty. They are inducements to partake, rarely invitations to dialogue. Priestley's best essays are consummate performances, neat little asides that add up to a single prolonged performance, center stage. "I am in the dream business," he writes in an essay against British participation in the Common Market (more business, competition, practicality), "and in this region I am a realist."

The two phrases come together as an apt account of the ambience his style creates. As a realist in the realm of dream and fantasy, Priestley has developed an adroit verbal presence, a way of speaking directly to an audience of "common readers" about the "magic" in common experience. He seems never to doubt the existence of such a readership and his style completes itself satisfactorily only if you place yourself for the moment among an audience of relaxed, receptive, innocently appreciative readers, who enjoy a well-turned phrase but would resent as snobishness too much elegance of vocabulary and syntax.

Priestley is not exactly an introspective writer, but his essays often turn upon his own inner life, rendered public without sacrifice of either lucidity (one of his highest values) or authenticity. He himself stands at the center of his essays, not a deep man but not superficial either: self-deprecatory occasionally (especially in the more conventionally detached and bemused Edwardian exercises early in his career), but often truculently assertive. "Nobody has asked me yet if I want to go into the Common Market, just as nobody asked me if I wanted to be defended by the Bomb." This is the voice of a man

Civilized Excursions

ESSAYS OF FIVE DECADES. By J. B. Priestley. Edited and with a Preface by Susan Cooper. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 311 pp. \$8.95.

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

Mr. Trachtenberg teaches English at Pennsylvania State University and is currently a fellow of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences.

Selecting about "the secret dream" in a museum from a book of musings called *Delight* (1949), J. B. Priestley writes: "All my adult life I have been more or less a Socialist Intellectual. I have tried to make myself—and other people—aware of the harsh economic and industrial realities of our time." A notable feature of Susan Cooper's splendid collection of essays covering five decades is that the reader with no prior knowledge of Priestley will be taken by surprise by this confession of a commitment sufficiently strong to deserve the insignia of capitalization: Socialist Intellectual. Priestley's credentials for the title are authentic enough in a way; from the beginning of his literary career in the 1920s he has been a complete professional, addressing an unusually wide audience in essay, fiction, drama and radio, and dedicated to responsible public performance. His career was nurtured by a sense of the value of "popularity" which has almost disappeared among writers (Mailer's hunger for a public relevance, often settling for publicity in default of more substantial fare, makes a revealing contrast). For an intransigent Yorkshireman in this period, deeply troubled by economic misery, "the deep cancer of injustice," and more recently the threat of nuclear warfare (Priestley was one of the originators of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, CND), socialism, or the Labour Party version, was an inescapable commitment.

But in another sense, Priestley's self-proclaimed title needs considerable correction. If we expect the essays of a Socialist Intellectual to include some ab-

stract thinking about society, let alone about socialism and its varieties, or "position papers" on burning issues, then Priestley will disappoint us. The term "socialism" points to one flank of the world of this remarkably versatile man of letters—the flank which regards rationality, organized politics, machinery, efficiency, cities, as at best necessary evils. After spelling out his acceptance of socialism as a way of rearranging social life on more equitable terms, Priestley continues in *Delight* to say, "But there was never anything here for my own secret delight. Nothing for the hunger of the heart." The inner life, which yearned for "a place with the dignity and style of a city, but reasonably small and clean, with genuine country only half an hour's walk from its centre," protested against the drabness and conformity of increasingly organized modern life, including the beneficent bureaucracies of socialism.

These simultaneous wishes, for social order and for personal anarchy, are the coordinates of Priestley's world, and their interplay might very well lay him down as a sentimentalist (a frequent accusation), or a bit of an old-fashioned grouch. One most definitely feels after a reading of this volume that to distill the ideas from the style—itsself always charming and urbane, and a distinct "value" which needs to be addressed on its own—is to expose rather flimsy thinking about the world's problems.

But if Priestley does not recommend himself to us as a thinker, as a theorist, or indeed as a major literary talent with powers of synthesis (like Joyce), or passion (like Lawrence), his own special grounds of appeal are true and genuine enough. They rest almost entirely on the man's style. If his ideology is to be militantly his own man, his manner of writing conveys his message as it were atmospherically. "The whole modern way of life is idiotic," he writes, "because it denounces all forms of enjoyment." In these essays Priestley shows himself precisely as an enjoyer, an appreciator,

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jealous of his privacy, skeptical if not downright contemptuous of power, a voice which implies reserves of secret life. It is precisely the articulation of that secret life to a friendly audience which Priestley conceives as the task of his essays.

"I would not describe myself as a born rebel, for I have no fanaticism, but there is in me a streak of the jeering anarchist, who parts company even with his friends when they have succeeded to power." "Jeering anarchist" is a deliberate, even droll, exaggeration, but the sentence, like dozens more in this collection, clarifies the sort of energy at the heart of these essays. Priestley's idea of himself as a kind of entertainer ("the dream business") and gadfly points to a serious motive—to perform a pastoral function, to instigate visions of sheer play and timelessness, to cultivate an inner sense of strangeness and exile from modern life. His pastoral vision is essentially comic and comes through in his lively appreciations of "the English comic characters." Micawber, for example, "does not really live in this world at all: he lives in a world of his own. . . . What does it matter what facts have to be faced if they are first sent to the carnival of the romantic imagination and so always return the strangest and most fascinating company, still moving to music in their tragic and comic masks?" Or Falstaff, "all in the service not of power and glory but of delight," created by "one side of Shakespeare, the inner and hidden side," as a "retort," a "huge protest" to the other, outward side, "the careful and

practical man of the Theatre . . . the smiling and prosperous playwright, already with an eye on some sound property and a possible coat-of-arms." Falstaff "is almost an archetype, a symbol of the self raised to its highest power of wit and humour, ease and enjoyment; he belongs to some haunting dream, perhaps as old as drink and firelight, of a gigantic wonderful night out, a hell of a party." Imagine him at the United Nations—"worth all the billions we spend on arms."

Priestley's relations to the modern world might be described as flippant scorn or outright rejection or ambivalence, but it seems more accurate to say that he wishes to preserve a retreat—to keep open an intercourse between dream and fact. One might argue, well and good, but the invoked pastoral often comes to us in the accents of whimsy, of crotchety annoyance with history, and that such pastorals have no serious value in generating alternative options and genuine utopias. Moreover, a besetting danger of opposing dream to fact (the influence of Jung is clear and acknowledged) is that it tempts the writer to a certain posturing, a self-dramatization as a proud crank, a stubborn persistence in woolly headedness. Both arguments have some point and require attention in any final accounting of Priestley's importance. These essays are not the match of Montaigne's but they do hold out for the rights of personality, for liberality and good nature and a sense of magic—values that demand a share in any pastoral we wish to entertain.

Here Is Grove's Plenty

EVERGREEN REVIEW READER.
Edited by Barney Rosset. Grove Press.
790 pp. \$20.

MAX BYRD

Mr. Byrd teaches English at Harvard. He is a former editor of The Harvard Crimson.

Every underground river surfaces sometime. This handsome, heavy (about 10 pounds), expensive, very slick and very glossy *Reader* seems to signal the formal incorporation of *The Evergreen Review* into the national literary scene. Still naughty, still bad-tempered and provoking, the magazine nonetheless now boasts credentials as respectable as a college yearbook or the *Time-Life* library. It may not actually have sat down yet in the family circle, but room has clearly been made.

The occasion for the anthology is the magazine's tenth anniversary of publication. But it is decidedly out of character

for a "little magazine" to be casting a backward eye, and to some this nostalgic gesture may suggest a certain slowing down. To the philosophic its hefty presentability may serve as a reminder that every *avant-garde*, no matter how good, is eventually overtaken.

To anyone at all the anthology is a staggeringly impressive collection of talents, a browser's delight (and, incidentally, the first trade wind of the Christmas season). *The Evergreen Review* has never avowed any special literary policy or manifesto, and even now with his achievement assembled before him, editor Barney Rosset waives a general introduction. The reader steps straight away into a book diverse enough to hold both Jean Genet and Susan Sontag, and marvels at all the fine writers that *Evergreen* has befriended in the last ten years. But it is, after all, the last of the great publishing-house magazines, the unlikely descendant of the old Scrib-



Photo by Judith

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—NEWSWEEK



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PASSAGE
(for Kim Merker)

*Pigs blister the hillside.
And it is doubtless in the sky's color
to burn incredibly.
Morning may strike us anywhere.*

*So that passing these woods,
seeing orders nailed to fenceposts,
to ruined trees.
we may feel ourselves made strangers,
willing to stop.*

*We may feel ourselves
in suit, dress shoes, and hat
getting out of the car,
taking a walk
where we have no business at all.*

*We may even recall passing earlier
a farm-wife in slacks and a dead sweater
dragging behind her
the body of her dog.*

*Or the two roans and a grey
grazing an open slough.*

*Overhead an unseen bomber
unzips the blue bag of the sky.
In offices,
in the kitchens of farmhouses,
the torn edge of the day curls.*

*And only the scattered remains of calendars
will be believed.*

ROBERT DANA

ner's and Lippincott's magazines of the twenties and thirties, and it draws from an extensive stable of young authors. As one skims through names like Pauline Réage, William Burroughs, John Rechy, Chester Himes, in fact, it is tempting to exclaim with Dryden, "Here indeed is Grove's plenty!" For most of the book does consist of excerpts from the now familiar and distinctively mad world of Grove Press, a world of endless fantasies and monologues, a world awash in its own subconscious, a secret world hawked in corner drugstores.

There is, of course, much other forbidden fruit besides Grove's hard core. One finds poetry by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Kenneth Rexroth, Charles Olson, and even the complete text of *Howl* (with an astonishing photograph of a clean-shaven Ginsberg). Fiction naturally hogs most of the anthology, but interspersed is a surprising range of both genre and geography. Drama is represented by Ionesco, Arrabal, Gregory Corso and Brendan Behan, with critical essays by Harold Pinter and Jan Kott.

Memoirs, biography, philosophy, reverie, all find spokesmen of the order of Camus or LeRoi Jones. The great "pataphysical" put-on reappears here, and a few classic reviews of films and jazz. This editorial cosmopolitanism by no means confines itself to European and American writing. *Evergreen* has introduced us to Latin Americans like Octavio Paz and Carlos Fuentes, to Middle Easterners, to numerous Orientals from Li Yü to the President-poet Ho Chi Minh.

Nor in fact has the magazine confined itself to literature. The *Reader* reprints several memorable photo-essays ("Poverty, U.S.A." by George De Vincent, and "Harlem, Summer 1964" by James Mitchell and Don Charles), plus a striking series of drawings by George Grosz and a set of Russian revolutionary posters.

In all this excellence there seems to be only one disappointing omission. One regrets that the book doesn't make space for any of those fascinating letters to the editor—angry, confessional, threatening, doting—from the beleaguered years of the magazine, particularly after the notorious issue Number 32. Ironically, just

those kinds of letters now run regularly in the columns of *Evergreen's* bourgeois copycat, *Playboy*. Indeed, much more than was once the special flavor of *The Evergreen Review* can now be found, homogenized but unmistakable, in *Playboy*. That strain of defensiveness, for example, which led *Evergreen* to publish frequent derisive reports from various obscenity trials, is now voluminously duplicated in the "Playboy Forum." *Playboy* too has a Reader full of celebrated authors, and *Playboy* too has been seized and banned (in Chicago) for its pictures of Jayne Mansfield. No doubt it is a far, far better thing to be seized, as Number 32 was, on account of Emil Cadoo's beautiful photographs. But a bust is a bust. And even "Little Annie Fanny," though wretchedly inferior, bears undeniable family likeness to "Phoebe Zeit-Geist."

It is not unreasonable to say, then, that like a third party in politics, *Evergreen* has seen its cause absorbed and espoused by the shameless middle class. Its literary outcasts and garret geniuses, nurtured apart for so long, are famous now, fixtures in *Esquire* or *The New York Review*. The magazine set out ten years ago to outrage and educate us by casting light in the dark places of contemporary literature. Paradoxically, it may have done its work too well. For with a decade of writers now firmly anthologized and canonized, can the editors discover such another generation? And what could be stranger than a permanently established provocateur?

To me, at least, recent issues of the magazine suggest a falling off, if not an absolute decline. Its former wild, exciting sexuality now often sticks at the level of washroom humor, something abundantly available elsewhere. Where once *Evergreen's* writers were cultural subversives in the best sense, like Henry Miller, lately they incline simply toward political shrillness: and on that front they can match neither the tastelessness of *The Realist* nor the *Realpolitik* of the liberal journals. In the past the magazine's strength has lain in its ability to shock us, to call out the beasts, its instinct for grinding up hypocrisy, and for liberating violent and erotic truths. But the English historian, Christopher Hill, has remarked that "all established truths, just because they are established, tend to become lies." Or if not lies, dull familiars. As the *Evergreen Review Reader* heads toward innumerable coffee tables across the land, it somehow seems less likely to continue its creative affronting of the settled order, sexual or political. Yet it may only be that the last few years in this country have eclipsed any mere magazine's capacity to outrage us.

The Passionate Eighties

WHERE THEY GO TO DIE: The Tragedy of America's Aged. By Richard M. Garvin and Robert E. Burger. Delacorte Press. 224 pp. \$4.50.

MURRAY POLNER

Mr. Polner teaches history at Suffolk County Community College.

This book's major premise is that homes for the aged are rotten places in which to dump your old parents and grandparents. Whether they are called restoriums, sanitoriums or nursing homes, they share the same faults: they overcharge, they cut costs by reducing individual care, they strip away the dignity of the old. With the coming of Medicare, they have become a booming growth industry. The authors, both advertising men on the West Coast, also imply that a Pulitzer Prize awaits the intrepid reporter who will visit nursing homes—preferably at off hours—and “tell it like it is.”

The book goes on to charge that patients are often given tranquilizers for the sole purpose of keeping them quiet. It also suggests that many patients are sexually and physically abused by nurses and attendants. Proof? The authors don't offer any. No one has ever sued. Senility and fear keep many patients from complaining. One man I knew insisted that his father looked as if he had been beaten each time he visited; the home assured him the old man had merely fallen. Who knows?

Certainly the medical profession is no help. The biggest unkept secret is the fact that large numbers of doctors like to invest in nursing homes. “All you have to do to keep a nursing home profitably full is to cut in a physician or two on the profits,” the authors quote one unnamed administrator. And so far as tranquilizers are concerned, trade journals such as *Geriatric Nursing* for example, are filled with full-page ads promoting these pills. There are some disastrous side effects for the aged in their use, but the pharmaceutical houses push them, the journals advertise them, and it is reasonable to believe the nursing homes use them, with or without a doctor's prescription.

We have become a neo-patricidal culture, as this angry and peppery little book maintains. “The nursing home,” the authors conclude, “holds a terror for the aged that Bedlam once held for the insane, that chain gangs held for the convicts, and that sweatshops held for children.” The reasons are numerous.

People today live longer but suffer from more chronic diseases. The traditional concept of family responsibility for the aged has dissolved. Significantly, too, there's a lot of money to be made in this business.

For the poor, nursing homes are a disaster. Admittedly, the \$10 daily or so paid to them by the government does not bring much of a return on investment. As a result, most of them are snake pits. The better homes will charge patients from \$150 weekly and up. That's only for room and board. The extras, such as clean sheets for incontinent patients, medicines, laundry charges, etc., may run higher than \$100 additional per week. But if nursing homes didn't pay, they wouldn't continue to multiply. Recently, the Public Health Service reported that nursing homes increased from 6,539 in 1954 to 11,981 in 1965. New homes have mushroomed everywhere since then. Expenditures are way up. Since 1950 PHS reports public spending up seventeen times, from \$30 million to \$510 million. These figures are all pre-Medicare. What has happened since is that a hu-

manitarian scheme to help the aged has become instead a subsidy for the benefit of private businessmen. Everyone makes out, except the old people. With plenty of homes in which to get dumped, they are left with nothing to do but wait for the grave in “indignation, terror and helplessness.”

“Age puzzles me,” wrote an 85-year-old woman not long ago. “My seventies were interesting, I thought it was a quiet time. But my eighties are passionate. I grow more intense as I age.” Who would want to segregate that woman? And do we really have to put them into nursing homes? The authors point out that more than nine out of ten Britons over 65 live at home. They quote a British official who told a conference on aging:

Our philosophy is that old people want to remain at home, in their houses, surrounded by their own possessions, their own memories. We don't mind whether it is a good home, a bad home, a tiny home. That's where we believe they should be, where they feel secure.

Why indeed pay tax moneys to build so many nursing homes to house old people who are quite capable of functioning in the outer world?

Several years ago Midge Dexter wrote in *Commentary* one of the best things ever done on the aged. Cutting through

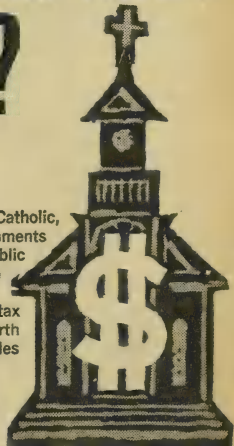
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the pap and the euphemisms about "golden age," she stressed that old age was a bad time. Alone, and isolated, the aged sense finally that they have been "bad." All their lives they had worked, loved, and obeyed all the rules "only to

find that the spirit is a substance which turns rancid in storage." I would go a bit further. Without the security of family life, they had discovered, too late, an America that was indifferent, insolent and ruthless.

Elizabeth Bowen Country

EVA TROUT: Or Changing Scenes. By Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf, 302 pp. \$5.95.

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Mr. Morris, assistant professor of English at CCNY, has written a critical study of Anthony Powell (University of Pittsburgh Press), and is working at present on a collection of essays on the contemporary British novel, to be published by Southern Illinois University Press.

Enter onto an English scene on a fading winter's afternoon. An abandoned castle stands immaterial against a sunless sky; swans drift absently, barely disturbing a lake glassy in smoothness. Angular, natural but awkward, a young woman is leading an outing, in some way symbolic we suspect, though we must wait 300 pages to discover why. This is Elizabeth Bowen country, a world of neutral tones, where the landscape will eventually mirror the half-life of a cold, remote, maddeningly tranquil heroine who lives on the margin of fantasy and reality.

One setting of Miss Bowen's, one heroine, suggests others, and it is no secret that she has written much the same sort of thing for more than thirty years: the so-called novel of sensibility which moves at a leisurely pace, is convoluted in emotions and involuted in thought, and is incredibly shy on plot. Here the reader may find a good deal of italicized dialogue, long walks outdoors or through vast rooms of stately homes, broodings over the "right thing," quests after the ineffable, struggles and failures to connect, and thwarted ends posited on unhappy means.

Invariably the gap between the novelists of sensibility and contemporary writers of soft-shell or hard-core porno, freewheeling humor (black, ethnic or otherwise), revamped confessionals and up-tempo regionalism has never seemed greater. An age turned on by happenings and wracked by disintegration has scant patience for the intangible qualities of ultra-sensitive or super-sophisticated minds. To cavil, however, at the relevance of this kind of writing is one thing; to bring it off quite another. And Miss Bowen, endowed with the finesse

and precision of a classicist, has seldom failed to bring it off.

Eva Trout: Or Changing Scenes bears her unmistakable imprint, though according to the author it differs from earlier novels by "[following] the fortunes of one character along whose line of fate the events are strung." The contrast would appear to be with books like *The Death of the Heart* and *The House in Paris*, which worked a single theme around the shifting viewpoints of several characters. But in fact, the distinction is even more important. Miss Bowen remains in the van of those who believe that character is action, yet until now she has rarely tried to raise either above the somewhat outmoded levels of psychological realism. To my mind *Eva Trout* is her first full attempt to discover in the very private and insulated world of sensibility a mythic center that will enlarge the dimensions and permanence of her themes. And by myth I do not mean the creaky furniture of analogies but a universal mode of expression and identification.

Eva is, from the first, writ larger than life: exceptionally tall, immensely (and mysteriously) wealthy, rootless and restless. Her "genesis"—Miss Bowen's own subtitle—begins in the manner of a sentimental education, but circumstances and irony turn her into an exile, seeking in change some solace for the fall from innocence. Childhood for Eva—as for so many of Miss Bowen's heroines—is a time of pain, an atonement of sorts for being a child in an adult environment. Left motherless, she is displaced in her father's affections by his lover, Constantine Ormeau, an effete,

intelligent homosexual who later becomes her guardian and entrusts her teen-age upbringing to Iselt Arble (Eva's English teacher) and her husband, Eric. More from misguided motives than maliciousness, and through an overwhelming inadequacy that is part and parcel of their own civilized but passionless marriage, the Arbles further shatter Eva's already faltering sense of reality.

Her flight from them seems initially a step toward independence, but it becomes a destructive plunge into loneliness and futility. Now begins an eight-year wandering through England, France and the American Midwest; in tow her deaf-mute son, not fathered by Eric as everyone had believed but a dud bought on the baby market. Motherhood becomes one more perversion of the imagination; and more terrible still is Eva's realization that she may die having never known love. At the limits of her fantasy she stages a mock honeymoon departure with Henry Dancy (her intended) for all those who have in some way touched or impinged upon her life. And in a London station is played out the final grim charade and the inevitable denouement.

Ingenuously, but in a way that might bear some critical scrutiny, Miss Bowen calls *Eva Trout* a "tragi-comedy." Whatever the current fad for measuring either, both modes are really but different faces of the same human condition and, if not interchangeable, omni-operative. Tragi-comedy, perhaps more successfully than its separate components, deals with the ambivalence of experiences as they pertain generally to life and not to art. Eva's peculiar relationship with the Arbles, her warped mastery over her son, Jeremy, her antagonism to Constantine, and her hopeless future for herself and Henry are the particular ways in which she answers two of the profoundest questions a novelist can ask: how can one live and how much space and time are allotted for living?

For in the last analysis Miss Bowen's novels speak most eloquently of identity and time: identity lost, not found; time that not only contains passing life but renders life emptier and emptier as it passes. It is in some ways a ruthless book; happiness is taken out of the world and nothing replaces it, unless it be silence. Indeed, happiness no longer even seems a commodity worth the search. What one goes after is existence; on any terms possible one must know one is alive. And everything pales beside the solipsistic certainty that Eva grasps for one perfect moment as she is traveling with her son:

They were their own. Wasted, civilization extended round them as might acres of cannibalised cars. Only they

GOOD MONEY AFTER BAD

*Their profiles fit for medallions,
their faces burnished to bronze,*

*American dreams that tarnish
like old silver or gold, or vanish.*

*In time of war, young men
are the coin of the realm.*

WILLIAM HEYEN

moved. They were within a story to which they imparted the only sense. The one wonder, to them, of the exterior world was that anything should be exterior to themselves—and could anything be so and yet exist?

I doubt very much that Miss Bowen is here being ironic. To have such a vision only briefly might be worth everything else life has to offer. *Eva Trout* is indeed a "tragi-comedy," but it is something of a problem novel as well. It is a fairy tale, a winter's tale, but no heroine steps down from her pedestal to

be forgiven and loved; the ugly duckling remains ugly; the poor rich girl does not find her prince. There is beauty, but no heat; and the illumination lights up equally the disasters of living in a world created for us, or of creating a world of our own. This is the real problem of "genesis." Miss Bowen's garden of innocence is only a stone's throw from the desert of experience, but the settings remain identical. "No pathos invested the scene. There was no afterglow—there had been no sun. And the swans were gone."

Daniel Berrigan. The Macmillan Co. 140 pp. \$4.95.

Father Berrigan, the Jesuit poet, is one of "the Baltimore nine" convicted recently of burning Selective Service records in Maryland with homemade napalm. Most of his book consists of the diary he kept when he and Howard Zinn traveled to Hanoi last winter to receive three released American pilots in the name of the American peace movement [see "The Petty Route Home" by Howard Zinn in *The Nation*, April 1]. The author does not dwell on the fact that the mission was betrayed in the end, but with the possible exception of Norman Fruchter's report of his journey in *The Village Voice*, this account is perhaps the most shattering one yet published by those Americans who have visited the people against whom our country is waging war. Although the events of his trip are fascinating, it is Father Berrigan's responses, as painstakingly recorded here, that are remarkable; not a glimmer of rhetoric or self-righteousness is in evidence, and the work vibrates with a love of human life and a profound feeling for community that are contagious in their strength and clarity.

Nation Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

SHIP ISLAND AND OTHER STORIES.
By Elizabeth Spencer. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 175 pp. \$5.95.

Most of these stories are about people who are consciously but helplessly trapped and ruined by their environments or, conversely, about those who are able to lift the spell by walking away from it. Instead of describing what is happening to her characters, Miss Spencer, almost

by signals, makes the reader not only know what is happening but also become the character's ghostly accomplice—or the other way around. Her methods are magical rather than psychological, and, along the way, she isolates and illuminates particular facets of Southern white culture with a dreamlike intensity which is startling in its power. This collection is that rare volume that truly deserves to be called distinguished, extraordinary.

NIGHT FLIGHT TO HANOI. By

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442 pp. \$7.95



FREDERICK A. PRAEGER, Publishers 111 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10003

Robert Westhoff, E. P. Dutton & Co.
128 pp. \$3.95.

In this wicked, funny, and very well-translated seventh novel, Mlle. Sagan presents Dorothy Seymour, a middle-aged, single, cynical and very likable Hollywood writer. When Dorothy takes a weird but pleasant young man in to live with her and begins to panic about their satisfying, nonsexual relationship after a systematic series of murders occurs, it all seems perfectly reasonable—even without the LSD which Sagan has him taking in her misguided effort to convince us that he's *really* weird. There's a diabolical ending and, although it's all a little flashy and super-Hollywood, readers who still think Mlle. Sagan is for the ladies' magazines will find that she has been badly underrated.

A CEREMONY OF INNOCENCE. By Robert Wool. The World Publishing Co. 308 pp. \$5.95.

Mr. Wool's hero—wise, handsome, witty, New England-bred—is a Galbraithian U.S. ambassador to a fictional Latin American country trapped between the beneficence of the United States and the Soviet Union. The characters are wonderfully drawn and the political manipulations are described with skill and humor. Given the ambassador's sophistication, however, it's hard to applaud him for his final enlightenment about the true motives of his country, which dawn upon him after a CIA coup almost destroys the relationships he has worked so hard to solidify. The situation of the novel is one which surely takes place with almost humdrum regularity in American foreign policy; but this is a novel which should have begun at the point where Mr. Wool has been content to end it.

... AND OTHER DIRTY STORIES. By Larry L. King. The World Publishing Company. An NAL Book. 263 pp. \$5.50.

"More and more one worries less and less about his Nobel competition and more about what they are paying for 3,000 words these days over at *Sadistic Detective*." Mr. King, novelist, journalist and native Texan, is a very witty man. Although this volume of what he might

call his Collected Shorter Works suffers from the chronic collection syndrome—some not very good pieces are stuck in to make it book length—there are a number of fine pieces (about Texas, the daily insanities of what passes as the American political scene, and autobiographical reflections on the rough life of the working writer) which make it a delight. I laughed out loud at least once every 30 pages, a record that other readers might easily break.

ART/Lawrence Alloway

American painting achieved international status in the 1950s, as a result of work begun in the late forties. American art done earlier in the century, aside from a contribution to Dadaism, was generally regarded as provincial. There were two ways of being provincial: one was to use strongly American subject matter, and the other was to use European styles as a model. You were damned if you did or didn't. However, the dominance of American art in the sixties has increased native confidence to the point at which the disreputable early phases are being revived respectfully. The thirties are in process of rehabilitation and one sign of this is the exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art called "the 1930s: Painting and Sculpture in America."

The catalogue of this interesting show is not yet ready—an unusual delay for the Whitney which has always managed to coordinate publications and *vernissages*, unlike the Museum of Modern Art where shows have been known to close before the catalogue was available. William Agee, the curator at the Whitney who arranged the 1930s show, has left to go to the Modern where, presumably, we can look forward with interest to more late catalogues. The choice of works makes an excellent show and, lacking the catalogue, I will have to guess at Mr. Agee's purpose.

The exhibition turns out to be not the survey that the title suggested but something narrower. Mr. Agee has sought out, good-looking easel paintings, by the American artists who were adapting European forms of modernism to the New York scene. This enterprise has some real rewards, expanding our knowledge of a part of the recent past that is still dim and schematic. Certainly it disposes of the idea that New York art before the "Abstract Expressionist" generation was merely a deprived echo of European canons.

Stuart Davis has long been regarded as a brilliant individualist, an iso-

lated big-city Cubist; in fact, it is clear from this show that a jaunty Cubism flourished in the United States. Painterly versions of Cubism by Arthur B. Carles, John Graham, Hans Hofmann, Carl Holty, Karl Knaths and George L. K. Morris provide a stylistic context for Davis' cheerful Cubism. Hofmann's radiant vertigo around a center-leg Cubist table or Morris' sensualizing of Juan Gris's sober color in his "Stockbridge Church" are typical—and impressive. One can see similar transformations of Mondrian's grid and primary colors by Burgoyne Diller, and a sweet, strong play with the whitened pinks and blues of Purism by Patrick Henry Bruce (a neglected, good artist). There is no need to extend the list, because there can no longer be any doubt that, in terms of logical extension and personal usage, American painters in the thirties had mastered their originals.

If I am right and Agee's intention was to demonstrate the Americanization of European style, he has succeeded handsomely. What is shown is convincing; my only doubt is that Mr. Agee has settled on the most interesting aspect of the thirties. In the last few years, the thirties have been condensing as a visible period style. To take a couple of examples: Jim Dine used archaic neckties in early paintings and has attached a square armchair to a canvas; more recently, Roy Lichtenstein has used the ornament of the thirties as a source of forms in his so-called "Modern Paintings." His subject, here, is a style, the look of a period that has been revived—in part, as Lichtenstein has pointed out, by old movies on television.

Agee, on the other hand, is looking at the thirties in an anti-period way. He searched for, and found, the works closest to a currently reputable image of modernism. By the exercise of good taste, he has isolated the moderately conceived and traditionally well-painted works, passing over the extravagant manifestations of "Style 1935" or "Art Deco," or whatever it will be called finally.

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Agee's kind of connoisseurship reduces the art of the thirties by highly sensitive discrimination, to a canon of aesthetic excellence, to a main line of development among all that was going on. This approach reduces the period to an anthology of sensuous and moderate works of art. This may sound like a very happy result, but another approach to the recent past is to hunt, among the paintings of the artists under consideration, for the highly developed works of a period. It is a choice between the modulated and the maximal. Each approach delivers different rewards, but Agee has rejected entirely the maximal work and concentrated on well-painted pictures, poised between the School of Paris and New York of the fifties.

The rewards are nevertheless considerable. For example, a characteristic of the thirties in Paris, which turned out to be fruitful in New York, is a mingling of Cubism and biomorphism; or, it could be called the sexualizing of Cubism. Starting with some Picassos of the twenties via Braque's rare but influential figure paintings, strong erotic and humanizing details (hair, breasts and apertures mostly) grew within the geometries of Arshile Gorky, John Graham and David Smith. They produced a kind of marriage of form and Freud, of pure structure and girls, which is continued in the early works of both Pollock and de Kooning, despite their immense personal differences. The nature-romanticism, familiar from the work of William Bazotes and Theodoros Stamos in the forties, is well shown in works by Arthur Dove and Georgia O'Keeffe. Geometric abstraction, especially in its more garrulous forms, is very well displayed.

Agee has reduced the painters of the American scene to an elegant minority, which is misleading: he should either have left them out entirely or given them a representative showing. As it is, Thomas Hart Benton, a Midwest Jacopo Bassano—not Tintoretto, as has been suggested—is perfunctorily shown by one tight little painting, and John Stuart Curry's violence (hogs fighting a snake, a tornado) is missing, and missed, from his slack, fat "Wisconsin Landscape." Grant Wood's "Daughters of the Revolution" was not only painted outside the decade, in 1942, it is not one of the artist's livelier pieces. This quiet caricature, one of Ben Shahn's Sacco and Vanzetti paintings and Louis Gugieli's "Izaak Walton in Brooklyn" (a man fishing in a gutter) are overmild samples of the social art of the period.

Protest art in New York in the sixties is becoming a matter of intention; an artist does his thing, and makes a statement or shows it in a context that con-

fers militancy as his standard product. In the thirties, iconography carried the message, but such imagery is missing from this review of the aesthetic thirties. The public imagery of the WPA is dropped, and so, except for one Pollock ("Birth"), is the Mexican influence. It

may be that Agee did not have space for wall-sized paintings, but the iconography of the murals recurs in easel painting. (There are, also, non-WPA murals, with interesting themes, such as Paul Feeley's, which could have been represented by studies and oil sketches.)

MUSIC/David Hamilton

Mr. Hamilton is music editor for W. W. Norton, and for some time he has contributed regularly to High Fidelity. Benjamin Boretz is on leave for this season, but he will write occasionally in the next several months.

For those who have long since abandoned the Metropolitan Opera as anything more than a museum operation, the musical-theatre season's most disappointing event to date was not the choice of Cileà's tedious *Adriana Lecouvreur* as the museum's first showing; this merely confirmed a suspicion that the curators are wanting in taste (or perhaps in integrity—for it is widely believed that this particular opera is staged here only at the insistence of its leading lady). It was, rather, the choice of Gounod's *Faust* to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the New York City Opera, which evoked an unwelcome suggestion that Lincoln Center's smaller company is now placing more emphasis on the "museum repertory" than on its past reputation for broadening (even if sometimes erratically) the musico-theatrical experiences of New York audiences. In particular, the comparison between the "gala" treatment accorded Gounod's opera (October 17) and the left-handed introduction of Hugo Weisgall's *Nine Rivers from Jordan* on a subscription evening (October 9) was an unsettling omen of the way the wind may be blowing at the City Opera.

It is possible that the cash outlay for the new opera (settings, production and rehearsals) exceeded that for the old one, but it was insufficient in terms of the only standard that matters—doing justice to the requirements of librettist and composer. That the musical performance came anywhere near to giving satisfaction was due to the Herculean efforts of the enormously capable and professional conductor, Gustav Meier, who was making his debut with the company. He seemed able to cue virtually everything that happened (as well as a few things that failed to happen on schedule), without ever losing a sense of impetus and a control of the music's progression. On the other hand, the basic-set production

rarely clarified the action and often—as unit sets are apt to do unless planned with great skill—succeeded in obfuscating plot matters not excessively clear to begin with. Similarly, the management of stage action in the crucial second act was imprecise and unilluminating.

The theme of Denis Johnston's libretto (drawn from his novel of the same title)—the responsibility of an individual in the face of Nazism's atrocities—was adorned with, but not integrated into several layers of symbolic reference that failed to become dramatically operative; and Weisgall's music, for all its probity of craftsmanship and impressive continuity of texture, progressively lost musical impulse as the theatrical abstraction increased (the hour-long first act maintained strikingly greater consistent interest than its briefer successors). Even if all the singers had projected the text as successfully as did Joshua Hecht, if the climaxes of the second act had achieved a real weight of sound (a notable lapse by the designer was the failure to provide risers for the chorus at this point), and if the staging and lighting had articula-

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ted the dramatic levels more clearly, the opera's basic problems would have remained. Nevertheless, such a serious new work deserves better treatment than this one received.

Whether *Nine Rivers from Jordan* could have stood all the detailed care with which *Faust* was invested by Frank Corsaro's staging is a question. Doubtless many members of the opera public are delighted by new visual counterpoints to the music they know by heart, and less knowledgeable viewers surely relish the redundant pantomiming of details already explicit in the texts they cannot understand: but the more perceptive in both categories are bound to be confused by those passages where Corsaro's genuinely inventive flair for clarifying action and defining character relationships carries him beyond the limits laid down by the music. As at the end of Act I in Corsaro's version of *La Traviata*, where the return of Alfredo and his acceptance by Violetta are specifically ruled out by Verdi's ingenious and dramatically functional treatment of a musically traditional repetition, so the de-supernaturalization of Mephistopheles and the non-apotheosis of Marguerite in this production fail to carry out direct implications of the score and its style.

The best reasons for attending this re-

vival are two exceptional performances that do complete justice to Gounod's elegant music as well as to the dramatic design: the Marguerite of Beverly Sills, whose spontaneous musicianship and impeccable vocal technique equal the combined resources of most of her Metropolitan opposite numbers rolled together, and the Mephisto of Norman Treigle.

Other forms of theatre with music have been visible in New York recently, under less probable auspices. The opening concert in Hunter College's "New Image of Sound" series, performed by members of the Buffalo Center for the Creative and Performing Arts (October 31), was "structured almost as a progression from straight concert performance to theatre," according to the program notes. In this particular case, the decline in musical interest and craftsmanship at each step along the "progression" was quite striking and disturbing, although I know of no reason why this should be a necessary consequence of the introduction of verbal and visual elements. Following Ives's little *Hallowe'en* (performed straight), György Ligeti's *Nouvelles Aventures* provided a further instance of the "musical Gresham's law" that Benjamin Boretz warned of in connection with this series last season

(*The Nation*, April 15), for the Pop-art oriented audience took audible delight in the visual aspects and thereby managed to drown out many of the subtle coloristic puns that form one of the work's genuinely humorous aspects (it is recorded on Wergo 60022, an import available at some record specialty shops).

Later in the evening, this sort of response proved rather less problematic, for subtle effects were hardly to be found in, say, Lejaren Hiller's *Avalanche for Pitchman, Prima Donna, Player Piano, Percussionist, and Pre-recorded Playback*. During the greater part of Hiller's work, all the performers spewed forth at top volume a steam of sound undifferentiated in totality and undistinguishable in detail—the pitchman speechifying from an elaborate podium, the prima donna singing and frantically changing costumes (the virtuosity of the costume designer here was the sole element of genuine wit), the player piano pounding, away at "ninety themes from the standard literature 'composed' on an IBM-7094" (for all that could be heard it might as well have been an old Ampico roll of Paderewski playing *Rustle of Spring*), and so on. Neither here nor in Larry Austin's more soporific *The Magicians* (a bevy of children monotonously pantomiming, squealing and counting in the shadow of a "psychedelic" mobile, to the accompaniment of occasional film projections and dismally unarticulated electronic "junk sound"—for some forty minutes) could I detect any evidence of willingness to face the genuine and serious problems involved in achieving a significant relationship between music and theatre.

Such a willingness was amply evident in Charles Wuorinen's "masque," *The Politics of Harmony*, performed at the first concert of the Columbia Group for Contemporary Music (October 28); although not a stage work, this was a dramatic one, in which a genuine progression of musical development could be perceived to parallel the libretto, a highly structured succession of "narrations," "symphonies," "dialogues," "arias" and instrumental episodes. Over the total length of the piece, I found the limited and very special sonorities (from an ensemble comprising two each of flutes, tubas, violins, contrabasses and harps, plus percussion and piano) passed from a strength to a weakness, and there seemed to be some problems of pacing—but also, by contrast with the goings-on at Hunter, ample evidence that a secure musical technique is a useful prerequisite for dramatic composition. It would be regrettable if the immense effort involved in preparing Wuorinen's work (which he conducted himself) were limited to this one performance.

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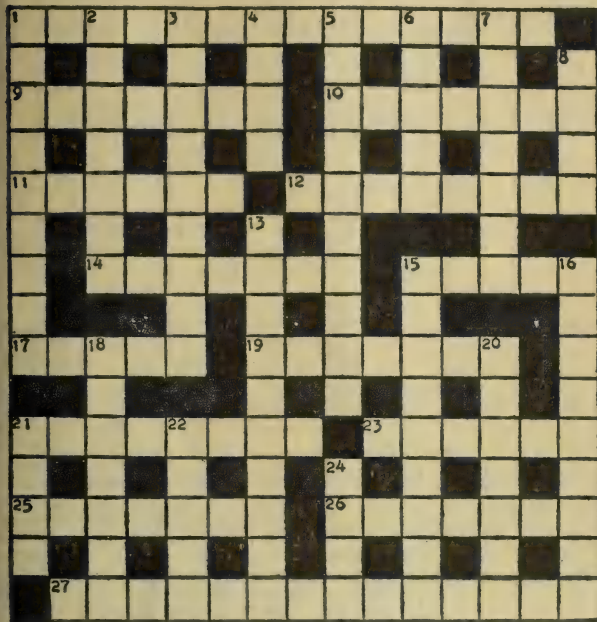
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1272

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Probably stamped as being the Perfect Knight's defense? (5-5,4)
- 9 and 16 A line meeting a surface might make it to sound somewhat like a point of view with "happenings." (5,2,9)
- 10 I've got mixed up in some trouble to bring something about. (7)
- 11 Hue. (6)
- 12 What the owner might have done, given access. (8)
- 14 This writer is accomplished, finally getting the back rent. (7)
- 15 Seemingly, but not actually. (5)
- 17 Make the cargo separated? (5)
- 19 Listening closely, as Alfred E. Neuman seems to be. (3,4)
- 21 One might on leaving the hotel with an official. (8)
- 23 A number of yarns at the coast? (6)
- 25 See 3 down
- 26 It's a rotten matter to sound the order to continue, almost! (7)
- 27 Letters of identity? (14)

DOWN

- 1 Far-flung sort of dragon depicted by the painter? (9)
- 2 The grid struggle by which all wrongs are corrected? (7)
- 3 and 25 across Through which prisoners were led to trial, but perhaps not as big as it sounds. (3,6,2,5)

- 4 Bring into the wind. (4)
- 5 Legitimate enterprise, illicit enterprise—either should stop, if it comes to this! (10)
- 6 Mohammedan title of the expected one. (5)
- 7 One would have to overcome it before getting away from a 5. (7)
- 8 Have a natural inclination to take care? (4)
- 13 Sits at the first table? (10)
- 15 A couple of cuts might enable you to have things given accommodation. (9)
- 16 See 9 across
- 18 A little devil concerning technique! (7)
- 20 Where one gets express indication of social rank? (7)
- 21 By which the animals entered? (4)
- 22 Associated with German or American tanks. (5)
- 24 Reiterative sound of the chorus. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1271

ACROSS: 1 Downing Street; 9 U-boat; 10 Underline; 11 Lockout; 12 Watties; 13 Exult; 14 Detection; 16 Take cover; 18 Rodeo; 19 Natural; 21 Mennace; 22 Roumanian; 23 Ictus; 24 Berchtesgaden.
DOWN: 1 Double entendre; 2 Woodchuck; 3 Introit; 4 Grunt; 5 Tidewater; 6 Erratic; 7 Thill; 8 Person-to-person; 14 Devilfish; 15 Indicated; 17 Corsair; 18 Running; 20 Thumb; 21 Manse.

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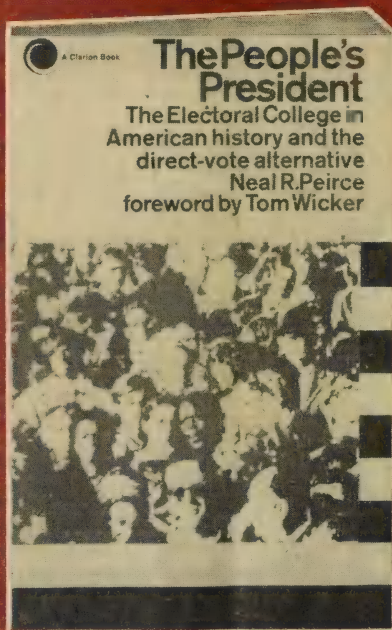
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LETTERS

Franco's peace?

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIR: After reading your editorial entitled "Franco's Price" (Sept. 30), I feel it my duty to clarify quite a number of inaccurate and misleading statements. . . . Your editorial writer seems to know more than the official spokesmen—of the Pentagon, the State Department and the Spanish Embassy—when he unhesitatingly states that "Franco's invoice includes \$1 billion in military aid over a period of five years." Could you be kind and fair enough to publish the source of that information? I seriously doubt that any of the three organizations above mentioned could be quoted. . . .

Circles close to the State Department and Pentagon will both confirm that through these negotiations, Spain has not requested aid stated in a specific sum of dollars. Spain has explained and clarified its defense requirements, and has insisted on an attempt to obtain a clear guarantee of security. Furthermore, who can put a price upon a World War II destroyer? . . .

Finally, I would like to refer your writer to the 175 American corporations which have branches in Spain. Let him ask why they are investing capital in my country. I will mention just one reason which is not of an essentially economic nature: Spain has been at peace since 1939, and enjoys this peace because of Franco. . . . Jaime de Urzaiz, Counselor of Information, Spanish Embassy

The Nation did not receive its information from any of the official sources suggested by Mr. Jaime de Urzaiz, but rather from the press coverage of Washington affairs. We assume that, as information officer of the Spanish Embassy, he must be familiar with the same sources. *The Editors*

two wrongs

Tokyo, Japan

DEAR SIR: Has it occurred to anyone that Japan is the "free-world's" Czechoslovakia? Consider. The United States regards Red China in the same way that Russia regards West Germany, and insists on stationing troops in Japan (including Okinawa) just as Russia does in Czechoslovakia.

Again, Japanese overtures to China (better trade relations, possible diplomatic recognition, etc.) raise the same howls of protest from the Chinese Ulbricht in Taiwan that Prague's liberalization policy did in East Berlin.

Finally, if through democratic means, Japan were, hypothetically speaking, to attempt to adopt its own independent "road to socialism," the United States—the "visible" as well as the "invisible" government—could hardly be expected to stand idly by. Greece alone should tell us that. . . . Two wrongs, it is true, don't make a right; but let's not kid ourselves about their existence. *Abraham Glucksman*

hawks of a feather

New York City

DEAR SIR: Helen Mears, in her letter [*The Nation*, Nov. 4], points out that Richard Nixon, as well as Curtis LeMay, has declared the use of nuclear weapons acceptable. It is only fair to add that this has also been the official and publicly proclaimed position of the United States, at least under the Johnson Administration:

Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara told House members in testimony published yesterday that the United States will use nuclear weapons "in any situation in the world when we believe it is desirable to use them in our own interest."—*The Washington Post*, May 15, 1965. *Alice Alt*

EDITORIALS

Moment of Truth

At some point in the Paris talks a rift between Saigon and Washington was bound to take place, and then the reality of the relationship would at last be naked for the world to see. For years Washington has kept up the pretense that we are in Vietnam merely to provide a military shield behind which the South Vietnamese might exercise the right of self-determination. In such matters it is always dangerous to establish a false frame of reference; the lesser or weaker party to the deception may eventually begin to take seriously the "cover story" designed to conceal the actual relationship.

We have not sacrificed 29,000 American lives and spent more than \$83 billion in South Vietnam to insure the right of self-determination. We are there in pursuit of the policy, however mistaken, of containing Communist China and safeguarding the sea lanes to Japan, until such time as Japan is in a position to play a significant military role in Asia, particularly in Southeast Asia. But Mr. Rusk and his predecessors could not bring themselves to be candid about our purposes. Then, too, any frank statement of our real purposes might have produced embarrassing political repercussions in Japan, as well as in this country. Now, of course, American spokesmen in Washington and Saigon feel that they have been betrayed, and Secretary Clifford has angrily announced that we will negotiate with or without a South Vietnamese delegation in Paris.

He is right: the negotiations must go forward. But the vice in the relationship between Saigon and Washington has a deeper significance. Our policy makers have never been able to take the South Vietnamese seriously; to them the local leadership has been, at different times, a convenience, an irritation and an irrelevance. This attitude, which is implicit in the current confusion, no doubt contributed to it.

Ambassador Bunker thought he had Thieu's concurrence to the draft of the communiqué issued in Washington; it developed he did not. The Vietnamese contend that they had approved the draft of a counter-communiqué which indicated that they would attend a "preliminary" conference in Paris to discuss procedures, but that the communiqué issued in Washington omitted the qualifying word.

Thieu holds that Mr. Bunker and his deputy, Mr. Berger, must have known that they were required to secure the approval of other officials: How could we have forgotten the provisions of a constitution which we had gone to such pains to initiate, if not to draft? At one of the heated early-hour conferences in Saigon, Thieu is reported to have said to Mr. Berger: "It sounds as though you are the deputy ambassador representing Hanoi instead of the American deputy ambassador to Saigon." But given the real relationship, how could Mr. Berger not resent the reluctance of Thieu and his colleagues to go along with a plan which Washington had approved?

Puppets always resent the puppeteer who, in turn, is always annoyed when the puppets start pulling the strings.

The Shadow Presidency

Under this title in *The Nation* of September 6, 1965, James MacGregor Burns wrote an article which has become more, not less, timely in the intervening three years. Analyzing the "debility" of the opposition party under the American political system, Professor Burns attributed it to the aggrandizement of the Presidency by the electronic media and other factors, the splitting of the opposition into Presidential and Congressional factions, and the "titular" leadership accorded to the defeated Presidential candidate—which, Burns said bluntly, is "a polite term for being shelved or even repudiated."

The Congressional faction is almost equally impotent by reason of its own internal divisions, the frequent disagreements between Senate and House and, in contrast to the Shadow Cabinet in Great Britain, its lack of institutional structure. In the case that now obtains, when the opposition party is in control of Congress, responsibility and power are divided, and any conflict between the President and Congress has at least the semblance of willful partisanship on the part of the legislators, while the President is almost under compulsion to orient his strategy toward gaining control of Congress in the next election.

Whether the opposition is out all the way, or only in part, the problem is aggravated by the conglomerate nature of American political parties and their chronic programmatic confusion. The remedy would be a competitive shadow Presidency, supported by an adequately structured opposition. A beginning toward such an opposition was made in the 1950s with the creation of the Democratic Advisory Council, which formulated policy, issued position papers and provided collective leadership. Further steps might entail an annual or biennial convention or conference, with power to choose a top opposition leader and revise the program in the light of the unsuccessful campaign and subsequent developments.

In such a program Professor Burns saw a rare opportunity to build new political institutions and generate creative leadership, with a sense of national purpose. But where is the money to come from? Is it too radical to suggest that Congress, which supports the military so generously, might appropriate funds that would be insignificant by comparison for needed political innovation?

The *Toronto Daily Star* (October 31) reports that Prime Minister Trudeau has offered \$195,000 a year in public funds to the three opposition parties for hiring research workers, to the end that criticism of the government may become more constructive. In principle the opposition parties have accepted, while differing (politics, after all, is politics) on the division of the funds. But if the principle is sound in Canada, is it not also sound here?

The Southern Negro Vote

Among the new breed of self-styled revolutionaries who have said farewell to electoral politics "and all that jazz," it is of course heresy to suggest that Southern Negroes are inching along politically. But a glance at the Negro vote in the Southern states is reassuring—if seen in proper

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 18

perspective. In these states Negroes won seventy new posts, including seven seats in state legislatures. In the region they now hold something like 370 elective offices. For the first time since the turn of the century, Florida and North Carolina have a Negro each in their legislatures. In Georgia, Negroes gained three additional seats in the lower House of the state legislature, and in Tennessee they acquired two seats in the state Senate. They also won election to such offices as justice of the peace and county commissioner, with about half of their victories coming in Alabama and Mississippi. Some seventeen of the eighty candidates sponsored by the new National Democratic Party in Alabama were victorious.

This may not be sensational progress, but it is impressive when one recalls that not so long ago Negroes were afraid to register in these states except in selected communities. And the Negro turn-out in the region is the more impressive because the "choices" offered in most of the races were not such as to arouse much enthusiasm among blacks. In Arkansas, the Negro vote seems to have been responsible for the re-election of Governor Rockefeller, as well as Senator Fulbright who, in this campaign, actively sought their vote. Rep. Richard H. Fulton was re-elected from the 5th C.D. in Tennessee largely with the aid of Negro voters; in some sections Negroes voted for him in the ratio of 1,000 to 20. In North Carolina, Rep. Nick Galifianakis (5th C.D.) was returned with strong Negro support.

Negro gains in the South must, of course, be measured against the fact that Wallace carried six Southern states, but his vote thinned out noticeably in the rim of the South and border states. The potency of the Negro vote will increase in national calculations if the electoral college is abolished and with it the practice of giving all of a state's electoral votes to whoever carries the popular vote.

In an editorial introduction to a special issue on the Southern Negro voter (September 27, 1952), we said: "When Negroes are able to vote in the South in the same ratio as they now vote in the North and West, the liberal movement may experience another upsurge similar to the New Deal." That day is not yet, but it is rapidly approaching. If the elements outside the South who backed the voter-registration drives will continue their support, and if they begin to contribute to selected Negro candidacies and to campaigns in which the Negro vote is likely to be decisive, the landscape of Dixie politics can be substantially changed between now and 1972.

The Great German Spy Farce

If big-time international snooping were not such a deadly business, a musical comedy could be written about the current spy scandal in West Germany. It has shaken NATO to its depths—which these days, to be sure, are not very deep. So far, six West German Government officials, three of them high-ranking military officers including an admiral and a general, have been apparent suicides, five arrests have been made, and six suspects have fled behind the iron curtain. Without desiring to interfere in West Germany's internal affairs, a well-wisher

might suggest that possibly its five or more separate counter-espionage organizations may be tripping over one another's feet.

The German spy scare appears to be connected with the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Defections among Czechoslovak officials are said to have included one senior intelligence officer, who presumably blew the whistle on members of a Soviet spy ring. The suicides followed.

The case of Rear Admiral Hermann Luedke, 57, is the most interesting. He was implicated when a Bonn photographic shop discovered nine pictures of secret NATO documents on the same roll with vacation shots of Luedke's family. Since Luedke would have had to be grotesquely absent-minded to send such material to a commercial developer, it has been suggested that he was first framed and then murdered. In the other cases, where suicide is not in doubt, the West German Government is trying hard to find respectable motives—like fear of cancer or unhappy love affairs; anything but espionage.

Whether murdered or dead by his own hand, Luedke knew a lot. According to a story in the November 3 *Washington Post*, he was responsible for, and had access to, all NATO tactical nuclear weapons depots, ammunition, fuel and arms dumps, and port, railway and other logistical resources. If it turns out that he was a spy, far-reaching adjustments will have to be made. As one example, NATO's 16,000 tactical nuclear warheads may have to be relocated.

The biggest joke of this grim business was the theft of a U.S. Sidewinder missile, with some pieces of navigational equipment, from a NATO base in West Germany. The thieves simply cut a hole in the fence, loaded the 165-pound missile on a wheelbarrow, and trundled it off to a waiting car. It was then disassembled and shipped to Moscow by air freight. But probably it was no great prize: many Sidewinders have been lost over North Vietnam, and presumably the Russians had samples.

Breaking the Code

Employees of large American corporations display a fervid loyalty to the "firm" that is matched only by the dedication of American politicians to the "team." There is no doubt something appealing about this extension of schoolboy sentiment into adult life, but there is little appealing about the results. Too often, it means that the only people who know where the body is buried are prevented by their somewhat arrested sense of honor from giving the hiding place away. Furthermore, the American abhorrence of "snitching" applies about equally to telling teacher who put the thumbtack on her chair and telling a government committee about practices that may cost consumers millions a year. Neither informant can expect much protection from public opinion.

Thus Jerry W. Finefrock, who dropped out of UCLA as a junior three years ago and went to work for General Telephone Co., installing equipment out of their Long Beach, Calif., office, is a hero of our times. General Telephone is the largest independent phone company in the country—large enough to appeal to the California State

Public Utility Commission for a \$46 million annual rate increase. When the PUC met to consider this request, Mr. Finebrock appeared before it with a 26-page statement on rates, quality of service and installation charges. On the last of these (with which presumably his work had given him some familiarity) Finebrock testified that company charges for such items as colored phones, amplifiers for the deaf, extra jacks, etc., could fairly be reduced or eliminated, to save customers \$1 million a year.

The company promptly suspended Finebrock pending "analysis" of his testimony, and Finebrock called a press conference (when boy bites company, it is news). At this meeting it was announced that his suspension was being taken to the NLRB and the American Civil Liberties Union. Finebrock's union is also meeting on the case.

But perhaps the most interesting information that came out of the press conference was the news that Finebrock, though acting alone before the PUC, was a member of an organization among General Telephone employees known as the Telephone Underground. This group was formed "because we felt very strongly that action is needed to insure that General Telephone, in its rates and procedures, serves the public interest." The company, Mr. Finebrock added, "has discouraged all our previous efforts for change."

Efforts for change is what the revolt of youth is all about. And the current activity of Jerry Finebrock suggests that the revolt may not be definable much longer in terms entirely of campus impieties or long hair.

Puerto Rico's New Politics

The political upset which has swept Luis Muñoz Marín's perennial Popular Democratic Party from power foretells a stormy and intriguing political future for Puerto Rico. Statehood enthusiast Luis Ferré, who in launching a fourth campaign for governor had begun to resemble a tropical Harold Stassen, has had the last laugh. His new party won both the governorship and control of the House of Representatives, as well as many mayoralty races.

This drama was preceded by a kaleidoscopic shifting in political alignments on the island. Mr. Ferré himself, in an effort to broaden his "one issue man" image—in the absence of any overwhelming sentiment for statehood—played down his former affiliation with the Statehood Republican Party and won his victory as the head of the recently organized New Progressive Party. On the PDP side, Gov. Roberto Sánchez Vilella first promised to retire at the end of his term (in the wake of the "scandal" of his divorce and remarriage), later changed his mind and then was rejected by the PDP old guard, headed by Muñoz. The bosses were still nursing resentment at what they felt had been Sánchez's attempt to shelve them in favor of younger men in the party. Sen. Luis Negrón López, then Senate majority leader, was chosen instead of Sánchez to head the PDP ticket. Sánchez, stung by this brusque treatment, vowed to run anyway, and became the candidate of still another new group, the People's Party. Many voters were offended at having their governor, whose public record was adequate, so unceremoniously bounced. And

much of this resentment turned to cynicism as Muñoz rushed madly about the island, making nonstop speeches and all but obliterating the lackluster Senator Negrón. That Sánchez found a potent issue in "bossism" was indicated by his respectable 81,800 votes—compared with 390,964 for Ferré and 367,355 for Negrón, despite domestic embarrassments and the loss of a viable political base.

With Muñoz, architect of the commonwealth status, retaining his leadership of the Senate, and Ferré already making clear his intention to push for statehood, the stage is set for fireworks in the months ahead. Puerto Rico's future status is the major issue at stake. TRAVIS PUGH

Song of the Rails

Our grandparents tell nostalgic stories of journeys by train across great sweeps of the American landscape: the humming Pullmans, the gleaming diners, the observation cars from which one could watch the land unroll to the syncopated click of the rails. Our grandchildren may well have like experiences to recall. We are the couple of generations in between that were forced onto the turnpikes and into the air by an industry that did not want our patronage and treated us like second-class citizens when we insisted on offering it.

Obviously, we exaggerate. The automobile and the airplane are not the products merely of railroad obduracy but the current agonizing congestion of highways and airports may well be caused by the fact that the average American these days boards a train (when he can still find one that will take him where he wants to go) in a spirit of well-based dejection.

Over the past ten years, 500 trains have been dropped from the country's timetables. This reduction of service, because of such factors as arrival and departure times, connections and public expectations, has a further depressing effect on surviving trains, and year by year the attrition continues. In the end, if the companies have their way, there will be no rail passenger service at all in the world's most highly industrialized nation.

The roads claim they lose millions carrying people, that the only thing they can move at a profit is freight. And the Interstate Commerce Commission, which allegedly regulates the railroads and permits them to drop their trains, has always gone along. But last month the ICC issued a report which stated that, for the years 1954-67, passenger service incurred much smaller losses (in some years there was a slight profit) than is alleged by the roads. Outcries from the carriers were immediate, loud and reproachful. The ICC had betrayed them by adopting practices of bookkeeping considered blasphemous by all devout railroad accountants. It is foolhardy for laymen to intervene between warring bookkeepers, but anyone reading both sides of the controversy can make a shrewd guess as to the true state of affairs: the shipping of people, now unprofitable, could perhaps be made modestly profitable by some display of management enterprise approximating the current revamping of Canadian National's passenger service; but it is unlikely that this branch of the business could ever match the money to be made from shipping goods. Therefore, the

railroads have been stubbornly displaying their passenger deficits as hemorrhages bleeding the industry white, the better to frighten the ICC into letting them lap up the unadulterated cream of the freight profits.

This comes under the heading of Yankee ingenuity, or the public be damned, and is not to be criticized in the land of free enterprise. Except that railroads are a free enterprise of a particular sort. They enjoy franchises and they operate in the public interest under federal jurisdiction. Congress in the past weeks has been buzzing with the FCC report, and legislators—who enjoy riding today's trains as little as do their constituents—are muttering that something had better be done.

What may very well be done will evoke still shiller cries of outrage. Rep. Thomas M. Pelly of Washington has suggested in a speech to the House that, if the railroads cannot bring themselves to transport the public under conditions of suitable comfort and convenience, the government will have to take over the facilities. If it does so, it will take them, of course, lock, stock and freight revenues—and the private owners will have no one but their bookkeepers to blame.

Leo Huberman (1903-1968)

There were times, as during the era of Joe McCarthy, when one thought of Leo Huberman as perhaps the last American Socialist. But thanks in no small measure to his activities and writings—to his extraordinary persistence, courage and undaunted faith—the small band of authentic American Socialists has increased until socialism is, once

again, a live option. He was a Marxist humanist, a Socialist who avoided sectarian ties, the better to concentrate on the task to which he devoted most of his life: testing Marxist insights in the study of American conditions, refining these insights, and convincing an ever larger intellectual audience of their relevance.

Huberman was a notably clear-headed thinker, never sentimental, never malicious, never dogmatic. In part his socialism derived from the generous tradition of William Morris; his taste in food and clothes and furnishings, as well as his manners, showed this influence. As a writer, and above all as an editor, he placed great emphasis on clarity and precision; you might disagree with him but you never had any difficulty understanding what he thought. His books—*Man's Worldly Goods*, *We, The People* and *The Labor Spy Racket*, among others—formed part of the initiation process by which thousands of Americans became aware of the kind of world in which they lived, and acquired a working knowledge of the nature of a capitalist economy.

Co-founder with Paul Sweezy of *Monthly Review* (1949) and Monthly Review Press (1952), he sustained the major administrative and managerial burdens of these important ventures. But to *The Nation*, Leo Huberman meant a great deal more than this brief statement implies; he was a good friend, a neighbor (*Monthly Review* shared part of our office space for some years), a friendly critic and preceptor, known, respected and admired by all of us.

New York residents may want to attend the memorial meeting for Leo Huberman to be held on December 2, 8 P.M., at the Community Church, 40 East 35th Street.

HOW WE VOTED—AND WHY

ANGUS CAMPBELL

Mr. Campbell is director of the Survey Research Center, University of Michigan, which has been studying Presidential elections since 1948. He is the author, with others, of *The American Voter* (Wiley).

Election returns tell who was elected but they do not say why. The 1968 returns do show, however, that the election was remarkable in a number of ways, and we may be able to discern something of the character of the electoral decision by examining some unusual aspects of the vote.

Most obvious is the fact that the Democrats carried both Houses of Congress while the Republican nominee was winning the Presidency. Mr. Eisenhower had a similar experience in 1956, but this kind of split in the vote has not happened to an incoming President since the establishment of the two-party system in 1860. Not only did the Democrats win but in the House of Representatives, which is more sensitive to current voting moods than is the Senate, they held virtually all their earlier majority. In other words, although the electorate turned down Mr. Humphrey it did not abandon the Democratic Party.

The fact that the Democrats held their House majority

is certainly extraordinary in view of the many evidences of political disaffection which one saw in the latter stages of the Johnson Administration. The Democrats suffered severe losses in the House in 1966. Then followed two years of turmoil in American cities and the bloody stalemate in Vietnam; an extension into 1968 of the Democratic decline of 1966 would not have been surprising. But it did not occur, perhaps for a reason which was not anticipated. Over the years the vote for the House has not been as volatile as that for the Presidency. The Presidential vote is more influenced by the personal qualities of the candidates than is the Congressional vote, which more heavily depends on the standing party commitments of the electorate. Nevertheless, a swing toward a popular Presidential candidate often produces votes for the Congressmen running on the ticket with him. This is precisely what did not happen in 1968.

There was undoubtedly a swing away from customary voting habits in this election, but it did not primarily benefit either of the major party candidates; it went very heavily to George Wallace. Despite early predictions that the Wallace candidacy would mainly attract conservative Republican voters, it now seems clear that Mr. Wallace drew

a large proportion of his votes from people who would ordinarily have voted Democratic. These Democrats voting for Wallace were not given the opportunity to support his American Independent Party ticket at the Congressional level; there were no candidates. Apparently most of these voters, having made their protest at the Presidential level, then dropped back to their accustomed support of the Democratic ticket, including the candidates for Congress. Thus the Democratic Party escaped the punishment which it would ordinarily have suffered in an election in which its Presidential candidate ran so poorly.

What the Democratic majorities in the Congress portend for Mr. Nixon remains to be seen. It is relevant, however, that Nixon is the first "genuine" Republican to be elected to the White House in forty years. The eight years of the Eisenhower administration do not provide a realistic comparison. Eisenhower appeared before the public as a man who stood above party and ran on the Republican ticket largely as a matter of convenience. He was, moreover, a man of such towering prestige and affection in the public mind that he was virtually above criticism. The Democrats were afraid to touch him for fear of reprisals from the electorate. Richard Nixon might well wish he were in this enviable position. It is hard to think of anyone since Senator Taft more deserving of the title "Mr. Republican" than the President-elect. He comes to the White House from a lifetime of identification with the Republican Party, whose battles he has fought with devotion, tenacity and an aggressive partisan spirit. We will now see a confrontation between a Republican President and the Democratic Party that has had no parallel since the administration of Herbert Hoover.

Nixon not only has the problem of a Democratic Congress; he also comes to national leadership as the choice of a minority of the electorate. Not since the election of Woodrow Wilson in 1912 has a President been elected with so small a proportion of the total vote. It is a wry fact that in losing to John F. Kennedy in 1960 Nixon received a considerably higher proportion of the popular vote than he did in winning against Hubert Humphrey. It is often said that Kennedy felt restricted in the initiative he could take because of his narrow electoral victory. It would not seem in character for Nixon to want to fill a mere caretaker role as President, yet it seems clear that his ability to exploit the potential of the office is seriously compromised by the conditions of his election. He can neither command the loyalty of the majority party in the Congress nor draw strength from a mandate of the electorate. It will require prodigies of leadership on Nixon's part to overcome the disabilities which the national vote has imposed upon him.

The contribution of George Wallace to all this can hardly be overestimated. His 13 per cent of the national vote is the largest a third party has achieved since Theodore Roosevelt undertook to defeat Wilson and Taft in 1912. The Alabamian's appeal was strongest in the South and weakest in New England and the Far West. Precinct data indicate that outside the South he drew most heavily from areas which would ordinarily be expected to vote Democratic. Preliminary survey findings provide evidence

that the Wallace votes came much more commonly from Democrats and self-styled independents than they did from Republicans. Republicans have shown themselves in earlier elections to be more difficult to move than Democrats or independents. The evidence is that in 1968 they stood far more solidly with their party's nominees than the Democrats did with theirs.

One might be tempted to conclude that had George Wallace not been on the ballot in fifty states Hubert Humphrey would have won the Presidency handily. But that



Albany Times Union (N.Y.).

"Thank God They Stopped Bombing Us on Tuesday!"

implies the improbable assumption that the vote for Wallace was for him, specifically, and would have been given to Humphrey if Wallace had not been there. It is more likely that the vote for Wallace was in the main a protest and a renunciation of the Democratic Administration, and that a large part of it would have gone to Nixon if Wallace had not been on the ballot. It became evident very early in this electoral year that the Johnson Administration had built up a formidable stockpile of resentment and ill will within the electorate, and that 1968 was not a propitious year to inherit the Democratic nomination. The American electorate has shown before that when it is displeased with the head of an incumbent party it has a predictable tendency to vote against that party. Nixon followed the classical strategy of attempting to exploit these grievances without being too specific in his proposed solutions. His rhetoric was not as violent as Wallace's, but it bore on the same issues. Wallace's post-election statement that Nixon had said "almost identically the same things we were saying in the campaign" exaggerates the similarity of their appeals, but both candidates had been playing variations on a theme.

Of course no one can say how many of the Wallace supporters would have found Nixon a satisfactory choice if Wallace had not been available. The strongest indication of where those votes would have gone comes from preliminary survey data which make it possible to compare the political attitudes of those respondents who were intending to vote for Humphrey, Nixon or Wallace. On questions of welfare legislation, Medicare, aid to educa-

tion and guaranteed employment. Humphrey supporters were far more favorable than either Nixon or Wallace people, who did not differ greatly from each other. The Wallace supporters were very critical of the nation's foreign policies and very hawkish on Vietnam; in both respects they resembled Nixon supporters more than those favoring Humphrey. On questions of racial integration and civil rights, Humphrey supporters were clearly more favorable than Nixon people and the Wallaceites were by some distance the least favorable. In all these respects those intending to vote for Wallace stood much closer to Nixon supporters than to those favoring Humphrey. More than a third of them reported that they had voted for Goldwater in 1964. Would they have seen Humphrey as being closer to their point of view if they had had to choose between him and Nixon? It seems hardly plausible. George Wallace attracted the votes of a great many people who were out of sympathy with the Democratic Administration and all its works, and had he not been there to receive them, Nixon would almost certainly have been the principal beneficiary.

An additional attribute of the vote tells us something about the election. The total turn-out at the polls appears to have been about 72 million. This means that somewhat less than 60 per cent of the adult population exercised their franchise, the lowest turn-out record in a Presidential election since the phenomenally low one in 1948. That year, it will be remembered, neither major-party candidate stirred much enthusiasm; Harry Truman had been nominated with great reluctance by the Democrats and Thomas Dewey had lost decisively for the Republicans in 1944. The choice apparently bored a considerable proportion of the electorate, and there was obviously something of this same reaction to the election just past. Many Democrats would have preferred a nominee not closely identified with the Johnson Administration; some Republicans would have liked a fresher face than Nixon's. There was a good deal of bitter talk on the college campuses and in some of the liberal magazines about the irrelevance of the Humphrey-Nixon choice. In the end this alienation and apathy did not have as depressing an effect on the vote as it had earlier threatened, and it is likely that the swing toward Humphrey, which the polls recorded during the last few days of the campaign, was made up largely of disgruntled Democrats who finally decided it was better to support their party's ticket than not to vote at all.

With the election over and the issue of the Presidency settled for the next four years we may look back at some of the predictions made in the last few months regarding the future of the American system of choosing a Chief Executive. In the immediate aftermath of the Chicago imbroglio many unhappy Democrats were insisting that the convention system would have to go, to be replaced presumably by some system of national primaries. It would require an act of Congress to impose such a system on the states, and it does not seem likely that the new Congress will have much enthusiasm for any such revision of established practice. The conventions will probably remain with us for some time to come. Much of their madhouse quality could be eliminated by the obvious

expedient of cutting the size of the state delegations by 50 per cent or more. It would also contribute to political sanity if a way could be found to restrict television to simple reporting rather than the reporting-cum-fomenting at which this group of the press has become so adept.

Much of the criticism of the convention system has come from followers of Eugene McCarthy who appeared to feel there was something basically undemocratic in the fact that their man—who had presented himself to the people in primaries throughout the country—was defeated by a man who had not won a single primary election. But these people have not always found this situation so offensive. It was, after all, Senator McCarthy himself who put the name of Adlai Stevenson in nomination only eight years earlier, although Governor Stevenson had not entered any of the preceding primaries. One may ask whether the grievance is actually with the convention system or with its specific choice in 1968.

There have also been a number of apocalyptic statements regarding the future of the two-party system and its failure to present meaningful alternatives to the electorate. The fact is that more than 9 million people voted for an alternative to the two major parties in this election. The various left-wing candidates for the Presidency drew few votes, and little promise exists of a serious party development to the Left of the Democrats. The potential at the other extreme seems far more real and George Wallace's 9 million supporters may well be the advance guard of a full-blown right-wing party.

The extraordinary difficulty of establishing a third party in the United States is best attested by the fact that for the past hundred years it has not happened. The problem of building an organization of true believers that extends down to the precinct level is overwhelming, especially when the organization cannot provide any immediate political rewards. Perhaps if Wallace undertakes to build on the impressive showing he made in this election he may be able to fashion the party apparatus and the mass following necessary for the continuing development of his party. Certainly there have been repeated demonstrations over the past twenty years that a fraction of the electorate is prepared to break away from the two-party pattern to support a right-wing candidate.

There is great respect in this country for the durability of the institutions of our party system and the power of the two established parties; it would thus be foolish to imagine that they will yield readily to pressure for change. But the Wallace vote this year was the most serious departure from a straight two-party vote we have seen in more than fifty years. Was this due to the particular genius of George Wallace? Was it a reflection of the out-of-jointness of this particular time? Did it reveal a growing alienation among people who feel the country is changing too fast? One cannot say at this point what precisely the Wallace vote meant, but it has shown beyond question that the two old parties are vulnerable to attack from the Right.

The one change in the rules of Presidential politics which is likely to come out of this election is a revision of the law regarding the electoral college. The long period of

uncertainty during the counting of the vote as to whether Nixon would in fact reach the required 270 total, the rumors of "deals" which would be offered if he did not, and the threat of legal action if a deal were made gave the whole problem of the electoral college an immediacy it has not had before. We shall almost surely see the Congress take up this issue, and it may turn out to be a thorny one. If a proposal were made to replace the electoral college with a simple majority of the national vote we might find ourselves hung up on the same division of large states and small states which plagued the Constitutional Convention nearly 200 years ago. There may be enough small states unwilling to give up the power they now have (in the event an election goes to the House of Representatives) to make it impossible to pass the required amend-

ATLANTA TURKEY

THANKSGIVING IN THE HOOSEGOW

BENEDICT KIELY

Mr. Kiely is the author of Captain With the Whiskers (Criterion) and Dogs Enjoy the Morning (Gollancz), among other books.

Atlanta

I was walking one day with the late Brendan Behan, in Dublin, in the general direction of a house of refreshment that used to be called, rather mysteriously, "The Old Grinding Young." It was a day of rain and depressed low skies, and a bad Fianna Fail budget; and myself as depressed as the skies. So I said: "If things, Brendan, go on as they're going, like rising prices, rates, taxes, I mean we'll all be in jail for debt."

But it was difficult to be depressed in the presence of Brendan. He knelt down on the rainy pavement, clasped his hands and raised his eyes to the watery heaven, and cried: "No, no, sweet Lord. Keep my friends out of jail. Take not from me my greatest advantage as a writer: that I am a jailbird, repentant, but a jailbird." Then he leaped to his feet, draped his jacket shawlwise around his head, embraced me as a mother would an erring son, and sang to all the passers-by: "Don't send my boy to prison, don't send my boy to jail."

I recall this as I sit, or walk—nothing to sit on except naked wire mattresses—in one of the jail houses in the city of Atlanta, capital of Georgia, the Peach State. Beautiful Atlanta, Dogwood City of the South. I look back over the life of crime that led me hither. Why, to begin with, as an altar boy in a faraway Irish town, did I ever yield to temptation by nibbling at the altar wine? But then all my contemporaries did it, and some are bishops now.

"Welcome to Georgia," says the colored folder in my pocket, "the Vacation State! Georgia is the largest state east of the Mississippi. It is the Peanut, Pecan, Pimiento, Paper, Paperboard and Poultry Capital of the United States. . . ." And this is the evening of Thanksgiving Day.

ment to the Constitution. A simple clarification of the obligation of the individual electors to support the candidates in whose name they were elected may be all that Congress will be able to achieve.

This leads to the conclusion that despite the protests and dissatisfaction, despite the disorders and tragedies which have marked political life in this country during the last few months, our complicated system of nominating and electing the President has survived another election and may do so again in 1972. The American public has not been inspired by the election of 1968; some portions of it obviously found the whole process pointless. The next election could bring a new set of faces, which would be a blessing, but it is not likely to bring a new set of rules.

After lunch the nice hospitable young lady had called to take me, the stranger, out and show me the sights of the city. "So we'll walk," I said, "it's the best way to see a city." She paled, but politely agreed; and we walked downtown, our backs turned on green forested suburbia. We walked along the busy, exceedingly ugly main drag, a gigantic Sears Roebuck to the left, red-clay land, ravaged and cleared for more building, to the right, and beyond that a railroad track, and so on. A noble prospect, by heaven. A poster on a hoarding said: "There's more to see and more to do in Georgia." This, we are to find out before Thanksgiving Day was over, is absolutely true.

For in a high hotel at a street corner we stopped for a Thanksgiving drink. Up to this moment I had been carrying in my left-hand pants pocket a billfold containing a little less than \$100, and belonging to the lady: carrying it, I may add, for safety because the catch of her handbag, or purse, as they say here, was inclined to come loose. But when we had entered the dining room-cum-bar of the hotel I had put the billfold down on the table at which we sat. It was a spacious dining room. We sat at a table near the door, intending to make only a brief stay. The service bar was in the far corner, diagonally away from us. The place was quiet, almost empty: a blonde lady dining on her own and sitting close to a pillar, her back to us; two small late luncheon parties, one far away, one quite close to us. Thanksgiving Day, like Christmas, is a home-keeping day; for those, that is, who are not strangers in a strange town.

A waitress came; we ordered; a little white wine for the lady, watery American beer for me. It was about three o'clock. We rested and sat and talked for awhile. My umbrella, which—having given away all my blackthorns to friends in Virginia and elsewhere—I was using as a walking stick, was hanging on the rack close to the door by which we had entered.

We talk and laugh and are quite content. It is Thanksgiving Day in the land of the free and the home of the brave, in Atlanta, Ga., a state in which "history abounds . . . in old Savannah, the battlefields of Atlanta, Andersonville. . . . Nature's wonders await you at Stone Mountain, Okefenokee swamp and in Georgia's mountains. . . ." At least that's what the brochures say.

I was discoursing the remnants of my third beer when the lady arose, excused herself in a way that ladies have and adjourned to the powder room to ttitivate in preparation for our departure, to see on Peachtree Street the outside (shops are closed for the holiday) of what she told me is an excellent secondhand book shop, whose owner has been twice in hospitable Dublin where strangers (she has heard), and particularly American strangers, are made so welcome. The owner of this book shop even spent his honeymoon in Dublin.

Since then I have seen the inside of that shop and met the owner, and both have pleased me exceedingly. But on that happy Thanksgiving Day we were not to be allowed to see even the outside of it. For in the privacy of the powder room her ladyship suddenly remembered the billfold with the dollars. It is not in her handbag nor, oddly enough, does she recall seeing it on the table when she left me. On winged feet she returns. It isn't there. Nor have I stolen it. You must believe me. Sitting right there we were, happy on Thanksgiving Day, paying no attention, when the billfold was swiped. How? When? Well, nobody except members of the staff of this elegant hotel in

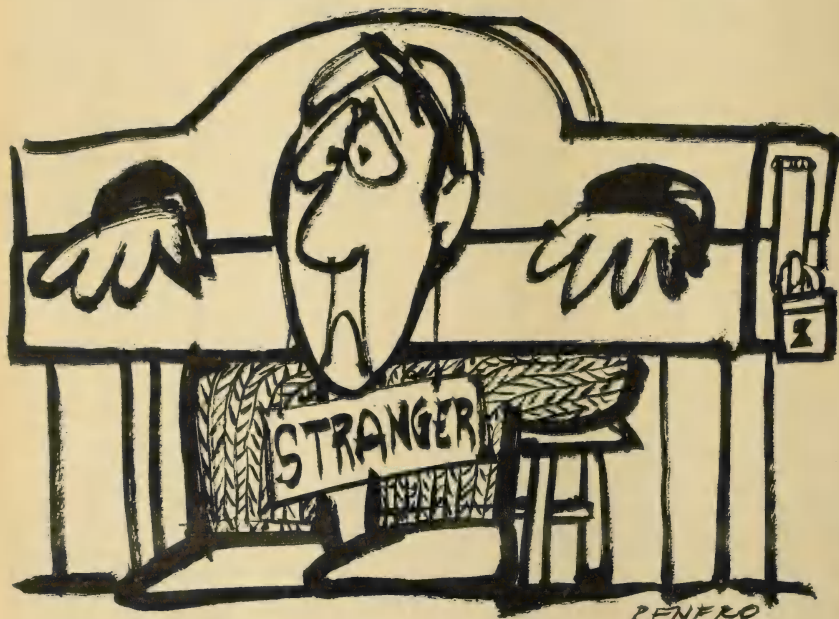
Atlanta, Ga., had approached the table. And where did the billfold, with its almost \$100, go?

Longfellow, translating from Michelangelo, who was also a poet in a mild way, dwelt on that diverting topic, the law of the conservation of matter: "Nothing that is shall perish utterly, but perish only to revive again in some new form." In other words, that money was removed from that table in that Atlanta hotel, and brought to somewhere else. Money, as matter, lends itself easily to transformation. It was there in its container, the billfold, when we entered the hotel. Then, all of a sudden, it was not there. It could only have been taken away, from the table we sat at, under the cover of a napkin. Some member of the staff, in fact, stole it.

"O.K.," you say, "you wuz robbed. So what?" But wuz you ever robbed, and then arrested for being robbed, and charged with being drunk because you complained that you had been robbed?

Indignant because she has been robbed, the lady calls a waitress. The waitress, with a face like brass, says the lady should tell the management. So the lady leaves me, and goes prancing off to the reception desk. I sit and wait and wonder and the moments pass, until I grow impatient and arise and, leaving my umbrella behind me, go out looking for the lady—to find her conversing with two pistoleers, or policemen, in the foyer of the hotel. They have just arrested her for being drunk. When I venture a mild tourist's protest, they arrest me for being likewise.

They say, in gracious Southern fashion, to the lady who has been robbed of a billfold and almost \$100:



"We're taking you to jail. Drunk." The lady says: "You're kidding."

They are not; and since it is unwise to accuse dashing Southern pistoleers of kidding when they are not, in sober truth, doing anything of the sort, we go with them to inspect the jail. I am, after all, a visitor and am eager to see every aspect of American life. We go, not in a police squad car but in a genuine black maria or paddy wagon, which we have all to ourselves: lady first, and mind the step.

Unquestionably, though, in that black maria or paddy wagon the lady is treated with impeccable Southern courtesy: she isn't struck once. She tells me that she complained to one of the pistoleers about being robbed and that he assured her that that was not possible because we had just been in one of the best hotels in Atlanta. For visitors, I think, to Beautiful Atlanta, Dogwood City of the South, that is, indeed, a comforting thought. Later, she told me that as she sat in solitary confinement a wardress, or policewoman, poked her head into the cell and asked: "You all right now, dearie?" Asked it so nicely, indeed, that the lady hadn't the heart to say that she would be fine and dandy if she but had the liberty she had been wrongfully deprived of and the dollars she had been robbed of in one of the best hotels in Atlanta.

As for myself, heavily escorted by pistoleers I was led or driven to a huge iron cage, as full of folk as Langland's Malvern hillside. Nor was I aware, nor was I informed, that one is legally entitled to ask for a drunkenness test: it seemed scarcely necessary after three watery beers, and all this was happening so rapidly that it was quite as incomprehensible to me as it is to you. This I told myself is what I hear happens in much despised Mexico: you land in jail for nothing, and then the jailers forget all about you and you may stay there forever. But this wasn't Mexico. This was Atlanta, on Thanksgiving Day, with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Nor was my statement that I was a stranger, a visitor to an eminent college in the neighborhood, listened to with any gratifying attention. At the behest of the manager of the hotel where the money was stolen the pistoleers made up their minds. We have said that we have been robbed, so the easiest way to shut our mouths is to say that we are drunk. The charge is made: I am searched. A nail clipper and a Guinness knife, 2 inches long, were removed and never restored, and the pistoleers afterward denied ever having seen them.

Come with me then on Thanksgiving Day to this iron cage full of folk: bums, drunks, gay young men, sad old men, quiet men who mind their own business and who may, indeed, have some very special business to mind and good reasons for keeping it to themselves. Some talk in groups. Some go solitary. Some lean against the walls. Some sit uncomfortably on bare wire mattresses in a series of lesser cages along one wall of the greater cage. These lesser cages can be locked so as to segregate special prisoners, not on grounds of color—for there are no black men here—but on grounds of obstreperousness or importance in criminality. There is a constant outflow and intake, a clashing of keys and clanking of barred steel

doors and, in general, a delightful aspect, seldom seen we hope by the tourist of the night life of Atlanta, Ga.

My tourist brochure, of which the search did not deprive me, assured me that "Families frolic at Jekyll Island, Callaway Gardens or thirty-seven state parks. Pitch your camp in the mountains, plant your toes on the beaches of Georgia's seacoast. . . ."

I got talking with a fellow prisoner from New Orleans. His shirt was striped red and white and bagged out over his pants. There was a streak of blood on his face. "Only a bum," he assured me, "would get arrested in Atlanta. It sure is the end of the world."

Exactly my own thoughts at that moment, but then we who lie in jail may not be inclined to regard highly the locality in which the jail is situated. I reminded him that Lacenaire, the assassin and a true Parisian, when he was apprehended in the French provinces, was perturbed that he might be guillotined there and not, as a civilized man should be, in Paris. The red-and-white man from New Orleans says: "Go on. Say it. What am I in for?"

"The best books say that it isn't etiquette for fellow prisoners to ask each other such questions."

"You an amateur?"

"You might say that. In the business, indeed, by the merest accident."

"Armed robbery," he says, "if you want to know."

"Your business is your business. Every man to his trade."

"Say, I like you, Irish," he says. "Might even like the country you come from. But to let ourselves be arrested in Atlanta. We're a pair of bums."

The reason, I gather, is that Georgian prisons have a sort of unhealthy reputation. In this I am, as yet, not qualified to speak, but my friend could well be an authority. He says: "What you in for?" I tell my story. Next to armed robbery, it doesn't add up to much, but at least it amuses my man from New Orleans. He laughs so immoderately that he then feels it necessary to apologize: "No offense, man. But you and that broad shouldn't be out without a keeper. Want to watch your roll in Atlanta. All the hotels are crooked here. All the bellboys pimps."

"They don't print that on the tourist brochures. They should. It might help a sort of trade."

"That trade don't need no help."

This witty interchange sends him into fits. We are attracting the attention of our fellows. The bipestoled keeper of the keys at the gate of steel eyes us dubiously. It is, perhaps, not the done thing for prisoners to laugh. In good Bible country, too, laughter may be a sure sign of intoxication. This is the merriest robber, if he is a robber, that I have ever met. To keep the laughter going he tells me the story about the sheriff arresting Snuffy Smith up thar in the hillbilly country. The sheriff says, "Snuffy, we have you in here for drinking." Snuffy says: "O.K., sheriff, let's go. Mine's Georgia Moon corn whiskey."

A new arrival is dragged, semi-conscious, through the steel-guarded gateway. It is, by no means, Snuffy Smith. He's a big fellow, and has clearly been to the wars. Half his face is missing or is, at least, a bloody, skinless mess. He has somewhere and from somebody taken a helluva

beating. He may have been asking for it but, for sure, he got it: pressed down and flowing over. He may be drunk, or he may just be beaten unconscious. The two pistoleers cast him down, not exactly as his mother would, on a wire mattress, the butchered side of his face on the naked wire. They don't take time to turn him over to the side that isn't cooked. Pistoleers are busy men—what with all the coming and going. They lock him in and, pistol swinging, depart. He'll feel no pain until he awakens and tries to unstick his face from the wire mattress.

"What'd I tell you," says my merry robber. "Get yourself arrested in Georgia. He answered back. Wise guy. That's where it gets him."

He laughed some more at me when I asked him are policemen and prison warders not commonly trained to beat up prisoners so that the marks don't show. Where did I read that, in a book? He may, I feel, be a somewhat prejudiced man in spite of his laughter. For jails are jails the world over, and this one was just then doing a thriving business and it may just have been a little difficult to give close personal attention to the needs, medical or otherwise, of every customer.

There had recently been a considerable debate about the danger of sending out one-man police patrols by night in certain parts of Atlanta. A young police officer has been shot dead by a runaway gunman. But some people argue that two-men patrols would cost the city more than it can afford to spend on police. God knows, these busy, overworked, underpaid police have my sympathy. This particular night, among other urban diversions, four taxi men have been robbed at gunpoint, two of them stripped naked, one of the two, a black man, made to run naked through a white district and told, as was Lot, not to look back.

I feel the full sense of guilt that, while all this holiday fun was going on, myself and my lady companion had had the inconsiderateness to be robbed, to complain of being robbed, to be thereupon charged with being drunk in a public place, and that thereby we distracted those decent, hard-worked rozzers from protecting the taxi men. One-man or two-men patrols? There was no scarcity of police the evening we were arrested. Here before me I have the names of the two officers involved, two Irish names I am interested to note. They were in such a hurry to get back to their proper business that not one question did they ever ask either of us about the stolen money.

Let me count the cost of an evening out for two on Thanksgiving Day in Atlanta, Ga.: as good as \$100, plus billfold, robbed from the lady; \$15 apiece for bail money when a college colleague comes to bail us out; sundry small sums donated to fellows met during seven hours or so in the cage, tank or stockade. I'm not trying to pose as Croesus, but once in a while you do meet people who are worse off than yourself. There were a few other small sums donated to a fellow prisoner who came to see me after his release: a timid dipsomaniac flying the tatters of old decency. Only recently in Georgia is it being pointed out that dipsomania is not best treated by brutal police roundups and periodic dryings-out in cage, tank or stock-



ade. Here is my last conversation with that poor man. My phone rang at about 4 A.M.:

The Voice: Can you help me, Irish Ben?

Myself: Where are you, Lefty?

Lefty: In this room, in this hotel. Can you ring this guy for me?

Myself: It's a bloody awful hour.

Lefty: He won't mind.

Myself: Can't you ring him yourself, or go to his place?

Lefty: Can't go out on the street, the cops'd pick me up and throw me in the tank again. You ring him, please. I told him about you. Ask him to help me.

This would seem to be the key phrase of the A.A. people. When I ring the man he speaks most civilly, even at that ungodly hour, thanks me, says he'll go over there right away and try to get Lefty back to his people in Tampa. I did not hear from Lefty again and can only assume hopefully that he was returned safely to Tampa. But I do not easily forget the terror in the poor alcoholic devil's voice when he said that he couldn't appear on the streets because the coppers would pick him up. Real friendly guys. An English woman who lives here told me that one morning when she was walking her little boy in a public park she saw the police, doing the routine roundup of bums. They used dogs, sending them under the bandstand to rout out some hapless wretches who had gone to earth there.

Lefty, the alcoholic, was for the moment my last contact with the tank, cage, stockade or jail house. Others, though, stay in my memory. There are two pleasant young men, as sober as judges, who were picked up leaving a downtown bar in a jovial mood, and charged with being drunk in a public place. When I marvel at this, they marvel at my Irish simplicity and try to explain to me the ancient but still much alive Protestant Prohibitionist attitude, not only toward fermented liquor but toward over-

demonstrative enjoyment. The bars in this city, I have noticed, are mostly either sleazy dumps with raucous combos, or places of conspiratorial and unwelcoming gloom. These two young men did not seem to think it anything too wonderful to be robbed and then arrested for complaining about being robbed. They say: "You met the wrong guys: that hotel manager, those cops. You were unlucky." They have a point. They even think it funny, in a way. Again, they have a point. Any attempt to protest, through the bars of the cage, against the length or justice of the confinement, or even to inquire about the lady, was treated with the most sublime indifference. My young friends advised me not to pursue the point or I might have sore ribs and bruised kidneys for my pains.

There were two younger men, under 21, arrested for drinking canned beer in a parked automobile. They are in the army, old enough to kill or be killed in Vietnam, but not old enough to drink a can of watery beer. Their girl friends, or dates, two teen-agers, have also been arrested, although they were not even drinking beer. Then there were two quiet tough-looking men who sat side by side on the floor, backs to the wall, and talked to nobody and seldom to each other. Unlike my merry bandit they were telling nothing to nobody, as they say in Belfast; but they stayed in my memory. They have a sort of aura. And it isn't booze. One of them, when he overhears that I come from Dublin, stands up, shakes hand with me, sits down again, resumes his quietude. Those two cops with the Irish names had not shown me any such courtesy.

Then there was a prison guard or policeman, a pimply, pasty-faced fellow who, as I was on my way to the exit, overheard me using jocularly the fatal word: "white." Here is how I came to be so indiscreet. The summons docket with which I was served read thisaway: "Color—W., Sex—N. (the man meant, I hope, to write M). Age—48 (which is a year worse than the truth). So, when the elevator which was bearing me down toward freedom paused to admit Our Lady of the Pilfered Billfold, I said: "Step right this way. You are white, aren't you . . . ?"

That's as far as I got: Pimpled Pastiface was breathing sweet potato down my throat. He asks in the gracious accents of the Old South: "You shuah you sobah?" Politely and prudently, I defer to his judgment. But unmollified, he goes to the man at the desk, the one who signs you out, and says: "You shuah this guy sobah?" He suspects me, I feel and fear, of being Stokely Carmichael, whom I in no way resemble. He seems genuinely chagrined when I am allowed to depart in peace.

Georgia has so much to offer the tourist. Quote: For full information on vacation fun in Georgia for all the family, write: See Georgia First: 100 State Capitol, Atlanta, Georgia, 30303. Unquote.

But now, I am again a free man. So I go home and ring a lawyer. He says: "Do you want to go to court and fight it?"

So I say: "Not particularly. That hotel manager, for whom the police were so obliging, could quite easily produce half a dozen people to prove that I wrecked the dining room and had to be strait jacketed before the police could remove me."

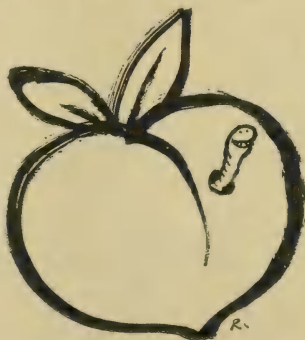
"Sure," he says. "Just sit on your hands. What's another thirty bucks?"

"But what amazes me," I say, "was that being a stranger, and a visitor, and not exactly a drifter, made no difference. Nobody heard me when I said that. Could be they just didn't dig my accent. But where I come from, strangers are sacrosanct. A stranger, and particularly an American stranger, would want to do something for real in Ireland before he'd end up in jail. And if he complained he had been robbed somebody would listen to him."

So the lawyer laughs as heartily as ever did my merry bandit. "You're sweet," he said, "but you're simple. You're also lucky you're in Atlanta. Outside Atlanta, in the state of Georgia, they beat your head in for being a stranger."

My first day of freedom, back I go to that hotel to reclaim my umbrella. With me go the lady and a student of mine who is also a theological student, and who has been in his time a forest ranger in the Great Smokies and in the Far West in Nevada and in Yosemite. The umbrella is safe. We identify ourselves and ask to see the manager. He joins us in the most neighborly fashion. We ask about the stolen money. He is very sorry. He is also very sorry about the police. He says he did not call them in, but is rather bewildered when the lady tells him that she saw him talking to the police before they arrested her. He is not at all convincing. I ask him if it is customary for the Atlanta police to traipse the foyers of the so-called best hotels and to paddy-wagon away customers who complain of being robbed. I say that, by the sacred name of O'Sullivan, it wouldn't happen in the Gresham. He agrees with me. He has heard of the Gresham. He says that if the money is found, he will notify us. (He has never notified us.) He seems unhappy. It is tragic for me that my first close personal contact with Atlantian policemen has left me thinking that they are a crowd of boorish and dishonest bums. After that, how could I trust even Sergeant Joe Friday? But I console myself with the words of Setanta when he was set upon on the green at Emain Macha: "It is on themselves the fault is. I came as a stranger and I did not get a stranger's welcome."

And a happy Thanksgiving, next time round, to all my readers.



THE POOR AGAINST THEMSELVES

**RICHARD A. CLOWARD
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The New York City Coordinating Committee of Welfare Groups, which mainly represents mothers and children, has just announced a major campaign to recruit poorly paid male workers and their families onto the relief rolls to obtain substantial wage supplements. If the campaign succeeds, it could spread to other cities, providing the basis for a political alliance between the working and non-working poor. Such a coalition of poor people would be a defense against the mounting attacks on the welfare system—attacks spearheaded by better-paid segments of the working and middle class.

New York City's welfare system, the largest in the country, is in for a pummeling—the worst, we suspect, since its staff was purged of “leftists” in the late 1940s. Only this time its ranks may be purged of welfare recipients. Under the insistent prodding of the 175,000-member New York Teamsters Joint Council 16, legislatures at all levels of government have begun “full-scale investigations.” The first to take up the scent was a New York State legislative committee, responding to intense upstate hostility toward the city's poor; now both the City Council and the federal government are tooling up. Significantly, the New York Congressmen who demanded the federal investigation were not satisfied to let HEW conduct it, considering its people to be “in-house” investigators. Therefore, the General Accounting Office, a staff agency for the Congress, has been instructed to supervise the investigation. The intervention of GAO foreshadows renewed interest by Congress in the “welfare problem”; last year that body passed some of the most punitive amendments since the public welfare system was established three decades ago. One amendment requires states to institute compulsory training and employment programs for mothers in the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program. Another (the implementation of which has been temporarily postponed) would “freeze” federal reimbursement to the states at the level of the number of AFDC children already on the rolls. Thus, as new families apply, the states will have to choose between rejecting them, accepting them and spreading existing funds among more people, or appropriating more local funds to carry the increase. As antagonism in America mounts toward the poor, especially the black poor, even more repressive measures can be expected.

Behind these probes is a growing political agitation for a “solution to the welfare problem.” The white working class is especially angered by the rising rolls. To white workers, welfare is a “black problem”—arising from the softheadedness of liberals in dealing with the black poor, or the opportunism of politicians in dealing for the black vote. And so with the Teamsters delivering the first blow,

a new battle is about to take place between the white working class and the black (and in New York, the Puerto Rican) poor.

The sources of the controversy are easy to see. Welfare rolls are escalating, especially the AFDC rolls. Taking all categories together, the rolls in New York City have almost trebled since 1960, are now rising by about 20,000 each month, and will reach 1 million by the first of the year. Considering the vast migrations of the poor from Puerto Rico and the southern United States, these figures are not surprising. Furthermore, tens of thousands of families who are eligible for assistance are not yet receiving it, so the rise can be expected to continue—that is, unless new restrictions result from the upcoming investigations.

Relatively speaking, the cost of public assistance in America is quite modest—far less than the subsidies to better-off groups. But if welfare accounts for a small percentage of federal outlays, it is often a very large percentage of local expenditures. Even though New York City pays only about 25 per cent of welfare expenses (50 per cent is reimbursed by the federal government, and another 25 per cent by the state), welfare will cost the city about one-third of a billion dollars this year. That seems an intolerable burden in a city already teetering at the edge of bankruptcy.

The working poor carry a disproportionate share of the tax burden, given the regressive character of our tax system (especially local sales and property taxes). A broader view of class inequities would lead the Teamsters to mount an attack on a tax structure which benefits the affluent and victimizes the working class; instead, they attack the welfare poor. For to white working-class people, and even to many black workers, it appears that the welfare recipient is enjoying a free ride on their hard-earned tax dollars, meanwhile scorning the value of work and the self-esteem of workers.

Nor is that the worst of it. The welfare recipient seems to be undermining the financial rewards of work as well. In several Northern states, among them New York, a worker earning the minimum wage who has a nonworking wife and one child takes home less money than is allotted to a comparable family on welfare. For larger families, the advantage of being on welfare is even greater! That this issue provokes intense feeling is clear. “It doesn't pay to work any more!” is the angry complaint. The value of work is being affronted, and that value is deeply ingrained. How else explain the persistence with which those who do the dirtiest work at the most exploitative wage levels apply their shoulders to the wheel? If the working poor are victimized by their pride, they are also embittered by their lot, and it is upon the nonworking underclass that they vent their anger.

Nothing offends working-class spokesmen quite so much as demands by organized welfare recipients for higher

levels of benefits, or for full entitlements. Needless to say, they find even more infuriating efforts by client groups to enroll the hundreds of thousands of eligible poor who have not been receiving benefits (usually because they do not know of their entitlements or have been illegally rejected). Welfare supplicants are supposed to be meek and grateful; instead they are confronting their benefactors with aggressive demands. The angry protests of the workers today echo the outrage voiced by the defenders of private property when these same "ungrateful" workers began to organize. Just as those workers, being the victims of the propertied, no longer held property rights to be sacrosanct, so welfare recipients now question the inviolability of work values, for the bulk of them, being the very old or the very young, or mothers or disabled, either cannot or should not work. Each phase of the struggle by the poor for some measure of justice is also a struggle against the catechisms which legitimate exploitation.

The welfare issue is contributing to the polarization of black and white in the cities, for the welfare rolls in the cities are disproportionately black. (Nationally, the AFDC rolls are half white.) But polarization is also partly the legacy of a long history in which blacks were used by employers to depress wages and retard unionization. The black scab is an old enemy—the central figure in a labor lore that goes back to a stevedores' strike in New York in 1855, to a miners' strike in Alabama in 1894, and to a factory strike in East St. Louis during World War I. The hatred lingers, for it is deeply imprinted. Other groups—Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans—have also been made to play the scab role, especially in efforts to break agricultural strikes, but none was used so regularly as the black. With the success of large-scale unionization, white workers had less to fear from strikebreaking. By excluding the blacks from union membership, they were able in many cases to exclude blacks from employment altogether. The New Deal even brought the blacks and whites of the cities together in a political coalition. A brief but uneasy peace followed.

Now the dislocation of blacks from agriculture has aroused the old antagonisms once more. The New Deal coalition, always tenuous, is fragmenting as blacks flood into the cities to threaten working-class residential areas, schools, services and jobs. Black and white are again being turned against one another in competition for scarce resources. And white workers are once again fixing blame on blacks, not on those above them. Once more, the black is cast as scab, not least in the emerging welfare controversy.

One working-class solution to welfare scabbing is to reaffirm the imperative of work—the slogan will be, "Put them to work!" Congress already sensed this rising sentiment a year ago when it enacted provisions requiring the states to train and assign mothers and children older than 16 to employment, unless there is "good cause." A few Congressmen opposed the measure, arguing properly that a society which has never provided full employment for men had no right to force work upon women and children, but the argument did not carry. In the wake of the debate, one satisfied Senator was heard to say, "We've solved the

maid problem." And so perhaps they have, for compulsory work programs may succeed in removing large numbers of women and teen agers from the welfare rolls. Then perhaps Congress will contemplate extending the same remedy to the aged, to young children, and to the disabled.

But just how the lower stratum of the working class will benefit from these measures is difficult to see. At best, competition for low-paying jobs will intensify, and whatever leverage workers have in bargaining with employers will be undercut. For in many states, women and children will be discharged from the rolls to take any work at any wage and on any employer's terms. One can say this with certainty, since some of the states had one variation or another of "employable mother" rules long before the new federal requirement, and the experience with these rules



has been dismal indeed. Together with a multitude of kindred rules (like "man-in-the-house" and "substitute-parent" regulations), such provisions have always been used to maintain an exploitable labor supply.

To keep ahead of welfare-payment levels, the working class will probably also call for an increase in the minimum wage of \$1.60. But it is by no means clear that the better-paid segments of organized labor are committed to raising minimums in more than principle, for they generally resist any diminution of differentials between them and lower-paid workers. There is also a great deal of evidence to suggest that lower-paid workers are hurt when minimum wage levels are raised. Labor intensive industries migrate to low-wage areas or accelerate efforts to automate, or go out of business altogether. The result is fewer jobs for marginal workers. All in all, the popular solutions to the so-called welfare problem will not benefit the working poor—except, that is, as workers derive satisfaction from punishing nonworkers.

Ironically, it is the *working* poor who may be the chief losers in the present controversy, especially if wel-

fare payment levels are scaled down to a point below the minimum wage. For it is not generally understood that some states have a wage supplement program through which low-paid workers can claim hundreds of millions of dollars, even raising their incomes above the levels now received by nonworking welfare recipients. These supplements may be jeopardized if welfare programs are made more restrictive.

In New York State, supplements now bring the annual income of a worker earning the minimum wage (\$3,120) to as high as \$6,000, \$7,000 or \$8,000, depending on the number and ages of family members. For example, a minimum-wage worker with a wife and four children receiving a wage supplement grosses \$6,264. Furthermore, his wage supplement of \$3,144 is not subject to federal, state or local income taxes. To achieve the same after-tax income from wages, this worker would have to be raised from \$1.60 to \$3.50 per hour. Between 150,000 and 300,000 working families in New York City alone are entitled to wage supplements: a mere 12,000 now claim them.

How is it that hundreds of millions of dollars in available wage supplements continue to go unclaimed by thousands of working poor? The answer is that the payments are not called wage supplements but "home relief," and they are not distributed by the Labor Department but by the Welfare Department. Union leaders have traditionally resisted encouraging their members to apply for welfare wage supplements, believing this an admission of their failure to obtain higher wages through collective bargaining. Welfare departments cannot be relied upon to inform people about benefits; quite the contrary. Consequently, many workers simply do not know that these payments are available or how to calculate their eligibility. Some workers who do know shy away because of their traditional contempt for the dole and for those who subsist on it.

In truth, low-paid families which fail to claim wage supplements are being taken in by the "free enterprise" ideology of the private economy, although that ideology bears little relation to what has become the reality. Ours is a "subsidy enterprise" economy and the subsidies go to those who are enterprising in the use of their political influence. The low-paid alone seem not to realize this. Farmers receive wage supplements—we call them agricultural subsidies. The construction unions enjoy high incomes partly because of government subsidies to builders who are required to pay the "prevailing wage." Large numbers of middle-income people enjoy the benefits of a host of housing and transportation and tax subsidies. And these are merely a few of the items on a very long list of gov-

ernment giveaways, both direct and indirect, which support the standard of living of the more affluent in America. In a subsidy economy, the singular faith of the working poor in advancement through wages alone is pathetic, to say the least.

The magnitude of supplemental income relinquished by the working poor is both staggering and sobering. In New York, wage supplements are determined by a simple calculation of the difference between what welfare calls the worker's "net income" and the scheduled welfare grant level. Net income is calculated by deducting a series of work-related expenses from gross earnings. For a typical male worker, these expenses over the course of a full year might be:

Carfare (40¢ per day)	\$104
Lunch (\$1.15 per day)	299
Social Security (on minimum wage)	137
Union dues	40
Flat allowance of \$20 per month (for other work-related expenses)	240
	\$820

In addition, income taxes are deducted. For a worker, his wife and one child at the minimum wage, federal and state taxes would be \$140, yielding a total wage-related deduction of \$960, and a net income of \$2,160. With two children, taxes would be \$20, which yield a deduction of \$840 and a net income of \$2,280. Workers with three or more children pay no income taxes, so their total deduction is \$820, and their net income is \$2,300.

Column A in the chart shows the payments that non-working welfare families receive. (In each family category, the smallest payment is made where the oldest child is under 6, and the largest payment where the oldest child is in college or equivalent institution.) Net incomes for working families earning the minimum wage are shown in Column B. The difference (Column A minus Column B) is the wage supplement to which the worker is entitled, as shown in Column C. The worker's new income (his earned income of \$3,120 plus the wage supplement) is shown in Column D. Thus, a worker with five children, the oldest of whom is in college or vocational school, would receive \$6,968 *even though he earns only \$3,120*. As noted earlier, his wage supplement of \$3,848 is not taxable. Furthermore we have assumed that all workers are paying a modest \$100 monthly rental. Many pay more, especially those with large families, and the wage supplement calculated by welfare can be adjusted upward (or downward, if the rent is lower) to cover the actual cost of rent, within certain limits.

So far we have assumed that the worker earns only the minimum wage. Higher paid workers are also eligible for wage supplements, up to the maximum incomes shown in Column E. Families at the maximum are entitled to the wage supplements in the amounts shown in Column F, which are also nontaxable.

To calculate the wage supplement available to a worker whose earned income falls between the minimum wage and the maximums shown in Column E, one must first subtract \$3,120 from the gross earned income; then sub-

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Wage Supplements Available in New York State

(A)		(B)	(C)	(D)	(E)	(F)
<u>Worker and Housewife</u>		Estimated "Net" Income* of a Worker Earning Minimum Wage	Annual Wage Supplement To Minimum-Wage Worker	Annual Total Income (Minimum Wage and Wage Supplement)	Maximum Earned Income for Those Eligible for Wage Supplement	Annual Wage Supplement To Maximum-Wage Worker
<u>and</u>	<u>Non-worker Welfare Budget (1) (\$100 Rent)</u>	(2)				
1 child						
--Under 6 years	3204	2160	1044	4164	3804	360
In College (3)	3564	2160	1404	4524	4164	360
2 Children						
-- Oldest Child	3616	2280	1336	4456	3996	460
Under 6 Years						
-- Oldest Child	4264	2280	1984	5104	4644	460
In College						
3 Children						
-- Oldest Child	4052	2300	1752	4872	4312	560
Under 6 Years						
-- Oldest Child	4916	2300	2616	5736	5176	560
In College						
4 Children						
-- Oldest Child	4340	2300	2140	5260	4500	660
Under 6 Years						
-- Oldest Child	5444	2300	3144	6264	5604	660
In College						
5 Children						
-- Oldest Child	4900	2300	2600	5720	4960	760
Under 6 Years						
-- Oldest Child	6148	2300	3848	6968	6208	760
In College						

Note (1): The "flat grant" of \$100 per person per year for replacement of heavy clothing and household furnishings has been included in estimating payment levels, but excluded from calculations of eligibility in accord with welfare regulations.

Note (2): All calculations assume a monthly rent of \$100; if the actual rent is higher or lower, all columns except (F) would be adjusted by the difference, within limits prescribed by welfare regulations.

Note (3): Or in any legitimate institution of learning or vocational training beyond high school.

tract the remainder from the appropriate figure in Column C (determined by the number and ages of children). The difference is the wage supplement, assuming a rental of \$100 per month.*

* There is one deterrent in establishing eligibility for wage supplements—the family must first divest itself of most assets. But low-paid families are not likely to have many assets, and these substantial wage supplements would quickly compensate them for the loss.

The assets which must be disposed of are these. If the worker has any equity in a private pension plan, he must borrow half and live on the proceeds at a rate equivalent to the scheduled levels in the above chart. At the scheduled levels, workers would use up their equity in a month or two, especially if they pay high rents. The remaining equity must then be assigned to the welfare department. Similarly, workers may not carry life insurance on themselves or any member of their family in excess of \$500 face value per person. Equity beyond this amount must be assigned.

If the worker owns a home—as few low-paid workers in New York City do—it must be assigned. However, the family may continue to live in the house, and the mortgage and taxes will be paid in lieu of rent by the welfare department. If and when the house is finally sold, the department will claim the proceeds. Finally a family is not ordinarily allowed to own an automobile unless it is needed for work. However, experience shows that the enforcement of this rule is extremely discretionary.

For all of this, welfare departments are very much political animals. They possess considerable discretion in interpreting and enforcing various rules, and they would not be uninfluenced by pressure from unions representing workers. It might also be said that many of these rules about assets are of doubtful constitutionality: some of them are already being challenged by attorneys associated with the National Welfare Rights Movement, a struggle union attorneys could also take up.

As for the frequent charge that welfare destroys the incentive to work, it can readily be seen that those who work are better off. How much better can be calculated by comparing Column A (what nonworking welfare families receive) with Column D (the worker earning at the minimum wage with a wage supplement). The difference is equivalent to the work-related deductions described earlier. Furthermore, workers who claim wage supplements also become eligible for Medicaid, a considerable benefit in itself.

Some mention should be made of recent proposals by the Teamsters that children's allowances be made part of a new contract for employees of the New York City Housing Authority. At \$5 per week, the annual allowance would be \$260 per child—or about one-quarter to one-third of the wage supplement for the same worker earning the minimum wage. The children's allowance is taxable. More important, wage supplements can be obtained by all of the working poor, not just by those who belong to unions.

Even if in time the unions were to win these rather meager children's allowances for their members, the main consequences would merely be to enlarge the long-standing differences between the incomes of unorganized and organized workers. By contrast, wage supplements would benefit all low-paid workers now.

The Teamsters and other unions could help the working

poor to obtain these extraordinary supplements, perhaps by distributing brochures throughout the city explaining why workers are entitled to these benefits in a subsidy economy and how to claim them. The unions are not likely to do this, hemmed in as they are by old prejudices, and by a rank-and-file version of an obsolete entrepreneurial ethic. But were low-paid workers to coalesce with non-workers in a fight for decent welfare payment levels and improved supplementary wage policies, all could gain. The political and economic stakes are high for all low-income families. New York might become the major national testing ground for major income reform. It is more likely, however, that the pending investigations of welfare in New York will become just another series of events in the lengthening chronicle of the American poor against themselves.

THE MOTHERS SAID NO

NICOLAUS C. MILLS

Mr. Mills is on the faculty of the Department of English, University of Michigan.

Ann Arbor

In the academic year of 1967-68 AFDC school children in Michigan's Washtenaw County will receive more than \$90,000 in supplemental clothing funds. The agreement, reached after a week of demonstrations that threatened to turn Ann Arbor into a mini-Chicago, is one that should have consequences for welfare rights organizations throughout Michigan and the United States. For it demonstrates not only how important it is that mothers receiving payments for their dependent children should take their complaints beyond the welfare office, but that in communities like Washtenaw County, which do not have the financial burdens of a Detroit or a New York, there is money available to supplement inadequacies in AFDC schedules.

The protests began in Ann Arbor on September 3, when a group of welfare mothers, led by Mrs. Shirley Haywood of Ypsilanti and Mrs. Gloria Fuller of Ann Arbor, refused to accept the assertion of Alfred Brose, director of the County Social Services Department, that his office did not have the authority or the funds to meet their clothing demands. Their sit-in drew a response from Robert Harrison, chairman of the Washtenaw County Board of Supervisors, which appoints two of the three members of the County Social Services Board, the body that officially controls the administration of AFDC and county welfare funds.

Following an emergency meeting on Tuesday and a regular meeting on Wednesday, the Ways and Means Committee of the Board of Supervisors proposed to distribute \$40 per child to those qualified to receive clothing funds. Their offer was rejected by the mothers, whose original demand was not for a "flat grant" but for a clothing supplement based on a "basic maintenance need" system that treated the children on an individual basis. On

Thursday the supervisors raised their offer to \$60, and again the mothers said no.

They were then joined by students and faculty from the University of Michigan, and from this point on they were assured of wide press coverage and the attention of the whole community (the *Ann Arbor News* stubbornly carried the continuing welfare story in its middle pages, although in cities as distant as Cleveland it received front-page headlines). On Thursday, fifty-two people were arrested for sitting in at the Washtenaw County Building, and the rough handling of the demonstrators by the sheriff's department further dramatized the gulf between county officials and the mothers. As Mrs. Haywood said: "We are resolved to carry this issue to its conclusion. This is for our children and their dignity and their future. Stalling and intimidation will not make us or the problem go away." By Friday the presence of police dogs, helicopters and deputies armed with AR-15 rifles had escalated the scene in Ann Arbor to that of Chicago during the Democratic convention. Before the day was over, 182 more arrests had been made.

It was, however, the county and not the mothers which now felt the need to make concessions. Mass arrests of students might be tolerable, but pictures of mothers being dragged to jail while weeping children look on were too much. At this point, no state or county official was prepared to say that AFDC in Michigan is adequate (it is based on the costs of living for 1960-61), nor was the idea that the mothers should get money for their children's clothing anywhere disputed. The questions were how much money and where was it to come from? While demonstrations and rallies continued over the weekend, AFDC mothers and city and county officials met on Sunday at a special meeting arranged by Ann Arbor Mayor Wendell Hulcher. On Monday the mothers and the Board of Supervisors agreed to terms laid down by a fact-finding committee headed by Dean F. F. Fauri of the University of Michigan School of Social Work. According to the agreement, each of the 1,500 AFDC school children in Washtenaw County would be eligible to receive as much as \$70 in clothing vouchers. For this purpose \$50,000 would be allocated by the county, \$4,600 by the Social Services Board, and the remaining \$36,400 by the state. In addition, if any of the \$91,000 remained, it would be allocated to families with a clothing need of more than \$70 per child.

The decision, reached after a court order was issued to prohibit "loitering" in and around the County Building, seemed to settle matters; but the agreement was in effect for only a week when the County Board of Supervisors voted to withhold the \$50,000 it had promised on the ground that the Social Services Board (which administers AFDC through state and federal funds) had enough money to meet the mothers' request. Their decision, although contradicting their previous position, was sound. This year, as in the past, the Social Services Board is expected not to spend approximately \$200,000 of its funds. No one has denied the figure, and the director of social services for Washtenaw County now finds himself able to provide what at the start of the protests he said he

had neither the money nor the authority to give—a clothing allowance for AFDC children.

Why should it have taken more than two weeks for the budgetary information to be released? Why in the middle of negotiations should it have been discovered that there are 1,300 rather than 1,200 children on AFDC in Washtenaw County? The questions have not yet been answered, but the AFDC mothers have made one point clear: they can begin to get their rights only by organizing themselves and putting outside pressure on the welfare system. Two weeks after the protests began, the Welfare Rights Group of Washtenaw County doubled its membership, and because one of the conditions insisted upon was that AFDC recipients come in and fill out their clothing forms, it has been possible to bring together mothers who might otherwise have never met. In Washtenaw County the fact that mothers are becoming a force in their own right has immediate political consequences. One member of the Social

Services Board is retiring next year, and it is hoped that a welfare mother will be appointed to that seat; and in the future, all county supervisors in Michigan will be elected, thereby giving mothers a chance for representation on a board that has traditionally been unsympathetic to their needs.

Moreover, the struggle between the AFDC mothers and Washtenaw County is relevant not only to Michigan but to any number of well-to-do communities in which welfare payments are needlessly low. For it suggests that in these areas welfare rights groups can best build their organizations by getting the system to work. Having done that, they may consider the long-range strategy (first suggested by Richard A. Cloward and Frances Fox Piven in "The Weapon of Poverty," *The Nation*, May 8, 1967) of breaking the welfare system and thereby forcing the federal government to initiate a program of family allowances or guaranteed income.

SMOTHERS BROTHERS

TOM, DICK AND THE CENSORS

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

Tommy Smothers said, "Mailer has it right. This country is like a drunk on a skateboard going down a toboggan run slipping on his own vomit."

DICK SMOTHERS: America is close to what Germany was before the war. Germany was ready for Hitler.

The reporter was curious and, as he thought about it afterward, perhaps a little patronizing. Put it down to the generation gap, experience and the accumulated barnacles of cynicism.

They had made it big before the deadly age of 30; they were famous and the money was rolling in. Why borrow trouble? Yet every other week they were skirmishing with C.B.S. censors at Los Angeles' Television City over the needle-sharp social satire that occasionally distinguishes the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* from any other program on television. (*On gun control*: "Let's preserve our freedom to kill." *On censorship*: "We are not against censorship because we realize there is always the danger of something being said.")

TOM: We didn't want to be liberals off the program and not on the program. We felt we should be consistent.

DICK: At first it was a selfish view. We wanted creative freedom. We thought the show was insane. We wanted it to have some reason for existence. We grew with the show. *And as an afterthought*: I suppose if father had lived, we could have gone to West Point and would have believed in the war in Vietnam.

Their father, a Southerner, was Maj. Thomas Bowen Smothers, Jr., a West Point graduate, who had been captured by the Japanese, and died in 1945 as a result of that ordeal. The brothers were born in New York City and

reared in Redondo Beach, Calif. They went placidly through most of the placid Eisenhower years and took degrees in retail merchandising and advertising at San Jose State College.

Both trace the beginning of their awareness of "the way things are" to the U-2 incident. They were shocked by the official lies. "We had been taught that everything this country did was right," Tom said. "Then we began to discover the truth."

The murder of the three young civil rights workers in Mississippi had a strong effect on the brothers. The war in Vietnam, riots in the ghettos, and the assassination of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King reinforced their belief that society "has to be overhauled. There are too many contradictions."

DICK: The kids want our politicians to tell the truth. Why would young middle-class whites support Eldridge Cleaver? They believe he tells it like it is.

TOM: Gene McCarthy laid it out the way it is. That is why he had such an appeal.

DICK: After the Democratic convention we gave a concert in Columbus, Ohio. There were 32,000 people there. We decided to test the crowd with a little put-on. We said we thought what Daley and the police did was O.K. The crowd boomed. And Ohio is about as American as you can get. Right?

In their bouts with the censor, Tom and Dick Smothers win a few and lose a few. One they lost recently was a segment during which Harry Belafonte sang, *Don't Stop the Carnival* in front of a news film showing Chicago police loading demonstrators into a paddy wagon during the convention.

Last season, the appearance on their program of Pete Seeger, the blacklisted folk singer, brought yips of outrage. They succeeded in getting him on, but the censors

snipped the sixth stanza from Seeger's popular ballad, *Waist Deep in the Big Muddy*.

The scissored lines went:

*Now every time I read the papers
That old feelin' comes on
We're waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool says to push on.*

The Smothers brothers "are talented comedians, but inept social commentators," said one Ohio editorial writer, who proceeded at great length to reveal how he had been ineptly but deeply wounded by them. His conclusion: "Let's smother the Smothers brothers." A syndicated columnist, less outraged and more amused, commented: "Nixon promises he'll end the war. Sure, but what does he plan to do about the Smothers brothers?"

Can sharp social satire—in contrast to the pleasantly innocuous Bob Hope or Red Skelton brand of neutral political humor—be injected successfully in an entertainment program?

DICK: Our show is entertainment, but it has to have social comment. It can't be created in a vacuum. In the fifties, for example, nothing was happening. Now everything is happening.

TOM: Social satire has to be done within the bounds of art. If it isn't, it won't work. It is self-defeating. All the

best art comes out of society itself. Now is the time of change, and it is reflected in art.

The Smothers brothers aim their comedy at the 25-and-under age group, but the high ratings of their show (consistently in the top twenty and frequently in the top ten) indicate they are bridging the generation gap in their audience. "Just think," Tom said. "If they change the law, kids now 14 will be voting four years from now." He relished the idea and chuckled. "And they won't stand for double talk."

"This has been a tough year for satire," he added. "Two assassinations, riots and the elections. Not long before he was killed, Robert Kennedy asked me, 'How do you get away with that stuff on Johnson?'"

They proceed blithely on the basis that it is still a free country and will remain so, and they guard against the most effective form of suppression: self-censorship. They are the supremely unalienated supporters of the alienated. This quixotic combination of appealing traits may account for their wide popularity.

"It's exhilarating to live now," Tom said. "We're going through a revolution, not in the classic sense but a revolution of ideas—artistic, moral and political. The people are hungry for the truth."

Not a bad supposition. It may be true.

HARRY GOLDEN

The folks in Beaufort, S.C., don't think much of Dr. Donald Gatch; the doctors in Beaufort think even less. The weekly *Beaufort Gazette* said the 38-year-old doctor, who came originally from Nebraska, was "running off his mouth too much."

What got the folks down on him was that Gatch went to Columbia, S.C., to testify before the Citizens Board of Inquiry (representing the Washington-based Citizens Crusade Against Poverty). Dr. Gatch told the board that the Negro infant mortality rate in and around Beaufort was ten times that of the white infant mortality rate. Malnutrition and hunger were the rule, not the exception, and almost all the colored children were infected with tapeworm. "Two hundred of these worms in your belly," explained the doctor, "eat a lot of food. Tapeworms live twenty to forty years and in Beaufort they are outliving the people."

Negroes in Beaufort are at the bottom of the economic ladder; worse than the bottom, they are in a hole. They live in tar-paper shacks, insulated with cardboard boxes or the weekly paper. Usually there is no running water. Often there is not even an outside privy. That is what Dr. Gatch meant when he testified that "environmental factors often contribute to malnutrition."

After Dr. Gatch had said his piece, all his white patients found another doctor. Garland Mills, a textile plant, refused to rehire him as its physician. His office rent jumped from \$100 a month to \$200. Shoppers snarled insults at his wife in the supermarket.

The white doctors in the area indignantly complain that Dr. Gatch had no right to suggest that they might have been negligent. There was no reason, they go on, why he couldn't have consulted with them before testifying. That's the way to do things in the polite South.

Dr. Gatch did what they hoped: he closed up his office, sold his house, and left town. What else did he expect after calling such unfavorable publicity down upon the county?

Gatch says philosophically: "I think this is a rather typical response of the Establishment when they feel themselves threatened." The threat of a conscientious doctor agitating for sanitary privies and pure drinking water is indeed menacing. No one takes these for granted down he-ah—at least not if you're colored you don't.

Concludes Dr. Gatch, "I came from Nebraska where we have better pig pens than these people have homes." He thinks folks around Beaufort would feel they were coddling the Negroes if they allowed them first-rate sties.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Blacks and Students: Critics of Society

T. B. BOTTOMORE

Mr. Bottomore, formerly of Simon Fraser University is now at present at the University of Sussex. He is the author of *Classes in Modern Society and Critics of Society (Pantheon)*. In slightly different form, the essay which follows will appear as the new introduction to reissues of *Critics of Society* to be published in England by Allen and Unwin, and in the United States by Pantheon.

In the last two and a half years, the North American social movements, and the criticism of society which they express, have grown more powerful and have taken new directions. Over the same period movements of protest and criticism which seem to arise from similar conditions have made their appearance in Europe. This essay will attempt to look at these recent developments, to compare the European movements, especially the student movement, with their American counterparts, and to add some reflections upon the prospects for radical social thought on both sides of the Atlantic.*

The Negro revolt has had a much greater impact since 1965, and its aims have come to be expressed in a new way through the doctrine of Black Power. The meaning of Black Power is still vague and ambiguous, open to diverse interpretations, as is shown by several recent expositions and criticisms. (The most interesting discussions will be found in Harold Cruse, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*; Floyd B. Barbour (editor), *The Black Power Revolt and Stokely Carmichael and Charles V. Hamilton, Black Power: The Politics of Liberation in America*.) For some, both participants and observers, it expresses chiefly a growing militancy and a possible repudiation

* I shall not discuss here the student movements in Eastern Europe. They differ in important ways from those in the Western capitalist countries. It was made clear to me, for example, in discussions with Yugoslav students that they saw their own movement as being concerned primarily with the needs of workers and with the advancement of the system of workers' self-management. In Czechoslovakia too, the student movement has been closely associated with a more general movement of workers and intellectuals in a concerted attack upon economic, political and cultural obstacles to Socialist development, and which has provided, since the Russian invasion of their country, a strong basis for a courageous popular resistance. This deserves a separate study, which would lead far beyond my present subject.

of the nonviolent tactics adopted by Dr. Martin Luther King and other civil rights leaders. For others, it implies the ultimate aim of separatism. For others again, it represents the beginnings of a more complex social doctrine, in which at least three major themes can be distinguished: first, the claim that in those areas where Negroes form a majority of the population they should control the local administration, especially in matters concerning the police, education and housing, and that in other areas they should be properly represented; second, an assertion of the need to develop Negro business and to end exploitation by white businessmen in Negro areas; third, a concern with the formation of a Negro intellectual class which would be capable of elaborating and diffusing a distinctive culture.

All these interpretations begin from the fact of a growing Negro self-awareness and self-confidence; the emergence of an ethnic group which can look back with pride to its origins in Africa and recognize its kinship with black people everywhere, and at the same time assert the value of its Afro-American history and culture. In this sense the Black Power movement is inescapably nationalist, and potentially separatist; and it stands, necessarily, in an ambiguous relationship with American radicalism. Much of Harold Cruse's book is concerned with the historical opposition between the two tendencies in Negro social thought, the acceptance of white radicalism and the espousal of nationalism, and with the implications of these two lines of thought. He quotes from the greatest of Negro social critics, W. E. B. Du Bois, who observed that: "There faces the American Negro therefore an intricate and subtle problem of combining into one object two difficult sets of facts"; these "sets of facts" being on one side integrationism (that is, civil rights, racial equality), and on the other side nationalism (that is, group solidarity, self-segregation, separatism).

Cruse does not see in the present Black Power movement a resolution of this problem, but only a continuation of the previous confusion of thought: "Black Power slogans reveal the depth of unpreparedness and the lack of knowledge that go along with the eagerness of the new black generation of spokesmen. The further the Negro gets from his histori-

cal antecedents in time, the more tenuous become his conceptual ties, the emptier his social conceptions, the more superficial his visions." And in the same context he writes that the American Negro has still to produce any significant social theorists "to back up his . . . activist leaders, charismatic deliverers, black redemptionists, and moral suasionists."

Yet this does not do full justice to the Black Power movement, in which there are germinating ideas not entirely alien to those which Cruse himself expounds, concerning the need to awaken the Negro community to a sense of its place as a separate but equal group in the "nation of nations," which is the United States. These ideas are plainly nationalist, not radical. They envisage a movement of national liberation rather than an upheaval in the American social structure. One might argue indeed that they take for granted a traditional view of American society as a congeries of ethnic groups, each of which conforms to the American way of life, while interpreting it in its own cultural terms.

What the Black Power movement, and Cruse, oppose is the assimilation of Negroes as individuals, and the direct subservience to white values which that implies. On the assimilation, or integration, of Negroes as an ethnic group, received on equal terms, they have little that is radical to say. The Negro businessman in his own community would still, it seems, be an American businessman; the Negro politician an American politician. Cruse, although he condemns the "arid, materialistic and anti-cultural way of American life," only hints at the possibility of an alternative form of society. In the symposium edited by Floyd B. Barbour only one contributor questions in any serious way the economic structure of American society, and there is little indication, throughout the volume, that Negro thinkers and leaders are yet concerned with any fundamental social changes except in the position of Negroes in the present structure.

It may be reasonable to argue, as does Cruse, that American Negroes must first of all establish their aims as an ethnic group before they can take part on equal terms in a broader radical movement; but in the immediate future the consequences of Black Power doctrines seem likely to be a growing division between the Negro movement and white radicalism, along the lines which became apparent at the

Conference for New Politics in 1967. There is another sense, however, in which Black Power is bound to have a radical influence, no matter how nationalistic the doctrines which it formulates. As a large-scale protest movement which challenges the present political leadership and some of the present trends in American society, and as the bearer of an egalitarian creed within a particular sphere, it is clearly aligned with other radical groups and provides in certain respects an example for them.

Indeed it has already influenced a part of the student movement, which claims a deep affinity with the Negro revolt, and has adopted for the representation of its own aims the slogan of Student Power. This may appear to be a misguided borrowing of doctrine, for students as a group have lived through no historical experience of slavery, oppression or discrimination, and as individuals they do not occupy lifelong positions of social inferiority and economic want which black Americans have to suffer. There is a sense, however, in which Student Power may express, though imperfectly, reasonable objectives of the student movement. One of these objectives is the intellectual freedom and independence of the university in relation to the surrounding society. Another is the participation of students in forming the general educational policies of their universities. These are important aspects of the American student movement.

In Germany and France, and in other European countries, students have not had to confront the same problems, because universities in these countries have not been governed in the main by absentee owners drawn largely from the business world. But there have been other forms of external control, by government officials for example, and in many universities the system of internal government has been profoundly autocratic or bureaucratic. It is partly as a result of these conditions that European students have become involved in campaigns which resemble those conducted by American students for greater participation in university policy making, for a limitation of the powers of the administration, and for the introduction of more flexible and less impersonal methods of teaching and examination.

Above all, however, it is the conjunction between issues on the campus and larger political issues affecting the whole society that accounts for the vigor of the radical student movement and, at the same time, poses a question about the nature of the students' role in contemporary politics. We should take note, first, of the great differences which exist between the social environment of the

American student movement and that in the European countries. Since the late 1950s, students in the United States have been the leaders of the new radicalism, because there was no other viable radical movement. Even today the other principal source of radicalism, the Negro movement, is limited in a variety of ways which I have already discussed. Students took a leading part in the creation of a militant civil rights movement, and they have formed the core of the opposition to the Vietnamese War.

Among the other elements which enhance their political significance is the fact that their own government is conducting the war in Vietnam and pursuing counterrevolutionary policies in Latin America, and that students have to confront directly the issue of the war in deciding their attitude toward the draft. It is now obvious, particularly from the early successes of Sen. Eugene McCarthy's election campaign, that the student movement has succeeded, though not entirely alone, in arousing a much more widespread opposition to the war, and that it has created a climate of opinion in which the growth of a more comprehensive radical movement may be possible.

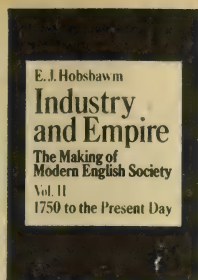
These conditions do not exist in Europe, where labor and Socialist organizations of various kinds form an established radical opposition, and where opposition to the Vietnamese War can only influence indirectly, if at all, the policies of the American Government, and so evokes a less vigorous response. Nevertheless, it may still be argued that the American experience is relevant to Western Europe to the extent that the traditional radical forces are declining as prosperity spreads more widely, and that there is emerging in some European countries a form of consensus politics (most fully developed in West Germany as a result of the coalition between the CDU and the SPD) which allows the growth of an extra-parliamentary opposition in which students have a leading role. C. Wright Mills was one of the first to examine closely, in the light of American experience, the possible consequences of this "embourgeoisement" of the working class; to criticize and reject what he called the "labor metaphysics," that is, the doctrine accepted in one fashion or another by the whole modern Socialist movement that the industrial working class is, and must be, the prime mover in any radical social change; and to argue that in the conditions of the mid-20th century the young intellectuals, and especially the students, would be the most likely source of a new radicalism.

Mills's ideas have received some confirmation from the development of the

American student movement, which they also helped to inspire, but they are more questionable when applied to European societies. The fact that they are not irrelevant, however, is shown by the influence which similar ideas, expounded more recently by Herbert Marcuse, have had among the radical students, most notably in Germany, but also in France during the revolt of May, 1968. In *One Dimensional Man* Marcuse sets forth an elaborate criticism of modern industrial society, in both its capitalist and its Socialist forms, which weaves together many familiar themes: the worker's lack of control over his conditions of work in large corporations; the indoctrination by the mass media which regulates and circumscribes men's private lives; the pervasiveness of violence and repression. The distinguishing mark of the book, however, is its profound pessimism. The proletariat in the capitalist countries is no longer revolutionary; increasing prosperity has brought about its integration into the existing order. There remains, therefore, no real force in society which strives to create a freer and more rational kind of society. Yet Marcuse, like Mills, does not abandon hope entirely; he sees a faint promise in the intellectuals, and his hopefulness has increased with the development of the student movement.

In a recent volume of essays (*Psychoanalyse und Politik*) he formulates his hopes more plainly. The student movement, he says, is not itself a revolutionary force in any country, but it may become a revolutionary force in association with other underprivileged or marginal groups in society. In the United States these other groups include particularly the Negroes, but also other ethnic minorities, migrant workers, hippies, and the morally disenchanted members of the middle class. In Europe, where Marcuse acknowledges that a part at least of the labor movement may still be a radical force, the student movement is most likely to bring about revolutionary changes if it can associate itself with working-class organizations.

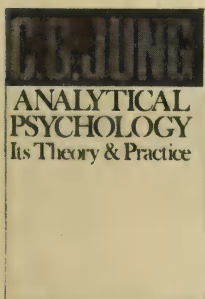
But whatever allies the intellectuals, including the students, may need they are still represented by Marcuse as being the pre-eminent radical force, and it is this conception of the process of social change in advanced industrial societies, as well as the ground upon which Marcuse's own criticism of society stands, which need to be critically examined. Up to a point I agree with Marcuse about the increasing importance of intellectuals as the source of a cultural criticism of modern capitalism. What I find unacceptable in Marcuse's thought, and in the conceptions held by some active participants in the student movement, is the supposition that intellectuals are in a



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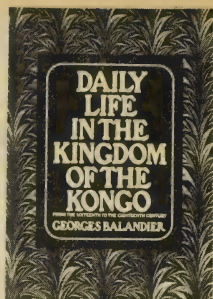
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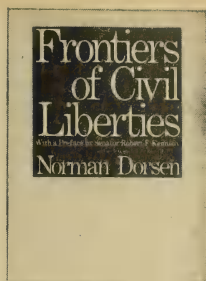
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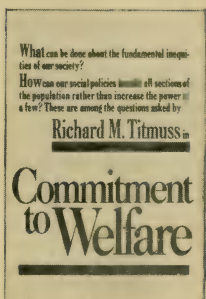
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position to tell the rest of society in an authoritative manner what is good for it; that they, and they alone, represent reason in social life.

This outlook recalls, and in the context of a Hegelian philosophy actually renews, the thought of an earlier period, that of the Young Hegelians who saw themselves as "critical thinkers" confronting the "mass" which they were destined to lead toward a more rational form of society. The new "critical criticism," like that of the 1840s, misconstrues the relation between radical thought and radical social movements, but for different reasons. The Young Hegelians, according to Marx's indictment, overlooked the need for a "material force" in society to bring about social change, and they ignored the emergence of a new class, the proletariat, which might provide that force. The Hegelian critics of society in the 1960s seem to have concluded that a material force is no longer available, and will not be available, because the proletariat has been absorbed into existing society; so that radical thought by itself must suffice for the transformation of society.

This is qualified in some degree by a recognition that there are still material forces which may play a part; for example, ethnic groups and revolutionary

movements in the Third World. But within the industrial societies themselves, radical thought is pre-eminent; hence the importance attached to the student movement. Yet it remains as unlikely now as in the past that ideas alone can change society. The great special transformations have generally occurred when a radical criticism of society has evoked a response from large social groups which are engaged in practical struggles to alter their conditions of life, and find in the new doctrines both an explanation of their troubles and a guide to effective political action. If the working class is now finally appeased and has entirely ceased to be radical, then we must accept the "end of radicalism" in the industrial countries. For my part I do not believe that this is the case, and I have outlined in *Classes in Modern Society* my reasons for thinking that class inequalities will continue to engender movements for radical social change.

There is another aspect of the student movement, however, which helps to account for the degree of importance which it has acquired, beyond its immediate impact in the United States: namely, that it achieves, on a limited scale, that association between radical thought and social action which is needed in order to bring about change. The student move-

ment is not solely an embodiment of intellectual criticism; it is also a social movement which seeks to produce radical changes in the structure of the university and, more generally, because of the involvement of the university with other major institutions, changes in the whole social structure. The events of the past year, and especially those of May, 1968, demonstrate that student movements in many countries, often in association with faculty, have been successful in altering, or at the least in enforcing, a reconsideration of university government and administration.

But what can be said about the wider implications of student action? Can university reforms provide a model for other institutions? Will the student movement have any profound effect upon society as a whole? It is too early to answer these questions with any assurance, notwithstanding the voluminous documentation which has appeared in the past few months.*

In Germany and in France the limits of student action have become more apparent in recent months. Students are a small minority in society, and although they can initiate a radical movement, they are not able to continue it alone or to lead it. In France, the movement became a serious challenge to the Gaullist regime only at the stage when the trade unions gave it their qualified support and took advantage of the situation to press their own economic demands. It was doubtful from the beginning whether a general political movement for a change of regime would develop, but had it done so the leadership would certainly have passed into the hands of working-class organizations. In Germany, the student movement has not yet established any close links with the trade unions, most of which remain indifferent or hostile, and on any realistic assessment it constitutes a lesser challenge to the present regime than does the revival of right-wing politics in the NPD.

The American student movement seems exceptional in the influence which it has had, but even in this case it should be noted that it is mainly on the single issue of the war in Vietnam, which troubles large numbers of Americans who are not radicals at all, that the students have been able to arouse a nation-wide opposition, whereas they are still very far from having gained mass support for

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1963

*Drugged, we sit on air beyond rooms of belonging.
Roosts, nests of us, freeze.
Torn stripes hang, windless, from clotheslines.
Behind shutters, on kitchen chairs,
we crackle wrappers between numb fingers.
Almost all the leaves have fallen.*

*Almost all the leaves had fallen on the lawns
when I lost my self in the vault of the event.
Even he was lost in the cathedral;
he forgot breakfast, forgot the telephone,
he forgot his stiff spine all over again.
The cathedral was larger than his absence.*

*All of us left the beds of our dying that day;
all felt blood on our tongues at the railing.
It was the body of the land he became,
its dust, the host we swallowed.
Cannon continued to boom.
Candles fell into formation.*

*I have dressed my lips in black.
The soldiers of my fingers march
in black uniforms with the cortege
behind the packed box, under the river of the sky.
Pockets empty, on kitchen chairs,
we listen to the drums.*

CAROLYN STOLOFF

* See, for example, on Germany, Friedrich Mayer and Ulrich Spinnarke, *Was wollen die Studenten?* (Fischer, 1967); on France, *Le Canard de Mai* (Le Canard Enchaîné, 1968), and Edgar Morin, Claude Lefort, Jean-Marc Coudray, *Mai, 1968: La Brèche* (Fayard, 1968); on Italy, *Documenti della rivolta universitaria* (Laterza, 1968).

any radical reconstruction of American society.

The most evident weakness of the student movement is its lack of a clearly articulated theory. During the revolt of the French students the most varied doctrines, mainly of a traditional kind, co-existed without much effort being made to resolve the differences among them; and many students seem to have regarded the events in a nonpolitical way, as a "happening" rather than a revolution. Student leaders often say, as they said repeatedly in France, that they are not concerned to draw up plans for a new society but only to eradicate the authoritarian and repressive features of the present society. Thereafter we will see what happens. This faith in spontaneity is engaging, and may be culturally creative, but it seems hardly adequate to meet the problems of a complex industrial society.

In any case, many student spokesmen do intimate the kind of society they would like to create by using such terms as "participatory democracy." The trouble is that their broad social aims are not well defined or set out in convincing detail. They are expressed most clearly in relation to the university itself, the milieu with which students are most familiar, and in which the conditions for participation and self-government are especially favorable because of the nature of the university community. Where the wider society is concerned many of the ideas formulated in the student movement are familiar and derive from a long tradition of Socialist thought; legalitarianism, community, voluntary co-operation instead of coercive government. But they have not been elaborated in a practical form, nor are they tested against the actual experience of new types of social organization such as the Yugoslav workers' councils.

Other ideas, for example the criticisms of industry and technology, and of the consumer society, suggest a new direction, although recalling earlier romantic movements against industrial capitalism; but here too the ideas are not given a practical embodiment except in the case of the hippies, whose way of life after all presupposes the existence of an industrial civilization.

Students, like other intellectual critics, inhabit a world of ideological confusion, and they are no more blame-worthy than others for the failure to produce a social theory which would direct men's efforts consistently toward a more desirable form of social life. But they are more to make a virtue out of this failure, and to talk idly about revolutionary action as though it could be relied upon to produce spontaneously a

more just society, when the experience of this century shows that a revolution, whatever the slogans with which it is made, may easily end in a totalitarian society. Students ought to be reflecting deeply, and in a more practical way, upon the new structures which will be needed in order to humanize industrial society, to diffuse power and responsibility, and to create prosperity in the vast underdeveloped part of the world.

Marcuse, in the volume from which I quoted earlier, suggests that we can now speak of the "end of Utopia," in the sense that Utopia is actually realizable from the technological and economic aspect in the industrial countries, by the elimination of poverty and of alienated labor, and that this makes possible the creation of a free society in which aesthetic-erotic enjoyment, rather than work and consumption, will be men's chief concern. This social transformation also depends upon an intellectual reorientation, which Marcuse claims is already taking place through a revaluation of human needs. Only after these changes have been accomplished will it be possible to establish new social relationships.

Marcuse's argument seems to me realistic in some respects, highly speculative and even misleading in others. The progress of technology does make possible the elimination of poverty and of the least satisfying forms of work in the industrial countries, although it presents at the same time very complex problems of economic management which Marcuse ignores. Moreover, the eradication of poverty on a world scale, through aid to

the developing countries, is likely to retard considerably the attainment of this economic Utopia in the advanced countries. The intellectual and cultural revolution seems likely to proceed even more slowly, and I differ from Marcuse in thinking that it is only likely to succeed if it is directly associated with changes in social relationships. In Sweden, where a cultural reorientation has probably advanced further than elsewhere, it seems to be linked with changes in the class structure, in the organization of industry, and in other institutions. It is unfortunate that Marcuse adopts such an abstract method in his study of these questions; that he opposes to each other his conceptions of a totally repressive industrial society in the present and a totally liberated society in the future, without examining in a more empirical fashion the actual cultural movements and changes in social structure which could lead to a freer society. One of the most hopeful aspects of the student movement is that it does give rise to new relationships and new forms of self-government which may provide an example to other spheres of society, particularly if students can carry with them into their future occupations the social attitudes which they have formed in the radical movement. This said, however, I remain convinced that the most important change still to be brought about in the industrial countries is the eradication of class inequalities, whether these rest upon property ownership or upon the control of the economy and the political system by a bureaucratic or party elite.

Camus as Himself

LYRICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS.
By Albert Camus. Edited and with notes by Philip Thody. Translated by Ellen Conroy Kennedy. Alfred A. Knopf. 365 pp. \$6.95.

DONALD LAZERE

Mr. Lazere teaches English and comparative literature at California State College at Hayward. He is currently at work on a book on Camus.

Albert Camus was a much more elusive literary personality than has generally been recognized in America. In none of the works that are best known here does he reveal all sides of his temperament or thought; the first-person points of view in *The Stranger*, *The Plague* and *The Fall* are all partly ironic poses, while *The Myth of Sisyphus*, *The Rebel* and the political journalism isolate single lines of formal argument. The works in

which Camus was most fully, comprehensively himself were the three volumes of short, lyrical essays, *L'Envers et l'endroit* (1937) and *Noces* (1938)—his first two published books—and *L'Été* (1954), which are collected in the first half of this new set of translations as *The Wrong Side and the Right Side*, *Nuptials and Summer*. Some of the pieces have been translated individually before, but several of the best have not, and the complete sequence forms what is in effect a new, single work for American readers that stands among his very finest.

The personal essay is the medium in which Camus seems to be most at home

* A disastrously misleading translation in its implied value judgment—exactly the kind of evaluative distinction that Camus constantly rejected. The "front and back" of a fabric or the "heads and tails" of a coin comes closer to the noncommittal sense of the French phrase.

—that is to say, in the world of immediate, concrete experience. In the lyrical essays (and to a large degree also in the random collection of literary criticism and interviews making up the book's second half) he relaxes and speaks in his own voice of the actual settings and personal relationships of his life, the flesh-and-blood inspirations of the abstract themes of the "major" essays. Here too he reveals the warmth of personality and zest for living, the amused affection for the details of everyday life that he subordinated—in his fiction and plays—perhaps regrettably—to the creation of mythic settings and characters and crisis-pitched action.

Suspending his usual principle of keeping his private life out of his writing, he comes close to autobiography in talking about the poverty of his youth in Algiers, the attack of tuberculosis that threatened his life at 17, early travels to Czechoslovakia, Italy and New York, and the later discomforts of living in Paris and becoming a literary celebrity. He tells of the awkward love between himself and his illiterate, half-deaf mother who raised him as best she could, working as a scrub woman, after his father was killed in World War I. (His mixed childhood feelings toward her of affection and estrangement that he describes in "Between Yes and No" and other pieces indicate the psychological source for the ambivalence toward all of his subjects that was to become the unifying force of his writing.)

Dominating all else is Camus' rhapsodic love affair with the Mediterranean sun, sea and flower-covered landscape. He succeeds in elevating intensity of sense experience into a rational

metaphysic, and is able to exalt the communion of man with nature in overtly sexual imagery without lapsing into mysticism, pantheism or the pathetic fallacy. After the first autumn rains in Algiers, "the whole earth lies, its belly moistened with a bitter almond-scented seed, at rest from having yielded all summer long to the sun. And once again this fragrance consecrates the nuptials of man and earth, and gives rise in us to the only truly virile love in this world: one that is generous and will die."

With all their descriptive straightforwardness, the essays are far from artless. They follow a typical structure of a passage of straight narration that evokes a meditation that is in turn elaborated into a paradoxical metaphor or aphorism. For example:

Sometimes on those opening nights at the theater, which are the only times I ever meet what is insolently referred to as "all Paris," it seems to me that the audience is about to vanish, that this fashionable world does not exist. It is the others who seem real to me, the tall figures sounding forth upon the stage. Resisting the impulse to flee. I make myself remember that every one in the audience also has a rendezvous with himself: that he knows it and will doubtless be keeping it soon. Immediately he seems like a brother once more; solitudes unite those society separates.

Thematically, the essays from the very beginning present Camus' most concise, integrated expression of his ideal of a balance between several sets of antithetical attitudes, a balance that is implicitly embodied in the total of the individual works. First there is horror in the face of death (abstracted into "the absurd" in *The Myth of Sisyphus*), balanced by the pride of acknowledging it honestly: "Don't let them say about the man condemned to death: 'He is going to pay his debt to society,' but: 'They're going to chop his head off.' It may seem like nothing. But it does make a little difference. There are some people who prefer to look their destiny straight in the eye."

Camus also regards this lucidity toward death as a means of intensifying life's joys, in the *carpe diem* tradition: "There is no joy of life without despair of life." And, "My whole horror of death lies in my anxiety to live. I am jealous of those who will live and for whom flowers and the desire for women will have their full flesh and blood meaning." In other passages the anxiety of death is balanced against an attraction toward it as a Lucretian merging with inanimate, eternally indifferent nature. This is Meursault's final attitude in *The Stranger*, depicted there and in two of

SNOW

*falling:
it is the whisperings
of spiders. thorough
as the lives of ants.*

*falling:
the stillness
at the center
of a bird's mind.
intricate
as his small white bones.*

*melting:
a gray moth
dragging his wings
to places where insects
die of old age. it
vanishes
like a poem
when you turn the page.*

W. H. HOWARTH

these essays in the image of being distracted from a funeral by flowerbeds or a Mediterranean seascape reminiscent of Valéry's *cimetière marin*. Camus rejected this early attitude in *The Rebel* in his attack on the romantic and mystical yearning for annihilation, but relapsed into it momentarily in the 1958 preface to *The Wrong Side and the Right Side* where he extols "that tranquil land where death itself is a happy silence."

This is part of a larger antithesis in which the solitary Camus contemplating nature and natural death is balanced against social responsibilities: "I hold onto the world with every gesture, to men with all my gratitude and pity. I do not want to choose between the right and wrong sides of the world." And, "To correct a natural indifference, I was placed halfway between poverty and the sun. Poverty kept me from thinking as was well under the sun and in history the sun taught me that history was not everything." This balance in Camus' life is confirmed by our knowledge that Rousseauian solitary wanderer thanatopsisizing in the Roman ruins of Tipasa and Djemila, or celebrating the noble savage of Algerian beaches, was in the same early period of his life joining and quitting the Communist Party, starting radical theatre, and getting in trouble with French colonial authority as a left wing newspaper reporter who exposed conditions of Arab poverty.

This antithesis finds a geographic expression as early as his 1937 contrast between his visits to Prague and Vicenza from then on northern Europe's grim climate is associated with rewardable social responsibility, Mediterranean sunshine with sensuous self-fulfillment.

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1958 he writes: "Though born poor in a working-class neighborhood, I never knew what real misfortune was until I saw our chilling [northern] suburbs. Even extreme Arab poverty cannot be compared to it, because of the difference in climate. But anyone who has known these industrial slums feels forever soiled, it seems to me, and responsible for their existence."

The political dimension becomes more prominent in the essays written during and after World War II, when Camus expresses the all-consuming social commitments of the Resistance and cold war in terms of disruption of the Greek ideal of proportion; the romantic tone of the earlier essays gives way to the classicism of "Prometheus in the Underworld" and "Helen's Exile" (although here again the theme is already implicit by 1937 in "The New Mediterranean Culture," translated among the critical essays). A corollary here is Camus's conviction that the interminable struggle for social justice could be sustained only if it was undertaken toward the goal of winning back the freedom—for Camus himself as well as the victims of injustice—to be an egocentric hedonist.

Europe hates the daylight and can do nothing but confront one injustice with another. In order to prevent justice from shriveling up, from becoming nothing but a magnificent orange with a dry, bitter pulp, I discovered one must keep a freshness and a source of joy intact within, loving the daylight that injustice leaves unscathed, and returning to the fray with this light as a trophy. . . . Yes, there is beauty and there are the humiliated. Whatever difficulties the enterprise may present, I would like never to be unfaithful either to the one or the other.

Camus's aesthetic as a writer ingeniously embodies the same sets of antitheses. One writes about solitary experiences in order to communicate them to other men: one temporarily turns his back on social demands to write of nature, but thereby extends hope to those who have been deprived of the sun. The author accused of perpetrating a literature of despair in *The Stranger* and *The Myth of Sisyphus* explains:

What, in fact, does "literature of despair" mean? Despair is silent. . . . True despair is the agony of death, the grave or the abyss. If he speaks, if he reasons, above all if he writes, immediately the brother reaches out his hand, the tree is justified, love is born. Literature of despair is a contradiction in terms.

In the 1958 preface to *The Wrong Side and the Right Side*, Camus suggested that he was trying to work his way through the European gloom of that

period of his writing—epitomized in the fog-bound Amsterdam of *The Fall*—back to the Mediterranean homeland and balanced outlook of his first book. In their emotional equilibrium, as well as in their warmth, intimacy and concreteness, the early essays represent a fulfillment that Camus was never, to recapture, as

Moral Semi-Paralysis

THE PRESIDENT'S MEN. By Patrick Anderson. Doubleday. 420 pp. \$6.95.

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

In the preparation of this book covering five administrations, Patrick Anderson read sixty-three other books, interviewed more than forty persons who worked around or inhabited the White House at various times and, of course, he talked things over with newsmen who had had intimate dealings with the White House. This sizable and conscientious labor comes across only as a sizable and conscientious labor—tidy, well organized and spiritless. It is a bedside reference book, something that you can dip into for your daily quota of "serious reading."

There's nothing wrong with that, of course. But when you consider Anderson's access, his opportunities for pilfering and eavesdropping, it is hard not to damn him as a gentlemanly bungler. He has served on both Kennedy and Johnson committees, and still wallows in the privilege of an appointee. Very few Washington reporters have the time or the carte blanche that Anderson had for wandering down White House corridors, and I can think of very few of the best ones who, given his opportunities, would not have come up with a fuller or more fleshly portrait of the President's men.

Of the Johnson goon squad, for example, nobody is more intriguing than Marvin Watson. He is virtually unwritten about. Roy Reed of *The New York Times* ostensibly set out to do a critical profile of him and wound up writing a repulsive puff job that would insure a few insider stories for his newspaper. Except for columnists Evans and Novak, in fact, and occasionally Drew Pearson, nobody in the press has really shown us the dirt, hair and skin matter under Watson's fingernails. So here came Anderson with a perfect chance to really produce, and what do we get from him?

In his role of the President's political trouble-shooter, Watson is often blamed for outrageous acts performed by or on behalf of Johnson. One example was the smear campaign against Eugene McCarthy in the final days of the

he concedes with Fitzgeraldian nostalgia: "If I have come a long way since this book, I have not made much progress. Often, when I thought I was moving forward, I was losing ground." A melancholy reflection—made all the more so by his death in an auto wreck less than two years later at 46.

Democratic primary in New Hampshire in March, 1968. The attack featured radio commercials which implied that a vote for McCarthy was a vote for Ho Chi Minh—a direct and dirty attack on McCarthy's patriotism. Outsiders do not know to what degree this smear campaign originated with Watson, or with Johnson, or with the New Hampshire party leaders. But it was widely believed to be the sort of thing that Watson would approve, or at the very least, not disapprove.

What a letdown. Anderson has no right to limp off the stage with that "outsiders do not know" line. He talked with Bushy, Califano, Cater, Levinson, McPherson, Moyers, Redmon, Reedy and Valenti—and he can't give us any fresh information of Watson's rascality? What a reporter. It's easy enough to characterize Watson as a "narrow, crude, and ignorant man," but Anderson supplies no new evidence to support it.

However, I may be abusing him for something he can't help. Although he worked for a couple of years on the Nashville *Tennessean* as reporter, Anderson probably is more of a historian than a reporter. He is capable at stringing together episodes, but he can't recognize

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the importance of something until somebody else has pointed it out. How else can one explain his saying: "I remember seeing the FBI report on one of America's most honored and distinguished journalists; he emerged from its pages as something close to a foreign agent, a man who 'was known' to have spoken to this or that radical politician in 1935, who 'admitted' contributing to some political journal in 1942, etc.," and just letting it go at that. What the report said is of little importance. Everyone knows the kind of stupid pap that finds its way into FBI reports. What I want to know is, does the White House staff slip FBI reports to every casual journalistic visitor? Does the White House staff regularly amuse itself by sitting around sucking on old FBI bones? Anderson doesn't tell us.

Of Billie Don Moyers' brother James, who was one of LBJ's assistants, too, Anderson writes only that he "died unexpectedly on September 17." The way I understand it, James Moyers escaped from the White House into a top job with a Texas company, was literally forced by LBJ to return to the White House despite the President's awareness of what Washington pressures were doing to James Moyers' nerves, and that the grind eventually drove him to suicide. If that, or any version of that, is true, it would be the sort of important shading of White House life that Anderson would kindly, and infuriatingly, ignore.

Several times he writes of Billie Don Moyers' "enemies," but he gives us no clear picture of who they are, or of the general sniping and backbiting and undercurrenting that goes on. He tries to make us see Moyers as a clever little dove who sneaked some dovish ideas past the hawks around Johnson; actually Moyers comes through as no more than what he was: a go-along toady who favored killing enough Vietnamese but not too many, the sort of decent chap who, in the LBJ milieu, doesn't count for much. And, in fact, Moyers seems just a bit addle-headed. In one place Anderson says Moyers wanted to return to the Peace Corps hierarchy until he changed his mind with "the realization that the real power to get things done was right here—in the White House." Later Anderson says, "Moyers may have felt deep in his heart of hearts, a bit like Prometheus Bound, as he struggled with the time-consuming trivia of the Press Secretary's job." So we are left to decide with considerable indifference, whether Moyers looked upon his job as "real power" or "trivia" or, perhaps, both.

The greatest defect, however, of the book is Anderson's semi-paralysis when it comes time to draw moral judgments. It is impossible to separate politics from ethics, or at least it is impossible to do

so without falling into a pit of boredom. He talks about great national tragedies, and the men who cause them, as though they were the foibles of characters in a Victorian novel. He writes of the horrible folly of the Vietnamese War merely as something that "would seem" to "imperil this dream"—meaning the jerry-built Great Society—a nice balance of understatement with overstatement.

Then we have Clark Clifford, the man who persuaded, or helped persuade, Truman to smear Henry Wallace as a Communist, to leap fully dressed into the cold war, to recognize Israel as a state without reasonable consideration for the divisive effect of such recognition, to create the CIA and the Defense Department and, until recently in the Johnson Administration, to urge increased militancy in Vietnam. The other half of the same side of Clifford finds him earning more than \$1 million a year as the attor-

ney for industries that grow fat off a war economy. A completely unsavory character. And yet Anderson, by using old *Nation* and *New Republic* quotes, dresses him as a liberal. If *The Nation* once judged him as such, I am sure it would, in retrospect, alter its opinion; Anderson, as a historian, should be able to make the same adjustments but he is not able. And although he does not ignore the nastiness of Clifford, he clearly admires the man and reserves for him some of his choicest clichés ("a gorgeous man, smooth as silk and tough as nails. . . ." "Clifford's cordial manner is the velvet glove that conceals the iron hand").

However, Anderson is young. Given time he will doubtless produce something of considerable value. He is sophisticated, usually adept at style, and intelligent. If he now has a chance to stop hobnobbing with White House flunkies, he may develop what he really needs, judging from this book: conscience and perspective.

ART/Lawrence Alloway

Wayne Thiebaud's new work (Stone, through November 27) seems fatigued and desperate. In drily brushed paintings and pastels (the opposite of his previous fat paint) he reduces landscape to flat schemata which are then revived by being set against the light. The tonal masses and the glimpses of details have a deceptive resemblance to visual perception, but it is a put-on. He has drawn a horizon from the lower left corner to the upper right and strung a frieze of cows along it. Clouds, somewhere between UFOs and Indian smoke signals, cast funny shadows on a deep purple hillside. The play of serial and corresponding forms in his early cake paintings are being stretched by virtuoso extensions. Thiebaud was always a skillful painter, but until recently he kept his facility down to a bearable point. Now, he is making witty decorations with the thrust that only ostentatious technique can give them. Typical of the spatial tricks he succumbs to now is a painting of a wooded hill, the side of which is sharply rounded, like an astronaut's view of the planet. The two scales are frivolously posed as a "world view."

Thiebaud has become, in fact, rather like Norman Rockwell, one of whose rare exhibitions has just closed at the Danenbergh Galleries. The central tactic of Rockwell is a fusion of humble naturalism with a gasp-inducing verisimilitude. This flair for imitation is not lightly acquired and in Rockwell it extends to the textures of the American scene (Levis and white wood fences), as well

as to expertise in small-town, big-family genre. The exhibition included a group of pictures of people in art galleries where the simulation of other artists' works is *trompe l'oeil* of a very high level. Rockwell is, on the one hand, disappearing behind the naturalness of his American eye and, on the other hand, swaggering forward as a smart technician, and the charm of his art is in the mock modesty of his style. That is not quite the same thing as the gallery claimed when it nominated him for a line "of painters including De Hoogh, Vermeer, Chardin and our own Bingham." Style as entertainment and double takes is Rockwell's business and it looks as though it has become Thiebaud's.

Alfonso Ossorio is showing assemblies at Cordier and Ekstrom (through November 30), not a retrospective but ten new works backed up by twenty-five or so pieces from the preceding twenty years. Without his *horror vacui* abating in the least, Ossorio is mixing his media a little differently; he is using more plastics, which gives a clearer and harder color and introduces a kind of panic-stricken clarity into his frenzied colonies of objects. Instead of suggesting parallels with Dubuffet or "Action Painting," as in his early pieces, he is in the domain of "new materials." His new objects might be designed for Barbarella's trophy room.

The new paintings by Larry Poons (Castelli, through November 23)

show him to have discarded games of order, indicated by neat color disks on fields of uniform color, to produce gestural art. The paint surface of the earlier works was always aerated by little gaps between colors, or by scattered surviving guidelines in pencil. These were indicators of his interest in an open surface, which is what comes forward as dominant in the new paintings. Floods of pigment, characterized by its original liquidity, and rather gingery in color, recall the work of two other painters: the surface crawling with rivulets and deltas, not thrown at the vertical canvas but puddled on the flat canvas, recalls Alexander Liberman; and the color is spicy in a rather Jules Olitsky way.

The point of these resemblances may be that Poons, like the other two, is interested in a non-expressionistic version of gestural painting. Tracks of the hand and open-material traces are not a sign of released emotion but an alternative to giggling and patient techniques (as in hard-edge painting). After all, flow mechanics are as exact as contour drawing; it is only that different things are being measured. It is time to consider precision in forms beyond those of outline and hard-edged color, as in the free play of materials. An extension of control into techniques previously regarded as accidental and impulsive may accompany this revival of gestural painting. Poons' present work looks transitional; the bunches of large but ghostly color disks, for instance, seem like telltale hangovers from his prior work. Another painter whose new work is more liquid and more open in surface than before is Edward Avedesian (Elkon, through November 21). In place of solid striped circles (which looked like beach balls) are flat, moist, overlapping bands of color, rather like the searchlights on the credits of Twentieth Century Fox movies.

A strange blurb by Edward Albee introduces the Antoni Tàpies show at Martha Jackson (through November 30). "I had been revisiting Leningrad, and flew to Helsinki because I had never been here. Among the quite wonderful people I met in that quite wonderful country was a gifted woman who invited me to her home, in the woods, on the Gulf of Finland, out of Helsinki toward the Soviet border." Well, anyway, she owned the first Tàpies that Mr. Albee ever saw. Whatever the significance of that may be, the show brings into the open what has been latent and occasional in Tàpies' mainly abstract work to date. The slabs of material, like walls or plots of earth, are now rudimentary images, such as armchair, bed, envelope, footprint, plate, torso. These images were needed to move Tàpies' art out of the

conventional Matter Painting of the fifties. He has become a kind of Le Nain of Pop art, or a Spanish Jim Dine.

The embarrassments of writers confronted by art is indicated again this month by Julio Cortazar (he wrote the story on which *Blow Up* is based), who introduces Pierre Alechinsky (Lefebvre, through November 30). "He doesn't know it, but we like to roam through his paintings, we've wandered through his engravings and drawings for a long time now, examining each turn and every labyrinth with silent and meticulous attention, an interminable groping of our antennae"—which seems to be Mr. Cortazar's way of saying he's looked at Alechinsky's work. The paintings are on paper, mounted on canvas, and represent Alechinsky's most robust effort to add color to his basically graphic style. Acrylics, lighter in weight than oil, seem to have made the difference.

At the premises of Paula Cooper, 96 Prince Street, a group of mainly minimal artists are making "the most forceful statement for peace." According to a manifesto they are "against the war in Vietnam. They are supporting this commitment in the strongest manner open to them, by contributing major examples of their current work." Is that really the "strongest" form of commitment possible—doing your thing and then setting it in a verbal framework of protest? When Iris Clert, the Paris dealer, asked Robert

Rauschenberg for a portrait of herself, he sent her a telegram to the effect that "this is a portrait of Iris if I say it is." I have always regarded the wire as a put-down of an importunate lady. Now the technique is being used to fabricate political positions. The artists are saying "this is a 'forceful statement for peace' if I say it is." It is not necessary to attend the show to support it passionately and admire the artists tremendously—and I haven't.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

"Please, please, oh Lord," theatre critics might well cry. "No more classics!" About *King Lear*, Hazlett wrote, "We wish that we could pass this play over and say nothing about it." He meant that it was too great to be encompassed by normal critical standards. I have wished and have been tempted not to say anything about its production at the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center because like 98 per cent of all such productions they make me feel as Tolstoy did with "firm, indubitable conviction that the unquestionable glory of great genius which Shakespeare enjoys . . . is a great evil."

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"About anyone as great as Shakespeare," T. S. Eliot has written, "it is probable that we can never be right; and if we can never be right it is better that we should from time to time change our way of being wrong." The value of being wrong as Jan Kott is in *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* and the way some of the new Shakespeare productions are in England today (not to mention the travesty of Joseph Papp's *Hamlet*) is that they challenge the routine of our reception of the masterpieces. They disturb us into thinking.

It was said of my two separate reviews of the Brook-Scofield *Lear* that they were "unfavorable." Not at all: they were a response to a new statement of the play which stirred me enough to grapple with it as I had done only once before in my long theatre-going habit. Such contention is part of true enjoyment in the theatre. To see *Lear* merely to say that the Goneril is inadequate (or O.K.), that the Fool's lines are (or not) audible, that the leading actor has his good points, that the setting is austere, handsome, unusual or whatever, is not to see the play at all, and has nothing to do with Shakespeare, art or anything else of moment to an adult.

I have just referred to an earlier *Lear* that brought me into a bewildered but rousing contact with the play. It was Michaels' *Lear* in the Jewish Chamber Theatre of Moscow in 1935, a production which Gordon Craig declared to be the best of any Shakespeare play he had ever seen. I could not then understand his enthusiasm despite the original settings.

Michaels was not "every inch a king."

He was physically a runt, a poor forked animal, almost a clown. He had very little dignity; the authority Kent sees in him was more an indication of Kent's character than of the king's person. Our audiences and critics would have been puzzled and shocked by that interpretation as I was. But I never forgot it. It was "wrong" in a way that has made me think about the play and led to a further and closer examination of the text.

Lear is a primitive. Shakespeare thought of the story as something that antedates history, timeless. *Lear* is an emotional savage. He has the furious instincts and wild passion of a primal being. He is like one of those volcanic creatures the rush of whose displeasure may very well turn to murder and just as quickly turn to tearful and equally hectic contrition. The play depicts the development of this man's crude conception of regal majesty to the dawn of his realization that power and nobility do not inhere in the trappings and privileges of kingship, but only in love. Once he is forced into this spiritual crisis even the prospect of imprisonment holds no terror for him so that he tells Cordelia: "We two will sing like birds i' th' cage. . . . So we'll live, and pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh . . . and hear poor rogues talk of court news; and will talk with them too: who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out . . . and will wear out, in a wall'd prison, packs and nets of great ones that ebb and flow by th' moon."

Lear is insane long enough before the purgatory of the heath. The shock of his elder daughters' ingratitude drives him mad, but the anguish and turmoil of his madness leads him to wisdom. Before his fall he was all sudden and driving impulse, possessed, as he says, by "hy-steria passio." Nearly all his previous actions were choleric, headstrong, grotesquely simple-minded. He is in a constant boil: he is rent asunder by the wrathful elements within him as later he is shaken by the storm without. As the raiments of mundane glory are being torn from him he is only halfway between his old sense of imperial selfhood and his burgeoning humility. So, I imagine him saying: "Ay, every inch a king," beating himself in raging self-mockery, and yet holding to a remnant of that former foolish pride which still dwells within him. The smoothly grandiose *Lear* of romantic tradition is hardly borne out by the persistent folly of his early behavior. *Lear* is Man learning through agony and despair the lesson of life: that the most protected of beings is "safe" only through love. It is this progress from uncouth, barbaric passion to the simple dignity of the integrated person which the actor who plays *Lear* must present.

I am convinced that the ordinary common-sense or middle-class notion of *Lear* as an irascible dodo of a father who blunders and finds his children unkind not only diminishes the play but makes nonsense of it. Seen conventionally, *King Lear* is just as unworthy a piece as Tolstoy thought it. Shakespeare was not scribe of high-flown homilies; he was a Titan whose conceptions must be embodied with an epic force beyond the confines of familiar rationality.

I shall not blame or praise Lee Cobb. He is an excellent actor of more scope than he is credited with. (For one thing, he is a wonderful comedian, as those who saw him in the Turkish bath scene of Irwin Shaw's *The Gentle People* will remember.) His *Lear*, whatever its faults and merits, is in a vein which I cannot accept as relevant. For the rest, the production strikes me equally inept in setting and in staging: they are linked in such a way as to render both feckless. Nor has the direction served the actors. To take only one example: in the speech of *Lear*'s declaration to Cordelia of his newfound insight into existence (it is in fact a beautiful love scene) *Lear* stands—there is no place on the stage for him to sit—and delivers a sweet old papa's consolatory lecture to his child, a benign bit of domestic philosophy.

Therefore: no more classics—unless the producer is impelled by some greater (personal) need than that of fulfilling the pedantic requirement to honor the ancients.

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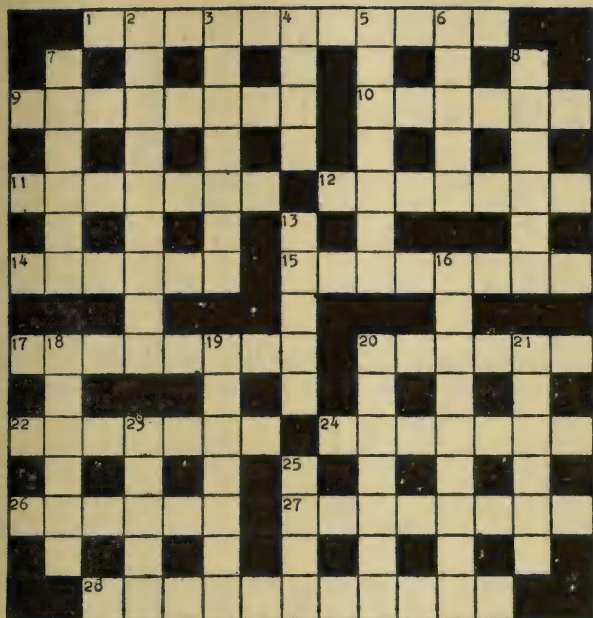
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1273

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 12 across Less and less election results are unpopular with the businessman. (11,7)
- 9 Men on board jump—to take the pledge here? (8)
- 10 Ben said experience keeps a dear one. (6)
- 11 and 25 down Proving those that try to make you feel at home get walked on. (7,4)
- 12 See 1 across
- 14 Does it give the bark bite? (6)
- 15 They were only partly 3, as a race. (8)
- 17 Certain to be found in one's liquor of old, perhaps—and in uniform, too! (8)
- 20 See 2 down
- 22 The financial difficulties of artists? (7)
- 24 The counterpart of a gentleman's gentleman? (7)
- 26 See 6 down
- 27 Went regularly to 10, perhaps, and listened. (8)
- 28 Evidently the opponents advisers are confused by it. (11)

DOWN

- 2 and 20 across It almost sounds as though Twain's work is in no interpretation a wade one! (9,6)
- 3 Well, you can't say "just like a man"! (7)
- 4 Brings things into the country without a

- 5 scrap of food or spirits! (4)
- 5 One who once was, and probably won't be. (3,4)
- 6 and 26 across Was it a habit of Jawaharlal? (5,6)
- 7 Obtuse angle a cat's whisker used to have to touch? (6)
- 8 The angle of those who try to get all the stock together? (6)
- 13 Lots of little fish? (5)
- 16 An exhibition of superiority. (9)
- 18 One pays for them when it comes to automobiles, even though one might be super! (6)
- 19 How to give a new term involving the letter "i." (7)
- 20 One can be the judge. (7)
- 21 Stands and waits. (6)
- 23 Politely demanded a desk of different design. (5)
- 25 See 11 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1272

ACROSS: 1 First-class mail; 9 and 16 Angle of incidence; 10 Achieve; 11 Outcry; 12 Admitted; 14 Diderot; 15 Quasi; 17 Drive; 19 All ears; 21 Tipstaff; 23 Strand; 26 Carriage; 27 Correspondence; DOWN: 1 Fragonard; 2 Righted; 3 and 25 across The Bridge of Sighs; 4 Luff; 5 Standstill; 6 Mahdi; 7 Inertia; 8 Tend; 13 Breakfasts; 15 Quartered; 18 Impasto; 20 Station; 21 Twos; 22 Tiger; 24 Echo.

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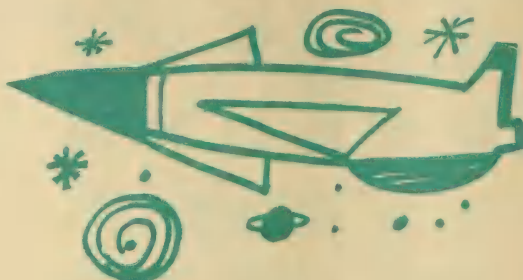
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LETTERS

civil liberties in Taiwan

We print below parts of a letter written recently by Robert Merideth, director of American Studies at Miami University, Oxford, O., to the Foreign Ministry of the Republic of China, Taipei, Taiwan:

DEAR SIR: I want to bring to your attention the August 1, 1968, trial of Chen-Yu-hsi at Ching-mei, Taiwan. The procedures of the trial: the series of events preceding it; the repressive quality of the "charges" against Mr. Chen; all of these seem to me—as they seem also. I'm sure, to thousands of others in the academic community—to violate elementary principles of academic freedom and civil liberty. If the report of the Board of Directors of the Student Faculty-Union, University of Hawaii, is only half-true—and I have no reason to suppose it is not all true—such events suggest a great failure to understand what the image of a "free world" seeks to imply.

May I remind you that in no sense in a free world is it "subversive" to (a) read the Thoughts of Mao or anything in the Oriental section of the University of Hawaii's East-West Center Library, or to (b) write articles for any journal, "leftist" or not—the two primary "charges" against Mr. Chen, for which he has been sentenced to seven years in prison. When such "charges" are "confessed" to under duress, then when the "confession" is repudiated in court, furthermore, one begins to suspect a failure to understand not only the substance of freedom but, as well, the process due it. . . .

Robert Merideth

decentralization

Elizabeth, N.J.

DEAR SIR: Please bring this letter to the attention of Max Gordon, whose letter (on labor and race) you published Nov. 18.

As one who has just voted for Gregory and Frost, supportive integration and still do, as well as urging compensatory promotion of civil service employees, I am opposed to the take-over of public schools by neighborhood gangs (for window dressing called "community boards") of any color.

Since Mr. Gordon has a good grasp of historical movements, perhaps he can tell me why the black coalition now includes the Ford Foundation, Park Avenue luminaries, Wall Street philanthropists and other "intellectuals" whose children attend private schools?

Isn't this long-overdue black revolution really an aborted revolution? Should you ask sacrifices of workers "who have just made it" without attacking the citadels of power? Shouldn't we be decentralizing Ford Motor Co. and Consolidated Edison, for example?

Eleanor Genesson

Fort Hood sit-down

Copague, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: A slight correction in your editorial "Brothers in Arms" [Oct. 28] discussing the Fort Hood soldiers who refused to go to Chicago to fight dissidents against Mayor Daley.

Your phrasing gives the impression that forty-three soldiers were involved, possibly because that's how many are standing trial. Actually, 119 soldiers refused to go, all from the same company, and the forty-three who are being tried were selected almost at random, with emphasis on those thought to be the leaders of the "mutineers."

Thomas W. O'Malley

EDITORIALS

Money Jungle

After a brief cooling-off period following the gold and dollar crises of last March, the international monetary pot is once again boiling. Partly because of the pressure front between the stable, non-inflationary West German economy and the crisis-racked inflationary French economy, the world's "hot" money has been sucked from its former haven in France into Germany; in one day alone \$500 million worth of currencies poured into the Bundesbank in pursuit of the mark. As a result there are now daily forecasts of an upward valuation of the mark and/or a downward valuation of the franc (both strongly resisted by their respective governments), with profit-seeking speculators doing their best to make these prophecies come true. While the mark and the franc are at the center of the conflagration, the pound and the dollar await their turn (as the price of gold creeps upward). In short, the whole jerry-built structure of the international monetary system is once again threatening to collapse.

As *Nation* readers should by now be aware, the recurring international financial crises have at their root an economic power struggle between the United States and Continental Europe. (See "The Dollar Invades Europe," *The Nation*, September 18, 1967, and "Arena of Gold: Europe Defies the Dollar," *The Nation*, September 23, 1968.) At the center of the conflict is Europe's attempt to turn its vast hoard of gold and dollars—painstakingly accumulated from the United States over two decades, as the latter acquired an enormous investment in European factories—into real economic power. Thus Europe's greatest hope for meeting the "American challenge" rests on its financial power. Unfortunately for the Europeans, while this power gives them benefits such as a limited veto over U.S. foreign and economic policy, the threat that it may be used also helps to promote international monetary uncertainties and crises.

The past weeks' events should have made clear that underneath the veneer of cooperation which glosses the international monetary system, the law of the jungle still operates. The post-World War II system worked fine as long as the United States was the solitary lion and could enforce stability with its undisputed power. Now that European "tabbies" have grown into (non-paper) tigers and are jockeying with the United States and each other for a place in the sun, the environment has become inherently unstable. This instability is then worsened by the wolf-pack speculators, who collectively leap at the throat of the first currency which threatens to lose its footing in the struggle.

Given this situation, whether or not the latest bout of speculation leads to immediate currency changes is less important than the fact that the prospects for orderly reform of the international monetary system appear extremely dim. According to an unidentified IMF expert quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* (November 18), "For all practical purposes it would be impossible to put through an orderly realignment" of major currency relationships. If

this be so, the classic words of Thomas Hobbes about the condition of men seeking power without a common sovereign, the "warre of every man against every man," may become distressingly pertinent to nations: "and the life of man, solitary, poore, nasty, brutish."

MICHAEL TANZER

A Helm for the House

A leaderless, indecisive Democratic Party is the last thing Richard Nixon wants in the 91st Congress. He knows that a disorganized, ineffective opposition, with a mandate to control the House of Representatives but no muscle to do so, would make governing the country exceedingly difficult. The new President and his liaison aides must be able to rely on the ability of Democratic leaders to deliver what they promise, whether the word is yea or nay.

A number of Democratic Congressmen also realize that the country, as well as the party, will be in more trouble than otherwise unless cohesive leadership is established in the House. Thus a revolution of sorts is brewing among strong Democrats who are close to, but not of, the established holders of party positions. Early press reports have labeled the rebels "liberal House Democrats," but when the force rises to the political surface, it will turn out that the real movers are men not accustomed to that appellation.

Party caucuses before Congress convenes will bring the matter into the open. A cadre of Congressmen who have an opportunity to talk to one another on the Ways and Means Committee have decided that the Democrats lost the Presidential election because party leadership flunked the test of the Chicago convention. They don't blame the shambles on Hubert Humphrey. Aging John McCormack, Speaker of the House, did not play an active role and seemed to be uninterested in the proceedings. Carl Albert, majority leader and personally popular, was recovering from illness and lacked the will and stamina to gavel order out of the stockyard chaos that raised, rightly or wrongly, the question of Mr. Humphrey's ability to unify and lead the troops. Though how he might have managed it remains unclear, Majority Whip Hale Boggs, a Ways and Means member, is chided for not having done more to preserve face and decrease abrasions among the delegations, who spent most of their Chicago time fighting the Credentials Committee instead of worrying about the party.

The cadre would like to see Rep. Wilbur Mills, chairman of Ways and Means, run for Speaker. Mr. Mills deeply respects Speaker McCormack, although he realizes that the old man can't carry the burdens of the job and that much of the membership feels he was too close to the White House during the previous Congress. Mr. Mills doesn't want to hurt McCormack's feelings, but the pressure on him to run is building. It is apparently most intense from (in the order of their seniority) Reps. John C. Watts, Kentucky; Al Ullman, Oregon; Dan Rostenkowski, Illinois; and Phillip Mitchell Landrum, Georgia.

Their insistence isn't strictly partisan. Whether or not

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 19

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they plan to support most of his activities, they believe that the new President, and the country, should have the benefit of more effective leadership in the House of Representatives. They also know that their necks are stuck out beyond the limits of political prudence, but the word is that they are determined not to retreat. Though this may sound contradictory, Mr. Nixon will be a weaker President if they do.

Bulletproof Illusions

Investigations of violence and conferences on the subject are the order of the day from coast to coast. Are we indeed obsessed with violence, as some suggest, or is security our hang-up? At a recent Stanford University symposium, two psychiatrists recommended that Presidents and Presidential candidates be prohibited by law from close contact with large crowds. "Mixing with the people," they said, "is a strongly embedded concept in the political tradition of the United States, but it has proved to be an accomplice of assassination."

If this recommendation were to be adopted, it would mean, in effect, that Presidents and candidates for the office would be largely restricted to the electronic media in their attempts to communicate with the American people. The two psychiatrists pointed out that "French President Charles de Gaulle has survived three assassination attempts over the past few years. What are the various protection systems employed? Answers to these questions might add useful information bearing on the protection of American Presidents."

The Nation is happy to be able to supply this useful information. On November 18, President de Gaulle took delivery of a new Citroen to replace the one he has used since 1954. Neither model is provided with any special protective equipment, such as bulletproof glass or heavy plating. By contrast, the latest limousine ordered for President Johnson resembles a de luxe, custom-built mobile fortress.

An obsession with security systems advertises the vulnerability of public officials; it cannot insure their protection. Nor can a political leader function from within an air-conditioned vault. The assassin is always the ruler's faithful attendant. The temper of the times may reduce the menace; "precautions" carried to ostentatious ceremony only invite the dagger.

But it is not "fatalism" alone which prompts such leaders as President de Gaulle, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, Mayor John V. Lindsay—or that prompted John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy—to insist on appearing before large gatherings. Rather it is a sense of the fitness of things. A democratic leader who moves among his constituents in fear and trembling—protected by shatterproof glass, a bulletproof vest, heavy steel plating and a small army of security personnel—betrays a dangerous lack of confidence in the people as well as in the quality of his own leadership. And a people that insists on such measures to protect its leaders betrays a touching confidence in symbolic gadgetry as a means of frustrating assassins.

Domestic Arms Race

The same obsession with security is reflected in the fantastic upsurge in the sale of firearms. From a story in the *Los Angeles Times* (November 10), one learns the following: The average monthly sale of handguns has increased over a seven-year period at a rate wholly disproportionate to population increase. Last April, when Dr. King was assassinated, 26,057 Californians purchased handguns, by comparison with 11,067 in April, 1967. Last June, when Senator Kennedy was assassinated, 6,683 more handguns were sold than during the month of June, 1967. Authorities now estimate that there is one gun for every resident of the state of California—or something like 20 million guns in all. In the period from 1963 to 1967, the annual sale of rifles increased from 875,000 to 1,882,000; shotgun sales from 603,000 to 1,515,000; handgun sales from 596,000 to 1,182,000.

Gun dealers in California report that the sharp increase in the sale of firearms, particularly handguns, stems from a fixation on security, notably home protection. Most dealers view the possession of a handgun for home protection as "pretty silly." One of them is quoted as saying: "I don't think two-thirds of these people who are buying guns would know how or are qualified to use them." The same dealer told of selling a gun to a 72-year-old lady who was so nervous she could scarcely pull the trigger when he was showing her how to use it.

Three levels of arms buying are present in the new private arms race: by private citizens, black and white; by the police; and by paramilitary organizations. The all-white North Ward Committee in Newark, N.J., has encouraged its membership of 1,500 to own guns. The Home Defense Organization of Long Beach, Calif., assures its membership that "insurrection is at hand" and that they should therefore arm themselves. The Black Panther Party in Oakland has said that every black man should have "a shotgun, a .337 magnum or a .38 in his pad to defend it."

What the reports of the new private arms race indicate is that, as a people, we are obsessed not so much with violence as with security. And we seem to believe that security can be bought. For example, Gallup polls have shown since 1938 that at least two-thirds, and more often about 75 per cent, of the American people have favored more stringent registration or licensing of guns or gun owners. Such a strong and consistent opinion in favor of more stringent regulation, expressed over a period of three decades, hardly shows an appetite for violence *per se* or an obsession with it. However, the upsurge of firearms sales, correlated with particular events—riots, assassinations and the like—does suggest that many people believe that a gun provides a measure of security for person and property.

We exhibit the same obsession with security in our foreign policy. We are a nation armed to the teeth—not because we have a lust for violence but because we believe that a fantastic overkill capability will protect us from violence. The danger in all this is that an obsession with security can and does set the stage for violence, because it derives from fear and stimulates fear in others.

Odd Consensus

A year ago the Greek Embassy in Washington was boasting that more than 90 per cent of Greek-American newspapers and radio programs supported the Athens junta. In an editorial of November 6, 1967, *The Nation* asked what reasons might be suggested for this implausible behavior on the part of the Greek-American press, and advised that a Congressional investigation be launched to ascertain the facts behind it.

Today the pro-junta Greeks, or Greek-Americans, suggest that almost 98 per cent of all Greek publications abroad (not merely in the United States) favor the military-backed government in Athens. They allege that the constitutional referendum of September 29 showed that 92 per cent of Greeks themselves are in support of the regime. Apart from the fact that the referendum was a mockery of democratic process, these figures leave open the question as to why Greek publications in the free world should be even more enthusiastic about a dictatorship than are the Greeks who live under its martial law. The easy answer (as in a letter to *The New York Times* from Mr. George Vranopoulos, Greek Consul General in New York) is to claim that practically every Greek-American is pro-junta.

Another strong suspicion is that the government in Athens is trying to influence, and even control, Greek publications and radio programs abroad, especially in the United States. Reliable sources report that the junta, in addition to using a variety of inducements to bring Greek-American newspapers into line, resorts to threats—in a sense exporting terrorism to the free countries.

A letter just received from Mrs. Helen Vlachos, former publisher of two conservative daily newspapers in Athens, and now living in London, states that she was "forced" to suspend publication of the English-language anti-junta monthly *Hellenic Review*, which she started in England after her escape from Greece:

It is with great regret that we announce the suspension of the publication of the *Hellenic Review*. It is not possible at this time to explain fully the reasons which have forced this decision upon us. We hope that this will be possible in the future.

The decision to suspend publication does not imply that the magazine during the five months of its existence has failed in its objectives. On the contrary . . . the very success of the *Hellenic Review* is, paradoxically, one of the reasons for its suspension. . . . We cannot believe that the present situation will last forever.

Mrs. Vlachos cannot explain her reasons at the present time, but her husband, Admiral C. Loundras, who did not manage to escape with her, was arrested last September on a trivial charge and sentenced to eighteen months at hard labor. There have been other harassments against Mrs. Vlachos' immediate family. Friends of the junta, including some diplomats stationed in the United States, are active in denouncing and threatening foes of the dictators. Even if the anti-junta forces were a minority (they are probably, in fact, the overwhelming majority), they should be able to express their views freely in America and elsewhere in the free world.

Editor Against Apartheid

The Soviet Union has Pyotr Grigoryevich, and South Africa has Lawrence Gandar. Grigoryevich is the decorated—and cashiered—major general who inveighs publicly in Moscow against the arbitrary exercise of state power. Gandar is an editor who attacks apartheid in Johannesburg. Political gadflies are bred by repression; the only way to get rid of them is to kill or imprison them—and that is awkward, once they become internationally known.

Time, *The Economist* and *The New York Times* helped to make Gandar famous, but of course the government of South Africa played the cardinal role and, helplessly, continues to play it. The government *must* prosecute Gandar, for he defies it and other editors might follow his example. But even in South Africa, prosecution means publicity.

The press is free in the land of apartheid, in the sense that there is no official censorship. Control is by intimidation, and most of the press is intimidated. Not, however, the Johannesburg *Rand Daily Mail*, which Gandar edits.

As early as 1959, the government responded to reports of abuse of black prisoners by passing the Prisons Act. Among other provisions this made it illegal to publish information concerning the administration of prisons "without taking reasonable steps to verify such information, the onus of proving that reasonable steps were taken . . . being upon the accused." In practice, "reasonable steps" would involve clearing reports with the commissioner of prisons—who would deny any abuses. Whereupon another provision, against publishing "false information," would come into play. For the government's purposes, it was a well-conceived statute.

In 1965 Harold Strachan, an artist and former air force lieutenant, came to Gandar with information obtained during a three-year term as a political prisoner. He had seen black prisoners whipped, kicked and tortured with shocks from an electrotherapy machine. After securing affidavits from Strachan, two wardens and two ex-prisoners, Gandar published.

The government moved first against Gandar's sources, all of whom were convicted of making false statements, on the strength of testimony from a string of government witnesses. Strachan went back to jail for eighteen months, and other defense witnesses were similarly handled. With the informants convicted, the state could proceed against Gandar and Benjamin Pogund, the reporter who wrote the articles. Both face minimum penalties of two years.

But in the earlier trials proof of abuse of black prisoners was spread on the record. For instance, the prosecution did not dispute the evidence that prisoners were tortured with electric shocks. The contention that Gandar had published false information was based on the fact that such torture was not an everyday occurrence.

Gandar himself is now on trial. He and his paper are already punished: They have been harassed for three years and defense costs so far total £140,000, with more to come. But he said in court that not to publish "would have been a dereliction of duty, a suppression of a matter of vital public concern." By all indications the government of South Africa will pay dearly for whatever it manages to do to him; in fact, it has already paid.

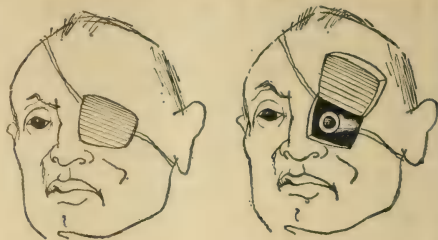
UN: KEEPING THE POWDER DRY

ANNE TUCKERMAN

A member of a Western country's delegation to the UN, asked recently why his ambassador was attending a reception at the Soviet Mission in New York when Soviet receptions in other capitals were boycotted by top diplomats because of the occupation of Czechoslovakia, replied that "the UN is a place where we keep antifreeze in our radiator at all times." This quip may provide a realistic assessment of the role of the world body in the political field.

For the moment, the well-served car has little place to go. It has not even started down the road of a Middle East settlement. The hopes for some definite "movement" during the present session of the General Assembly have been dampened by the return to their capitals of the foreign ministers of the U.A.R., Jordan and Israel, after a prolonged stay at UN headquarters and numerous meetings with Ambassador Gunnar Jarring, representative of the Secretary-General. Yet, on the first anniversary of the Security Council resolution of November 22, 1967, which created Dr. Jarring's mission and outlined the major principles for a solution, political observers console themselves with the thought that the Swedish diplomat's mission is very much alive (if not well) and that, for the first time since the Six Day War, proposals by the parties have been passed around through his good offices.

It would be erroneous at this stage to speak of the start of a "dialogue" between Jerusalem and Cairo. That is the constant aim of Israel, an aim pursued by the latest Israeli memorandum handed to Mr. Jarring. This document offers Israel's position on many key issues and goes on to ask the U.A.R. whether it concurs and, if not, what is its attitude on questions like secure borders, refugees, free navigation through Suez and Tiran and, most important, its definition of peace. So far, the Egyptian Government



Picha, The Special (Belgium)

General Dayan

has refused to play the game. It has a game of its own: the U.A.R.'s foreign minister, Mahmoud Riad, has proclaimed that his country is ready to apply in full the Security Council resolution of November 22, setting forth among the fundamentals of a settlement the evacuation by Israel of Arab territories conquered in the June war, the cessation of belligerency, the right of Israel to secure and recognized borders, freedom of navigation, etc. Mr. Riad asserts that this is to be done in whatever order Dr. Jarring may think best, under a guarantee of the Security Council, thus indicating that the Israeli withdrawal may not have to be a precondition to the other points. This attitude naturally entails a challenge to Israel to accept the November 22nd resolution as a working program.

Israel is balking. It considers the resolution as a "framework" or a "skeleton," to use Abba Eban's words, the flesh to be provided by negotiated settlements between the parties on each point covered. In his view, a guarantee of the Security Council might be imposed by the big powers: over the heads of the parties, and cannot replace a signature, however reluctant, of an Arab state in the area.

This is the stalemate which Ambassador Jarring, having once more agreed to extend his mission, will try again to break, probably in Geneva. Behind this diplomatic blind-man's buff one finds on both sides a firm desire, shared by all the big powers and the Secretary-General, to keep the mechanism of mediation well oiled, in spite of frequent border incidents—and even more because of them.

The anxiety over the possible escalation of these incidents into a new major conflict in the Middle East adds one more concern to a world where the Soviet move into Czechoslovakia has suddenly cast a big new shadow, even while the Vietnamese War appears to be on the wane. There is a great deal of bewilderment today at the direction of international relations, and the UN is sharing in this puzzle. The transformation of the compact postwar alliance set up at San Francisco into a 126-member speech factory, with a high degree of irresponsibility, adds to its impotence.

Any new initiative must spring from the major powers, and it is not likely to appear until Richard Nixon is well in the saddle. It is conceivable that the next President



Behrendt, Algemeen Handelsblad (Amsterdam)

Dialogue with Israel

may, in his turn, engage in a grand negotiation with Moscow in order to de-escalate the costly missile race and to reintroduce regional stability in Vietnam, in Central Europe, and in the Middle East and the Mediterranean (where Soviet expansion is a recent fact of life not foreseen in big-power arrangements after World War II).

Mr. Nixon's past pronouncements do not indicate that he has any strong interest or trust in the United Nations as an instrument for U.S. foreign policy. However, he may not depart much from the practice of the Johnson Administration, which used the UN in a limited way, mostly to help formulate details emanating from common interests which already existed in broad lines between Washington and Moscow. This was the case with the nonprolif-

eration treaty or the cease-fire resolutions on the Middle East. The composition of the Security Council in 1969, where the neutralists are for the first time in a majority, will certainly not encourage the next President of the United States to seek its blessing for his decisions.

It is now likely that the UN, in the foreseeable future, will devote its most constructive activity to international cooperation in the technical and social fields—to problems of human environment, like air and sea pollution, the exploitation of sea resources, or communication by satellites, while maintaining its chairs well upholstered for informal diplomatic approaches and its peace-keeping mechanism in good running order—against the day when they are again called into use.

NIXON vs. the CONSUMER

WILLIS PARK ROKES

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Richard M. Nixon recently announced that he intends to abolish the office of Presidential Assistant on Consumer Affairs, currently held by Betty Furness. His idea is that the consumer must be "encouraged to protect himself"—*caveat emptor*. He has also made the inconsistent announcement that consumer welfare will be "the explicit responsibility of every department and agency head." This general admonishment also seems odd, since Nixon simultaneously announced that he intends to put the brakes on activities of the regulatory agencies. He established the temper of his position in a letter of last September which criticized the Securities and Exchange Commission for proposing changes too abruptly in the rate structure of brokerage commissions. Elsewhere, he has deplored "excessive" involvement of both the regulatory agencies and the Executive branch in private enterprise.

Nixon's actions in the Securities and Exchange matter are the more noteworthy because in recent years the SEC has shown conspicuous reluctance to enforce vigorously laws designed to protect the public interest, and particularly laws that relate to the huge monopoly exchanges and their members. A case in point is the decision of the SEC to delay hearings on charges that Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc., misused inside information about transactions of Douglas Aircraft stock. Observers believe the two parties are moving toward a settlement without hearing. If there is any truth in the allegations, the case is of a magnitude that demands public airing.

Mr. Nixon has made it clear that he will play down the subject of consumer legislation and will be hostile to activist regulatory policies. But the President-elect is naively optimistic if he believes that he can throw a blanket of indifference over the area of consumer protection. An

examination of events in recent years gives a better forecast of probable developments.

A relatively few years ago consumer affairs enjoyed very little attention either in the halls of Congress or in books and the press. Today the subject is hot and it lacks the political partisanship that might encourage a President-elect to suppose that he might cool the concern. A host of laws relating to consumer affairs has been passed during the last four years, including the Wilderness Act of 1964, the Water Quality Standards Act of 1965, the National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act of 1966, the 1966 Truth in Packaging Act, the Wholesome Meat Act of 1967, the Air Quality Act of 1967, acts creating national parks and recreation areas in 1968, the new Truth in Lending Law (which will take effect in July, 1969), and other legislation.

At the same time, a Democrat-dominated Congress has become interested in door-to-door sales fraud and deception, auto insurance reform, hazardous radiation from color TV sets and other electronic equipment, poultry and fish inspection, automobile warranties, and many other matters directly affecting the American consumer.

Mr. Johnson created the office of Presidential Assistant on Consumer Affairs in January, 1964, and named Esther Peterson, an assistant secretary of the Department of Labor, to the post. He charged Mrs. Peterson with the responsibility to make certain "that the voice of the consumer will be loud, clear and uncompromising in the White House." Taking her work seriously and President Johnson's instructions literally, Mrs. Peterson played her role as "guardian of the gullible" by focusing public attention on manufacturers and retailers who resorted to deceptive labeling, packaging and pricing. She crisscrossed the country, organizing consumer conferences and censuring petty-minded manufacturers who, in her words, find it "quite profitable to confuse."

At first the President gave Mrs. Peterson high praise, declaring that "through her dedication a new day has dawned for the American consumer." Unfortunately, the

President was soon made to feel that the office was a political liability, particularly after Mrs. Peterson's Consumer Advisory Council recommended that a Cabinet-level Department of Consumers be established. The White House bottled up the report, and when the terms of the council members expired, no successors were named. Mrs. Peterson was relieved of her post at the White House. It was clear that the "voice of the consumer" had become too loud, clear and uncompromising.

To assuage the hurt feelings of businessmen, President Johnson, in March, 1967, appointed Betty Furness as his Presidential Assistant for Consumer Affairs. Since Miss Furness' only previous approach to consumer problems had been her famous refrigerator pitch on television, the appointment was greeted with more surprise than enthusiasm. "She doesn't know anything about consumer problems," complained Republican Rep. Robert Michel (Ill.). "This job is too sensitive to permit on-the-job training." One newspaper said of her appointment: "Incredible! Who's kidding whom?" Another remarked that President Johnson would use her appointment as a springboard "to get Batman for the aviation agency and Ed Sullivan for graves registration."

Ralph Nader stated: "Having her in that position is worse than having no consumer adviser to the President at all. It deludes the public into thinking they have a voice in the White House when they really don't."

Miss Furness' early activity in the office did little to dispel the skepticism. Avoiding criticism of specific products or industries, she took to the political stump, admonishing housewives across the country that they could be sure of protection in the market only if they put their trust in the President and the Democratic Party. "Let the people know which party really has their interests at heart!" she harangued the shoppers. "Let them know which party really cares about the consumer!" This approach must have made the President beam, but it did little to assure the consumer that he was represented at the White House.

However, in late 1967 the long dormant consumer protection movement caught fire, and it became politically astute to be associated with consumer legislation. Congress threatened to outdo the President in this area and Miss Furness was given the green light. She began hammering away on consumer affairs, distinguishing herself in testimony on the truth in lending legislation and in attacks on appliance makers and their unintelligible warranty statements. Her famous "I don't want maggots in my meat" at hearings on the meat-inspection bill infuriated the nation's packers and made obvious Mr. Johnson's new hard line on consumer protection. Her early critics were quick to admit that they had prematurely judged the lady. Last June, Miss Furness became one of the relatively few women ever invited to address the all-male National Press Club.

However, Mr. Johnson's Miss Furness was only one factor creating the legislative and popular interest in consumer affairs. One of the most effective catalysts was the dramatic disclosure in 1961 of the hazards in thalidomide. Sen. Estes Kefauver had introduced his drug reform amendments to the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic

Act, only to see the bill gutted of all these safety provisions by the highly effective lobbying activities of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association and the American Medical Association—aided by their strong Congressional spokesmen, Sens. Everett Dirksen and Roman Hruska. Then the disclosure that a tranquilizing drug, thalidomide, had caused thousands of birth deformities in Europe focused America's usually apathetic public attention on the drug reform bill. The safety precautions were hurriedly put back and the act passed in 1962.

In the last few years a great number of consumer-oriented books have sold well. A few examples are Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death* (the mortuary business), *The Silent Spring* by Rachel Carson (indiscriminate use of insecticides), *The Quiet Crisis* by Stewart Udall (our vanishing natural resources and inadequate conservation policies) and *The Health Hucksters*, a follow-up to *The Bargain Hucksters*, by Ralph Lee Smith (market trickery and deception practiced by various industry lobbies). Other influential books have been *Overcharge* by Sen. Lee Metcalf (private electric utilities), *Monopoly* by Joseph C. Goulden (American Telephone & Telegraph), *The Mortality Merchants* by G. Scott Reynolds (life insurance), *The Dark Side of the Marketplace* by Sen. Warren G. Magnuson (consumer exploitation by large and small business), *God's Own Junkyard* by Peter Blake (the man-made mess which we call America), and *Not So Rich As You Think* by George R. Stewart ("of the waters, they made a cesspool; of the air, a depository for poisons; and of the good earth itself, a dump where rats nuzzled in piles of refuse"). Ralph Nader's *Unsafe At Any Speed*, perhaps the most celebrated of these books, might have received less attention if it had not come out that General Motors had hired detectives to investigate Nader's private life (GM executives later made handsome apologies).

Observers agree that support for consumer legisla-



tion comes mainly from the middle- and upper-middle-income groups, the more articulate segment of the population. At the same time, such legislation and allied Executive action is of greatest benefit to the poor. Louis Harris, the pollster, sees two revolutions in America today. One is the revolt of the Negro; the other is a far more quiet one—the revolt of the educated people, those with some college education. Professionals dominate this group. They are the people who want consumer legislation, and they have relatively few of the ties to corporate structures that might restrain their social views. They represent only about 25 per cent of the present voting population, but by 1975 they will be 45 per cent. They do not identify with traditional party lines. One professional observer remarked of them that they are "the most educated, well-informed, finely tuned body of ticket splitters in the nation."

Splinter organizations, vocal individual spokesmen and isolated incidences of government action show the momentum of the consumer-interest drive. Consumers Union, publishers of *Consumer Reports*, which reaches 1,250,000 people each month, has taken a militant stance. Alarmed by the tendency of manufacturers to soften the effects of consumer legislation, Consumers Union is putting pressure on government to release the results of product research carried out with public funds. For example, it has brought suit against the Veterans Administration under the Public Information Act to compel release of VA tests on hearing aids. A new CR board member is Ralph Nader.

Consumer champions in Congress, conspicuously Sen. Warren G. Magnuson (D., Wash.), chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee; Sen. Philip Hart (D., Mich.), chairman of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee, and Rep. Leonor Sullivan (D., Mo.), chairman of a House banking subcommittee dealing with consumer affairs, have indicated that they have no intention of letting up on the matter. The Grocery Manufacturers of America is so convinced that federal emphasis on consumer questions will continue that it has established its own research institute to try to spot trouble ahead of the Washington watchdogs.

The Kansas legislature in 1967 created a Consumer Protection Division operating out of the Attorney General's office. According to the Council of State Governments, consumer agencies also exist in Hawaii, North Dakota, California, Connecticut, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Washington and Puerto Rico. In November, 1968, the Governor of Nebraska, its Attorney General, several Chambers of Commerce and two Better Business Bureaus announced creation of the Consumer Relations Association of Nebraska. (It remains to be seen what value this organization, made up primarily of business interests, will have for the consumer.)

Meanwhile, sentiment grows in Congress for a government department to represent the American consumer. Nader, who thinks a Department of Consumers might fall prey to bureaucracy, favors an Executive agency, an Office of Consumers' Counsel, to represent consumer interests before government regulators and the courts. Precedents for such a government function are to be found in almost

every European nation, where agencies engage in product testing, publish the results, and subsidize consumer organizations. Only in the United States are such programs regarded as aimed at the destruction of free enterprise.

Fretting at the delay of government action, Nader has talked of establishing his own consumer protection office in Washington. Last summer, he recruited seven student volunteers from universities to do research in consumer protection. He is credited with goading the FTC into daring a bolder approach to consumer affairs, one result being its current hearings on consumer protection. Meanwhile, Nader continues to attract attention with speeches in which he declares that the United States "will see consumer demonstrations some day that will make civil rights demonstrations look small in comparison."

Some consumers' associations are proving themselves formidable. An example is the Association of California Consumers, which supported the Public Utilities Commission in its attack on the exorbitant telephone rates charged by the Bell System in that state. As a result, the California commission has a high reputation for zealous protection of the consumer.

Late in 1967, more than 500 representatives of sixty national and state consumer groups met in Washington for two days to create the Consumer Federation of America—in effect, a consumers' full-time national lobby. It is participating in the FTC consumer protection hearings mentioned earlier.

Mr. Nixon's proposed de-emphasis of consumer protection may have some effect on the activities of government agencies, but regulatory commission members do not submit their resignations with a change in administrations, and any shifts in personnel that Nixon wishes to make will come slowly, as fixed terms expire. Meanwhile, such men as Nicholas Johnson and Kenneth Cox of the FCC, Dr. Herbert L. Ley, Jr., of the FDA, Paul Rand Dixon of the FTC, and others can be expected to continue agitation on subjects of consumer concern. (Dixon can be removed from the FTC chairmanship by Nixon in January and may resign from the commission if so.)

The public may still be unable to express consistent opinions on consumer affairs, but a change is in the air—a prevalent unrest and a discontent capable of focusing quickly onto specific issues which affect the consumer's pocketbook, health and safety, or which offend his sense of justice and propriety. With 125,000 Americans injured each year by faulty heating devices (according to the U.S. Public Health Service), millions of automobiles returned to the factories because of potential safety defects, thousands of color TV sets needing modification because of potential radiation leaks, and 30,000 injuries per year caused by electrical extension cords, the emphasis on consumer protection must remain. With monopoly public utilities behaving like fiefdoms, with thousands of possibly dangerous drugs flooding the market, and with the great public disillusionment as to business guarantees and servicing, sales fraud and deception—plus countless additional areas of consumer concern—it is unlikely that the refreshing winds of consumer revolt will be abated, much less halted, by the bland unconcern of the Nixon approach.

OUR IMAGE OF THEIR PROBLEMS

ELDON KENWORTHY

Mr. Kenworthy teaches comparative government at Cornell University.

Our foreign policy derives from the kind of people we are and from the international environment in which we live. It is relatively simple, relatively long-term, and non-partisan.

Dean Rusk, May 1, 1967

For some years it has been fashionable to say that the deepest cleavage in international relations is no longer East-West but North-South: rich divided from poor, white from color, the first and second "worlds" from the third. Describing the world as he thought a Martian would see it, President Johnson spoke two years ago of peace and prosperity in the north—a region extending "deeply into the Soviet Union"—and of poverty and instability in the south. Since that time, our "northern" cities have been less than peaceful and "instability" in the world's south has seemed more than casually related to what we do there. The categories won't quite sort themselves out.

For many Americans evidence that our leaders do not understand the nature of social change at home casts new light on the blunders of their attempt to intervene abroad (Vietnam), and throws into question basic premises of foreign policy. To those led this far, listening to Republicans use against Democrats the arguments Democrats used against Republicans in 1960 (our international prestige, etc.) seems less important than attempting to sort out what is "long-term" and "nonpartisan" in our foreign policy. And this, many begin to suspect, may grow out of, if not "the kind of people we are" the kind of people we conceive ourselves to be. For like most human beings, Americans see others as they see themselves. Unlike most nations, however, ours acts on this perception in ways that affect people throughout the globe, and nowhere so strongly as among the vulnerable societies of the "south."

If in the thirties we began to solve the problem of recurring depressions, it was in large part because our leaders updated their image of the economy. The old image had led them onto counterproductive paths during downturns, and they thus aggravated the situation they sought to ameliorate. An analogous change may be needed today in our image of the Third World, a region as much an abstraction for most policy makers as the economy. It seems utopian, given that the flow of communications is so strongly from us to them, to hope that Americans could ever see the societies of the south simply as they are, in all their variety. Interpreting their struggles in terms of our own experience may be inescapable. It matters, however, which of our experiences we invoke.

For the present generation of leaders, particularly but not solely for Democrats, the New Deal is the relevant model. The depression had a decisive influence on their lives. Some of them experienced the "underdevelopment" of rural and small-town America in the years before cars,

radios and federal programs became common. There was Rusk in rural Georgia, Johnson in rural Texas, Humphrey tending the family store in the small-town Midwest, even Nixon in the (then) backwaters of Southern California.¹ Add to this the normal human tendency to redefine unfamiliar problems in terms of ones already solved, and one can understand the appeal of a "New Deal" for the world's south. An alternative image lies closer at hand in today's interwoven urban conflicts of race and poverty. This, however, is a less genial view for political leaders to adopt, because American Government has yet to demonstrate that it can find solutions to social conflict as successful as the solutions it found for the business cycle.

To adopt this latter image for the Third World would entail admitting that we don't understand its problems, that we lack sure-fire solutions, and that as a consequence we might best retire to the side lines—or at least solve our own riddles before making prescriptions for others. Most pointedly, to abandon the New Deal analogy would deny Washington one of the rationalizations it frequently has used for intervening in the Third World. For this analogy, I would argue, is but an updated version of the Wilsonian idealism that cloaked American officiousness in the past. Whereas Wilson intervened in the Caribbean to bring democracy, meaning sound public administration, to the area ("I am going to teach the South American republics to elect good men," he is reported to have said), "development" justified Washington's active encouragement of the coup which toppled Brazil's Joao Goulart in 1964. Washington asserts that it knows what development is all about because the federal government "developed" the United States during and since the New Deal.

It would be silly to suggest that Washington lacks hard information on Third World countries, or does not weigh economic and strategic factors along with ideology and public opinion. Over recent decades, however, increasing publicity has been given foreign policy issues, particularly those with dramatic content. The public relations problem that Lyndon Johnson faces when he sends troops into Santo Domingo, or when CIA agents are discovered manipulating foundations engaged in overseas work, is far greater than anything Wilson or Taft confronted when they engaged in equivalent tactics. That is why the New

¹ In Dean Rusk's words: "Like millions of present-day North Americans, I spent my earliest years in what people now call underdeveloped circumstances. We were prescientific and pre-technical; we were without public health or medical care; typhoid, pellagra, hookworm and malaria were a part of the environment in which providence had placed us. Our schools were primitive. Our fathers and mothers earned a meager living with backbreaking toil: I remember well the bitter resistance before Franklin Roosevelt was able to win support for the Tennessee Valley Authority, that immense network of dams and power stations and fertilizer factories and agricultural extension offices which has wrought such miraculous changes in our South. But a succession of progressive leaders, determined to bring about social change within a framework of political consent, carried through an 'alliance for progress' within the United States."

Deal model—this contemporary reincarnation of our self-image as a successful society with lessons to impart—is helpful. It plays, along with anti-communism, an important role in making acceptable to the American public acts that often exact a price in our lives, wealth or good name.

"Can sweeping changes be progressive and be peaceful?" President Johnson rhetorically asked a group of Latin Americans. "My country knows of this question. We are going through such a change even as I speak. It began in the nineteen-thirties. . . ." Republicans, while not making such explicit reference to the New Deal, have cited our "mission . . . to show others, by conduct and example, that a free society could produce good fruits," a mission that imposes on the United States the duty of "doing much for others without seeking for itself any extension of its political power" (John Foster Dulles, in a speech made a week before the CIA-sponsored invasion of Guatemala).

A classic statement of the view is found in a 1967 speech by Hubert Humphrey. (As the Johnson and Humphrey statements indicate, what we call the New Deal image embraces subsequent administrations, down to the present.) Like Dulles, Mr. Humphrey begins with an acute sense of the American mission:

This New World has represented not just a new land to be exploited, not just a haven for the oppressed. Above all, it has signified a vision of a new human chance—an opportunity to create in a new world a society, a human political system, which would make possible a truly human life.

The speech concerned Latin America, also a resident of the New World; but to the south, the Vice President assumed, the great experiment had aborted. What in the United States is "a tiny minority" of the discontented, "misled by demagogues into seeing its only outlet in anarchy and violence," in Latin America "could be a dangerous and broad movement—or a majority." Our mission is to bring a "politics of hope and of faith" to Latin America through the Alliance for Progress, which embodies our way of successfully attacking social no less than economic problems:

Yes, we are beginning to develop right here at home a creative partnership—an Alliance for Progress—between free enterprise and representative government. And the lessons learned right here must be seized and put to work in other parts of the hemisphere.

When Humphrey spoke of "the lessons learned right here" from which Latin America could benefit, he included progress in racial justice.

The Administration of which Humphrey is a part, no less than that of which Nixon and Dulles were members, has intervened on behalf of Third World conservatives, who were challenged by revolutionaries or reformers with a far better claim to represent a majority of their countrymen. For the Iran and Guatemala of the Eisenhower years, there are the Dominican Republic, Guyana and Brazil of the last two Democratic administrations, while both parties must share responsibility for Cuba and Vietnam. These incursions into the affairs of other nations have been publicly justified by the New Deal tenet that political revolu-

tions are legitimate only where Communists or foreigners rule, the latter being by now an almost empty category. Elsewhere "development," perceived as economic growth (after 1960 with some social reform), requires "stability"—meaning continued rule by existing elites or by their loyal opposition. "The economic progress we seek," Humphrey said of U.S. goals for Latin America in the 1967 speech, "can be securely achieved only where political institutions are strong and where political leadership is secure," meaning existing institutions and existing ways of recruiting leaders. Throughout the collection of his speeches entitled *The Winds of Freedom*, Dean Rusk acknowledged the struggle going on in the Third World for a sense of nationhood, social justice and economic transformation. Yet with total assurance he stated that "there is no reason to suppose that they [these far-reaching changes] could not be accommodated in the process of peaceful change."

It is but a short step from saying that real revolutions are unnecessary in the south to saying that, where rumblings of revolution do occur, they have been induced artificially by (again in Humphrey's words) "those who glorify violence and who seek not to change society but to destroy it." Such men almost by definition serve goals alien to the interests of the society in question. Therefore, even indigenous revolutionaries may be seen as "outside agitators." Here, however, Washington often falls into a paradox: If it is so obvious that reform can do the job, one would expect little response to the call of violence, surely few people seek gratuitous exposure to suffering. Why then is the revolutionary "agitator" so serious a threat?

Major social and economic change is theoretically possible without a concomitant political revolution, without, that is, basic renovation of change-directing institutions. The New Deal no doubt qualifies. The Third World example which advocates of this analogy frequently cite is Puerto Rico, economically among the fastest growing southern societies. As a model of national development, however, this example is flawed. Puerto Rico is also one of the least sovereign nations. Mexico is sometimes cited, for it too has achieved a rapid rate of economic growth under conditions of political stability. Here the difficulty is that Mexico went through a revolution. Latin America continues to be seen, however, as an appropriate area for testing the New Deal extrapolation. For this region long has typified the problems of "post-independence" that are emerging in Africa and Asia: for example military coups, difficulty in freeing the economy from dependence on primary exports, regional fragmentation. The conditions for peaceful reform also seem most favorable: Latin America possesses more technological resources than most of Africa or Asia, and is a region where Washington can implement its assistance with little interference from other great powers. Not surprisingly, then, the Alliance for Progress is our most explicit, operational statement of the New Deal model. (In one of its architects, Adolf Berle, there is even a direct link.) "Although the Alliance springs from the special relationships between the American nations," Mr. Rusk said in 1962, "it embodies basic prin-

ciples of development which are of broader application." It is instructive, therefore, to examine briefly how the Alliance has worked in one Latin American country, Guatemala, which is more typical of the Third World than either Puerto Rico or Mexico.

For the first few years of the Alliance, the Guatemalan Government evinced little interest in its reform provisions. But "American officials felt in 1966 that Guatemala had at last acquired a government that was at once democratic and capable of putting the Alliance to work" (Henry Giniger in *The New York Times*). In the more than two years since this "democratic Left" government came into office, and despite significant infusions of U.S. "aid" (most Alliance funds are actually repayable loans tied to the purchase of U.S. goods), nothing approaching the process envisaged by the New Deal metaphor has occurred. Instead, President Méndez Montenegro soon abandoned all pretense of implementing the reforms on which he had campaigned, and concomitantly political violence grew to the point where, by last winter, it was claiming seventy-five to 100 lives a month. That is equivalent to 3,000 or 4,000 assassinations a month in the United States.

It is not difficult to discover why the Alliance has not worked in Guatemala, or why "revolutionary development" does not occur in South Vietnam. Those who have power—not always identical with those who staff high government posts—resist reform because they correctly perceive that it will diminish their status, wealth or influence. Unlike FDR's foes, they resist successfully because they possess resources that control the making and implementing of decisions far more effectively than do votes or public opinion. In Guatemala these include economic sabotage (denying the government the funds for anything beyond housekeeping functions) and the threat of a military coup. Under such circumstances, it is obvious why a civilian, reform-minded President may do no more than put his desires for change on record. When initially the Alliance made land reform a condition for U.S. economic aid, a dozen Latin American nations passed land reform statutes.

Six years later, these new laws have made a discernible difference in only two, possibly three, of the countries.

The New Deal model works, then, only where those who rule also have power and are responsive to majorities. In most of Latin America, as more people vote, elections yield increasingly radical governments—and elites rely more on military coups (or the threat thereof) to forestall implementation of promised reforms. Chile, one of the few countries on the continent with an apolitical military, almost elected a Socialist-Communist coalition in 1964 and may do so in 1970. Elsewhere, the military have abrogated this trend toward more radical, more nationalistic administrations. This pattern is apparent in case studies (e.g., Edwin Lieuwen's *Presidents vs. Generals*) and in such summary statistics as those published by Martin Needler in the September, 1966, issue of the *American Political Science Review*:

	All Successful 1935-44	Military Coups in Latin America 1945-54	1955-64
Were pro-reform	50%	23%	17%
Overthrew constitutional governments	12%	32%	50%

The only data omitted from this table are the simultaneous increase over time of (a) voting by lower status groups and (b) Washington's influence on Latin American military establishments. This is visible in grants and sales of hardware, personnel trained in the States and at the Canal Zone, and in the formulation by the Pentagon of the inward-directed strategies of "counterinsurgency" and "civic action," now adopted by most Latin American armies. At last reckoning we had trained one out of every ten members of Guatemala's military establishment, the national police included.

It would be inaccurate to say that Washington does not want reform in Latin America. It has counseled governments to institute "basic, even revolutionary changes in



Vadillo, La Prensa (Mexico)

the structure of society" (Rusk). But without political revolution, which the New Deal image condemns and our military support undercuts, these reforms rarely occur. Perhaps Latin American elites are shortsighted to postpone them, but it would not be the first time that elites have failed to act in their own long-term interests. Our antebellum Southern aristocracy is a case in point. Viewed from these elites' perspective, moreover, such stalling may appear quite rational. Urban migration will continue to draw off much rural discontent. If things get out of hand, experience suggests that the United States will come to the aid of any beleaguered establishment that pins the label of international communism on its domestic opponents. This worked recently in Brazil (1964) and in the Dominican Republic (1965). It worked in Guatemala in 1954, when our intervention forestalled significant land reform and the incorporation of peasants for the first time into national institutions. The reprieve Guatemalan conservatives won then has stood up for fifteen years. Why, with fresh inputs from the United States, should it not last another fifteen years?

The New Deal metaphor generates, first, the false impression that we understand what is happening in the Third World and therefore are entitled to shape events there. Then, it biases the way in which we intervene. Believing that economic growth requires uninterrupted political stability and that revolutionaries are heretics and outsiders, we place our power at the disposal of counterrevolutionaries. The reformist element usually remains still-born, while the repressive element comes to life. The result is increased polarization—hence violence—within these societies.

That is precisely what happened in Guatemala. Under Arbenz in the early fifties, the country was ruled by a leftist coalition. Arbenz, a nationalist and not a Communist, entrusted much of his land reform program and peasant organization to local Communists because they had the necessary organizational skills, were incorruptible, and were staunchly loyal to the reform objectives of the government. The Communists had so little "hold" over Arbenz that he was able to refuse their demand, when the government was under attack in 1954, that workers be armed in its defense. One need not blink at Arbenz's errors and repression—characteristics in which prior and subsequent governments handsomely outdid him—to note that his regime marked a moment of hope for Guatemala that neither existed before nor has reappeared since. Following the 1954 intervention²—at the time hailed by Richard Nixon "as dramatic evidence that the idea of freedom was one for which men were willing to fight and die"—Guatemala has had fifteen years of "little but stagnant dictator-

ship" (*Washington Post's* Daniel Kurzman). The President installed by Washington turned out to be, in Tad Szulc's words, "a budding dictator, a political failure, a wastrel of American aid, a protector of corruption, and an unthinking defender of the prerevolutionary status quo" (*The Winds of Revolution*).

One may say that that all happened a long time ago. It is disconcerting, however, to discover that the motives Washington gave for its sudden interest in Guatemala in 1954 were identical to those offered for our involvement in Vietnam. We were, in accordance with the New Deal image, going to help the Guatemalan people achieve both democracy and development by denying local Communists control over the government. It is also disconcerting to read the speech Secretary of State Dulles made at the time, in which he stated that we are not of course the world's policeman:

We do not assume that we have any mandate to run the world. . . . We do not accept the view that whenever there is trouble anywhere that it is the fault of the United States and we must quickly fix it.

No disinterested observer of Guatemala today, whether journalist or academic, believes that our intervention contributed either to democracy or to development in that country. And those within Guatemala who are serious about social change increasingly find their only hope in revolution.

In Guatemala in 1954, as in Vietnam today, Washington's motives certainly included the fear that a major Communist power (Russia, China) would increase its influence in a previously Western-dominated area. But even as an expression of self-interest, and abandoning any pretense that it was undertaken to save others, the intervention proved counterproductive. The Soviet Union, somewhat to its own surprise, did establish a "beachhead" in this hemisphere—in Cuba in 1961. It had no comparable role in Guatemala in 1954 and it could hardly have hoped to achieve one under Arbenz. But Fidel Castro learned from Guatemala. Castro came to Mexico in 1955, exiled after imprisonment for his abortive attack on the Moncada Barracks. We know from his "History Will Absolve Me" speech that up to that time he had been a member of that "democratic Left" which Washington now applauds in Latin America. In Mexico, Castro moved in exile circles which included pro-Arbenz Guatemalans. In these groups, Herbert Dinerstein reports, it was assumed "that the United States would intervene against any genuine social reform under the guise of intervening against communism." The other lesson extracted from Guatemala was the futility of expecting the United Nations to protect a leftist regime against such U.S. moves. Washington could always argue, as it had done successfully in 1954, that the hemisphere had its own "peacekeeping" organization—one which it dominates.

Once in power in Cuba, Castro was wary of Washington and quickly moved to an ideological position that would secure Soviet support. The tragedy lay less in what Washington did or failed to do in 1960 than in what it had done in 1954. Again in Dinerstein's words (*Intervention Against Communism*):

² Many of the details are recounted by David Wise and Thomas Ross in *The Invisible Government*. Here it is enough to say that Arbenz, like most Latin American reformers, enjoyed only the conditional support of his own army. After U.S. pilots (CIA) strafed and bombed Guatemala City over a period of days in U.S. planes, the generals forced Arbenz to resign. The U.S. Ambassador then moved quickly to assure that the CIA-picked exile leader, Col. Castillo Armas, and not some other general, would assume the Presidency.

Most probably the United States would have been prepared to accept even a quite radical Cuban regime if it had not become Communist; and it is equally likely that Castro could not have believed this to be the case, given the lessons he had drawn from the intervention in Guatemala.

Another Latin American who drew lessons from Guatemala was Ernesto Guevara, then far from being the "Che" that the United States would spend millions to help trap in Bolivia. Guevara was a doctor planning to work in a leprosarium in Venezuela. He was in Guatemala City in 1954, this being one stop on a trip through Latin America. Though unquestionably holding leftist sentiments, he had never become politically affiliated; he was "the sarcastic medico, the uncommitted and unimpressed spectator." So incensed was Guevara, however, by the U.S. intervention he witnessed that he joined those trying to organize resistance. When that failed, he accompanied the other exiles to Mexico, where he met Castro for the first time. "The doctor died and the guerrilla leader was born there in Guatemala City in June, 1954." (Dolores Moyano Martin, "A Memoir of the Young Guevara," *The New York Times*, August 18, 1968.)

Like some self-fulfilling prophecy, then, Washington's "successful" intervention in Guatemala rid the hemisphere of a leftist coalition government only to contribute to the rise of a more monolithic and far more Soviet-penetrated regime. The tactical success of the CIA operation in Guatemala, however, encouraged Washington to meet the new Cuban threat with the Bay of Pigs operation. This time, however, the CIA miscalculated and the U.S. role was fully exposed; as a consequence, the Alliance was tarnished in its inception. (The Bay of Pigs invasion was appropriately launched from Guatemala, by that time ruled by U.S. protégés.) Four years later, the Santo Domingo affair—traceable to Johnson's fear of "another Cuba" and thus one more ripple from 1954—gave the Alliance what many observers considered its *coup de grâce*. For whatever Washington thought of Juan Bosch's supporters in the 1965 uprising, Bosch was considered "democratic Left" throughout Latin America. An Alliance without "democratic Left" leadership is, to many Latin Americans, too patently a holding action for the *status quo*.

Currently, to come full circle, many speak of Guatemala as a potential Vietnam. Already it has taken an infusion of U.S. Special Forces to contain two guerrilla bands inspired by Castro's example. Already U.S. military attachés and a U.S. ambassador have been killed, and napalm has been used.³ One need not predict victory for the guerrillas to suggest that Guatemala today is more of a "trouble spot" for Washington than it was—if correctly perceived—in 1954. Moreover, much of this trouble stems from our intervention which discredited, and in some in-

stances destroyed, democratic reformers, while it strengthened the association of nationalism with communism. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the 1954 intervention was as destructive of U.S. interests, as Washington itself defines them, as it was of Guatemala's.

One case does not make a pattern. Space precludes doing more here, however. A "modest proposal" for the next administration would be to commission a study, at least as thorough as the Kerner Report, on the long-term results of every U.S. intervention in the Third World. Even if no one acted on this information, it might have the salutary effect of disabusing us of the hubris fostered by the New Deal image.

Perhaps Vietnam will cure us, but the evidence so far seems negative. Those most likely to shape the next administration still speak of Vietnam mainly as a tactical error: too much unilateral military involvement. It may be, however, that public wisdom will come from another source in the years ahead; from our ineludible domestic crisis. And here I mean something more than the fact that resources spent in Vietnam are needed at home.

Throughout the sixties, Washington has told the Third World that a major obstacle to its social and economic development is its failure to incorporate rural poor into national markets and institutions. Using the New Deal model, our leaders have said that this can, and only should, be achieved through nonviolent reform. Now that our cities are swelling with rural migrants for whom little suitable housing, relevant education or employment exists; now that the reform-making institutions of the New Deal vintage look bureaucratized and bewildered; now that we have experienced violence that cannot be explained by "outside agitators"—surely now, one thinks, fewer Americans will accept the universal applicability of "persuasion and consent" (Rusk). The point is a simple one but worth publicity: only now has this country faced problems at all analogous to those facing many Third World nations, and while by Third World standards we possess unlimited resources for dealing with these problems, we have yet to score any notable successes. The first "ulterior" use that might be made of our domestic crisis, then, is to deflate complacency to the point where leaders will admit they do not have the answers to the thorny questions of revolution versus reform, this set of institutions versus that, social priorities versus economic ones. Most southern societies may also lack optimal answers, but they have a right as well as a need to learn by making their own mistakes—including their own revolutions, if these turn out to be mistakes.

No one can examine north-south relations globally and black-white relations domestically without sensing that they call for analogous inventions. A major obstacle to viable solutions in both cases is the close association of control with resources. The poor in both instances need access to technology and wealth, but they also need to control their own experiments. The latter is not merely a psychic need, endorsed by justice; it is a functional requisite as well. The "have-nots" usually know best where they are and where they want to go. Most resources, however, are concentrated in the hands of the "haves"—of

³ Both *Le Monde* reporter Marcel Niedergang and Uruguayan journalist Eduardo Galeano quote Guatemalan Vice President Marroquin Rojas as saying that U.S. planes, based in the Canal Zone, have made napalm bombing raids on mountainous areas believed to contain guerrillas. For Galeano's account of the guerrillas and their attackers, see "With the Guerrillas in Guatemala," *Latin America: Reform or Revolution?*, edited by James Petras and Maurice Zeitlin.

white Americans and of the rich, industrialized nations—and these have tended to make them available only on their own terms. So the “have-nots” find themselves forced to choose between self-determination with few resources and more resources with little self-determination.

Without developing the point further, the new policy needed in both instances is one that will create the *environment* in which all experiments that functionally relate the particular (e.g., the group culture of black citizens, the national culture of a southern society) to the minimal demands of the larger community (e.g., to buy one must have something to sell) will have an optimal chance of succeeding. At present, as has been demonstrated through trade statistics in the one sphere and “life chances” data in the other, the environment is not even neutral. Instead, to those that have, more usually is given. Just as Third World nations continually receive less for what they sell abroad, relative to the price of the manufactured goods

they purchase (including the machinery they need to break this vicious cycle), so automation and the rise of suburbia leave many black Americans with relatively worsening education, housing and occupational choices.

The Third World does not inhabit our cities, does not confront us directly. Ultimately, the dispersal of cheap nuclear “equalizers” or the sheer enormity of mass starvation may give some southern regions a claim on our attention, but by then we may be too frightened to respond rationally. In the meantime, America’s attitude toward the world’s south might be characterized as white liberalism. We are so adept at explaining their situation to them, so sure they want what we want, so officious in “helping,” that we scarcely hear them tell it like it is. So there is something to be said for eliciting from our confrontation with nationalism, “rising expectations” and the desire for self-determination at home—a confrontation we cannot avoid—new images of similar phenomena abroad.

SKI BIZ

THE NORTH SLOPE CIRCUS

WILLIAM B. ROLLINS

Mr. Rollins is a free-lance writer (and one-time professional ski teacher), now living at Woody Creek, near Aspen.

Fred Iselin, ski boss at Sun Valley, Aspen and now Aspen Highlands, says: “When I started skiing, my face was schmooth and my pants were baggy. Now my face is baggy and my pants are schmooth.” Iselin neglects to mention that his pockets were once empty, but now there’s a noticeable bulge where his wallet weights his “pulsating-pink” parka. Like his neighboring ski school director at Snowmass-at-Aspen, Stein Eriksen (known to some as “The Golden Stud”), he is proof that there’s more to directing a ski school these days than saying, “Bend zee knees. Two dollars, please.”

One must make movies (Iselin’s latest, for United Airlines, is *Yoo, Hoo, I’m a Bird*), endorse beer and tanning lotion, produce celebrities and wax personalities as well as skis, now that posh has come to the slopes.

Skiing, they say, is a way of life. Just ask Shirley Kantrowitz. Eight years ago, the wife of a garage owner in Woodridge, N.Y., she borrowed the money to buy fifty pairs of skis, poles and boots, and open a rental shop at a new local ski resort called “Davos, USA.” Two years later, she and her partner, James Wynkoop, had paid for the first fifty pairs and 950 more. By noon on a busy Saturday they have rented out all 1,000 at \$5 a pair. That is more than \$4,000 clear profit for four hours’ work. Shirley’s husband has long since sold the garage to work in the rental shop. They have a new house, two new cars (license plates: SKE-5 and SKE-6), and take the summer off. They have opened rental shops at other Eastern ski areas. It’s a way of life, all right, but they seldom get a chance to ski any more.

The Iselins, Eriksens, and Kantrowitzes, however, are small-time compared to Howard Head, America’s biggest ski manufacturer, who counts his annual earnings in the millions, and recently announced a merger with the American Equipment Company. You can read about him in *Fortune*. In major operations, skiing tends to become subsidiary. The co-developers of Snowmass-at-Aspen, the Janss Corp., and the American Cement (that’s right, cement) Corp., sold \$3 million worth of real estate from January to March of this year alone as they opened their West Village. Snowmass had more skiers in its first year of operation than nearby Aspen Mountain, which celebrated its twentieth anniversary during the season.

Skiers—an estimated 50,000 each year—have also changed. The old breed calls it dilution, or prostitution. When Hannes Schneider immigrated from the Arlberg in Austria, to get the sport really going in the United States in the 1930s, most of the devotees at North Conway, N.H., were individualists, pioneer sorts. You had to climb a foot or more for every foot you skied down; climb a mile for the reward of skiing back down a half-mile. After a big snow, the aficionados worked together, packing the slopes, step by sweating step.

Now, sophisticated snow vehicles do the packing. And the old rope tows and snowmobile at North Conway have been dated by Poma-lifts, T-bars, J-bars, chair lifts, gondolas and téléfériques. The modern skier is even carried down, too, if necessary. He can leave the kids in a nursery at the bottom, wine and dine at midway and again at the top, watching the parade at the sun deck. One of Iselin’s star attractions last winter, Tom LeRoy, performed a double somersault for the vicarious pleasure of those eating lunch midway at the Highlands.

Tino Koch, a former Swiss Olympian who runs the ski complex at the Concord Hotel, in the Catskill Borscht

Belt, says, "I don't run a ski school, I run a circus." (Tino made the original loan to Wynkoop and Kantrowitz.) I used to teach for Tino. In a class of ten people (mainly beginners from New York City) there would be five who, if they fell down, couldn't get up by themselves. Those five and two more, on the average, were incapable of climbing the practice slope (vertical drop: 15 feet). When



the girls fell down and got their faces wet, blue and green mascara would run down their cheeks to blend with the colored, artificial snow. (The popular name for Sugarbush Mountain in Vermont is, appropriately, "Mascara Mountain.")

"Follow me," was often replaced in the instructor's lingo by "Hang on to me." The instructor needed more psychology than technical finesse. "What do you do if your feet hurt?" the students ask, or "What's the worst thing that can happen to me?" (Once, weary at the end of a long season, I told a woman, "Oh, you could get a ski pole in your stomach, and break your back.")

Koch charged \$5 for a half-hour lesson (admitting, privately, that no one learned that much). With ten to twelve classes every half-hour, every day, he earned an estimated \$80,000 in three months. But he lived in constant fear that the hotel would replace him with a champion with a bigger, or at least newer, name.

The hotel had a different fear. It was almost inevitable that anyone who fell would sue, claiming that the rental equipment was faulty, or the snow not properly groomed. Concord hired a full-time insurance adjuster to stand at the flag-draped chalet at the top of the hill with a camera. He took pictures of the equipment immediately after a fall and statements from witnesses to any accident, for possible use in court later. It was rumored that the hotel always settled for a nominal sum so as to maintain good will.

The springtime of skiing, the days of climbing half the day with a peanut butter sandwich and an apple in a sack on your back for one run down; too tired by dusk to do much but go to bed, are over. Those who climb to even the most remote peaks now are apt to find the fresh powder snow tracked up by more affluent skiers who got to the top by helicopter. Last winter, it cost \$6.50 a day to ride up Aspen Mountain. Many resorts charged \$8 for the same privilege. Since the \$5-a-day barrier was broken, most skiers think that it will be \$10 before long. The best skis now cost \$200; boots, at least \$50; poles, \$15; pants, \$45; parkas, \$50. One skier spent \$1,000 his first morning to outfit the family at Aspen Sports. (He may have been one of those who keep a \$30,000 apartment in a condominium for vacation use.)

The summer season at Aspen is almost as busy, due largely to a music festival. Most modern ski resorts are seeking similar "cultural attractions" that will give them a year-around appeal and income. They usually start with golf courses and pools. Nearby Snowmass has snatched up a film conference that abandoned Aspen for lack of funds. (Snowmass doesn't lack funds.) They put up \$1,000 for a chess conference that couldn't raise the kitty in Aspen. And Snowmass officials invested another \$1,000 in an old shed, to make it suitable for a group of Aspen potters. (It may be no coincidence that the potters decided to move back to Aspen after the first guided tour of prospective Snowmass property buyers. Snowmass got another potter.)

Areas such as Vail, Colo., Park City, Utah, and Jackson Hole, Wyo., have discovered that quick success on the ski slopes cannot be as quickly backed up by "instant culture" in the community. But they're trying. Enterprising "arts and crafts" types might find—if they don't mind being displayed to guided tours—that life as an artist-in-residence at a ski area is financially more rewarding than a similar job on campus.

Oddly enough, summer is a good time to get a picture of what skiing has done to people, and what people are doing to skiing. In Aspen, this year, it was the summer of the bitch. Sour-faced shopkeepers bitched that there were not enough tourists; tanned old-timers whined that there were too many; soggy campers carped at the rain. They all stopped on the sidewalks to stare at hard-hatted workmen hammering nails into the frames and floors of condominiums, those climbing conglomerations that blot out the mountains. And they all agreed: Aspen had changed.

A summer of the harassed. Merchants harassed the city councilmen and police about the hippies and boycotted the *Aspen Times* for declaring that hippies had rights. There were so many mustaches on the streets it seemed like a perpetual convention of barbershop quartets. A season of Beatles and beads, meditation and macrobiotics, asanas and astrology, tarot cards and the I Ching. Of course, Aspen had no monopoly on the young, the dropouts (although it has always exerted a disproportionate attraction). But in Aspen, the new gypsy bands met a curious blend of earlier gypsies, one-time ski bums, surfers, others who had escaped the rat race. These older ones had well-defined symbols of, at once, rebellion and belonging;

badges like jeeps, German shepherds, green rubber boots and pick-up trucks with names. And when the two bands met, in the mountains and valleys, alongside the Victorian gingerbread houses, many of the original rebels, who had run away from society in the 1940s, displayed short memories. They closed the doors of their precious Aspen society to such youths as they themselves had once been.

This was also the summer when the final 8 miles of Independence Pass were paved, making it easier for the soft and pale to invade, burying under asphalt the dirt-road nostalgia. It was the summer when wastes ran over the top of sewer-plant capacity, and trout turned up dead bellies to float down the Roaring Fork and rot on rock-strewn banks. The summer when the Aspen Ski Corporation decided it could no longer offer cut-rate lift tickets to employees: too many administration problems; too much cheating. "Remember," an old-timer said, "when you could stick your skis in a snowbank outside the Red Onion while you had a few drinks, and nobody would take them?"

Bow-tied drivers sped buses with stylized flowers on their sides, every half-hour, to West Village, Snowmass-at-Aspen, so visitors could see always smiling, all-American

public relations men change costumes (not quite on the hour): Cowboy hats for Western Days at Snowmass-at-Aspen; sombreros for Fiesta Acapulco at Snowmass-at-Aspen; black suits for Mock Funeral at Snowmass-at-Aspen.

Yes, indeed: "Something's Always Happening at Snowmass-at-Aspen" (if you call that something). Masochists could dwell on the multi-brochured prospect that the IBM computer at Public Relations-Western-Acapulco-Black-West Village-Snowmass-at-Aspen is, *even now*, programming seven more villages, one for every dart on the compass rose. It takes great imagination. Perhaps only a computer would have the soul to re-create ghost towns with the veritable vacuity of the originals.

You can be sure that, this winter, everything will be bigger and (no, not better) more expensive at all the Davoses, Sugarbushes and Snowmasses-at-Aspen. And there will be at least 50,000 more skiers riding up and down the mountains. The late Freddie Fisher, a long-time Aspenite and non-skier, used to gaze up at the mountains and say, "I'm too poor to go up, and too smart to come down." Freddie was a good bitcher. It seems a long time since he died.

DIPLOMATIC QUOTAS

WASHINGTON'S ODD LOGISTICS

W. E. CHILTON III

Mr. Chilton is publisher of the Charleston (W.Va.) Gazette.

Militarily, two nations dominate the earth. Each owns—and boasts of owning—sufficient nuclear destruction to atomize several times over the 3 billion men, women and children alive today. Under these circumstances it might be thought the United States and the Soviet Union would covet extensive, purposeful diplomatic relations. What would seem unthinkable is that either superpower would, for lack of financing, slight agencies or processes specifically structured to promote understanding and friendship between governments and peoples, particularly in light of the orbital sums spent by the same societies on projects that only encourage distrust and raise levels of animosity.

When the United States and the Soviet Union reached agreement last June on the long-delayed Consular Treaty, I was in Moscow with an American Newspaper Study group preparatory to heading out to Siberia. [See "Plain Talk with Vodka," *The Nation*, November 11.] Through efforts of a colleague, three of us interviewed Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson.

Asked about the Consular Treaty, the Ambassador said his budget was so cramped that he would be lucky to open one consulate—at Leningrad. The Russian consulate, he noted, would be in San Francisco. Ambassador Thompson didn't dwell upon his financial difficulties, since it would have been unbecoming, not to say unavailing—his allocation, along with that of every other of the nation's multi-

tudinous ministerial missions, is fixed from Washington out of the State Department's annual appropriation awarded by Congress.

Although no restrictions limit the number of personnel the United States may appoint to the Moscow embassy or the Soviet Union may send here, the latter's delegation is larger. Perhaps more surprising, the American staff at Moscow is substantially smaller than others stationed in far less important countries. Serving in Washington are eighty-seven Soviet diplomats; the United States has sixty-four diplomats in Moscow. The complete complement working at the embassies is higher: 135 Soviet employees consisting of 114 civilians and twenty-one military, against 108 Americans composed of sixty-four civilians and forty-four military. (The greater number of U.S. military, says the State Department, is due to thirteen Marine guards and Seabees.)

The American delegation on duty in Athens, Greece, totals 350, according to State Department figures obtained in October by the Associated Press. Departmental press agents could doubtless justify the quantitative discrepancy between our Greek and Russian missions, but the true reason in all probability has little to do with diplomacy. Heaven knows it can't square with reality because Greece relates to what's happening throughout the present world about as precisely as does a DAR chapter meeting.

Athens, however, is a comfortable city, with ample creature consolations, moderate climate much of the year, and the environs chock-full of marvelous antiquities. It is accessible to touring relatives and family friends, and is

the ideal base from which to launch vacation expeditions to Egypt's pyramids or the Colosseum in Rome.

Moscow, on the other hand, is conspicuously deficient in the niceties, even the essentials, of modern living. Cultural attractions, though excellent, are few. Night life is nil. Making friends among the natives is an impossibility. The weather ranges from poor to awful, and winters are colder than a *Pravda* editorial discussing U.S. foreign policy. In addition, the work load is formidable.

To suggest that Athens' charms and Moscow's drawbacks account for the pronounced difference in size of the ambassadorial staffs assigned to these capital cities is on its face an absurdity. Yet equally absurd is an American diplomatic commitment to Greece more than three times as large as the commitment to the USSR. Either our Greek embassy is crawling with supernumeraries or our Russian delegation is slaving away on the edge of exhaustion.

Likewise deplorable is the failure to unearth enough dollars to create more than one consulate within the Soviet Union. But since the money can't be found, the decision to run the one consulate the United States does intend to support from Leningrad, an overnight train hop from Moscow, is unfortunate. The Soviet Union's future lies literally in Siberia.

Russian authorities are determined to develop this remote region that is bigger than the continental United States. Japanese industrialists are being courted for investment capital on joint enterprises. Soviet laborers, skilled and unskilled, who move to Siberia receive double compensation for equivalent work performed elsewhere in the country. Scientific cities are being built. Already the world's largest hydroelectric installation is operative at Bratsk; it is so highly automated that two engineers command the energy output from a single small control

room. A chain of identical facilities is being planned nearby to provide the whole of the USSR with plentiful, cheap electricity.

Lake Baikal, an hour's bus drive from Irkutsk, is the Soviet Union's first designated national park. It is the world's oldest, deepest, purest body of fresh water, and the recreational complex to be situated there will ultimately accommodate at any given time 160,000 vacationers. Lake Superior's perimeter is longer than Lake Baikal's, but the latter's volume of water exceeds the combined volume of all the Great Lakes.

More and more American excursionists—and businessmen, too, since gold, diamonds and other scarce mineable materials are buried beneath Siberia's timbered tracts—will be journeying to the Soviet Union's Asian territories, and a consulate could prove to be a very welcome facility. For example, our tour director lost his passport on the flight to Khabarovsk, some 5,000 miles from Moscow. He found it finally, but if he hadn't, he'd have had to retrace that incredible distance to acquire another at the Moscow embassy before being permitted to leave the USSR.

Soviet-American diplomacy can doom or validate mankind's aspirations for peace and for a decent interment of cold-war irritations. To stint on the instrumentalities required to pursue these objectives strengthens the case of those who insist the United States really doesn't desire a harmonious world, unless such a world is to be wrapped to pax Americana specifications. Some of the State Department's more knowledgeable critics—recently re-elected Sen. J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, perhaps?—ought to examine closely the wisdom of assigning 350 employees to discharge the nation's diplomatic responsibilities in Greece and 108 to master the same task in the Soviet Union. Figures like these fail to add up in more ways than one.

'ANY ACTION?'

THE ACID ROCK VIGIL

KENNETH G. GROSS

Mr. Gross, a reporter on the New York Post, is completing with Bernard Lejkowitz a book on the Wylie-Hoffert murder case.

It ended late election night in the bloodshot glare of a television screen hung over the bar of a midtown Manhattan hotel ballroom. It ended as dazed hippies spilled whisky on the dance floor's soiled confetti. It ended while a sobbing girl with a papoose on her back slumped into sleep while her child kept a vigil. It ended with the insane howl of a plastic horn, blown in the nearest ear by a staggering youth. It ended with the stumbling dropouts washing away the sight of their defeat—as the television recorded new scores—in liquor or pot or acid.

The anti-election campaign was ended.

It had begun in the brisk afternoon sunshine of Union

Square Park, an American Hyde Park, and the ghostlike remains of the old Bolsheviks of the depression cocked a cynical ear at these wild new revolutionaries who knew nothing of the old battles and repressions. The old foxes, in their overlong greatcoats, left the chess boards grudgingly to hear these children too young to vote urging and taunting their elders away from the ballot. They listened silently and smiled in recognition and had a special fondness for those who slumped against the trees in despair—those who sensed the doom of their mission. The bloodied older crowd recognized themselves and returned to their chess boards with a shrug. For a moment, they had been stirred.

They had been stirred. But they had watched the growing detail of police who surrounded the park. They had watched the policemen slipping into place, roping off the demonstration areas and bringing up the wagons for the arrests. The cops seemed bored, a sure sign that something

dangerous was brewing. The Tactical Patrol Force buses rolled into the side streets. The Community Relations people arrived to explain it all to the press.

A white-haired veteran of the park's political and social past tried quietly to discourage a boy who was wearing a "Vote No!" button.

"If you provoke them," he said, pointing off toward the building line of policemen, "you will get hurt."

The boy looked at the old gentleman as if the man were mad.

"You see," the man continued, "I really don't believe that you people are ready for the streets."

"We have to turn this into Chicago," the boy said, starting to turn away, as if this guy could never comprehend anyway.

"It's not that," the man said, grabbing his arm to stop the boy. "I agree with everything you say. I agree that the candidates are terrible. Terrible. I'm not voting. But what I'm saying is that you're doing something foolish by provoking violence. You aren't ready. You'll find that you'll be all alone on the streets. There won't be anyone there to help. . . ."

"Listen, Pop. You just don't know what I'm talking about. We have to go to the streets. That's our only recourse. We have no choice. But how can you understand?"

The old man started to say something. Smiled. And walked away. "They will learn," he mumbled. "They will learn."

A group of white-faced players performed an anti-war drama that seemed too whimsical for the cops in the crowd, too esoteric for anyone else except a small core of unsmiling theatregoers up front. It ended and a young girl in the cast started to pass a hat.

"How come you din' sing the National Anthem?" shouted a toothless black woman. The girl passing the hat didn't hear the remark, only the bitter tinge to the delivery, and ran up expecting to find an ally. She smiled and said something about solidarity.

"I said how come you din' sing the National Anthem? . . . Motherfucker!"

The players made an immediate withdrawal, taking with them the half-filled Uncle Sam hat. They retreated to the far end of the park at 17th Street, where a speakers' platform had been arranged.

The groups from Columbia and City College and other outposts of Students for a Democratic Society began arriving, each wave bringing a surge of applause and hope. The men were uniformly ragged. Some wore tattered army fatigue jackets. The girls wore no make-up and expressions of humorless dedication. They would taunt a cop here and there, but the humor was bitter, bitter, bitter. They had tacked up pictures of Hubert Humphrey, Richard Nixon and George Wallace. Each had been transformed by ink mustache and drooping lock of hair to a caricature of Hitler.

A boy held the amplifier for the speaker: "Racist war . . . Fascist government . . . revolutionary movements . . . pig departments."

The words became snatches and there were flinches in



the line of cops when an insult hit its mark. But almost no one except the cops was listening. The girls were strolling among the crowd, now approaching 500, teasing the boys. The boys were showing off their militancy to the girls. And in one corner, hidden by a circle of friends, a pair of kids blew pot to demonstrate defiance in public.

A cardboard coffin was passed overhead to signify the mordant quality of the election. A pair of doctors circulated among the crowd in long white gowns with large red crosses on the front. They said that they had been at Columbia.

A policeman stood off in the background counting the crowd. He was telling his superior that the march, if there was one, would be illegal. The demonstrators planned to march to Times Square, about a mile north.

"There's nothing illegal about a stroll," said the superior.

"But they don't have a parade permit," argued the cop.

"Who says that they can't all decide to walk uptown?"

And that's what they did. After conferring with the police brass, the groups broke into clusters of about fifty and started walking north along the sidewalk. Some walked up Sixth Avenue; others walked up Broadway. Each group was accompanied by a detail of cops.

The first group to reach the rendezvous—Rockefeller Center at 49th Street, chosen for poetic aptness—numbered about seventy-five. The ice skaters were stunned by

the sudden appearance of the hippies who marched all around the ice chanting, "The ice belongs to the people." An attendant cleared the ice and the hippies blew whistles at a terrified couple huddling on the stairs. They advanced on the flower displays, heading east toward Fifth Avenue, growing bolder and escalating the language.

Suddenly, two TPF patrolmen appeared. They walked with absolute authority on the leader of the group, who was waving a Vietcong flag wildly at Rockefeller Plaza. The cops were undaunted by the numbers. They simply raised their arms in a sweep and the crowd of hippies broke and started running south on Fifth Avenue. A black demonstrator said that in a black area two cops would never dare try to cope with such a crowd, and that it was a sure sign of the group's fundamental weakness that they broke so easily.

The group started south along Fifth Avenue. Another larger group was heading north and the police began to get nervous. There was a cheer when the two groups spotted each other. The cops started breaking up the groups and sending them down various side streets. Suddenly, at 47th Street, the arrests began. The kid with the Vietcong flag was thrown into a wagon. Then a girl. Then others. "If anyone doesn't listen instantly, grab 'em," shouted Assistant Chief Inspector Joseph McLaughlin, in charge of the plain-clothes detail.

The groups were chased to Broadway. There were other arrests. There would be eighty-seven before the night was over. It was the police tactic to grab the leaders and keep the streets clear of demonstrators. Already, the first election returns were beginning to circle the electrical bulletin board on the Chemical Tower. The hippies had hired the second-floor ballroom of the Hotel Diplomat, where they would wait out the election results. Just like good Democrats or Republicans. They had paid \$200 for the ballroom, beating out the Communist Party, which also wanted it.

The room was dimly lit and the two tiers of balconies appeared faded and chipped. Some ladies were selling baloney sandwiches and soda. The bar would not open until 9 P.M. An acid rock group did what they could to damage the eardrums.

"We got lots of police here," announced one of the SDS leaders over a microphone. "So be careful who you talk to. Now, we got plenty of busts. More than 200 already (there were only about fifty up to that point). So we need money and we need volunteers."

"The streets are very hot," he said in a much higher pitch.

On the staircase outside the ballroom, the kids were smoking marijuana.

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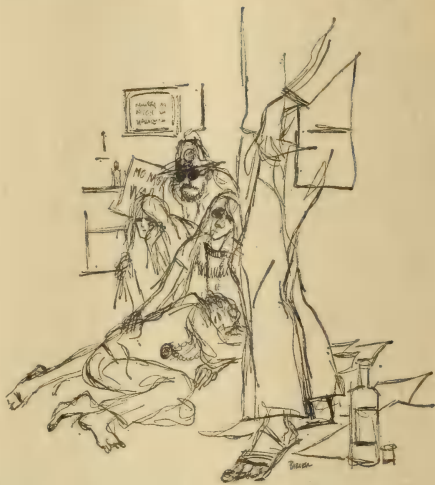
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"We got to go to the Waldorf [where Nixon headquarters had been established]. We got to split up and get there in small groups. Put on Nixon buttons to fake out those people!"

There was no perceptible stir in the audience.

"Hey," a black man yelled, getting to his feet. "We got to get ourselves together. Are we together?"

There was a weak assent.



"You a bunch of jive motherfuckers," he said, retreating into his beer.

By now, groups of twos and threes were slipping out and heading toward the Waldorf. But the police were waiting. They were waiting on the west side of Park Avenue and turning the hippies back.

It was like that all night. Even the plain-clothes cops who led one group astray were growing weary. The kids stopped trusting anyone. They headed back in dribs and drabs to the Diplomat, where the party was now being held in the bar near the ballroom.

"I better call my mother," said one teenybopper. "She'll kill me if I stay out too late."

A teacher groaned. He kept grabbing people coming in off the streets.

"Is there any action?" he would ask desperately.

A kid blew a horn in his face.

"Hey," he said. "Cool it. That's a real drag."

Some of the girls formed a circle on the floor. Since the early warning against cops, they refused to talk to anyone who looked "straight." They lit candles. A group around one table discussed the techniques of revolution. A girl held her boy friend's head in her lap after he threw up on the floor. They began to sag, the kids in that room. Each new election figure struck like a blow. They sagged and drank and smoked.

"Hey," said the teacher grabbing another stranger just arriving. "Any action?"

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Civil Disobedience: Moral or Not?

DISOBEDIENCE AND DEMOCRACY: Nine Fallacies on Law and Order. By Howard Zinn, Random House. 124 pp. \$3.95. Paper \$1.45.

CARL COHEN

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Civil disobedience has become one of the most puzzling and provocative issues of the times. There are two kinds of reasons for this. First, those who have recently been engaging in disobedient demonstrations have done so, most usually, to register vehement protest against laws, acts and conditions that cry out for remedy, while remedy continues to elude us. The barbarity of the war in Vietnam; the cruelty of racism at home; the maldistribution of wealth and power; and, above all, the apparent unwillingness or inability of our national institutions—Congress, the courts, private enterprise—to deal effectively with injustice, frustrates and angers all decent citizens, and forces us to ask ourselves how changes we know to be essential can be brought about. Those who practice civil disobedience seek to provide at least a partial answer to this question, often breaking new ground at considerable risk to themselves. Most often we find ourselves in strong sympathy with such disobedients, knowing their intentions honorable and their cause just. Even so, many remain in genuine doubt about the moral justifiability of deliberately unlawful protest. To be sure, the end may be entirely worthy; but that, as we have been so long saying to ourselves and others, does not justify any means to its accomplishment. The wrong protested may be a thousand times more harmful than the wrong of illegal protest; is that justification enough? How should we decide, in practice, upon the rightness of certain methods—even methods deliberately disobedient and intrinsically unhappy—intended to further worthy social goals? This is one side, the practical side, of the puzzle.

As soon as we seek to resolve this practical question in any given case, we find ourselves facing a maze of difficult philosophical questions—questions with which we are all familiar, but that we had never before been forced to resolve in some conclusive way. This is the second, deeper aspect of the puzzle. Civil disobedience, its nature and justification, takes us directly to the core of some of the

hardest and most important philosophical questions regarding social life. What are the limits of state authority? When, if ever, is a man justified in defying that authority, and on what grounds must such justification be based? What do we mean by the "rule of law" and how high in our catalogue of values must it remain? Nothing presses these questions upon us so quickly and so clearly as the practice of civil disobedience in a democracy, and the need to appraise it.

In this sphere Howard Zinn has written a most extraordinary book. I do not think his views entirely correct or even consistent: I find the frame within which they are put to be restrictive and disjointed; I am convinced that he is deeply mistaken on certain central issues. Yet the book is splendid—crisp and biting, reflective and insightful, sympathetic and humane. It deserves to be very widely read and very thoughtfully discussed.

The complexity of the issues with which this book deals renders it difficult to do it full justice briefly. It ranges over a great host of problems—the obligations of the citizen, the protection of the freedom of speech, the adequacy of our judicial and representative machinery, the need to devise new techniques of change—and there is hardly a page on which the reader is not impelled to register strong objection, or further observation, or (most often) a cheer. Let me register here two strong objections, one observation and three cheers.

First, objections: The inadequacy of the standard "liberal" view of civil disobedience (of which Justice Fortas' pamphlet *Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience* is taken as the archetype) is Zinn's principal target.

His attack takes the form of identifying a series of fundamental but (allegedly) mistaken propositions upon which the liberal view (more accurately, Fortas' view) is founded. These fallacies, as he calls them, in being widely and uncritically accepted, distort a realistic and healthy view both of the country itself and of civil disobedience as an instrument for change within it. Zinn argues that such disobedience offers rich possibilities for social reform, and ought to be more generously conceived and more liberally practiced. He is careful to say that civil disobedience is not all good, but he is sure that it most often is. Thus, he is obliged to deal with a number of the

philosophical issues mentioned earlier, and at such critical points his argument is sometimes very weak.

The first great fallacy attacked is "that the rule of law has an intrinsic value apart from moral ends," where by moral ends Zinn means only real human needs. It is important for him that this be shown false, because so many (including Justice Fortas) have insisted that there is a universal duty to obey the law, and that this is a *moral* as well as a legal imperative. On the basis of this belief (Zinn argues), liberals mistakenly conclude that civil disobedience is always unjustifiable unless the law disobeyed is itself clearly and profoundly immoral.

Confusion develops quickly here. Zinn is quite right in maintaining that those who elevate the rule of law to an absolute, and who find every case of civil disobedience unjustifiable simply because it does break the law, and because breaking the law is always wrong, must suffer from serious moral blindness, and must have a cramped and distorted view of history and their own times. Obedience to law, and the order it promotes, is only one great value, after all, and must sometimes be measured against others with which it may come into conflict—economic justice, human liberty, international peace. To accomplish these, or others, the laws may be good instruments; but they may, on occasion, be obstacles instead. A rational citizen must make that judgment. In attacking those who are slavish in their submission to law, Zinn is wise and right.

He is not right or wise, however, when he concludes from this that, apart from the benefits achieved by specific good laws, there is no general moral obligation to obey the law. There is. It is a universal and, I submit, a very weighty obligation upon every citizen stemming from the universal human need to live in a society in which one can have reasonable expectations concerning the conduct (and the limitations upon the conduct) of one's fellow human beings. In that sense the rule of the law is both noble and practical, and it is a value of high moral import, quite apart from the particular content of individual laws. It is for this reason that one does have an obligation—a *moral* as well as a legal obligation—to obey a law even if he is quite convinced the law is bad. This, I think, is the force of the claim made by Fortas as well as the man in the street, that the

Poems by James Moore

I WANT TO BECOME THIN

*I want to become thin as a flute song
Which goes into the delicate inner ear
And coils there, holding in balance the lives
Of everyone I love. We should end
These stupid troubles.*

HOW TO CLOSE THE GREAT DISTANCE BETWEEN PEOPLE

*Do it over coffee,
Like fish that appear to be talking,
But are really eating to stay alive.*

THE SKY

*The sky is like an animal we have never seen before
And will never see again. Suddenly it is here!
Our talk turns into whispers, then stops.
Nothing prepared for this.
It is no butterfly, no animal at all
And remains silent as we become happy
Or sad. Our lives no longer matter.
When it is blue or pink or red
We are nothing. Its face is turned upwards past the stars,
Past color. For years beyond number it floats upwards.
There is nothing left to do but go
Indoors and begin touching one another.*

FLUTE SONG

*It's late and the furnace goes full blast
Filling the room like a good joke.
I read aloud, pausing for rain.
If my pipe were alive
I could not hold it more lovingly.
Soon, I will make some green tea
And pray that the flute song I barely hear
Is not a signal for dawn
And is not a record, nor an answer
To any questions I might pose it.*

FOR A MOMENT

*I stood deep inside a willow and found it better than love.
I saw a willow's heart. It was green and easy to touch.
For a moment I was a willow-animal.
Anyone could touch me deep inside. I was easy to touch.*

RAIN-DROP

*No one can see the ears of the rain:
Let us drop on the houses of our distant friends
And hear how much they miss us.*

AT 7:00 A.M., WATCHING THE CARS ON THE BRIDGE

*Everybody's going to work. Well,
Not me, I'm not
Going to work.*

laws always ought to be obeyed. However confusedly expressed, there is deep truth in the proposition that there is something morally wrong in breaking duly constituted laws. Indeed, Zinn exhibits a similar feeling himself when, later in the book, he expresses his distress at the willful disregard, on the part of the American Government as a whole, for the rule of international law to which it is committed. He argues there that nations are bound by the same larger moral principles that bind individual men, and he is right. Among these is the principle that the laws ought to be obeyed.

Of course this principle cannot be absolutely compelling in every circumstance. The assumption that it is absolute, and the careless invocation of this principle whenever the disobedient protest in question happens to offend, are common errors against which Zinn might properly bridle. He goes much further than this, however, even to the extreme of rejecting the intrinsic moral value of government by law.

That is an unhappy turn. I have considerable confidence in Zinn's practical wisdom: but we are not governed by men such as he, nor are we likely to be. Individual judgments of what is right are often essential, but they are never sufficient for good human government. We must have laws, even if they are less good than they might be. In a healthy democratic community the laws will be respected and honored, although they are imperfect, because they are the laws. There is, therefore, a standing presumption against civil disobedience although that presumption may, in exceptional cases, be countered. This is what the standard liberal view is fumbling for; the cheap purposes to which the words of this principle are sometimes put do not in the least detract from its truth.

Of course our national community is, at present, far from healthy. The laws are often disregarded by officials sworn to obey them, and obeyed by citizens who have a higher obligation not to obey them. For it does not follow from the fact that there is a moral obligation to obey the law that such an obligation can never be overridden. It can. It is in such circumstances precisely that civil disobedience may prove justifiable or even obligatory. But what kinds of circumstances these might be, Zinn—partly because of the looseness of his argument—never finds it necessary to make clear.

The second fallacy under attack is that "the person who commits civil disobedience must accept his punishment as right." Zinn's argument comes to this: if the law is grossly unjust, any punishment for deliberately breaking it is unjust, and therefore the disobedient need

not accept any such punishment administered by the state. Here again the position is weak, and the conclusion partly wrong, due to insufficient care and refinement in the analysis. The matter is complicated; Zinn tries to make it appear simple.

At an earlier point Zinn had introduced (less sharply than he might have) the distinction between what I have (elsewhere) called direct disobedience, in which the law broken is the very law protested, and indirect disobedience, in which the law broken is in some other way—symbolically or conventionally—relevant to the issue of the rightness of protest. What needs to be seen here is that this distinction is also importantly relevant to the issue of the rightness of punishment.

Normally, the civil disobedient does expect to be punished for his deliberately unlawful act. This is true because the disobedient is usually not a rebel (contrary to the suggestion of Zinn's language at some points) but a dedicated reformer within a larger system he is determined both to accept and to improve. Should he accept his punishment, then, as right? That depends on what he did, on what kind of law he broke. If he deliberately disobeyed a law he thought immoral in itself he is justified, of course, in fighting punishment in every reasonable way at his command, chiefly through the courts. He will seek to have the bad law struck down, or at least to have it declared inapplicable in his case. If he loses in the end, he is likely, as a citizen who is generally law-abiding, to accept the punishment, not as *right* but as a painful price he helps to pay for a law-governed community. If the law he broke really was in itself immoral (and we may be in some doubt about that), the legal system will have done an injustice; but we cannot allow every man to sit as the judge in his own case. Of course justice is not always done, and the fight against bad laws must never stop, but miscarriages of justice do not, in themselves, justify the abandonment of a legal system.

If, on the other hand, the disobedient has deliberately broken what he knows to be itself a good law (a traffic or trespass law, or the like) to protest some other evil, say, the war in Vietnam, or oppression in the cities, it is right for him to be punished, not because he is a bad man but because punishment in such cases of indirect disobedience is a part—an essential part—of the act of protest itself. Indirect civil disobedience, if it is to be an effective tactic, must do more than disrupt; it must exhibit the depth and intensity of the commitment of the protester. To be a successful political act within the system, it must be a genuinely moral act within that system. It cannot be that if the system is entirely disregard-

ed. The beauty of this kind of protest lies in the fact that, though the law is broken, the system of laws is respected. Accepting the punishment, when one has deliberately broken a good law, is the only way to show that respect. To evade the punishment, therefore, is to emasculate the protest. The matter is more complex than Zinn's treatment of it would lead us to suppose.

Enough of criticism. One could raise similar objections to others among the arguments Zinn presents. But his work is so effective in opening our eyes and our minds that we profit more from considering his mistakes than from the muddy and superficial truths often encountered elsewhere.

Next, one observation: *Disobedience and Democracy* is a creative book, rich in insight and suggestion, but its positive impact is less than it could and should have been, largely because of the disjointed form in which it appears. That form is one of rebuttal: everything is framed as a response to Fortas' pamphlet (*Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience*) in which the several fallacies are alleged to appear.

But Fortas' work is itself poorly organized and loosely written, so that in providing a needed blow-by-blow response



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to it, Zinn is unhappily obliged to share some of its structural weakness. In fact, Zinn's nine fallacies are strung together with little in the way of unifying order; the consequence is that much of the constructive value of his argument is lost in the noise of battle. He has many important things to say about the need for imaginative techniques of social change and the forms they might take; but the force of what he says is partly obscured by the contest in which he is eager to score (and generally does) against a weaker opponent. In fairness it should be added that, treating these two small books as an intellectual confrontation, they present a highly absorbing spectacle, in which the Supreme Court Justice, a man of generous inclinations and considerable mental power, is bested again and again—shown to have been inconsistent, careless, occasionally shallow or unfair. A justice ought to write with greater depth and care than Fortas did, considering the gravity of the matter, Zinn is right in not going easy on him. But the upshot is, in both cases, that the threads which hang the whole together are thin and tangled.

Finally, three cheers, briefly put. One cheer for a short, punchy book, written in a prose that is plain and beautiful. Zinn writes with a directness and candor rare among scholarly men. Just reading the book is a pleasure.

A second cheer for Zinn as a perceptive critic of the American scene. He is a merciless enemy of hypocrisy and cruelty, and he makes us bite our collective lip. He is bitter, but not without hope. The largest thrust of his argument is that of a search for the instruments

through which the radical reforms our condition demands can be effected with a minimum of violence and misery. He is good for us.

A third and final cheer for an author who comes through to his reader as a compassionate and gentle man, deeply

anguished by the wrongs our nation does in his and all our names. Anguish cannot, by itself, justify civil disobedience as an instrument of change; but the compassion that underlies this book is desperately needed if the wrongs provoking disobedient protest are ever to be righted.

Tales of Macondo

NO ONE WRITES TO THE COLONEL: And Other Stories, By Gabriel García Márquez. Translated from the Spanish by J. S. Bernstein. Harper & Row. 170 pp. \$5.95.

OLIVER T. MYERS

Mr. Myers is chairman of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee).

Gabriel García Márquez is the author of perhaps the most successful bestseller in the history of the Spanish-American novel, *100 Years of Solitude*, which Harper & Row promises for next year. The publisher has shrewdly laid the groundwork for the American reader by issuing this collection of earlier stories first. By this timing we can not only make the acquaintance of García Márquez as a writer (he looks like a Latin Ernie Kovacs), and additionally get to know Macondo, the fictional locale of both books, but also avoid the feeling of anti-climax which would surely result from reading the novel before the stories. The current anthology whets the appetite but does not fully satisfy.

García Márquez is a political novelist in the sense that his characters must be seen against a particular political background and we are made aware, most subtly, of the author's political orientation. But this does not imply that he is putting together a series of thesis novels in the style of the 1930s, with black and white cardboard figures and heavy-handed propaganda. He's political because his people, who for the most part are more real than is fashionable today, are operating in a context that could be found only in a place like Colombia, where a type of stability had been achieved through the machinery of a repressive dictatorship.

The character of the Colonel in the title story (actually a novella, and published as such in Latin America) is the most fully realized in the collection, and one of the most memorable in Spanish-American fiction. But to have become the person he is, it was necessary for him to live in a country where a talented 20-year-old could rise to colonel in a revolution overnight, and then wait around half a century for his reward; where his son could be shot down for handing out subversive pamphlets at a cockfight, and where anyone at any time could be stopped and searched at gun point by government thugs.

When the stories are read as a whole, as much as they differ from one another, the central figure that emerges is not the Colonel, not Big Mama, not the hovering Buendía clan but Macondo itself. Anticipating *100 Years of Solitude*, the official history of Macondo, *No One Writes to the Colonel* ranges from detailed realism, through dreamy fragments and images, to political allegory. One story is linked to another by an event, or a person or merely a mood, and no one story can be fully understood without reading them all; it will take *100 Years of Solitude* to understand why Macondo is what it is.

The Colonel's history ended with the end of the revolution fifty years before. He is waiting, as he has been all the time, for the arrival of word of his pension; he had not the cunning for politics or compromises; he picked the

Paper Walls

America and the Refugee Crisis 1938-1941

DAVID S. WYMAN

Anti-Semitism, nativism, fear of Nazi subversives and unemployment closed the eyes of the American people, and the gates of their country to hundreds of thousands of European refugees during the crucial period, 1938-1941. Avoiding the familiar, simplistic condemnations of FDR, the State Department, and Congress, David Wyman makes clear that American immigration policy was no better and no worse than what the majority of the American people wanted. "A vitally important book, not only for what it tells us of the past, but also as a warning for the future" — Frank Freidel, Harvard University. xiv + 306 pp., approx., bibliog., index, cloth, \$6.00

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wrong party. And now, with his son assassinated, and nothing left but the legacy of a fighting cock, he still waits for the pension, for victory at the cockpit, or for death by starvation, whatever comes first. The Colonel has never been quite sure how to get along in times of peace. With his pride and a curious mixture of idealistic patriotism and cynicism, he can't help getting cheated.

But the coolness and courage which must have been what raised him to his rank by the age of 20 are not dead; he is caught in a police raid with some anti-government pamphlets in his pocket, and his son's murderer pokes his rifle in his belly: "The colonel gritted his teeth and gently pushed the rifle barrel away with the tips of his fingers. 'Excuse me,' he said." It is his second finest hour. His finest hour comes after he has made his decision not to sell the cock, which symbolizes vengeance for his son and, incidentally, represents the sole source of potential income for him and his wife. What do we eat in the meanwhile? she wants to know, at the end of her patience, shaking him by the collar. "It had taken the colonel seventy-five years—the seventy-five years of his life, minute by minute—to reach this moment. He felt pure, explicit, invincible at the moment when he replied: 'Shit.'"

The Colonel had served with Col.

Aureliano Buendia. At one point in "Tuesday Siesta" a woman is looking for a revolver that hadn't been fired since the days of Col. Aureliano Buendia. Aureliano is a cousin of the widow in "One Day After Saturday"; one of his patrols in the War of 1885 had been confronted by the grandmother of Big Mama, who tells "Montiel's Widow" when she will die and is laid to rest herself in "Big Mama's Funeral." Montiel, in "Balthazar's Marvelous Afternoon," had earlier bought the world's most marvelous bird cage. And in "One of These Days" we learn why the Mayor appeared in "No One Writes to the Colonel" with only half of his face shaven. This is not just a superficial and arbitrary device. As each linkage is revealed, the effect is that of tumbled falling in place in a combination lock. And the last story, where Big Mama dies, almost gives the combination.

In "Big Mama's Funeral" the technique works, but it doesn't quite come off. Everything has led up to this moment, from Colonel Buendia on down. Big Mama and her far-flung family own Macondo and have run it like a feudal land grant. She is the absolute sovereign, the unmarried matriarch, the empress of Macondo. She is also the symbol of all that ails the place. The intricate empire that she built up, with its complex family

ties, its religious and military alliances, calls to mind the bases of power of any Latin American oligarchy. The incredible mess of filth left behind by her funeral celebrants (the Pope himself came) suggests the state of things when a dictatorship long entrenched in power finally dies away, and now "the garbage men will come and will sweep up the garbage from her funeral, forever and ever."

The moderate tone of all the preceding stories, even the mystery of "One Day After Saturday," is changed too abruptly in "Big Mama's Funeral." Bitter satire and thinly veiled allegory have replaced irony and realism, and the author's versatility doesn't quite extend so far. Maybe in a segregated context, not in the Macondo created in the first pages of the book, we could buy this farce. But as it is, the link with reality, so carefully wrought, is broken, and we feel that the author has simply taken the easy way out for some cheap and bitter laughs.

It is a pleasure to read the smooth translation by J. S. Bernstein; there isn't much of the original that doesn't come through with the same impact. The characters talk the same way in English as in Spanish, and the same effect of style, whether understatement, exaggeration or sarcasm, reaches the reader of this book as it has already delighted García Márquez's compatriots.

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Danilo Dolci's Vita

A PASSION FOR SICILIANS: The World Around Danilo Dolci. By Jerre Mangione. William Morrow & Co. 372 pp. \$7.95.

ROBERT HATCH

The title of his book is in one sense Jerre Mangione's amiable acknowledgment of his own attitude. Born in Rochester, N.Y., of Sicilian parents and brought up speaking Sicilian, he has been motivated all his life, as the bulk of his writing shows, by that profound affection for his European roots that is characteristic of first-generation Americans. In a second sense, the title refers quite literally to the book's central figure, Danilo Dolci, who is not a Sicilian, but who has given his life to those ill-fated, ill-treated islanders.

Mangione has been several times to Sicily, most recently in 1965 on a Fulbright grant to spend six months studying Dolci's struggle with the leaden misery that oppresses the Western region around Partinico, where he makes his headquarters. The topic is somber; Dolci is having some success, but so slowly against the malevolence of the Mafia, the hostility of the Church, and the fatalistic ignorance of the people that one wonders whether his fasts, his demonstrations, his centers of instruction, and his bold attacks upon dangerous and high-placed enemies gain any permanent ground against the steady decay of Sicily. Many Italians think they do not, and it is depressing that the support and enthusiasm for Dolci come principally from outside the country. Still, the dams are

being built, contemporary knowledge is to a degree ventilating the squalid, suspicious-eyed towns; the stultifying code of silence has on occasion been broken, and Dolci, whose physical strength is as impressive as his stolid idealism, works on for the creation of a momentum that could bring his vision into being. Meanwhile, Esso's oil refineries have brought a 20th-century boom economy—and smog—to the island's east coast, effecting a change in the habits and aspirations of the Sicilians that the world recognizes as progress.

Though an American, Mangione is a "native" in Sicily, and in some respects he is accepted as Dolci, the Italian outsider, will never be. Because of this advantage of blood, and also because he is a sophisticated observer, he records Dolci's status in western Sicily with admiration unclouded by sentimentality. Dolci has been called a saint, which irritates him both for its foolishness and because it hampers his work. Tell a simple, deprived people that a saint has come among them, and they will confidently await miracles. Dolci is not in the miracle business; he is at the much harder work of persuading a feudal-minded, cynical people to build their own future. Further, the helpers from abroad who are attracted to Dolci because of his reputed spirituality, too often arrive in a mood of self-congratulation that is readily bruised by the reality. Dolci is not a grateful man, often he is not a particularly amiable or tactful man; he uses himself without reserve, and he will use anyone else. This causes ruptures among the self-anointed "faithful"; there have been charges of despotism and his project has been scarred with feuding. Dolci's most valuable associates are young men and women of the area who know the situation too well to have illusions, and who dedicate themselves, not to spiritual excellence but to the salvation of their own kin and community.

Mangione raises, at least by implication, the question of whether Dolci is the best possible man for the job. Dolci does not collaborate well, and there are in fact several other groups in Sicily that strive for similar goals. His principles are admirably clear, but they may be too narrow, and he is undiplomatic toward friends as well as toward enemies. But the wisdom of Dolci is that he understands himself, and has shaped his course, according to his own possibilities. There may be a theoretical man who could do a theoretically better job, but that man is not at work in Sicily. Measuring the

quality of Dolci against the scope of his task, Mangione strikes a balance of admiration that is more effective than praise.

And he has written a buoyant book. It offers a parade of vivid personalities; it records ironic episodes and grotesque mischances. There are fasts and marches, but also visits to ancient ruins and picnics above the sea. Mangione loves being in Sicily; you can sense him breathing the air. Almost inadvertently, he has written a splendid travel book, though having seen Sicily through Mangione's eyes, it would be hard to be a tourist there in good conscience.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

UNDER THE BOARDWALK. By Norman Rosten. Prentice-Hall. 131 pp. \$4.95.

Mr. Rosten's touching account of some moments in the life of a very likable Jewish boy growing up in Coney Island is told in fifteen interlocking chapters, each of which deals with a separate event. For his young hero, the troubles of the world—warring parents, a dying grandmother, neighbors permanently afflicted by loneliness and desperation—are fixed and mysterious in their seeming complexity; his own sense of freedom is constantly being brought up short by bars he can't see, but assumes must be there if others seem to be suffering so from their effects. This is a book about people locked into the rituals of their lives by fear and feelings of helplessness; yet the exuberance of its young narrator and its deceptively simple style make it a pleasure to read.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHUANG TZU. Translated by Burton Watson. Columbia University Press. 397 pp. \$10.

"Each translator who takes up the text will produce his own *Chuang Tzu*, and the more that are available for the reader to enjoy and compare, the better." Burton Watson is a modest man, for the lively and colloquial translation of the ancient Taoist classic which he has produced is, along with his wonderfully straightforward Introduction, a gift for Western readers, even at \$10. The *Chuang Tzu* is a handbook for achieving personal freedom in a world of chaos, beckoning the reader to abandon the conventional values which bog him down. With its witty anecdotes, joltingly

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paradoxical dialogues, and the brilliant imagery which Professor Watson has so beautifully rendered into English, it stands as an astonishingly successful assault on our ways of looking at the world. "Joy, anger, grief, delight, worry, regret, fickleness, inflexibility, modesty, willfulness, candor, insolence—music from empty holes, mushrooms springing up in dampness, day and night replacing each other before us, and no one knows where they sprout from. Let it be! Let it be!"

IT'S WINGS THAT MAKE BIRDS FLY: The Story of a Boy. By Sandra Weiner. 27 black and white photographs by the author. Foreword by Gordon Parks. Pantheon Books. 55 pp. \$3.95.

Based on conversations taped by the author, this photo-story of a year in the life of Otis, a 10-year-old resident of a black urban ghetto, is being published as a children's picture book, but it deserves a broader audience. Otis, whose parents are separated, tells in matter-of-fact fashion how he ran away from the home of one of his grandmothers to live with the other, kinder one; changed schools; effected a similar grandmother switch for a younger brother whom he badly missed; traveled to Baltimore for a Jehovah's Witness convention; disliked a mean teacher, and learned to do fractions with a teacher who cared about him; lived on a "Fresh Air Family" farm one summer, and visited the Statue of Liberty with his class. Gordon Parks, in a terse preface, hopes that Otis "will be allowed to grow up straight," but a note at the end reveals that he was killed in an accident while playing in the street, after his story was written.

GOOD TIMES/BAD TIMES. By James Kirkwood. Simon & Schuster, 348 pp. \$5.95.

Just as Holden Caulfield (whom Mr. Kirkwood's hero dangerously resembles) has apparently failed to turn on new generations of readers and remains a unique phenomenon of the fifties, so is there something Salingerish about this rather slick novel of real and imagined homosexuality in a New England prep school. Mr. Kirkwood's first-person narrator has landed in jail as the alleged murderer of his monstrous and pathetic headmaster; the novel takes the form of a letter he is writing to his lawyer to explain what really happened. It may be O.K. for the movies (it has already been sold to Hollywood), but this is an oddly unconvincing novel.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

In a severe frame of mind I might argue that the critic's function can be honorably pursued only apropos of masterpieces. He may also serve to expose the gilded fourth rate and the flatulently pretentious. All the rest is vanity.

None of the plays I feel obliged to notice this week fits any of these categories: George Tabori's *The Cannibals* (American Place Theatre) and William Gibson's *A Cry of Players* (Vivian Beaumont) are finely intentioned pieces by honest playwrights. If they fail of important effect it is not for want of trying.

Tabori is obsessed with the horror of Hitlerism. Nearly all his writing deals with Fascist savagery. It would be misguided to suggest that he forgo the subject: he has sufficient reason (a close relative died in a Hungarian concentration camp) to be haunted by it. The moral and social implications of that terror are certainly not a matter of merely "historical" interest. One of the merits of *The Cannibals* is that in it Tabori has dignified the very essence of that which torments him. He has also strived to make a statement beyond the bloody events.

Even in the midst of hell, Tabori tells us, where because of intense suffering everything becomes possible, a few men are able to retain the remnants of their stature as human beings. The starved inmates of a prison camp choose to go quietly to their death rather than (on the orders of their Nazi overseer) to eat the grotesque fellow prisoner whom most of them have joined in killing. Two men consent to eat, they are the survivors who later become prosperous American citizens.

The fault here is not the atrociousness of the material nor even the fact that we, well fed, who sit in the audience cannot conceive of the hunger pangs that might press people to such brutishness. Tabori mitigates the sheer disgust of the incident by "alienating" the scene through having his characters pause to comment on it and by having all the physical cruelty coldly stylized. What is wrong is that the whole process of his play has been rendered as a naked account of the facts. We may be shocked, we are not moved. It is still another item, fiercer than most, but not different in kind from any of those previously related.

For his play to have accomplished something more than an attack on our nerves, Tabori, who is basically of a gently romantic temperament, should have fleshed his characters, giving them

more of the emotional eloquence of which he is capable. As it stands, the play is a diagram of hideousness. The actors grovel, howl, curse and emit obscenities which fail to convey more than vile information—to which within a very short span of time in the theatre we have become inured.

Martin Fried's direction and Wolfgang Roth's setting (resembling a steel-traplike network that a Léger might have designed) are striking enough, but they duplicate the script's shortcomings. They might have given it greater human texture.

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ture if more authentically intimate notes had been introduced instead of bare stage skill.

Gibson's *A Cry of Players* is one of the author's earliest plays. He must have a special attachment to it because it is the work of his youth with clearly autobiographical overtones. He also esteems it because it is written in a cherished mode from which his later plays—*Two for the Seesaw* and *The Miracle Worker*—have departed.

A Cry of Players might be called "The Importance of Being Shakespeare." The haloed Bard was, we know, a genius, and Gibson has tried to imagine what such a genius must have been before anyone could have guessed that he might become one. He marries a "mother" (Anne is 8 years his senior), he loves her sincerely as he does his child, but he is constantly unfaithful and fairly forthright about it. He cannot make his kindly father understand him; he angers his obtuse brother and he is indifferent to ■ respectable job as a teacher. As a young hellion he engages in poaching, for which he is put in the stocks; and for flouting the ruling Establishment he is publicly flogged. He rails at injustice, is inspired by (Marlowe's) glorious verbiage, and finally learns to humble himself before authority—which is the lesson of discipline. When he abandons his wife and child, perhaps for years, we know

SPIDER

It's winter. A leftover spider has spun a web between the screen and the storm window. More than a web, a caul, a winding-sheet, a gift of silk through which the weak sun strains. Except to a weaver, perhaps, his steps are irrefractable: imprisoned without prey, still he spun himself out. Wizen and brittle on the sill, he left me something beautiful, a note of sorts, a testimony, a will written in a weakening hand, a shawl impractical though remarkable for its slipped stitches where dying dimmed his skill.

DORA SHERWOOD

that he is prepared to embark on the path to glory.

I could not quite understand many of the lines spoken by Frank Langella as the poet-to-be; whether because of defects in his articulation or because of the unstageworthiness of the words themselves I cannot tell. What I did catch sounded like those a novice employs to be "literary" at all costs. I cannot believe them to have been the early Will's kind of speech, but that of the latter Will's (Gibson's) first writing. The ef-

fect is strained and lacks impact. Diffidently I submit that the author's prose—even when spoken by the Gittel of his *Seesaw*—is far more memorable and meaningful than that of his "Shakespeare."

And there is one scene in which husband and wife discuss their mutual infidelities (hers from pique and his from push or avidity for experience) which sounds like the exchange of two students in one of our "advanced" theatre academies after several sessions with a psychoanalyst. To think of it as occurring in the far more rank and ribald Elizabethan days is appalling.

Gene Frankel's direction makes an interesting pageantlike display of the script. Langella looks good and is sympathetic, with a touch of the sensitive "feminine" which is presumed to foreshadow the creative person. Anne Bancroft, an actress with a rooted reality and a firmness of fiber in her voice and being, wants only the right part and auspices to release the womanly power which abides in her. Stephen Elliott as the local Governor is helpfully impressive in the crucial encounter with Will, and Susan Tyrrell is carnally warm as the wench with whom he cuddles.

I have often maintained that while musical comedy as a generic product is the unique achievement of our stage, very few individual examples match the best of Offenbach, Gilbert and Sullivan, or Brecht-Weill, though their works are not, strictly speaking, "musicals." One reason for this is that our efforts in this area are vast corporate affairs, the initial impulse for which is largely commercial.

Still we have produced some "darned good shows" in this form, and *Zorba* (at the Imperial), adapted from the novel by

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Nikos Kazantzakis, with an intelligent "hook" by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, is the latest of these. It is an unqualified hit.

The basic story is sound, robust, hearty, amusing and perhaps touching. The toughness and rich boisterousness of peasant life in a village in Crete (anno 1924) provide a colorful background. The story's theme may be set down, solemnly, as the joyous drama and brave acceptance of the harsh facts of life.

The show has been admirably engineered by Harold Prince in what must have been blood, sweat and tears to make a fine package of entertainment. Besides the rousing fun and gay instrumentation plus "personality" of the Bouzouki circle in present-day Piraeus, which constitutes the framework of the tale itself, there is a vigorously attractive performance by Hershel Bernardi, ably seconded by Maria Karnilova and John Cunningham; the striking presence and agreeably shrill voice of Lorraine Serabian; some come-hither girls, and a great number of splendidly muscular and kinetic men. But above all is the triumph of Boris Aronson's scenic artistry, at once spectacularly theatrical and real through the astute employment of modern sculptural effects. These envelop the proceedings in a rough atmosphere which still remains wittily sophisticated, handsome and efficient.

In short, while no depths are stirred, no heights attained, the pastime is ample and of good vintage.

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

BACH: Cantatas 79, 80. Soloists, Süd-deutsche Madrigalchor, Consortium Musicum; Wolfgang Gönnerwein, cond. Odeon SME 91659 (stereo). \$5.79.

Cantatas 126, 149. Same performers. Odeon SME 91659 (stereo). \$5.79.

Cantatas 140, 148. Same performers. Odeon SME 91658 (stereo). \$5.79.

Cantatas 137, 190. Soloists, Windsbacher Knabenchor, Consortium Musicum; Hans Thamm, cond. Odeon SME 91605 (stereo). \$5.79.

Cantatas 51, 202. Agnes Giebel, soprano; Concerto Amsterdam. Telefunken SAWT 9513 (stereo). \$5.95.

Cantata 198. Soloists, Monteverdi Chorus of Hamburg, Concerto Amsterdam; Jürgen Jürgens, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9496 (stereo). \$5.95.

Just what remains more or less unheard

in the corpus of Bach's cantatas may be guessed from the fact that three of the works in this recent batch (Nos. 126, 148 and 190) are apparently first recordings, and two others (137 and 149) are not otherwise available at present. All of these are works of quality, with the two on Odeon 91605 being exceptional examples of Bach's use of chorale melodies in juxtaposition with different rates of textural motion—a procedure most highly developed in the well-known examples of Cantatas 80 (*Ein feste Burg*) and 140 (*Wachet auf*), but also present in other works not ostensibly chorale-oriented.

Unfortunately, the performances on the Odeon records offer only minimal subtlety, chugging along in unvaried semi-legato articulation with little regard for phrasing or textural clarity. Thamm's choir is further handicapped by the use of boys, and the overly spacious recorded sound doesn't help much either. Even in the generally capable solo singing, one doesn't find much regard for the specific details of a given phrase, and there is often resort to strenuous "selling" of the music in lieu of projecting its particular qualities.

By contrast, the Amsterdam-originated Telefunken disks display variety of articulation, aptness of phrasing, and a considerable feeling for the contrapuntal interplay of lines. Although Giebel is occasionally overcome by the rigorous coloratura in Cantata 51, the playing of the violins in the chorale movement of that work, as well as nearly every aspect of the Wedding Cantata (No. 202), is musically and stylistically on a superior level. The elaborately scored Funeral Ode (No. 198) is done with equal distinction and is recorded with a transparent spaciousness that keeps the lines clear. These people know more about things like ornaments and double-dotting than the Germans, but it is what they know about melodic structure and harmonic motion that makes the performances good; doubtless both stylistic and musical elegance are related to the presence, as continuo player, of Gustav Leonhardt, perhaps the most distinguished performer of baroque music today (his most recent solo disk, of Louis Couperin and d'Anglebert suites, on Victrola VICS-1370, is a fine example of the subtle use of rhythmic flow as an articulative technique in keyboard music of this period).

HANDEL: *Solomon*. Soloists, Vienna Jeunesse Chorus, Vienna Volksoper Orchestra; Stephen Simon, cond. RCA LSC 6187 (stereo). \$17.37.

Ode for St. Cecilia's Day. Soloists, Choir of King's College (Cambridge), Acad-

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emy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; David Willcocks, cond. Argo ZRG-563 (stereo). \$5.95.

Handel rarely attempts the contrapuntal or harmonic density found in Bach's cantatas, but when he exerts himself, as in the elaborate (up to eight parts) choruses of *Solomon*, the resulting effects of sonority and variety are most impressive. Beecham's recording of this work was badly flawed by misconceived abridgment and reordering, and by grotesque reorchestration; this new version, only slightly cut, makes no egregious stylistic errors but does achieve the one thing Beecham never managed—monotony. Aside from some good solo singing (notably by Alexander Young, who commands an almost heroic coloratura technique), most of this album is a disaster: an amateur chorus of heavy sound and fuzzy enunciation; a sloppy orchestral ensemble (probably only once removed from reading at sight); a routiner at the helm. This music is less "specific," more "open" than Bach's, more oriented in terms of sonority and melodic charm—aspects that are thoroughly traduced in this reading, which is thus far more damaging than the least successful of the Bach recordings discussed above. It is bewildering that someone should have gone so far as to arrange for this much needed recording and then failed to supply the most necessary ingredients.

The earlier setting of Dryden's ode is a more schematized, Purcellian work: as with a fine episode in the third act of *Solomon*, the subject matter of the text is music itself, which here stimulates Handel to ingenuities more textural than structural, such as a soprano aria with cello obbligato. Aside from the handicap of boy sopranos and altos in the chorus (the altos boosted by a few strained tenors, with the disconcerting result that their low-lying lines sound "high"), this is a stylish and lively performance, with an excellent tenor (Ian Partridge) and a capable soprano (April Cantelo).

RAVEL: *Boléro*. Lamoureux Orchestra; Maurice Ravel, cond. *Chansons mado-casses*. Madeleine Grey, soprano; ensemble conducted by Ravel. *Pavane; La Vallée des cloches*. Maurice Ravel, piano. Turnabout TV 4256 (mono). \$2.50.

The Vox-Turnabout series of composer recordings started rather unfortunately last year with a poor performance of Bartók's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion, played by the composer and his wife and apparently dubbed from the worst possible copy of that occasionally interesting but often chaotic radio broadcast. This Ravel disk is not much of an improvement, but for different

reasons. To begin with, the piano pieces are almost certainly taken from rather primitive piano rolls, but no mention of this is made anywhere on the jacket or label. Now piano rolls by a composer have certain points of interest to specialists, but only rarely are they convincing as performances: the present ones leave you wondering how a man who played these pieces so mechanically could possibly have written them.

Then there is the *Boléro*, a remarkable study in orchestration if a completely uninteresting piece of music (a disparity that Ravel was perfectly aware of), as recorded nearly four decades ago in one of those telephone booths that the French record companies used to use for studios. Given the nature of the piece, only a conductor or similar student of performance practice would find any particular interest in such an antique: most of the orchestral subtlety is hardly to be heard at all, and Vox have applied a strong filter to reduce surface noise, thereby further reducing the timbral content of the sound (they have also apparently dubbed from an off-center copy of the 78s, introducing an unpleasant "wow"); the dynamic range necessary to encompass the fifteen-minute crescendo is simply nonexistent.

There are some interesting details in the performance, however, such as the phrasing of the tenor saxophone and trombone solos, which are played in a jazzy style that nobody today attempts to imitate; this is an important historical document, and should be available—but documents should be presented with care and clearly marked as such, not carelessly slapped onto disks to turn a fast buck.

The final item, the *Chansons mado-casses* sung by Madeleine Grey, is a superb performance even today: fortunately, it can be obtained in a better dubbing on Angel COLC-152, which also contains the same singer's performance of the *Three Hebraic Songs* (with Ravel at the piano) and the famous *Songs of the Auvergne* as arranged by Canteloube. Incidentally, according to the very complete documentation with the Angel disk, Ravel only conducts the *Chansons*, and does not play the piano part as stated on the Vox jacket.

The moral of this is very simple; many phonograph recordings are important documents in the history of musical performance, and apparently need to be not only preserved but also protected from the misdeeds of their commercial proprietors. If there are to be elaborate subsidized productions of correct texts of literary works (and of authentic scores to musical works, for that matter), why not proper re-editions of obviously significant recordings?

Crossword Puzzle No. 1274

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Dutch Guiana in total might have a rain storm. (7)
- 5 and 4 down Only one-third effective as a stopper? (7,7)
- 9 One inclined to set about the right beginning? Obviously! (7)
- 10 A supporter of T. Lester, it seems. (7)
- 11 In the manner of Antarctica, rather than most of a Mediterranean spot. (5)
- 12, 15 and 17 down and 27 across What William started finds not one person to study the pursuit. (6,8)
- 14 and 13 across Many a passage might have something to hold things like this. (7,5)
- 16 Produced electric activity. (7)
- 18 Top fishermen might use one. (7)
- 21 The rather uncertain end lies in what might produce oil. (7)
- 24 It might go around the neck like a pallet. (5)
- 26 See 27 down
- 27 See 12 across
- 28 Retiring types might look forward to it. (7)
- 29 Those who shorten certain kinds of cigarettes? (7)
- 30 The record type might be diamond. (7)
- 31 Not to sow back around it indicates the answer. (7)

DOWN

- 1 Brilliant remarks made on excursions? (7)

- 2 Grasp. (7)
- 3 Traditional sailor's mate in town? (5)
- 4 See 5 across
- 5 Housman is about to begin a moon association with her! (7)
- 6 Equivalent to 13, but not all in a body. (7)
- 7 Commit in confidence. (7)
- 8 Traveled—by wagon, originally. (7)
- 15 and 17 See 12 across
- 18 Honest, there isn't any good man for the equivalent. (7)
- 19 Burn up, or burnt up? (7)
- 20 Sids back the red man's case. (7)
- 21 Did Herculean work. (7)
- 22 The height of the day before all else. (7)
- 23 Doesn't act like the abiding type. (7)
- 25 Might it involve "The Case of the Hairless Tribunal"? (5)
- 26 and 26 across Mercutio said she gallops through lovers' brains. (5,3)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1273

ACROSS: 1 and 12 Diminishing returns; 9 Pawnshop; 10 School; 11 and 25 Welcome mats; 14 Tannin; 15 Centaurs; 17 Measured; 22 Straits; 24 Abigail; 27 Attended; 29 Adversaries. DOWN: 2 and 20 Innocents Abroad; 3 Inhuman; 4 Imps; 5 Has-been; 6 and 26 Nehru Jacket; 7 Galena; 8 Corner; 13 Scads; 16 Arrogance; 18 Extras; 19 Retire; 20 Arbitrator; 21 Abides; 23 Asked.

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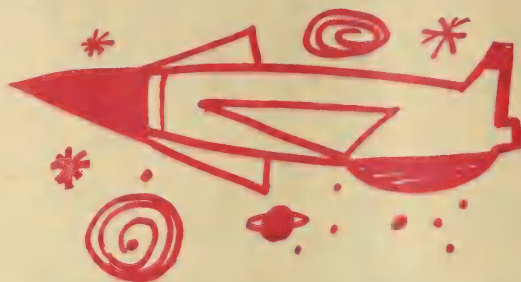
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HOWARD L. REITER

AMERICAN HISTORY LESSONS

Alan Trachtenberg on Mailer's Miami & Chicago
Alexander Zucker on Lawrence & Oppenheimer
Christopher D. Stone on the Mooney-Billings Case

LETTERS

at odds

New York City

DEAR SIR: In the Nov. 11 issue of *The Nation*, you published my review of Robert McNamara's *The Essence of Security* under the grotesquely misleading title, "McNamara: The Glacial Technocrat." If whoever conceived that title had bothered to read the review, rather than hunting through it in search of a provocative phrase reflecting his or her political predilections, that title would have been an inconceivable choice. You will admit, I trust, that it suggests a perception of Mr. McNamara rather at odds with my conclusion that he was "easily the most admirable figure ever to have occupied . . . the office of the Secretary of Defense." . . .

Tom J. Furer

New York City

DEAR SIR: Tom Furer's eminently fair review of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara brought a smile to my face when he described one of the Secretary's "most attractive qualities" as "natural candor." . . . In a March 3, 1965, hearing of the House Appropriations Committee, McNamara was questioned on the escalation of the Vietnamese War:

McNamara: The problem is one of semantics. I think. . . . What I call policy on the one hand and what I call tactics on the other, you might lump all under the head of policy. The basic policy is assistance to South Vietnam to maintain its independence. In that sense the policy has not changed at all. What I call tactics, which is the form of assistance and the pressure we apply militarily in support of that policy, has changed. A good illustration, I think, is the fact that within the past week or ten days we used U.S. piloted jet aircraft against the Viet Cong in South Vietnam. I do not call that a change of policy, but it certainly is a change of equipment or weaponry or tactics, whatever you want to call it. There is no question but that is a change . . . a year ago we were not striking North Vietnam with U.S. aircraft or South Vietnamese aircraft . . . we've had several strikes, a total of perhaps six within five weeks. This is a change. The question is: Is this a change of policy? You, apparently, would say it is a change of policy. I would say the policy is constant, the tactics have changed. (Emphasis added.)

Morris Reneke

credit

Carbondale, Ill.

DEAR SIR: In "Moscow Is So Dull" (*The Nation*, Nov. 11), Desmond Smith quoted from my translation of Voznesensky and did not give me credit. . . . The quatrain in question:

*An artist firstborn
Is always a tribune.
In him the spirit of overturning,
And rebellion—eternal.*

comes from page 20 of *Voznesensky: Selected Poems*, authorized translation by Herbert Marshall; Hill & Wang, paperback edition.

Herbert Marshall

once upon a future

Newtonville, Mass.

DEAR SIR: E. J. Mishan ["Abys of Progress," *The Nation*, Nov. 4] argues in favor of restraining the application of scientific discoveries in order to slow down technological

(Continued on page 628)

EDITORIALS

Predictable and Preventable

The coal mine disaster at Consol No. 9 in Mannington, W. Va., was easily predictable and almost certainly preventable. Ever since federal inspectors have had the right to enter mines—that is, since 1941—not only has almost every mine disaster been predictable, it has actually been predicted. Last year only eighteen mines were free of statutory code violations, or one-third of 1 per cent of the mines. At Mannington, the mine lies over an oil and natural gas field and it had been posted as "extremely gassy" by federal inspectors in August. The miners themselves regarded it as "hot"—that is, known to be gassy and dangerous. The hazard was increased by the fact that the company was "pushing production"; it was working three shifts, producing 10,000 or more tons of coal a day.

There is also a high degree of probability that this particular disaster was preventable. No mine will ever be thoroughly safe; mining is inherently hazardous, the most hazardous of some forty major industries. Most of the deaths are from "accidents" befalling individual miners, not from major disasters. But the statistics of mine accidents show that they can be drastically reduced, if not eliminated, because that in fact is what has happened. The death toll, which was once as high as 2,000, is now down to 200 or so a year. However, in the entire history of hazardous occupations there is no parallel for the extent to which the coal mining industry has resisted the introduction of ways and means to prevent major disasters. The argument has been that, as an industry, coal mining operates at a low margin of profit and that safety devices and better prevention methods are expensive. But major mine disasters are enormously costly; the losses in the present disaster will run into the millions.

Few bosses, however, can match the mine owners for stubbornness and arrogance. For decades they argued that coal dust could not be ignited underground by sparks, etc. From the time the Bureau of Mines was established in 1911, at the initiative of the union (it was then actively concerned with safety), until 1941, no federal inspector had a right to enter a mine. He could make an inspection if the owner permitted, and he could file a report—which the owner could and generally did ignore.

On December 21, 1951, a frightful explosion in a mine at West Frankfort, Ill., took 119 lives. This disaster was reported to have been "absolutely preventable"; in the previous July two federal inspectors had posted the mine as hazardous (see editorial, *The Nation*, January 5, 1952, and "Murder in the Mines" by Willard Shelton, *The Nation*, February 9, 1952). In the aftermath of that tragedy, new legislation was adopted to give federal inspectors the right of inspection and, under certain circumstances, the power to shut down a mine. But it was not until 1966 that the so-called "small mines," those employing no more than fourteen miners, were brought within the purview of the act.

Federal inspectors are well-trained, experienced men, and West Virginia has perhaps better mine safety legisla-

December 9, 1968

tion than any other state; still, inspection, enforcement and improvement lag far behind what could be regarded as satisfactory present-day standards. Lack of funds is a major shortcoming. At the time of the United Mine Workers convention this year in Denver, the President proposed new and more adequate mine safety legislation, but the proposal was so palpably political that no one took it seriously. In January, a new administration and a new Congress will take over; perhaps they will act, as the Eisenhower administration acted in 1952 after the West Frankfort disaster, to take the steps which are so obviously indicated.

But one cannot be sure. Coal mine disasters are a classic example of what might be called the "disappearing" news story. Few recurrent news stories are more dramatic or have a wider human interest. But once the headlines have subsided—once the fires have been extinguished and the bodies removed—the public is permitted to forget about coal mine disasters until the next one. Coal mines are located in areas off the beaten path; legislators from these areas in the House and Senate represent, for the most part, mine owners, not miners. The media have little occasion to focus on coal mining except when tragedy strikes.

What is needed is a sustained drive to keep public attention fixed on what is, and always has been, a national scandal. "The story of coal is always the same," wrote "Mother" Mary Harris Jones in her autobiography, "it is a dark story." And she knew, for she had spent thirty years of her life in West Virginia. "When I get to the other side," she said, "I shall tell God Almighty about West Virginia!" It is not West Virginia alone that she should report on today but the entire nation which, from its extraordinary susceptibility to journalistic distraction, fails to worry about mine safety between disasters, salving its conscience by ritualistic pity for the survivors during the high point of the drama, only to forget them the day after the mass funeral.

The Campus Ombudsman

The Swedish-Danish idea of a "citizens' protector" has been caught on in the universities. In the November 11 *Chronicle of Higher Education* James W. Brann reports on a Detroit get-together of campus ombudsmen, of whom there are at present between twenty and thirty in the United States, with several dozen other institutions considering such positions. The mode of application varies widely: some ombudsmen are appointed by the university president, some by the faculty, some by the student body. The post may be a full-time job, or it may be administered part-time by a member of the teaching faculty. Some are kept busy, but a professor-ombudsman at a Montana college has had only a handful of cases in two years.

Opinions about the value of ombudsman mediation also vary. Earle W. Clifford, dean of student affairs at Rutgers, likens the appointment of an ombudsman to putting a penny in the fuse socket when a circuit blows. "A decision to go the ombudsman route," he says, "is a fine advertisement for the failure of an administration in general or a student personnel program in particular to meet responsi-

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NATION

Volume 207

No. 20

bilities for equity and communication in an academic community."

Mr. Clifford agreed with some other speakers that the universities are due for radical change, and that often the faculties stand in the way: "I need a student government mobilized to play a part, with me, in rocking the faculty boat." Along the same line, Frank Lucatelli, who directs the student-run free university at the University of Detroit, advocates that students walk out of inadequately conducted classes and set up their own classes, to show administrators and faculty members "how a meaningful learning experience is created."

By its nature, the ombudsman remedy, whether at an institution of learning or in government, is a palliative. If those in charge were wise and unselfish, an ombudsman would not be needed, nor can the concept help materially in situations where radical reform is the only solution. Yet, within its limitations, it can avoid or resolve a certain number of painful and even dangerous conflicts.

Brann tells, for example, of an incident at San Jose State College where a Negro student walking in a corridor of a classroom building had his hat knocked off by a faculty member, who told him: "We don't wear our hats in here." The student was furious, as were other Negroes on the campus. The incident might have resulted in a major confrontation, since the college was already racially troubled. However, J. Benton White, the San Jose ombudsman, quickly cooled things off. The faculty member, it seems, had been knocking off students' hats for years to "teach them courtesy"; he apologized, and presumably has learned courtesy himself. In this single incident, the ombudsman may have earned his keep for the whole semester.

Many less dramatic instances can be cited, and there may be beneficial side effects. As Thomas F. Davis, a part-time ombudsman at the University of Detroit puts it, "The ombudsman is not the conscience of the university, but he makes it possible for a conscience to exist on the campus."

Snow's War

As his recent photographs show, C. P. Snow, with advancing years, grows to resemble Winston Churchill. This similarity adds emphasis to the fact that, twenty-two years after Sir Winston created the iron curtain image at Fulton, Mo., Lord Snow used the same platform of the John Findlay Green lecture at Westminster College last month to warn the world of a looming peril. He, too, referred to curtains; he said that we—meaning the prosperous nations of the West—"draw the curtains and take care not to listen to anything which is going on in the streets outside."

What is going on is man's lemming-like suicide by proliferation. This is not prophecy; it is happening now, according to the British novelist and scientist, and any day the evidence will be on our television screens. We—this time meaning the world at large—are in process of proving the mathematics of Malthus with our own emaciated corpses. Snow confesses himself to be in a state of despair,

but as a man of reason he spurns despair, and offers a minimal prescription for stopping, if not reversing, the universal flood of population. First, the underdeveloped nations, and to only a somewhat lesser degree, the advanced nations, must determine to reduce their birth rates by major proportions. (This will be very difficult: Lord Ritchie-Calder has pointed out recently that the world is not staging an "orgy of procreation"; it is just that more children are surviving to have more children.) Next, the prosperous nations must contribute to the impoverished lands a percentage of their annual incomes that exceeds even what they have been able, or willing, to expend for self-defense in their days of greatest peril. And finally, the two superpowers—Russia and the United States—must collaborate to these ends.

It is on this third point that Lord Snow strikingly parts company with his distinguished predecessor at Fulton, Churchill, by coining the phrase, "iron curtain," did as much as a man can do with words to assure the waging of the cold war. It was the wrong war to fight, as both belligerents admit at least tacitly today, and it not only distracted attention from C. P. Snow's war (which even twenty-two years ago was already in train) but it made the logistics of that war the more baleful. Because when nations rattle the saber, they also rock the cradle—sons for the fatherland!

Not one nation has tried seriously to make its people understand what is meant by the statement—no longer subject to dispute—that at going rates the present world population will have doubled by the year 2000, and will double again in a still briefer span. It is a matter of debate whether the food supply can, even theoretically, keep pace with this inundation of flesh. And it is a matter of trivial debate, for the resources are finite and the end must come in a later decade, if it does not in an earlier. Moreover, long before that day, mankind will be reduced to the choices and enterprise of a dairy herd, each of us chewing his daily ration of synthetics on his allotted square yard of living space.

That is the doomsday against which C. P. Snow is fighting—with the resolute hope that a rational man employs when there is no choice but hope. He bids the world cease its petty battles—now—and close ranks, not against the invader from space but against our own fecundity.

Why Mercenaries?

Addressing the American Legion of Monroe County (New York) on November 11, the fiftieth anniversary of the veterans' organization, Dr. W. Allen Wallis, president of the University of Rochester, took a bold stand. "To be invited to participate with you today," he said with urbane irony, "is a pleasure which I am enjoying greatly, at least up to this point in the proceedings." With that, he launched into a devastating attack on the draft, calling for its abolition "immediately—with no ifs, ands, or buts."

Dr. Wallis' denunciation came with the more force because he is no pacifist. While admiring the "basic pacifism" of the American people, he feels—quoting Wendell Willkie ("only the strong can be free")—that it "is fraught

with peril in the modern world." His attack on the draft system was therefore not on the ground that it is immoral in principle and inequitable in practice, but that its inefficiency menaces national security.

Ultimately most draftees make fair-to-middling soldiers, and a certain proportion are as good as they come. But their training is difficult and expensive, and the one desire of most of them is to get home. As for the inequities, at this stage they surely require no further demonstration. Consequently, Dr. Wallis would tolerate the draft only under conditions of total mobilization or an approach to it, as in World Wars I and II—a type of war which by every indication will never recur.

He dismisses "universal" military service on the ground that (assuming it was really universal) everyone would be equally mistreated, everyone being a chattel of the government. A lottery would be no more equitable than the present arrangement. Though there are some objections to an all-volunteer force, the advantages outweigh the drawbacks. Military pay would have to be raised, but the true cost would probably be less than under the draft, since more of the cost would be open and paid by the taxpayers, instead of being hidden, with a large part paid by the draftees.

Dr. Wallis notes that General Hershey and others have referred to volunteers as "mercenaries," "hired killers," and "in there just for the money." This is essentially a class argument; under the present system 90 per cent of the commissioned officers are volunteers, and no one calls them mercenaries. Dr. Wallis quotes Prof. Harry Gilman: "Why . . . are officers who are encouraged to enter and to remain in the service by reasonably high levels of pay called 'dedicated career men,' but privates who would volunteer when they too received higher levels of pay are called 'mercenaries'?"

Of course a still better solution would be the demilitarization of the United States, but since that is not an early prospect, Mr. Nixon (who has made some unspecific statements regarding the faults of the present system) should make abolition of the draft one of his first items of business.

Bowlful of Jelly

On November 24, and with President-elect Nixon in the congregation, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale preached a sermon in which, according to *The New York Times*, he asserted that "God doesn't want anyone to be hungry and oppressed. He just puts His big arms around everybody and hugs them up against Himself." This image of the Almighty as Santa Claus is no doubt appropriate to the season, but it is a perilous doctrine to serve up to a political leader already disposed to assign the nation's ghetto problems to the benevolence of free enterprise.

Upton Sinclair

Most of what needs to be said about Upton Sinclair will be said. The editorials will note his passion for social justice, his "awesome fecundity" as a writer, and his ad-

diction to various fads and nostrums. It will be said that he was extraordinarily gracious and benign for a person who so consistently castigated the high and mighty, applying the verbal whip with such relish to institutions, persons and practices he found abhorrent.

The contrast between his rhetoric and his manner was indeed striking. What is not likely to be said is that, at a certain level, he had a talent for communication that was close to genius. To this day one can find the slogans of the EPIC campaign (End Poverty in California) scrawled on bridge approaches, rocks, abandoned barns and tree trunks in the most remote areas of the state. Sinclair's pamphlet of that title was the basic—indeed the only—document used in his remarkable race for governor of California in 1934. In previous campaigns he had run as a Socialist, but in 1934 he decided to enter the Democratic primary. A million or more unemployed were willing to listen to anyone, even a former Socialist, atheist and advocate of free love, who made some sense and offered a little hope. Sinclair set out to convince the people of the state that poverty was not part of the natural order of the universe and that it could be ended.

He spoke from one end of the state to the other, at every imaginable kind of meeting, and he spoke with incandescent brilliance. What he said was simplistic, naive, unrealistic, but on the basic proposition he was so obviously right that he could not be refuted. Those with eyes to see knew that thousands of tons of foodstuffs were being regularly destroyed, in a misguided effort to sustain market prices. Citrus growers sprayed tons of fruit with oil in huge dumps protected by barbed wire—to prevent the poor from stealing a few oranges. In 1934 the notion that poverty could be ended was not so much a radical idea as it was utterly novel. Sinclair, the teacher, the superb educator, made his point. His handling of questions from his audiences was beyond praise. He was quiet, deft, smiling, never condescending, always direct and responsive; he never failed to communicate.

As an effort in mass education through political means the EPIC campaign was a great success. Sinclair was supported by an army of rank amateurs; Eugene McCarthy's affluent "volunteers" were political sophisticates by comparison. A key to Sinclair's success was that there really had not been a Democratic Party in California, in any meaningful sense, for decades. When the EPIC campaign was over, there was a new, largely rank-and-file, Democratic organization. Scores of prominent politicians, some still in office, came out of the EPIC movement. Sinclair's defeat, incidentally, was not due to the smear campaigns directed against him, or the wild quotes from his books and pamphlets, or the systematic attempts to panic the voters. He won the Democratic nomination and might well have been elected, but for the fact that a respected progressive, Raymond Haight, entered the race as the nominee of the old Progressive Party and polled enough votes to defeat Sinclair. But a more basic reason is that Upton had lost interest in the governorship long before the votes were counted. He had lived it all in his imagination; there was no need to experience it.

Sinclair was not a great novelist or social critic; he was a master of communication techniques, a remarkable

pamphleteer, educator and speaker. He didn't think—he saw, he had visions. As a muckraker he lacked Lincoln Steffens' remarkable insight and analytic powers; for the most part he communicated indignation, not understanding. He kept to the surface and lived on first impressions.

All who knew him liked him. Those who knew him best were endlessly baffled by the strange and contradictory elements that made him the kind of person he was; at the same time, they were full of admiration for his qualities and talents.

ONE NATION — CAN NIXON DO IT?

HOWARD L. REITER

Mr. Reiter, a doctoral candidate in political science at Harvard, is on the executive board of the Cambridge chapter of the Ripon Society, a national organization of liberal Republicans.

On the night when he accepted his second Presidential nomination, Richard Nixon told the Miami Beach convention that "a party that can unite itself will unite America." The events in Chicago three weeks later gave his words new significance, and he reiterated the theme throughout the campaign. Now he must deliver on his pledge.

Can Richard Nixon unite America? The odds are mixed. They begin with his popular vote, embarrassingly small for a man who presents himself as a unifying force. Of course, the other Presidents who began their administrations in a similar predicament, Lincoln and Wilson, were quite effective in office. But both had working Congressional majorities, and Mr. Nixon does not. In one sense, however, he may have an advantage that Hubert Humphrey would have lacked: he may be able to rely on the great bulk of his co-partisans in Congress to support his program, and then hope to attract Democrats looking for half a loaf. That was the strategy Dwight Eisenhower employed for eight years, and it generally worked. But Eisenhower was able to use his enormous popularity and prestige in this endeavor; Richard Nixon will have neither great popularity nor great prestige at his disposal.

Mr. Nixon throughout his career has dealt in the currency of partisanship, and the next four years may provide him with something of a cultural shock. For he should apprise himself of the fact that the bonds of party have been steadily loosening in the last twenty years, and are now close to atrophy. Perhaps declining partisanship is a sign of our post-industrial times, and will persist far into the future. More likely, it is a sign of a realignment in party politics, a change strikingly similar to that described by Joel H. Silbey in *The Transformation of American Politics, 1840-1860*:

The political change of the ante-bellum period was the outgrowth of changing conditions in American life and the failure of the traditional parties to cope with these changes adequately. . . . Ultimately, as these issues became more salient, that is, more important to them, several of the groups shifted politically in order to restore the necessary conditions for maximizing their satisfactions. Concern over these issues was powerful enough to weaken the strongest of traditional partisan loyalties.



Jusp, Wir Brunckenbauer (Switzerland)
Will His Reach Be Long Enough?

The strains on the present party system probably reflect a similar kind of shift in the salient issues. As Edward Schneider has cogently argued in *The Nation* ("The New Tide of National Politics," January 22, and "The Scar of Wallace," November 4), this change is most likely one from economic issues to status issues—those relating to the comparative position of groups in the society. They include race relations, crime control, anti-intellectualism, local versus centralized control of societal institutions.

Whether or not we are headed for a major realignment, the waning effect of party on the political scene cannot be denied. In the Gallup Poll, the proportion of self-styled "independents" has been rising dramatically since 1940, and now exceeds that of Mr. Nixon's party. Voting patterns reflect this trend: in 1946, of twenty-four states which held simultaneous gubernatorial and Senatorial elections, only one elected a Democrat to one office and a Republican to the other. Since that time, the number of states with split outcomes has risen steadily, and in 1964, 1966 and 1968, an outright majority of those states simultaneously electing a governor and a Senator so divided. In Presidential election years, there has been an almost identical increase in the incidence of states voting for the Presidential candidate of one party and state-wide office seekers of the other. In this connection, the voters of Arkansas deserve some kind of accolade this year for bestowing their electoral favors upon George Wallace, J. William Fulbright and Winthrop Rockefeller.

Congressional party ties have also slackened. The measure of party unity compiled each year by the *Congressional Quarterly* has gradually declined for both parties, in both houses of Congress, since the journal began its studies in the late 1940s. Even Lyndon Johnson's masterful lead-

ership of the Senate Democrats during the Eisenhower years did not arrest this trend. Today, there is not one party leader in Congress who can marshal his forces in every major legislative contest. On a number of key issues, such as the Powell expulsion and the Fortas nomination, various "leaders" have actually changed their positions to accommodate their "followers." There are signs of atrophy in the old folkways, too, as freshman Senators are playing a more important role than ever before. The spectacle of a Percy housing bill or a Griffin fight against Abe Fortas would have been unthinkable a few years ago.

What all this means to Richard Nixon is that he cannot rely on party labels to guarantee him a bloc of support, a bloc of opposition, or legislative leaders who can deliver the votes. For purposes of both popular and Congressional coalition building, he must present his program on its merits, and expect support and opposition to develop on that basis. That suggests the distinct possibility of new and perhaps even lasting party coalitions. The disadvantages inherent in a state of party flux go hand in hand with enormous new opportunities.

These new opportunities begin with an anomaly. Throughout the long and hectic campaign, Richard Nixon's standing in the polls varied hardly a percentage point. Hubert Humphrey's dramatic last-minute gains were at the expense of George Wallace and the previously undecided bloc. This raises the intriguing likelihood that a sizable majority of Americans never even considered voting for Nixon and a quite large minority never considered anyone else. It is the price one pays for being highly controversial, and it does not augur well for the Republicans in 1972. In short, Nixon must break out of the 43 per cent bloc, who will probably support him whatever he does, and construct the new majority he has been promising his party.

How this can be done is by no means clear. Viewing his 1960 campaign in retrospect in *Six Crises*, Nixon wrote:

Had I lost by two million votes, or more, no one could say "if you had just done this or that you would have won." But when a shift of ten or twelve thousand votes in three or four key states would have overturned the result, anyone could make a pretty good case for the proposition—"if only you had taken my advice, you would have won."

The same analysis can be applied in reverse to his 1968 campaign. If Strom Thurmond, John Tower and Spiro Agnew can claim that their hard line on law and order provided the winning electoral votes, Midwestern moderates like Richard Ogilvie, William Saxbe and Warren Knowles can take credit for the victory, too. All of them ran ahead of Nixon in their states. This is a critical matter, for Nixon's response to the choice will determine what kind of coalition he can assemble. If he is sufficiently perceptive, he knows that the law and order issue was a campaign gimmick that has been milked for almost all it is worth. The forty-five electoral votes won by George Wallace might conceivably be picked up by Nixon in 1972, but it could be at the cost of enough industrial states to insure defeat.

In the industrial states of the Northeast lies Nixon's

greatest room for improvement. Of the region's 149 electoral votes he carried just twenty-seven. It was, furthermore, the only region in which his proportion of the two-party vote dropped below what he won in 1960. Surprisingly, his performance in the suburbs also fell, a fact noted by all three major newsweeklies. While some of that decline may be attributed to the Wallace vote, there is no question that Wallace drew support from both parties. (In New York, he did equally well in New York City, the suburbs and upstate.) This means that a good number of suburban Republicans switched to Humphrey.

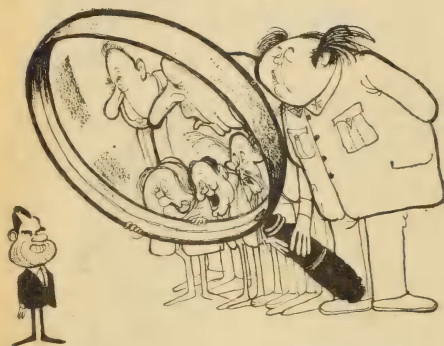
This strayed suburban vote must be regained by the Republicans if Nixon is to serve with any hope of uniting the country and winning re-election. For these were the fence sitters through most of the campaign, and they are the least solid element of the Humphrey vote. They are white-collar or successful blue-collar employees, better educated and better off than most Americans; a large number of them were strongly attracted to the McCarthy and Rockefeller campaigns. While they may provide the margin of victory in the major industrial states in a given election, their numbers are less important than their influence—they are a kind of managerial, professional and intellectual elite, manning the institutions of business, scientific research, education and the mass media. They are, in short, the opinion leaders of American society.

How can this group be wooed? An obvious step would be to put a rapid end to the war in Vietnam, a war opposed in part because the sons of the middle class are now being sent to wage it. But the more basic issue is the domestic crisis, which does not lend itself to as easy a solution as the war. Nixon lacks the confidence of the suburban swing group, in part because he has failed to demonstrate a sincere and sophisticated concern for metropolitan problems. His conspicuous absence from the ghettos (and Agnew's flip bromides), his desire to limit federal aid, and his reliance on the rubric of law and order handicap him with those who fear for the future of the republic if the cities are not saved, and soon.

But there are surely those who are now telling Nixon that success depends upon appeals to the disgruntled members of the middle and lower-middle classes who desire



above all else ■ cut in federal poverty programs and an increase of law and order. Indeed, that is Nixon's own concept of the "forgotten man." Tempting as it must be for him to submit to this line of strategy, he must realize that this group, concentrated in small towns, ethnic enclaves, and parts of the blue-collar labor force, is on the wane in numbers and influence. (For the most part, too, it is Democratic in its leanings on economic issues.) A man from Yorba Linda, Calif., who has spent the last twenty years on the Republican chicken-dinner circuit, might come to think that these forgotten men comprise the vast majority of Americans. But the party that throws



King, Telegraph (Australia)

"Well?"

in its lot with them has embarked, demographically speaking, on a slowly sinking ship.

Indeed, what is needed, not only by Nixon but by all of us, is a proper perspective on the so-called law and order issue. It is not simply the race issue clouded in euphemism, for it has strong appeal in areas where black faces have never been seen. Nor is it merely a collection of the grievances of the "forgotten man." And it has precious little to do with crime prevention.

When men focus attention on "law" and "order," they are in effect reconsidering the fundamental premises of the political system. In this regard, it is fitting that the only Supreme Court decision in American history to play a major role in national politics was the Dred Scott decision, for it was part of a decisive national reconsideration of the nature of the American union. Likewise, the controversiality of the Warren court is derived from its role in the reconsideration of the basic relations of our society in the post-industrial period—black and white, rural and urban, police and accused, and so on. Its decisions in these areas have resulted in a natural inclination to lay blame for the turmoil at the door of the Court, and to overlook the fact that the Court's decisions constitute a symptom and not a cause of the changes. Dismay at these changes has led to a plaintive cry for obedience to law and preservation of order—the forgotten man wants to stop the world and throw the troublemakers off.

In short, we are entering a crisis of legitimacy, when a

large segment of the population questions whether laws should protect impatient blacks, accused criminals, draft-card burners, campus rebels and alleged pornographers. Their frustration is partly due to a genuine sense of alienation from the nation's leaders—first from John Kennedy, who assembled a coalition almost the exact reverse of Nixon's this year, and then from Lyndon Johnson, whose racial policies seemed too liberal and whose war policies became hopelessly muddled and deceitful. Neither President became a repository of trust for the forgotten man.

Despite his failure to seduce the suburban white-collar swing voter, Nixon makes an enormous appeal to the forgotten man of the lower middle class. His life is something with which they can identify: born in humble circumstances, working his way up on his own, preaching the virtues of Americanism and standing foursquare against communism, losing two major political battles, and yet succeeding in the end. The Algeresque overtones may seem corny to much of the population, but they represent something very real to the millions whose world view features lazy welfare chiselers, honest workingmen, malodorous hippies and friendly cops.

And it is among this segment of Americans that Richard Nixon can exercise a high degree of statesmanship and even, quite possibly, make an outstanding contribution to the development of American democracy. Just as it took a Republican Chief Justice to preside over the end of legal segregation, a Republican President to call for the first massive federal aid to education, and a Republican administration to stop Joe McCarthy, so it will take a Republican to make the new relationships in this country seem legitimate to the forgotten man. This surely is not the result of the Republican Party's superior virtue or liberalism. It is, on the other hand, a function of its image of stolid orthodoxy, which enables it to do some things that nobody else could do without being labeled crank or subversive. When Northern Democrats call for integration, propose federal aid, or attack Joe McCarthy, they are merely acting "in character"; when Republicans do it, they appear to be acting sincerely in the national interest.

It is thus vital that Nixon retain much of the impetus of the Great Society; not only will it enable him to woo the decisive suburban vote but it will demonstrate to the loyal 43 per cent that there is some merit to social reform and racial equality that stands above parties and belongs in the American tradition. Hubert Humphrey could never persuade this group: Richard Nixon at this moment in history is the only man who can.

Is there room for optimism? Richard Nixon's career is like the Bible; you can read almost anything into it that you want. But its general tenor has been cautious and conservative. Now that he has attained the goal for which all the caution and conservatism were so skillfully employed, Nixon must break out of the strait jacket of the 43 per cent and commit himself to a broad program of positive accomplishment. For if the Republican Party is ever to be reborn, and if America is ever to be reunited, then the President must make credible some degree of common ground for the managers and professionals and the forgotten men. And for this task, if he possesses the vision, Richard Nixon has been chosen.

LIBERAL COMMUNISM *The Basic Dogma,* the Scope for Freedom, the Danger in Optimism

C. P. SNOW

Lord Snow's The Sleep of Reason, eleventh and next to last novel in the "Strangers and Brothers" series, will be published by Scribner's in January and is the January Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Lord Snow has been in this country recently to deliver the John Findley Green Lecture at Westminster College, Fulton, Mo. (delivering this lecture in 1946, Sir Winston Churchill proclaimed that an "iron curtain" had descended in Europe).

The following text is the introduction to Georgi Dzhagarov's play, The Public Prosecutor, as adapted from the Bulgarian by C. P. Snow and Pamela Hansford Johnson. It will be published in 1969 by Peter Owen (London).

London

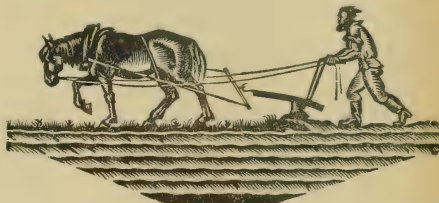
Georgi Dzhagarov is a Bulgarian. He is a Communist, and a member of the Communist Party. After making a reputation as a poet (he is now in his early 40s), he had a play produced on the Bulgarian stage. This was in 1964, and the play was *The Public Prosecutor*. It is the most direct attack on Stalinism yet made by a writer in Eastern Europe. The play is the biggest success his own country has seen for years. Not long after it was produced, he was appointed President of the Writers' Union; as in all Socialist countries, that is an official position, and one that he still holds. Dzhagarov had been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment by the pre-Communist regime. He is now a member of the Bulgarian parliament.

To anyone who doesn't know Eastern Europe it is perhaps no more surprising that Dzhagarov and his play should come from Bulgaria than from anywhere else east of a line between, say, Hamburg and Trieste. Yet in fact it is in many ways very surprising. To begin with, Bulgaria is in sympathy by far the closest to Russia of all the Eastern countries. There are good reasons, historical, traditional, cultural, ethnic, even linguistic, for this. It was the Russian army which in the 1870s freed Bulgaria from very nearly 500 years of what is always called "the Turkish yoke." That was an occupation which seems to have kept the country as stagnant as is possible for a human society, and which did not bring, so far as anyone can trace, a scrap of art or a single idea; so that both culture and language could be kept alive by one agency only, the Bulgarian priests of the orthodox Church, whose predecessors had in earlier and more glorious days, before the Turks arrived, given the emerging Russians both the Cyrillic alphabet and a liturgical language (Church Slavonic, which takes the place of Latin in Russian orthodox services, is actually medieval Bulgarian).

The Russians put an end to Turkish rule: and the people, and nearly all the intellectuals—though not the ruling class, who with singular cunning got on the losing side in both World Wars—have been pro-Russian to this day. The great cathedral in Sofia, which is mentioned in Dzhagarov's play, is called the Alexander Nevsky, after the

Russian hero and saint. A gigantic monument in Plovdiv is in the shape of a 19th-century Russian soldier. Bulgaria is the only country in Eastern Europe where one could hear someone say, with complete simplicity and openness, as I have heard myself, that here we regard the Russians as our big brothers. Not a trace of irony. It was said with the emotional candor which they share with the Russians, as well as the "broad nature," for which they have an equivalent phrase. For me personally, the fact that I am known to love Russians as Russians has been a help in Bulgaria, instead of the handicap it can be elsewhere in Eastern Europe (or rather the incomprehensible addiction of someone who appears otherwise to be a reputable writer and a fairly sensible man).

If one forgets the extreme variety and beauty of the



Bulgarian landscape, so much in contrast to the endless stretches of the steppes, one might imagine oneself in southern Russia. The faces in the street look very much the same. The language is much closer to Russian than is Polish or Czech, and Russian is a real second language in Bulgarian schools. Dzhagarov himself could pass for a Russian. Bulgarian scientists go to work in Moscow, and tend to stay there, rather as English scientists go to the United States. There is, and has been for a long time, a very easy flow of feeling between the two countries. You can see it in Turgenev's novels. When Turgenev wanted an active hero, higher spirited and less inhibited than his Russian men, he chose a Bulgarian. This is still the picture Russians have of these other Slavs—much like themselves, but several drinks above par. Incidentally, it is a picture which Bulgarians themselves accept with considerable enthusiasm.

All this sympathy and interplay made it fairly natural for Bulgarian political development, after the Hitler war, to follow the Soviet line. On September 9, 1944—the day referred to by Dzhagarov's characters as "the Ninth"—Soviet armies were in the Balkans and the Bulgarians joined their side. There were plenty of trained Bulgarian Communists available, such as Dimitrov, the hero of the Reichstag trial. Between the two wars, underground movements had been struggling against various reactionary regimes: old Voynov in *The Public Prosecutor* is both a

reminder and a personification of those struggles, and the suffering and hopes that the Communist forefathers had been through. After the Ninth, it would have taken more than protests from Washington, which duly arrived, to prevent the country's becoming a Soviet-type state. It happened with less friction than anywhere else in Eastern Europe. Since the Soviet Union was in its most rigorous Stalinist phase, Bulgaria took on the same form, and between 1945 and 1956 became, at least on the surface, more Stalinist than the Stalinists. It is precisely this period which Dzhagarov is writing about in his play.

The Basic Creed

There are certain elements in a Socialist state which anyone who can really be called a Communist takes for granted. For example:

- (a) Public ownership of the means of production.
- (b) Central planning and control of all major activities, such as industry and education.
- (c) The role of the Communist Party—itsself a select minority—as the sole policy-making and decision-making body in the state.

One cannot be a Communist without taking these features for granted although, as these pages go to the printer, some Czech Communists are disputing the third point. More than that, Communists must believe that in the long run they will make for the good society, or at the very least for a better society than has yet existed. Men like Dzhagarov or the Russian liberal Communists certainly believe that. Some peripheral questions, to which I now come, have been raised by Communists in Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland; but it is important to realize that they are peripheral. The fundamental axioms remain.

There follows an area of real doubt, which I will call (d): the necessity for the Communist Party, in order to build the new society and a new race of Communist men (what the Russians call Soviet Man), to guide and control all intellectual expression. This is an area which has aroused great passion in the West, and I shall return to it later. I will just say here that within it are contained some very difficult problems for the most liberal of Communists. All of them will, of course, want the control of expression to be much looser than it is in contemporary Russia. But none—certainly none that I have ever met—would consider that complete liberty, in the Western sense, is either possible in a Socialist society, or even desirable (I am speaking here of persons who are Communists, however liberal: there are, needless to say, others, non-Communists, some of them alienated, who would welcome Western liberty at any price).

All Stalinists, which is a bad expression and herds together people of many shades of opinion, would be in substantial agreement on the necessity for this control. In fact, it is one of the classical features of what we call Stalinism. There are two others.

- (e) Extreme concentration of power. In the original theory of the early phases of the Socialist state, opinion was supposed to flow up from the party at the worker level, expressing the workers' desires and needs; and then

decision would flow down from the higher echelons of the party. But it didn't work quite like that. The crisis of the October Revolution, the civil war, the tasks of surviving afterward, helped to concentrate power into fewer and fewer hands; and so did the nature of power structures themselves. There was nothing surprising in this. It could have been predicted, or feared—in fact, it had been both predicted and feared—by anyone who had thought seriously about the politics of power. In some aspects it had major advantages: when you are struggling to survive, you must avoid compromise decisions, and that is what power concentrations can do. But they can also produce all the evils of a society without checks and balances—arbitrary arrest, the existence of powers dominating or side-stepping the law—and this is what Stalinist phases have invariably done. There are various discreet or euphemistic names for those happenings, such as "violation of Socialist legality."

(f) The cult of personality. Now this really is surprising. As I have just mentioned, political thinkers for a long time past have been aware of the dangers of concentrated power: but no one that I have heard of ever thought that, in modern times, one of those dangers was deification. Yet that was what, in front of everyone's mystified eyes, happened to Stalin. No human being in his own lifetime, it seemed, had received such choruses from cherubim and seraphim since the time of Alexander the Great. It was astonishing to observe from the viewpoint of another country. It would have been equally astonishing to Marx and Lenin, who were after all rational 19th-century intellectuals.

Of course, the power structure encouraged the process. Stalin himself, it must be presumed, found it tactically helpful. And there is no reason to believe that he found it personally distasteful (anyone can stop being a god if he really wants). Yet the process, though astonishing, wasn't just an official device: that helped, but only a little, compared with the scale of a worship which spread not only through the Soviet Union but among Communists everywhere. And not only among simple people. Pasternak wrote poetry in praise of Stalin. Maybe Pasternak was trying to be diplomatic, though the words don't read like that. But Joliot-Curie, Bernal—two of the cleverest men in the world—I am quite certain they believed what they said. At the time, their hallicujahs ("Stalin is the greatest scientist in the world") made it more difficult to argue, as plenty of well-wishers wanted to, that this mass prostration was a purely Russian, as opposed to a Communist, phenomenon. The Russian had always needed a god figure, we heard. The Czar as Little Father. The Czar emerging through the iconostasis. The profound obeisances of the orthodox Church. Peter the Great. The Bronze Horseman. The Russian religious spirit. The Russian soul.

All that was argued. But it came to look singularly ridiculous when precisely the same phenomenon, multiplied by a factor of 100, happened in a society which culturally couldn't have been more different. For China, as compared with Russia, has always been sensible and secular: there aren't any Dostoevskys in Chinese literature; no culture had gone in less for gods, or even heroes. And yet—the deification of Mao soon reached a point where

the tributes paid to Stalin in his heyday began to seem grudging. One can now say of Mao, with fair certainty, that no human being in the whole of history has ever heard with his own ears so much praise uttered by so many. So this "cult of personality" has happened twice, in the only two profound revolutions so far experienced. It begins to look as though it is part of the morphology of a revolution. It is the one part which contemporary Stalinists in Russia would not attempt to defend. Once more the "cult of personality" is a euphemistic phrase.

Motives of Stalinism

What about contemporary Stalinists? Yes, there are some. I am referring to the Soviet Union and the Eastern European countries. (Obviously in China there are several hundred million, but China is going through a more primitive stage of the revolution, in some ways resembling Russia in the late twenties and early thirties, but with extreme idiosyncrasies of its own: it is possible that its social development may be wildly different. I don't really believe that it will, in the long run, because technology imposes a good many of its own forms. But that battle of technology versus political abstraction is what the Cultural Revolution is all about.) Even after the Twentieth Party Congress, when Stalinism was officially denounced in Russia, there have been Stalinists left in all Eastern European countries, often in high places. This fact is noticed, with a good deal of unfriendly pleasure, in the West; and it is assumed that all these people (the Stalin's Heirs of Yevtushenko's well-known poem) must be very wicked men. The truth, however, is more complicated.

The people who administered the Soviet Stalinist state between, say, 1934 and the death of Stalin, did so from a variety of motives: conviction, opportunism and self-interest (any state apparatus multiplies jobs, not so much with material advantages though they sometimes exist but much more with status and power), and fear. Some people, since Russians are very much like the rest of us, acted out of a mixture of these motives, and some out of just one of them. Fear has been a reality in any Stalinist state. Self-interest operates as in all societies, and is no more interesting in Eastern Europe than it is in Los Angeles or Manchester. It ought to be noticed that, in Dzhagharov's play, the one character for whom he has no charity at all is the smooth operator, Boyan, who is, as a matter of calculation, prepared to accept the Stalinist regime when it is in full vigor, has a shrewd nose for when it is breaking down, and is cheerfully prepared to get on well in the reformed state. But then Dzhagharov is a brave and pure soul; there are plenty of Boyans. If this country had known an extreme situation—such as Nazi occupation—there would have been a surprising number of Boyans. It is not for us to condemn them to the limit, unless we were to know how we ourselves would have behaved.

Still, those who were and are Stalinists out of conviction are not so commonplace. And here, with his police officer Nikolov (who in Bulgarian or other Continental legal procedures is called an investigating magistrate), Dzhagharov shows great sympathy and understanding. What is such a man convinced of? I have met similar people in

Russia, often much more intellectual, often of complete integrity. If the year of my birth (1905) had remained unchanged, but I had been born a Russian, I suppose I should be a liberal Communist, and should have aligned myself with Tvardovsky. It probably wouldn't be easy to remember today that some of my opponents, holding views which I believed to be destructive, were in character better than I. Yet that would be the case.

What are these convictions that such opponents would hold? I am going to be a little more articulate than Nikolov—who is a fairly humble officer of a Stalinist regime—and try to find words for him. First of all, it goes without saying, he accepts, not passively but actively, with absolute certainty, the three major doctrines which I listed earlier as (a), (b) and (c). He would not admit the slightest qualification even at the edges, e.g., the minor amount of private ownership that is permitted in Poland. Even if it makes material life slightly more comfortable, which it does, that isn't good enough. You've got to be inflexible and not worry about short-run amenities if you're going to create Soviet Man.

On the other hand, our super-Nikolov—I am really thinking of one or two pillars of society whom I have known in Russia—would admit that the "cult of personality" had been a mistake. He would admit it without much emotion or regret. If you are performing great historical tasks, great mistakes are likely to occur. It won't happen again (in fact in the Soviet Union there seems to be a real collective will in favor of keeping the leaders about as free from charisma as the President of Switzerland).

History and Necessity

The same would apply to "abuses of Socialist legality." But here the contemporary Stalinist might become quite rough. Yes, bad things took place. But in the sight of history they will be small compared with the great things. We have transformed a society in fifty years. It is now a good society, compared with others. It hasn't fulfilled all our hopes: there is still crime, incompetence, backwardness. But there is less backwardness than anyone would have believed who knew the deep Russia of 1917. There is far less crime than in the United States. By and large, this is a healthier society than that of the West. Millions of lives have been lost in making it; some of them innocent lives, because of the abuses of legality. But they have been lost in a gigantic historic task, like the innocent victims of the English Industrial Revolution. Now that task is effectively complete, and there won't be any more such victims. We have attended to the matter of legality. Abuses have been stopped and won't recur. Nevertheless, that does not mean that we shan't need vigilance and discipline. We have enemies outside, even now that we are successful: they are still capable of doing harm inside. After all, we know about the techniques of revolution. Remember, the more senior of us have been revolutionaries ourselves. We shall need a security service, KGB or whatever new name we give it, for at least another generation. We are becoming a successful society, and we're not taking any risks: if we're going to make an error, it will be an error on the safe side.

I have heard something like that a good many times. I



have also heard, a good deal more strongly, the attitude about intellectual expression. *Of course* the party must control it. We believe that people are capable of being improved: we also believe that they are capable of being degraded. You (addressing me) have seen our television. We know it is dull, but it cannot do a single person harm. Can you say as much of your own?

A very sophisticated neo-Stalinist once told me that no society with a purpose could possibly believe in freedom of expression as an absolute value. In fact, the more this was taken as an absolute value, the more purposeless we could assume the society was.

This divide about the motive and function of art is very deep—much deeper, I fancy, than, say, Italian Communists, brought up in a Western tradition, realize. It is worth remembering that Tolstoy and Dostoevsky would have agreed with my neo-Stalinist acquaintances without considering that the matter deserved a second thought. Naturally, there are Western-oriented Communists in Russia, and even more non-Communists, who take to Western art very easily: *a fortiori*, that is more common in Western-looking countries, such as Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Romania. But I think it is quite rare for a gremial Russian, or a gremial Bulgarian, to read our books or look at our pictures as we do ourselves: they may even like them, but the divide is greater than we think. Obviously, exactly the same is true the other way round.

The position is complicated by what may be an accident. Or I may be imagining it. But it does seem to a foreigner that Russians, though highly literary and musical, are a notably nonvisual people, so far as these generalizations mean anything at all. It is true that Kandinsky, Malevich, Lessitsky were pioneers of abstraction, but otherwise we

have to go back to Rublev and the other icon painters to find anything approaching the world class. One certainly gets the impression in Russia—Russian Russia—that there is a level of visual uninterest: it is possible that a visitor to 19th-century England might have got a similar impression. The contrast is very sharp when one moves into Latvia or Poland or Bulgaria—and most of all into Georgia, a country of painters and visual brilliance.

So that even with the most cultivated orthodox Communist or neo-Stalinist, it is next door to impossible to have a serious discussion about abstract art. But it is quite easy to have such a discussion about free expression in literature, “modernism,” and so on. I have had many of them myself, with people eminent in Soviet intellectual life. Don’t think they feel on the defensive. They think that they are broadly right, and that the West is wrong. They will admit that the West has gained something technically in literature through its total freedom, but that it has lost much more. They just despise “modernist” (that is the word they use, meaning historically what we do, though it has with them a pejorative edge) literature. It seems to them decadent both in form and content; and they are perfectly prepared to put their own up against it. Restrictions? No great literature, they say, has ever thrived without them: otherwise it is not engaged with society. They are a little uneasy that the greatest prose work of the Soviet period, Sholokhov’s *And Quiet Flows the Don*, was first published nearly forty years ago. But they claim that their poetry is now the best in the world. Since the idiom is so different from ours, and even the purpose (except with the “private” poets, e.g., Akhmatova, Akhmadulina, Voznesensky), that is a proposition which one can’t test. One can test their new prose writing, and there is no doubt that in short stories and novellas a couple of dozen people are writing with an ease and naturalness that flows out of the great Russian tradition. The official climate in 1968 is bleaker than it was six or seven years ago: a lot of this fine work has come out in this same year, and there is nothing quite like it in the West.

Limits of Freedom

What does a liberal Communist want? Let me repeat, I am talking about liberal or reforming *Communists*, such as Tvardovsky and Dzhagarov, and not about Soviet or Bulgarian citizens who are not Communists at all. There are a number in this latter category, including some first-class writers. As I have said before, these are crying out for all the literary liberties of the West, *Ulysses* and *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, even if that means *The Night Clerk* and *Candy*, the latest work of Gore Vidal and all. Now I come to think of it, I have never pressed them, or any root-and-branch libertarian anywhere, about what happens if some enterprising publisher produces selected excerpts from *Der Stürmer*. Freedom is an odd word.

That is, however, beside the point. Take a liberal Communist round a bookstore in London or New York: he may be as uninhibited as a man can reasonably be, he may be a pin-up idol in his own country (that is, incidentally, as true of Dzhagarov as it is of Yevtushenko), but he will say that a good many of these exhibits are unthinkable in

his society. And, like the rest of us, he will be concerned with one of the most intractable of problems, which is where the limits of freedom can be drawn.

On the other hand, he won't be anything like so acceptant as his orthodox compatriots whom I have just been discussing. He will feel that the restrictions have done both artistic and political harm. He will be more passionate about the political restrictions than the sexual ones. Russians and Bulgarians are hearty people, near enough to their peasant stock not to make much fuss about sex. There is, as it happens, very little tradition of pornography or aestheticized sex in their literature. But political restrictions cut nearer to the bone. Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita* affected intellectual Moscow last year like half a dozen shots of vodka per head. No novel for years had had such a success. But Bulgakov has been dead for nearly thirty years, and the novel—which is a bizarre satire on Soviet society, with a touch of something like eccentric genius—has been held up for longer than that. Many members in the Union of Soviet Writers wanted *Novy Mir* to be allowed to publish *The Cancer Ward* by Solzhenitsyn. They were overruled at a high party level. That was three steps back for the liberals.

Perhaps the simplest example is the best, and it brings us to the present play. Although it is known in various countries of Eastern Europe in different forms (radio, publication of the script) it has not yet, so far as I know, been produced on the stage outside Bulgaria. Many theatres would like to do it: but, to the best of my belief, the 1967 production at the Hampstead Theatre Club in London was the first outside its author's native country.

The liberal writers soldier on, confident that, despite reverses, things are going, and must ultimately go, their way. Bulgaria is lucky in having several party leaders who are unusually benevolent—and well informed—about the arts. But one must remember that in all Socialist countries this is an occupational problem which doesn't seem real, or probably doesn't even touch the general public. The public may vote with their feet, so to speak, and refuse to buy dull literary works. As soon as Soviet magazines had to earn their circulations, editors found the public wanted to read Agatha Christie and Simenon. In the political struggle, though, the liberal writers are on their own. There will be a good many compromises. No foreign intervention is any good: in fact, any foreign intervention, from any source whatever, can only do harm. Meanwhile, the writers will go on trying to find their own solutions. Financially, they are by and large much better off than Western writers. Perhaps as a result of this, or perhaps because of other conditions, they produce very much less.

It is important to get the priorities straight. The problem of the limits of artistic freedom, though it is a genuine one, isn't a first consideration for serious anti-Stalinists. They have been through too many extreme situations for that. Dzhagarov's play deals with something both simpler and graver. Get that right, he is saying; then we can move on to other things.

The same applies to the economic reforms which occupy a certain amount of liberal Communist discussion. In overall strategy, the Socialist economy has been a major success. That is, it has produced national wealth, not only

in the Soviet Union but in other Socialist countries, very fast; almost certainly, much faster than could have been done under capitalism. Still, too little of this wealth filters down to the individual citizen. And further, an economy nationalized down to the last tearoom seems singularly inept at providing the minor social comforts. Food inside Russian homes, for instance, is among the best in the world. In hotels, when you have waited long enough, you don't notice what the food is like.

In some of the Socialist countries, particularly those that have links with the West and know the things at which we are proficient—that is true of Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland—those questions are being raised. They are not trivial questions. To some of them, answers may be found quite soon. But they are peripheral. At the core of real anti-Stalinism, of committed liberal Communist thinking, there is something much more fundamental. It is that to which Dzhagarov addressed himself, and it is time we got there.

The Tap at Midnight

The most essential of human freedoms is simply to live. The next most essential is a negative one. It is freedom from illegality. You can't breathe easily if you don't know what the law will do, when the police will pick you up, when you may suddenly find yourself under arbitrary arrest. The tap on the door at midnight. *Nacht und Nebel*. In this violent century, that has been a horror to many; and the fear of it has been a horror to very many more.

It is intolerable. It is not to be borne. But many people have had to bear it, all over the world. In Eastern Europe, hundreds of thousands, or millions, of Russians, most of them in the period between the purges of the thirties and the death of Stalin: in the other Socialist countries, tens of thousands more, most of them between 1945 and the de-Stalinization (in Bulgaria, following Moscow, this meant 1956). No one knows the number of lives that were lost. Why did it happen? How did it happen? How can it be prevented from happening again? To a man like Dzhagarov, these are the cardinal questions. Anything else can be laughed off and endured, but not this. In his play, he tries to give the answers, symbolized in the fate of one Bulgarian. And in the connected fates of two decent men, a police officer who believes devoutly in the Stalinist necessities, and the hero of the play, the Public Prosecutor, who has come to doubt them. The time is carefully chosen: it is not stated explicitly, but from internal references it must fall between 1953 and 1956, which in Bulgaria was just before the beginning of the thaw.

Why is the victim Pavel in trouble? To understand Dzhagarov's play, one must grasp the social ambience. With the exception of the Public Prosecutor, all his characters are simple but not stupid people. They are living in a small Bulgarian town with its own party headquarters and apparatus. The relatives of all of them would still be peasants, as Pavel's mother is. Often, though not in the official dialogues, they talk like peasants, with the time-worn comfortable phrases, proverbs and clichés. (Some English drama critics, with their incorrigible provincialism, blamed either Dzhagarov or the adaptation for this,



as though the characters ought to speak like an English intellectual's concept of the *Lumpenproletariat*. It should have been apparent that Dzhagarov, who is a highly sophisticated man, wrote it in that idiom deliberately; and in English the idiom was deliberately imitated.)

Pavel has been denounced. He never appears on stage, but his personality emerges. He is a party member; something of a local hero: brave, imprudent, unable to keep his mouth shut, ready to criticize. He has made a speech at a party plenary session. He has run foul of a cooperative chairman. He is clearly a bit of a busybody. In English terms, he might be a very active member of a local Labour Party, drafting resolutions criticizing the government at the annual conference.

In the paranoia of a Stalinist atmosphere, that is enough to convince the security police that he is an enemy of the state. Nikolov, who is an entirely honest man, believes this without a tremor of doubt. And having come to believe, he doesn't care where the evidence comes from. The iron necessity is to get rid of Pavel. Since he is an enemy, all that matters is to see him put away.

Duty and Conscience

The Public Prosecutor has known many such cases. He is himself a dedicated Communist: he too has accepted the necessity of detecting enemies of the state. There have, of course, been many genuine ones (for us, who live in a very old and stable society it is difficult to remember that—but cast your mind back to Elizabethan England). But more than once, doing his official duty, the Public Prosecutor has had to smother his doubts. He has acted like a lawyer with a brief, not knowing the prisoners (any more than an English prosecuting counsel would know the prisoners), following his official instructions. But sometimes he has not liked the look of the brief. We are not told how acute his doubts had become before the Pavel case, but it is a fair inference that very soon, Pavel or no Pavel, he would have made his stand. But he happens to know Pavel intimately, and of this the security police are entirely aware. That is one reason why they are insisting that he should do his official duty. It is a test of his political reliability also. He has known Pavel from childhood; he knows that Pavel, though wild, is a good Communist and a good man.

In the long run, the Public Prosecutor has no choice. It won't help Pavel, but he sacrifices himself.

How do such things happen? Dzhagarov underlines two reasons, and hints at more. The two reasons he stresses are not novel, and are interlinked. One is that a society in its Socialist phase puts a premium on blind faith: that is, there will be plenty of Nikolovs, who will justify any action, so long as it is proclaimed a necessity. And the necessity is proclaimed from above, so that blind faith gets blended with a lack of individual responsibility. The whole play is, in fact, a passionate cry for individual responsibility. Unless, in the old protestant sense, a man stands by himself, there is no health in us. It was that cry which brought storms of agreement when it was uttered from the Sofia stage.

But what about the party in all this? The power comes from above, the necessities are proclaimed from above. Yet at least in theory, the power is held by consent of the party, coming right up from below. And old Voynov, that pure soul, who has devoted his life to the party, at one stage expresses his faith in this process: "It [the party] will speak when the time comes. . . . Sometimes it speaks in such a way that you have to listen with your mind and your heart. Sometimes it is silent, because it believes that we should manage on our own."

But the retired schoolteacher broods to himself, after making inquiries about Pavel: "I saw my old pupils, men in responsible positions who once fought on our side. One after another, they carefully elbowed me away. . . . Just look a bit deeper into them, and all you'll see is fear." That is the final horror to old Voynov. To reforming Communists like Dzhagarov, who might be his son, it presents the final problem. How can we prevent these things happening again?

Dangers of Optimism

Dzhagarov says it can be done only by the individual taking his responsibility. That is a moral injunction. But, of course, he is writing a play, not a worked-out plan for a new structure of society or the reform of Socialist jurisprudence. The problem remains. It has occupied, and is still occupying, some of the best minds in Eastern Europe—jurists, political thinkers, scientists. How do you make

Socialist legality powerproof? Optimists claim that now the violations have been exposed to the world, legality is safe. That is too facile.

Optimism has always been more than half the trouble. Communism, like Christianity, is an optimistic creed. That is one of its sources of strength, and also of creeping danger. It was optimism that helped the Soviet Union win the greatest war in history; and that has helped it make a major material advance all over Eastern Europe. Men are right to be hopeful about what can be done with the social condition: with courage and intelligence there is no reason for most of the human race to live in hunger or to die before their time. That is one of the messages of communism: if the rest of us don't listen to it, then we're no good. But there are other messages; all are hopeful: one of them has done a lot of harm. It is that, once you transform society (i.e., take production out of private hands, and so abolish classes except for the formal distinctions between workers, peasants, intellectuals), then you eliminate—apart from survivals—the conflicts of the bourgeois world. Since by definition the conflicts don't exist, you don't need the controls, the checks and balances, of bourgeois justice.

That optimistic assumption sprang right out of the 19th century's hopeful and innocent air. It is, unfortunately, quite wrong. No one is going to be romantic about bourgeois justice. We all know how it has developed and for what reasons. We all know that its safeguards have been built in through clashes of interest, suspiciousness and distrust. But that doesn't matter objectively, to use the Marxist word. The point is, the safeguards are there. Clashes of interest, suspiciousness and distrust have their uses. It is genuinely difficult to arrest anyone in a bourgeois society. In England in particular the scales are loaded pretty heavily against the police. There are hundreds of persons walking around London today whom the police *know* to be guilty, many of them of serious crimes. Because of our laws of evidence, the police can't prove their case in court.

Pavel in London might have been involved in gang murder: the police through their informers would know precisely what he had done: and, quite as likely as not, they couldn't pick him up.

Now that is clearly wrong. But it is better to be wrong that way than the other. In particular it is better to be wrong that way—in favor of the suspect—when it comes to political offenses, if a state is worried about political offenses. Somehow, the safeguards have to be built into Socialist law. In bourgeois societies we have been lucky: they have accumulated through clashes of interest, suspiciousness and distrust. It is clear, though orthodox Communists and some hopeful liberal Communists would deny it, that too much power still, after twelve years, rests with the Nikolovs of Eastern Europe.

How does Socialist law become powerproof? No one of whom I know has a satisfactory answer to that question; certainly I haven't. We should many of us be happier if we could see the answer: because we need the spirit and the hope of Dzhangarov and all that he represents.

As I said, he gives us, not a code of law but a moral injunction. I am going to finish, not with a code of law but with a psychological reflection. It is right to be optimistic about the social condition: it is wrong, if you are going to put the proper safeguards into a legal system, to be optimistic about the individual condition. We know—if we don't know it now, then we must be crazy—how men behave when they are given power. This isn't an abnormality or a pure accident or a consequence of the class strength that will soon be washed away. It is part of the blood and bone of the species, as much so as our sexuality.

False hopes drive out good. There are times when it is necessary to be pessimistic: when in fact pessimism is the only base on which to build real hopes.

I don't know about Dzhangarov himself, but it seems to me possible that communism of his kind is feeling its way to such a base.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT POVERTY

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In 1964 President Johnson declared a war on poverty as one theme for his Administration. It was fated to be the "other war," and to receive less than an all-out fight. Though it is too early to evaluate the historic significance of this first national effort to abolish poverty, it is time to ask what we have learned about the effectiveness of different approaches to the problem.

One thing that we have learned again we knew before: the faster the economy grows, the faster drops the number of the poor. In 1959-63, when unemployment was high

and economic growth slow, the ranks of poverty were reduced by about only a million persons per year. In 1963-67, when unemployment was cut and real family income rose by 3 per cent per year, poverty reduction stepped up to 2 million persons per year. In 1959, 22 per cent of the total American population was poor and in 1963 the number had fallen only to 19 per cent. But by 1967, the proportion of Americans who were poor had sunk to 13 per cent.

To measure the problem in terms of numbers of persons, I have used the official Social Security definition of "poverty income," which differs according to family size. For example, a family of four is considered poor if it has an income below \$3,315 in 1967 prices. (It is worth noting in this connection that a man may be fully employed at the minimum wage all year round, and still not reach as high as the officially recognized poverty line un-

less he has less than two children.) There is, however, another way of measuring America's poverty. We can also add up the amount by which the *total income* of all the poor together falls short of what it would be if the income of each of them was as high as the poverty line. This figure is called the poverty-income gap, and it also has been shrinking. It is now under \$10 billion and falling each year.

But there is more to the problem of reducing poverty than simply keeping the rate of economic activity high, and other trends of the last four years are reflected in these figures. High economic activity leads to increases in earned income; a companion factor is increased unearned income.

There has been a considerable growth of income to the poor in the form of social insurance and public assistance payments. Between 1964 and 1967, payments from this source rose from \$33 billion to \$46 billion (though by no means all of this went to the poor). The other part of the improvement in unearned income has been the growth of educational, health and other services. I estimate that the total of cash payments to the poor plus the value of actual services flowing to them from federal, state and local governments rose from \$34 billion in 1964 to \$40 billion in 1967. The Office of Economic Opportunity budget of under \$2 billion a year is obviously only a small part of this increase. Large parts come from Medicare and Medicaid funds, federal aid to low-income school districts, vocational education and job training. Increased voluntary efforts have also been made by churches, associations of professionals, business leaders and the poor themselves. How well have such "service" programs worked?

One broad type of effort has been to equalize the access to community services. Police, courts, schools, welfare administrators, churches, libraries, hospitals and others have learned that they can do much to improve the quality of service to the poorest and least demanding of their clients. This instruction has been led by a new crop of specialists in the several professions dealing with the problem of the poor, who have learned to work *with* previously unidentified leaders of the poor. They have established new rights for the poor, new ways to enforce old rights, and have spread knowledge of such rights among the people. There can be no doubt that this campaign to equalize community services has improved the prospects that some poor persons will seize opportunities to escape from poverty.

It is also true, however, that some of the poor need not merely equal treatment but remedial or compensatory programs to overcome deficiencies of historic origin. If a child from a poor background is to be ready for school, he may need special Headstart training, special health care, even food. Some youngsters need a way to finance completion of high school or special training. The Neighborhood Youth Corps, Job Corps, and on-the-job training point the way. If we are to assure real equality of opportunity for higher education, those from poor families require the outreaching services of an Upward Bound Program.

We have found that such compensatory programs do assist many young people to get more out of school than they otherwise might. It is too early to know whether significant change in the rate of poverty reduction will result, but some early indications are that we must expect low benefits from such programs in relation to the amounts of money spent on them.

This push for equal and, more particularly, specialized services for the poor has produced a political backlash. The new alliance between experts and the poor themselves has rubbed hard against many in the lower middle class who customarily delivered such services. Many of the programs are short-lived and narrow of scope, and these limitations have created bitterness among those dropped from the programs, and those left out altogether. And the mere promise to spend more for the poorest than for those not quite so poor has aroused resentments of its own.

The most controversial of all the anti-poverty activities during the last four years has been the effort to achieve, according to the mandate of the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, "maximum feasible participation of the poor" in "community action." It is charged that this rhetoric has encouraged militant protest; and many people have associated it with the riots of 1967 and 1968. But the character and timing of those civil disorders were such that they could not have been due solely, or even mainly, to this approach. Very little community action is actually involved in "organizing the poor."

One may agree to all that and yet subscribe to Daniel P. Moynihan's assertion in *Commentary* (August) that it is destructive to teach the poor that their salvation is assured if they will only organize to knock down the "walls"



that bar them from "opportunity." One may also agree that organization of the poor has not always been directed to the attainment of the equal and special rights referred to above. In certain cases, such organization has drawn the poor into a general struggle against City Hall, or "the system," without any assurance that it will advance the cause of the poor. Some who advocate organization of the poor are, indeed, less concerned with poverty than with exploiting the energies of the poor in visionary efforts to transform the larger society and usher in a new social order. But for all that, community action has been responsible for numerous advances in many specific areas; and participation by an organized community of the poor may be a necessary condition to successful prosecution of the poverty war. It is not sufficient, however, for rapid progress. It can take the poor only so far.

Those involved in the scattered and diverse community action projects have made one great discovery; while poverty has many facets, it has a central core—lack of money. Perhaps it was not unpredictable that the specialists on the problems of the poor would become advocates of general as well as specific remedies—since the problems in one field (schools) often relate to problems in other fields (housing or health). These problems stem in turn from the basic matter of income, which can come only from jobs or income maintenance programs. Community actionists have gradually come to see that, as Michael Harrington put it in *Saturday Review* (July 27), "There is no simple, or even bloody, way to abolish poverty." He believes that the power to force the passage of sweeping federal legislation, which he thinks necessary, will come from a new political majority, or not at all.

So it is, then, that the war on poverty has raised up prophets who call for ultimate weapons. It is interesting that the 1964 declaration by President Johnson was silent on both the topics—jobs and income maintenance—singled out by the Poor People's March. These demands have been sloganeered as "government as employer of last resort" and "guaranteed minimum income." Even partial response to either demand would imply a significant escalation of the war on poverty; and President Johnson last January named a commission, headed by Ben W. Heineman, to study these and other radical proposals. Several other commissions, notably the Advisory Council on Public Assistance, the Commission on Automation and Technology, and the (Kerner) Commission on Civil Disorders, have called for action on the "jobs and income" fronts, but none of them has considered the options in detail.

Such demands for job and income guarantees have led many to observe that the country could abolish poverty with one blow at the cost of the \$10 billion poverty income gap, and that we are not doing so because of a failure of national will. It is doubtful that it could be completely done at twice the price.

Consider the idea of job creation by government. Most of the poor, aside from the aged, disabled, and women with small children at home, are employed most of the time. And most of the people who are unemployed for any one time are not poor. This means that there is likely to be a serious discrepancy between the number of hard-core

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unemployed who are poor, and those who would like to have a government job with regularity of employment at minimum-wage rates.

If a limited number of such jobs were carefully rationed out to those with the poorest employment prospects, that would create a gross inequity between those who get such jobs and the 10 million who continue on their present jobs at less than the minimum wage. To avoid such inequities, and to strike a really major blow at poverty, the program would have to be on a scale of several million jobs. At \$4,000 per job, even 2 million jobs would cost \$8 billion. Moreover, what are the long-run prospects for maintaining high morale with such an operation? What would do about the fact that a flat annual wage might exceed the poverty line for a small family, but fall short of it for a large family?

The latter consideration points toward an assured minimum income with a guarantee equal to the poverty line for each family size. But such a straightforward plan to fill each family's poverty-income gap would surely cost much more than the existing nation-wide gap of \$10 billion. It is wide open to the abuse that many of those with earnings and property incomes of less than the poverty line, and some of those just above the line, would find it not worth their time to strive for earned income if it were completely offset by a reduction in their guaranteed income. This means that the plan would cost at least \$20 billion—plus what we now spend on assistance.

It is worth repeating that most of the poor are now working most of the time. This strongly urges that any guaranteed income plan must build in some incentives to work and save. The person who adds to his earned income must be assured that he will not have that addition fully offset by a reduction in his benefit. But such a feature adds to the cost by making many more people eligible for benefits. A guarantee as high as the poverty line, together with a 50 per cent offset for earned income, would make almost 40 per cent of the population eligible for some benefits—and would cost about \$25 billion.

The only way to avoid this huge cost is to cut the level of the guarantee. But to cut it very much will not only take it below the poverty line but also below assistance levels in many of the high-income states. Let us accept, for the moment, the idea that a moderate-cost guaranteed-income plan will not replace public assistance, which is now received by 9 million people. We are still left with the question: what will it do for the 17 million who are not on assistance—the working poor?

The answer is that it could do a great deal at relatively low cost, and without encouraging them to do less work. This can be accomplished by setting a low guarantee (say

\$750 for a family of four) and allow the family to keep it without any offset for the first \$1,500 of earnings. The benefit would then be diminished by 50c for each dollar of additional earnings, until the benefit cancels out at \$3,000. Such a plan would fill half the poverty income gap for most working poor families, and would do so for a total cost of about \$4 billion.

Alternatives to government jobs and guaranteed income abound—government subsidy to private jobs, a children's allowance, increased benefits and easier eligibility under existing social insurance and public assistance programs. But concerning all these options there is no apparent consensus among the experts as to which should have priority, or how new money should be allocated.

EBB TIDE OF INTEGRATION

BARNEY SELLERS

Mr. Sellers, a director in Washington of the A. Philip Randolph Institute, was formerly special assistant to the director of the Office for Civil Rights in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

The passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965 were the high-water marks of a liberal effort to achieve social change through protective, remedial legislation. A notably unpopular war Administration has been responsible for seeing civil rights enforcement through its first years, but the era appears to be coming to an end. In a time when law and order is an increasingly loud cry from a white majority, law enforcement for minorities may go to the wall. The incoming Republicans seem of that opinion, and many liberals are abandoning the camp. Strangely enough, a last-minute about-face by the outgoing Administration may be contributing to the destruction.

The Presidential campaign gave clues of what we can expect. It inflamed racial sores and played upon popular misconceptions about federal interventions in school desegregation. Richard Nixon tried to appeal to segregationist voters in the South without sounding like a racist. In a panicky response to the late Humphrey upsurge, he made last-minute televised appeals for Wallace votes. During a discussion of desegregation enforcement under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, he announced his refusal "to use the withholding power to bring about enforced integration." In doing so, and by his promises to slow down federal school desegregation efforts, he won the White House with a Dixiecrat shadow.

The campaign will contribute to future troubles because it continued the distortion of major racial issues. For the most part, public misconceptions glaringly played upon by Wallace were quietly, though sometimes ignorantly, picked up by the Republicans. "Freedom of choice" school desegregation plans, in most cases subterfuges for the maintenance of segregation, were in the public eye. Nixon at first announced support of this student assignment pro-

We have had numerous studies but no consensus among experts, let alone political leaders, concerning new proposals for special jobs created for the poor, and variations of guaranteed incomes. It is not, then, a mere lack of will which prevents our eliminating poverty at one blow. There is a matter of substantial and uncertain cost, coupled with a lack of agreement concerning the most advantageous way to proceed.

We have, however, made some progress in at least getting these calculations and considerations on the national agenda. In the meantime, it is important to maintain the momentum of the last four years on the health, education, welfare, housing, labor and other fronts. They are all essential to victory.

cedure and objected to federal withholding of funds for plans which don't produce results. Afterward, outside the South, Nixon expressed his basic support of the 1954 *Brown* school desegregation decision, which "freedom of choice" is being used to evade, but insisted "the law does not require compulsory integration." But it does. In its May, 1968, *Green* case, the Supreme Court found that where free choice plans fail, school systems must "come forward with a plan that promises realistically to work, and promises realistically to work now."

The campaign touched on several other issues, one of them being the false, but emotional, issue of busing. Even though 90 per cent of all districts in the nation now deploy 230,000 buses to transport 17 million children, the procedure was declared irrelevant to desegregation, supposedly because it is rarely used. Withholding of federal aid was also questioned and its extent exaggerated. Contrary to campaign-made impressions, Washington has cut off money to only 120 school systems in the South, about 2 per cent of the total, and far fewer than are violating the law. Nixon echoed Wallace's colorful but wildly misleading picture of federal intervention in local school affairs. While Wallace unhesitatingly spoke of "throwing the brief-case totin' bureaucrats into the Potomac," Nixon theorized about returning educational functions to the states. These promises were made even though nine of every ten federal employees work outside Washington, and spend most of their time handing out federal benefits. Of 800 HEW employees in the South, for example, about fifty work on school desegregation. That's one bureaucrat for every 100 school districts.

While the campaign thus raised serious doubts about Republican intentions to enforce the law, other political considerations may push the new administration toward the same end. Although Nixon failed to capture the Deep South, he picked up most of the border states and is mindful of the key Southern committee chairmen who must support his programs, especially in military and financial affairs. An administration which has already

voiced its intention to increase military expenditures as a secure base for a foreign policy, and to attack urban problems by changing the tax laws for private capital, is unlikely to buck John Stennis, Richard Russell, Mendel Rivers (who campaigned for Wallace) and Wilbur Mills. Furthermore, Republican gains and near misses in the South promise an administration that must also grant favors to its Southern colleagues in Congress. Edward Gurney from Florida won a Republican seat in the Senate as a segregationist conservative. John Tower of Texas comes from a divided state which failed to go to Nixon by only 1 per cent of the vote, and where the Republican candidate for governor lost by less than 2 per cent. Strom Thurmond, hailed at the Miami convention as the voice of Dixie, came through by delivering South Carolina, the only Nixon victory in the Deep South. The new House will seat thirty-five Republican Congressmen from Southern and border states. Since the GOP is seeking desperately to be reborn in that region, it will be difficult for the administration to ignore the pleas of its legislative colleagues for a relaxation of federal desegregation pressure.

And the particular interests of the Republican Party may not be far from the temper of Congress at large. In the closing weeks of the 90th Congress, the House came within eight votes of accepting the distorted arguments of segregationist Jamie Whitten of Mississippi and supporting an amendment which would have legalized free-choice school desegregation plans, thus thwarting the Supreme Court's *Green* pronouncement and setting enforcement efforts back to the "separate but equal" days. The closeness of the vote on that significant civil rights issue indicates a possible falling away of liberal Northern support. This is likely to increase, and is partial proof of Southern predictions that Northern support for civil rights would die as the issue came closer to home. The Southern desegregation program is starting to hit larger cities, like Charleston and Greensboro, and is finally beginning to scout Northern districts that are appropriate for enforcement action. Northern Congressmen are therefore not as conspicuous as they once were when key enforcement votes come to the floor. Southerners, knowing this, are encouraged to keep up their steady attack on federal programs until they can win with quiet Northern defection.

These tendencies may be abetted by a move the present Administration made during the last days of the campaign. HEW recommended consideration of a shift of its compliance activities to the Department of Justice. Ordinarily, such an administrative change should pass unnoticed, but this action, if carried out, could prove fatal to civil rights enforcement. HEW has weathered one too many civil rights storms and is acting instinctively to safeguard the other social legislation it has long fought for. The recent Whitten battle placed the Department's \$18 billion budget in danger and last year there were similar threats to the billion-dollar Elementary and Secondary Education Act.

A number of questions can be raised about the proposed move to Justice. First, it recalls painfully the demise of the President's Council on Equal Opportunity, a short-lived agency headed by the Vice President, which

was suddenly killed after eight months as a dynamic leader of federal civil rights activity. Its broad functions were pared and the remainder—compliance under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964—was transferred to Justice, with a "coordination" mandate. The vigor of that past leadership has since dried up in the limitations of the amorphous coordination order issued to a conservative federal agency that is concerned entirely with litigation. With Nixon promising even greater conservatism through the naming of a new Attorney General, there is little likelihood of improvement.

If the transfer goes through, there is even some thought that the shift might be broadened to include the remaining twenty federal agencies with Title VI duties. To date, the leadership Justice has shown other agencies has been limited largely to situations that fit into its own interests. The shift of school desegregation powers would conflict with present Justice priorities, since fair employment is now the top Justice preoccupation. In addition, past Justice experience has been confined entirely to litigation. It has no practice with Title VI administrative hearings, the technique that HEW has used to obtain compliance. The court route would be impeded by the small staff available to Justice, its innate concern with the attitudes of Southern district judges who still can't accept desegregation and the delays inherent in judicial appeal, which could affect the government's ability to enforce change before the opening of each school year. The transfer of staff from HEW would raise the hackles of Congressmen who have fought to decentralize the program into regional offices—a setup which Justice does not have. In addition, federal enforcement of civil rights would become one fat target for Congressional attack instead of the diffuse picture it now is—a happy opportunity for Richard Russell, new chairman



Pat Fink

"In This Neighborhood We Ain't Got No White Knights Ridin' up on White Chargers—We Got Black Panthers Ridin' off in Black Marias."

of the Senate Appropriations Committee, and James Eastland, chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

Most important, if the shift did mean return to the court route, it would yield less desegregation. The latest figures available from HEW show that school districts under court order have desegregated their Negro students only half as fast as the already slow-moving systems under administrative plans.

In the end, however, the coffin of enforcement may be nailed down by those who up to now have supported its life. First, liberals and Black Power advocates are ignoring the issue. In part, this indifference arises from a growing eagerness to disparage enforcement as a means of social change. "It isn't the answer any more," several have told me with reference to the growing complexities of urban issues. To a degree, they are right—because it never was the answer but only one tool. What they are complaining about is the failure of legislation they helped pass four years ago to solve all the nation's ills, as was then promised.

Second, enforcement is to liberal intellectuals an old, unsophisticated, and therefore distasteful approach to the solution of social problems. They can mentally enjoy the complexities of the urban crisis, and continually seek, support, and join the *avant garde* of liberal social debate. Enforcement doesn't fit their mood.

Third, there is a Northern blind spot in most discussions of national urban issues which ignores Southern problems. While attention is often paid to the effects of black South-

ern migration, little is done to counteract it. Finally, Southern liberals, most recently the Southern Regional Council, are properly concerned that enforcement simply hasn't achieved its goal—85 per cent of all black children in the South still attend segregated schools (we don't know the Northern figure). True, there is no answer to this. But true or not, it's more progress than we've had elsewhere.

White liberal feelings about enforcement also merge with new black feelings about separatism. The black militant refusal to support integration is being picked up by those whites who have lost the will to fight for it where it is still possible. In many Southern cities, for example, growing segregation can still be fought through legal means because the original forced separation provides a path for constitutional attack. While there is no certainty to this approach, there is hope. But if white officials can use Northern separatist arguments to stifle it, Southern chances for change will die completely.

Enforcement is not the answer to our racial and urban ills, but it would be foolish to ignore its use as a tool in a sophisticated strategy for change which considers, among other things, differences in region and community size. About 95 per cent of the black children in the Gary, Ind., elementary schools are in predominantly black schools: the same is true of Little Rock, Ark. In both cities the schools are substantially unequal. If enforcement can do *anything* to help any child in either of these cities, without impairing the effectiveness of other efforts at change, it should not be abandoned—by Republicans or anyone else. We owe it to the children. And that's where it all began.

LETTERS (Continued from page 610)

change. In reply to his argument I will take a few liberties with history and unfold a parable. The quotes are from Mr. Mishan.

"This new and wiser society will be wealthy enough, I assume, to finance their [the scientists'] activity for some time. . . ."

Once upon a time there was a wealthy, leisured society, in which kings and princes kept astronomers as pets. The only task these astronomers had to perform was to cast an occasional horoscope, advising as to the general favor of the stars, or about the moment most propitious to conceive an heir, etc. In return for this service astronomers had much free time and money. One such astronomer, B, spent his time and money in his observatory, improving his instruments and collecting very accurate data. Nobody at court paid attention to this data. . . .

"... and to allay their craving for recognition by the provision of prizes and titles."

B's first patron gave him plenty of subsidy to publish his books, which he printed himself (vanity of vanities). They were nothing but tables of data and descriptions of instruments, of no immediate use to society. Still, when B's patron died, these books did help him to find another sponsor. So B moved to another court in another country, where for a little while life went on as before. . . .

"All their contributions to knowledge would be faithfully recorded for the admiration of their colleagues and for the wonder of future generations."

In his second place of employment B had met and worked with another astronomer, young K, who wasn't so

much interested in data as in lofty speculation and mystical rhapsodizing about the nature of the universe. He also was said to cast very good horoscopes, and probably helped B in his tasks at court. After B died, K inherited all his data. In his spare time, over a period of about ten years, K fiddled with this data just to satisfy his mystical cravings for order in the universe. But when he announced his results in a letter to another of these pet scientists, one G, G did not admire but rather laughed at his mystical ravings and never read K's book.

"Applications of any of their discoveries would, however, be strictly forbidden."

Later, in 1616, the authorities made their first move. They finally realized that scientific speculations about the nature of the universe were subversive of the *status quo*. They suppressed Johannes Kepler's works—and Kepler had used Tycho Brahe's data as the indispensable basis for his calculations—as well as those of Galileo. They might have justified their action somewhat as follows:

"History will not stop. The human drama will continue to unfold. Music, art, literature, politics—and theology—will, we hope, flourish. Only ideological change as a consequence of scientific innovation will be a thing of the past."

But the most efficient "thought police" of the 17th century could not stop scientific theory from having a revolutionary effect upon human life. I suggest that the solutions to social problems raised today by the advance of science and technology will not be found that way either.

Theo J. Kalikow

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Great National Trial As History

THE MOONEY CASE. By Richard H. Frost. Stanford University Press. 563 pp. \$12.50.

FRAME-UP: The Incredible Case of Tom Mooney and Warren Billings. By Curt Gentry. W. W. Norton & Co. 496 pp. \$7.50.

CHRISTOPHER D. STONE

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At six minutes after two o'clock on the afternoon of July 22, 1916, a bomb exploded along the route of a Preparedness Day Parade in San Francisco. Ten persons were killed and another forty injured. Within the next few days, the San Francisco police arrested a number of union agitators including, most memorably, Tom Mooney and Warren Billings. They were tried, convicted and ultimately sentenced to life imprisonment.

For more than two decades, Mooney and Billings remained in prison while friends and lawyers tested the capacities of America's institutions—from its public rallies to its courts, investigative commissions, governors and Presidents—to right what was possibly a grievous wrong. The trials had been conducted in, and were themselves to contribute to, a period of tumultuous national disorders. Charges that Mooney and Billings were pawns in a Bolshevik plot were soon paired off against theories that the police and prosecutors had been intent on framing Mooney and Billings, that Mexican patriots had planted the bomb, and that agents of the Kaiser had done it to foster disunity. Newspapers and pamphleteers set up a trade in fresh evidence, most significantly suggestions (buttressed in some instances by confessions) that crucial witnesses against the defendants had perjured themselves, quite possibly with the encouragement—at least—of District Attorney Fickert's office. In this atmosphere the proceedings assumed national and then even international significance.

Governor Olson freed Mooney and Billings in 1939, but the literature of the Mooney affair rolls on, still showing unflagging preoccupation with a seemingly fixed constellation of questions. The prosecution had stated, for example, that Mooney and Billings had planted the bomb at Market and Stewart Streets at about 1:50 P.M. The defense was able to obtain photographs of the parade made

by an amateur from a rooftop some thirteen blocks from the explosion scene. Was it not Mooney and his wife who appeared in the foreground of the pictures? And did an enlargement of a clock face in the background of the photographs not show the hands of the clock at 1:58? How could Mooney have set the bomb at Market and Stewart Streets no earlier than 1:40, and by 1:58 have made his way through heavy parade traffic back to his rooftop reviewing stand thirteen blocks away? And what about the witnesses at the scene of the explosion who claimed to have seen a cylindrical object fall from the roof of a building only an instant before the flash? And how explain that one prosecution witness described Billings (who was 5 ft. 4 in.) as 5 ft. 10 in., wearing a dark gray suit, and another as being 5 ft. 7 in. or 5 ft. 8 in. in a light brown suit?

And so on and so forth. We went through all that in the first years after Dallas. What do these authors expect to achieve by stirring over these questions yet twice more, a half-century after the "facts" are in, when the scattering of memoranda and the deaths of men and memories have so hobbled judgment? Surely not to finally settle "what happened." What justifies our tilting so persistently at some questions of history long after we have judiciously surrendered up the hope of conquering others?

Unless the author answers these questions, he will not succeed in making history of the Mooney affair precisely because the story—like that of Sacco and Vanzetti, the Rosenbergs, Dreyfus and Hiss—can be exploited so fascinatingly without his turning out a really intellectually aspiring job. Two reasons for this fascination ought to be confronted.

For one, somewhere deep in our mental lives we are all living out the ordeal of a Vanzetti innocent, or a Dreyfus innocent, each of us held, like a loathsome insect over the fire of a wrathful prosecutor-state. There is an appetite for books that can succeed in confirming our fantasies because they feed and justify that part of ourselves which we are continuously constrained to keep hidden.

For another thing, such books readily (though, again, perhaps unintentionally) find themselves exploiting a sheerly aesthetic dimension. We study the characters and other bits of evidence that are strewn about the picture. We

work the fragments into a whole, a unity in which dynamic tensions have been eliminated and, hence, everything is explained; then, someone draws our attention to an aspect of the picture we had not duly considered before—a shadow on a grassy knoll, the handwriting on a letter to the German Military Attaché, the hands on a fortuitously photographed clock—and then the picture loses its wholeness, falls away into parts once more incongruous, dissonant, unexplained. No matter; something deep in us wants to puzzle these things over anew, for in reorganizing the meaning of the pieces and energies we are creating something, reliving the act not as it was but as ourselves the artists make it, all the while discovering and testing our own senses of life.

By playing upon these tendencies, an author can make of a Mooney affair a work that grips our attention as does Kafka's *The Trial*, or Antonioni's *Blow-Up*. But from one who deals with "real" facts, we can demand something more (as well as something less) than we expect of literature. Not a search as narrow and unspiraling (and, for that matter, as naive and futile) as to establish whether Mooney was guilty or innocent, or even whether he was accorded a fair trial. A historian's task involves more mind, a looking through events to bring into focus the underlying rhythms of social and individual processes and perceptions.

At the least, what ought to be brought out of the Mooney affair is the interplay between great national trials and political action. We are told in Mr. Frost's painstaking book that the Chicago Federation of Labor rallied to support Mooney; a more seminal question is, how did Mooney (that is, the affair) bring support to the Chicago Federation of Labor? Do causes célèbres bring new members into activist causes? Or is there merely a shifting and spreading of affiliations so that, e.g., supporters of the Rosenbergs move over into support of a contender of HUAC, with no net increase in radical activists? And one looks to a historian to discover not merely where the individual members of defense groups go but what happens to the power structure of the *ad hoc* defense groups as particular causes fade: do they disband—or are they such that new causes expand to fill them?

The effect of the great national trial

in promoting social change may then turn out, on conscientious historical inspection, to be far less positive than hasty appearances might have it. For one thing, there is always a tendency for the various protests and rallies that build up around the trials to focus on imagined injustices of the judicial procedure rather than, as the Mooney activists would originally have preferred, on a broader spectrum of "class-warfare" grievances. The Spock trial may afford us a contemporary example of how the trial process can turn dissenters' energies aside if the rubric of the law—did Spock get a "fair trial"?—overwhelms the rubric of political action.

Not only may the great national trial make it difficult for social protests to maintain their original direction; there is also inherent in them a capacity for abating the tensions of the original confrontations, making the crisis appear less serious, and thus serving to suspend or impede meaningful social action.

This capacity stems from a fundamental ambivalence in popular reactions. The trials would seem, on the surface, to force individuals and groups to take serious stock of their positions. The society is afflicted with unrests, vaguely attributable. Then, suddenly, the law provides us with a suit. Now, there are symbolic champions and now we can see more clearly than before what it was: it was the Jews, or it was the anti-Semites, or it was the intellectuals, or it was the "pigs," those who loved children, or those who wanted to burn children, the railroad interests or the worker. The law, with its demands for a solution in either-or terms of guilt or innocence, lends itself to an art form that resembles, in many respects, the medieval passion play. The virtues and faults of the characters are writ so large and clear as would seem to force each man to make a moral choice that was avoidable so long as the issues had remained ill-defined, and therefore debatable.

But the consequences on the audience are not so simple. Dramatized through law, the original moral dilemma has been made too unreal, too caricatured, to serve as a drive to earnest and productive ethical inquiry and action. Indeed, that is probably a strong reason why the dramatization through law is so satisfying. Each individual is given an opportunity to cast his own conflicts of conscience out of himself, making of Spock or Dreyfus the one who will act out not only the physical hardships of confrontation but the moral hardships as well.

Then, too, just as the great national trial is drama, so also is it play. There

are players and super-players, rules that we can learn; progress that we can follow; robes and roles and standard moves; and, of course we can—as with drama—both be involved and yet not really involved. Thus a substantial portion of the human endeavors that are built up, however serious they may be in form, are susceptible to be drawn into the service of the play element in man, Huizinga's *homo ludens*.

There is reason then to demand that these authors help us establish how much the great national trial spurs individuals and organizations to socially productive action, and to what extent the tumult is but a choosing up, a decision to be "on the side of" Mooney, or "on the side of" Fickert. This would not imply that great national trials are of no political consequence; on the contrary it may mean that the state, with the power to select the time and place of these events, has large political power, but not so much through the implied threats of the trials as through their capacity to absorb and divert energies, to turn issues, and to spread an illusion that "now we are having it out."

To study the Mooney affair is inevitably to study the rank the society accords to reason—that is, to the capacity of the society's institutions, primarily its courts, to confront urgently expressed demands for action with the claims of deeper principles. Both Mr. Gentry's book and Mr. Frost's book (the latter the less sensational and more scholarly of the two) keep this significance before the reader's mind.

Yet one may wonder whether the great national trial does not test something more about the judiciary than its capacity to maintain integrity in the face of high passions.

The nation, during the period of the Mooney affair, was as insane as a person who, in the face of a sudden onrush of terrifying new hopes and chaos, has simply lost the ability to tie together his identity, his purposes, and what it is that he is experiencing. Such a state signals a retreat inward that does not allow the exploring of new possibilities. Hence, protests that are constructive are perceived as threatening. Encroachments on freedom of thought and action are symbolized as liberating. Propositions that the society was once, in its abundance, willing to submit to testing, are now closeted beyond review.

This was the era of the Palmer raids, and the jailing of Debs, of dynamite packages shipped through the parcel post, of shattered windows in German-American shops. In Los Angeles, the producer of a film, *The Spirit of '76*, was sentenced to ten years in federal prison on the theory that he had cast an im-

DEATH

is patiently
making my mask as I sleep.

Each morning I awake
to discover in the corners of my eyes
the small tears of his wax.

PHILIP DOW

portant ally in our war effort in an unfavorable light. In Montana, an organizer named Starr refused, in the face of an angry mob, to kiss an American flag. ("What is this thing anyway? Nothing but a piece of cotton with a little paint on it and some marks in the corner there.") When the mob had left him, beaten and bloody, he was given ten to twenty years for using language "calculated to bring the flag into contempt and disrepute."

While both books allude to contemporary derangements, their focus is primarily on the defendants. Their authors parade out evidence of the society's "bad nerves" only so far as is necessary to increase the credibility of their thesis that the judicial system failed Mooney and Billings. To evaluate how seriously the judicial system failed the nation calls for more digging and a broader focus.

It takes, first, an awareness that the task of securing national sanity—ordinarily thought to lie in the provinces of literature and art, and perhaps journalism—can draw significantly from the courts as well. They are in a unique capacity to contribute, partly because they are not in phase with the same rhythm of turmoil that activates the issues brought before them. They are in a position to set up a dialogue with the society not only through their dispositions of cases and through the reasoning of their opinions (as in *Brown v. Board*) but through their decisions as to what issues are to be called for review at all, e.g., to hear argument on the legality of a war or only on the legality of jury-selection procedures.

In the light of this potential, one has the feeling—which someone with the patience of a historian might substantiate or refute—that there was for perhaps two decades a critical failure of the nation's court systems; and that, further, the whole of this failure was a failure greater than the sum of all its parts, that is, the failure to free Mooney, plus the failure to free Debs, plus the failure to free the producer of *The Spirit of '76*. It was a failure to draw the country into a reconsideration of values that transcended the felt necessities of that terrible summer. It thus appears an abdication of whatever in-

fluence courts have to lead toward morality, and to lead toward sanity.

What are the boundaries of this influence? Why have the courts remained so reluctant to use it? How much should the judiciary look beyond the immediate

parties before it? How much of the courts' function should be that of cultural psychoanalyst? All these are questions we should see weighed by the historian of the great national trial of Mooney's day and ours.

Repeat Performance

MIAMI AND THE SIEGE OF CHICAGO: An Informal History of the Republican and Democratic Conventions of 1968. By Norman Mailer. World Publishing Co. 223 pp. \$5.95. Signet Books. Paper 95c.

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

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Politics did not, however, so much engage him as to withhold his thoughts from things of more importance.

Samuel Johnson
on George Lyttleton

Norman Mailer presents himself once more as a witness of our times, but the performance does not stand up to expectations. In his recent fiction and journalism Mailer has sharpened his language into an instrument impressively plastic and versatile; his powers of representation and emotional statement are formidable. Writing about the national conventions in the early 1960s, he emerged unexpectedly as a political journalist, and since then national politics, especially the "politics of confrontation," has absorbed much of his attention. In the essays on the Goldwater, Kennedy and Johnson nominations, and the Pentagon demonstration of October, 1967, Mailer combined the resources of fiction and reporting to create an authentic personal manner, with himself at the center of the account as the engaged, embattled witness, both participant and observer.

Miami and the Siege of Chicago employs many of the devices of the Pentagon work, *The Armies of the Night*, and has many passages of Mailer's indisputable genius. But the book does not measure up to its predecessor. Produced in haste immediately after the event—"only two weeks in which to do it, if his article were to appear before election"—the book is, not the best Mailer can give us; it is the work of a tired and oppressed imagination. Part of the fault must lie in the nature of the assignment, which exploits Mailer's role as "hot"

political observer. Mailer is called upon to repeat himself, to play for an anticipated mass audience, as if to complete the media event: first the assembling of the conventions, the congregation of delegates, faces scanned by close-up cameras, "types" depicting ideologies and interests, varieties of boredom; then the process of nomination, its air of intrigue, of pay-off and purchase, set against scenes of grotesque opulence and brawling violence; then Mailer on the scene. One detects a pattern, a formula devised somewhere else than the writer's own imagination.

The book, in short, seems to lack an inner necessity. Many of the descriptions and portraits are worth having, but very little is added by way of insight, let alone wisdom, regarding these two critical conventions and what they reveal about American political life. Virtually all the metaphors are familiar to Mailer's readers, the images of cancer, intestinal disorders, cannibalism, plastic architecture, technology land, and they fail to harvest any new meanings. The format or scenario continues with encounters with the famous and the notorious, fear and timidity washed away in drinking, rising combativeness, platforms, microphones, cheers, confrontations with police and military, fantasies of heroism together with twinges of remorse over private failures.

During much of the book Mailer, cast in the third person as "the reporter," is depressed, weary, frightened, avoiding action rather than searching it out. These feelings are understandable in the face of the sodden details of the conventions, the sense of crisis only tenuously held at bay by expensive Miami parties, or the new Nixon "sincerity" or the blind piggishness of the prevailing powers in Chicago. But oppression and fear are part of the book's atmosphere as well as explicit admissions; the joints and muscles of the words themselves, their attachment to one another and to the world they evoke, seem unaccountably stiff. The words betray a gnawing presence of feeling unformulated, a something nibbling at the far edge of consciousness; perhaps, as Mailer writes at one point, "the possibility of succumbing to fears larger than himself."

Does the problem lie, at least in part, in the fact that self-imitation was the fearful price Mailer had to pay for this book? The new book is an encore without the passion or fun, the controlled distance between player and role. By the sheer force of repetition, roles taken over by media culture become headlocks on the imagination. In *The American Dream and Why Are We in Vietnam?* Mailer showed he was able, brilliantly and persuasively, to mimic the voices and styles of mass culture, to separate the banal from the genuine, and to salvage from debasement a valuable core of dream and hope and energy. But in the current work, has he permitted himself to become a media extension?

Thanks to TV and mass-circulation magazines, politics is a major feature of popular culture. Nominating conventions have some of the characteristics of popular drama, accentuated by TV coverage which "stages" them in a format calculated to place the actors (including the commentators, the chorus) in a uniquely immediate relation with a live (if not living) audience. The value of engaging novelists as reporters lies in their expanded and enlightened treatment of politics as symptomatic of deeper human and cultural issues. But any marriage of serious art and popular or mass culture

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runs certain risks, one of which is that the novelist will become just another feature of the scene, of it rather than apart from it, at best an ironic apurtenance allowing certain media to confirm their "sophistication" by transforming the popular event into a "Pop" happening. *Esquire's* unleashing of such insightful political sachems as Terry Southern, William Burroughs and Genet on the Chicago scene is an example.

I hardly mean to say there is no place for serious writers in the mass media; to the contrary, the future of culture

may very well depend on collaboration between the "serious" and the "popular." But some vigilance seems in order. Mailer's best audience is not the group which begs for a performance or a "Pop" hero, nor those (whoever they might be) who look to him as general of the troops. I'm not sure it is even the young people in Chicago who cheered him with cries, "Write! Write! . . . You're right, baby, do the writing!" If an old-timer like Samuel Johnson can still get a review in, his comment which heads this review might also be taken as pertinent.

distance between the author and his supernatural material. Thus one infers that the palpable presence of a theological evil on earth is what creates the living dead.

Or, take a story like "The Warehouse," which applies modern corporate conditions to a collection of souls waiting for bodies in the other world. The strength of the irony here comes precisely from the strength of the belief. The point being that Singer need not believe in a literal warehouse of souls—but, for his kind of stories to be as successful as they are, it is essential that he believe in the immortality of the soul. "The Dead Fiddler" is a completely convincing story of a dybbuk taking control of a lovely young girl. Again, Singer may not believe in actual dybbuks—though I rather suspect he does—but he does treat the spirit as substance and not poetic image.

Of course there are many stories in this book which also run in the vein of straight naturalism, rich with sharp social observation and humor. "The Needle" is the quintessential mother-in-law story, describing some very funny stratagems a rich woman employs to find the best wife for her son. (Incidentally, I heard Singer read it at the YMHA and he presented it as if he were telling a story he'd just heard about a local wily old woman. But he read his mad, impressionistic tales of the supernatural with the same easy familiarity.) "The Brooch" is a perhaps too facile story about a thief who is a good family man and is shattered when he discovers that his wife has learned his trade.

One of the longer stories in the book is called "The Letter Writer." It is also one of the more recent ones—and one of the few that deal with modern America. (Singer is apparently sensitive about this. In a prefatory note he writes: "I am glad that three of the stories . . . deal with events in the United States or Canada." Obviously he is tired of being tagged as the sage of 19th-century Poland.) "The Letter Writer" is a beautiful, atypical story about a refugee engulfed in loneliness and futility on the upper West Side of New York. It has a touch of Malamud and Bellow in it. It would seem on the surface to be a skeptical, sad study of the losses inflicted by age and tragedy. Yet the hero, Herman Gombiner, is prey to dreams that are more like visions, and when a strange woman comes to take care of him and perhaps end his loneliness, she does so because her dead grandmother spoke to her in a dream. "The Letter Writer" is one of Singer's most extraordinary achievements, as good as or better than "The Spinoza of Market Street" or "Gimpel the Fool." The interweaving of

A Plague and a Pleasure

THE SEANCE. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Translated by Alizah Shevrin. Elizabeth Shub. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 276 pp. \$5.95.

DANIEL STERN

Mr. Stern is a novelist and critic whose most recent book is *The Suicide Academy* (McGraw-Hill).

Isaac Bashevis Singer is a plague and a pleasure to most serious readers and critics of fiction. He is a pleasure because he writes with all the felicity of a 19th-century master—and a plague because no one knows where to place him. He is, on the one hand a Yiddish writer—an exponent of a dying language (though he recently said, in an interview: "Listen, young man, between dying and dead is a lot of difference"). On the other hand he is full of such modern nuances as irony, the macabre and symbolism. On the one hand he is a chronicler of a certain very special time and place: Polish Jewry and the *shtetl* life in the middle-to-late 19th century (with the exception of *The Slave* which takes place much earlier, during the scourge of Chmielnicki). And on the other hand he is a writer of universals: love, eroticism, passion, God. What to make of him?

Of late a certain querulousness has crept into the comments about Singer's work. At first I put it down to the fact that he was now no longer a minor classic, the property of a few hip *mavens*—but the property of the front page of *The New York Times Book Review*, the book clubs. And, starting with *The Slave*, he has made the bestseller lists. But the trouble lies deeper than such pettiness. Singer is easy to handle if you take his devils, his dybbuks, his saints, his elves as metaphors; mere material designed to illuminate larger symbolic matters. But, I maintain, no one will truly understand the special nature of Singer's

genius until they realize that he is separated from us by more than the gulf of tradition dividing the old Polish Jew and the modern secular reader. The truth is Singer believes in God, in dybbuks, in magic, in a life after death.

"Let metaphor be God now Gods are metaphors," W. H. Gass has written. But what if God is *not* a metaphor? In one sense it is Singer's eroticism that has misled us. Only in this parochial age and this Protestant country could eroticism and religion appear to cancel each other out. In Singer—as in Judaism—God is as real as a woman's body. And if God and love-sex go hand in hand, cannot the devil and a wild, distorted eroticism also coexist?

In Singer's new book of stories, *The Seance*, all the elements of his previous work are present. And so is the very real presence of the supernatural. In "Two Corpses Go Dancing," one of the best of the stories, the narrator is the Devil. He tells us of his ability to raise the dead and send them back to roam among the living, not quite alive and not quite dead. Now, one can easily make metaphor out of this. Especially in light of the last lines: "The world is full of dead ones in sable capes and fur coats who carouse among the living. Maybe your wife, maybe your neighbor, maybe you yourself. . . ." Of course if Singer means that the spiritually empty are always with us, those who only partially live life, that is an authentic modern notion. But, going further, one finds in a story narrated by the Devil none of the usual

THE DEAD SAILOR

As he drowned he saw
the ship following him like
the shark of the world.

LEWIS TURCO

the daily urban life with that of the invisible worlds of heaven, the past, the imagination—all coalesce into the best work of a great writer.

The temper of our time is skeptical, ironic and unbelieving—in spite of a current tendency toward religious revival and mysticism. I think it is healthy for

us to have Singer among us—with his real devils, his real God. William James wrote that it might be that what we call God may not be a finished process. "Something wild in the universe needs us and our works," he said. Among such needed works must be counted the tales of Isaac Bashevis Singer.

duality that no impresses the literary intellectual. A man who can live with equal ease with quantum mechanics and Eastern philosophy, two of the most abstruse subjects imaginable, must surely be an intellectual superman. Any faults of character must surely be due to an innocence of worldly ways, a kind of social virginity that goes well with theoretical physics and the Vedas. In only one instance is Oppenheimer criticized; when he agrees to drop the first bomb on Hiroshima instead of arranging a demonstration in Tokyo Bay. His motivation here is not made clear. Was he merely going along with Groves and the military, or did he decide that a drop on Hiroshima would, in the long run, not only save American as well as Japanese lives but would also provide the only credible demonstration to the world community of an apocalypse so terrible that nuclear weapons would never be used again?

The Dangerous Scientific Life

LAWRENCE AND OPPENHEIMER.
By Noel Pharr Davis. Simon & Schuster, 384 pp. \$7.50.

ALEXANDER ZUCKER

Mr. Zucker is a nuclear physicist at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory.

Lawrence and Oppenheimer reads like a novel. In his effort to rivet the reader's interest and to maintain a fast pace, Davis frequently heightens the tone to make his story even more exciting. The two main characters appear, already formed, at the Berkeley campus of a university that is headed for greatness, where fate leads them, in Davis' account, to mortal conflict. This, then, is a story of their creative years—not biography, not history but more of a journalistic account of the major accomplishments of two famous scientists. Suspense is maintained by crosscutting the action abruptly from Lawrence's lab in Berkeley, to Oppenheimer's intellectual activities, to the scientific policy makers in Washington, and by the deft use of verbatim quotations, skillfully made to read like conversation. Hence the impression that one is reading fiction rather than history.

In many ways the book succeeds. It is generally accurate; and in view of the large amount of technical material Davis presents, this can only be the result of long and effective research. Not only the facts of scientific discovery are given. The author manages to convey as well the blind groping frequently involved in research. What is destined to be a commonplace concept, accessible to children, is an impenetrable mystery before it is realized by way of a search filled with high excitement, at the cost of entirely disproportionate amounts of physical and mental energy.

But the characterizations of both Lawrence and Oppenheimer are flat. The two eminent men possess few traits not related to their work or their eventual conflict; what motivates them remains obscure. What are the wellsprings of their ambition? What part of each man is sacrificed to science? The minor characters are even weaker. They have walk-

ed on parts: when a suitable quotation is required they are trotted out to deliver their lines and then quickly yanked into the wings. Each is given a thumbnail characterization: Fermi is a childlike genius; Alvarez, this year's Nobel Prize winner, is mean and destructively ambitious. Teller might have made his entry as a Hungarian *csikos* wearing a black ten-gallon hat: he is clearly villainous and his arrival on the scene calls for loud booing from the matinee audience. Groves, the army general in charge of the Manhattan Project, is an all-powerful father figure; he must be in command, yet he is unsure of himself because he does not understand his scientists or his own limitations.

Davis sees Lawrence as a slow-witted driver of men. He is exceptionally hardworking and determined. Once he has his mind made up nothing will induce him to leave a problem. Yet he does not seem really to understand what he is about. Time after time his students, his colleagues, or just plain luck, pull him back from the abyss of a monstrous blunder. Politically, Lawrence is described as neutral, but his friends are ultraconservative. In sum, he is a dull fool for his predestined opponent.

On the other hand, Davis' Oppenheimer is a brooding saint, a man of unquestionable brilliance, the foremost American theoretical physicist of his time who is also a devoted student of the Indian holy books. It is this astonishing

Davis' judgment of Lawrence and Oppenheimer deserves some critical examination. How, after all, do we decide the merits of a person as a scientist, or as a human being? In Lawrence's case, Davis' view is only partly correct. If Lawrence had been as doltish as he is described, he could certainly never have collected and inspired so creative a group as his students and his collaborators. No one is a keener judge of the worth of a professor than a graduate student in search of a thesis. So many of them sought out Lawrence. But there are other measures of the man. He envisioned and realized a big physics laboratory. He knew that big machines demand a different style of research, and that only big machines can uncover the secrets of atomic nuclei and the ephemeral elementary particles that were yet to come. It is because of Lawrence, more than any other single scientist, that we now have large physics laboratories throughout the world, and that we have uncovered many awesome wonders of the subnuclear world. No one knows

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where it will lead, but it began with Lawrence.

It is easier to rehabilitate Lawrence from Davis' account than it is to know Oppenheimer. Oppenheimer appears to have been more complicated than the saint that emerges from Davis' book. He had faults of character: the most evident was his disdainful and often insulting intolerance of people who were not his intellectual equals. Though he was a superb and brilliant leader of the bomb project, and could grasp ideas as quickly as they were uttered, his impact on the future of physics was much smaller than Lawrence's. His special gift was as a teacher of outstanding students. There was a period between 1928 and 1932 when he was the fountainhead of theoretical physics in this country. Still his own contributions to physics were not extraordinary. It must have galled Oppenheimer that his greatest achievement was administrative. His legacy to the world is not only the bomb but also Los Alamos. This superb laboratory remains, twenty-five years after its inception, a monument to Oppenheimer; his spirit still fructifies it.

The requirements of fictional history demand characters and situations of sharp conflict. Here Davis misleads the reader by stretching each incident to create an impression of impending conflict between Lawrence and Oppenheimer, or by sharpening technical disagreements into personal vendettas. He illuminates the nuclear scene with a sharp light where shadows deepen and high spots glow. The actual landscape was not nearly so dramatic. For example, in the race to separate U235 there was competition between the electromagnetic process (Lawrence), and the diffusion process (Dunning). But even in retrospect it seems like a good idea to have tried both in parallel. After all, nothing was known with certainty, urgency was extreme in the face of a possible German bomb, and both systems were in the end productive. How could one have predicted which of two unknown technological tours de force would be more efficient in the end? As a matter of fact this question was not finally settled in favor of the diffusion process until 1950, five years after the bomb. There were heated discussions undoubtedly among the leaders of the Manhattan Project, and frequent disagreements. But the sharp personal clashes and lasting antagonisms that grew out of them are heightened by Davis, one suspects, for dramatic impact, to enthrall the reader rather than to inform him.

Oppenheimer's trial is the crux of the book. It is gripping to read even after all these years. One feels something ancient and almost primeval in the tale of the celebration of a hero, his down-

fall, his disgrace amidst shouts of treason, and his eventual rehabilitation. The world may remember Oppenheimer with Pericles.

An interesting question is raised by Davis: why did the Eisenhower administration decide to pursue the Oppenheimer affair? He gives three fascinating possible answers. First, it might have been pure revenge on the part of Lewis Strauss, who was publicly ridiculed and humiliated by Oppenheimer before a

Congressional committee. Second, the trial was really an effort to spare Oppenheimer a far worse fate at the hands of Joseph McCarthy. And third, Oppenheimer was victimized as the result of a visceral response on the part of a conservative Establishment angry because it was felt that the United States had lost the lead in thermonuclear weapons. But the reader must wait for another author, and another book, to explore this intriguing question.

Playacting Theatre Critic

THEATRE NOTEBOOK: 1947-1967.
By Jan Kott. Translated from the Polish by Boleslaw Taborski. Doubleday & Co. 268 pp. \$5.95.

HAROLD CLURMAN

Jan Kott is a theatre critic after my own heart. He discerns the play as a whole, the stage presentation as part of the total dramatic context. Still more important he believes that "a critic should first of all know, and sense, the points at which political and social events, tradition, history, and the present intersect with art. A critic's seat is actually located not in the third, or fifth, row of the orchestra, but in a public square." Beyond all this Kott is a personality. His *Theatre Notebook* ranges from the old and new theatre of Poland to Happenings in Edinburgh.

I began reading him with certain reservations, almost distrust. There is something in him of the intellectual playboy, an actor ready to assume any guise, perform any role. In these notebooks (a collection of little essays and reviews) as in his indispensable *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* I am inclined to refuse my whole assent not so much in regard to his opinions (most of which accord with mine) but in relation to his postures. He clownes a bit, plays the chameleon, flirts with too many divergent notions. I don't mean that he contradicts himself, which is inevitable and interesting, but that one suspects him at times, despite his erudition and common sense, of lacking seriousness.

For all that, in this, as in his earlier book, he ends by capturing me. He is lively: he seems to create the performance he describes. Theatregoing and writing about it is an adventure to him, a show in itself. It offers him the opportunity to do some of his own playacting. With the additional sparkle of the mirror he reflects what he sees on the stage. His appreciation of certain Polish actors (several of whom I have

seen) makes one feel as if in the presence of those performers. He exaggerates—a common characteristic of effusive critics—but his exaggerations are rarely distortions because he is a keen observer.

Most of his pieces begin with a description of settings: not the settings of a play but of the town, the geographical, ethnic, social ambience in which the play has been seen. This is done with such relish, the traveler's delight in discovery, that one may fail to notice that the criticism of the play is sometimes hasty, summary and a little superficial. He will also choose a single trait in the event and make it appear to be the whole, trying to convince us, by piling one image or metaphor upon another, that what he has emphasized is nothing but the truth. This leads to a certain entrancing falsification.

The style is the man: it is extremely rapid, full of little leaps and bounds—always very clever—colorful flourishes, allusions to paintings and philosophies, bird's-eye views of places, hints of personal tastes in food or women. Thus some of what is said is soon forgotten; we do not come closer to the subject of inquiry but are rushed away from it. There is a brilliant levity in this which is perhaps light-minded. It is the reverse side of either a possible cynicism or pessimism, as if nothing were sufficiently important to be dwelt on. Kott is *theatrical* in both senses: exciting and slightly frivolous.

Yet my resistance always ends in enthusiasm. His very "errors" are illuminating: his "Shakespeare" is more paradox than profound, but it is salutary. To begin with, in his *Notebook* read the essay "Oedipus in Prose": it is first rate. In another piece he says: "In every performance of Greek tragedies that I have seen the Chorus has always been a disguised hantler"—which is why I prefer the handling of the Chorus in Schopenhauer's *Dionysus* in '69 to Cacoyannis' in *Iphigenia*. His formulations are often ex-

tremely revealing: "In Poland even a strip-tease act may have ideological overtones." He tells us significantly that the Theatre of the Absurd in Poland may be labeled a "political grotesque."

He is "mainly interested in life"—bravo!—which makes him superior to most theatre critics whose scope is no broader than the distance from the lobby to the typewriter. He began as a romantic youth, he was converted to Marxism; in contact with Paris, after the shock of Stalinism, he veered toward existential-

ism. Marks of all these influences are evident throughout his *Notebook*. These give his writing a tone if not always the weight of genuine substance.

He feels theatre in his every fiber; his senses stir. He is truly cultivated and generously informed. He possesses an alert mind, a cosmopolitan background, a canny spirit. We must follow him carefully to ascertain where he is merely being cute and where genuine. He is always arresting and fun; one of the finest theatre critics to be read in English.

Palefaces and Redskins

VIBRATIONS. By David Amram. The Macmillan Co. 469 pp. \$6.95.

MUSIC AND PEOPLE. By Ned Rorem. George Braziller. 250 pp. \$5.95.

RICHARD FREEDMAN

Mr. Freedman teaches at Simmons College. He has written for The Kenyon Review, Book World, Life and Saturday Review.

Philip Rahv's famous distinction between Palefaces and Redskins among American authors is equally valid for grouping our composers. Rorem and Amram, although they sound like some Dickensian law firm, are the most recent examples of Rahv's observation. Both are moderately young, moderately talented, but terribly American composers who feel a burning compulsion to express themselves in words as well as notes, perhaps because their notes have not attracted as much attention thus far as they could wish.

At this point, however, their paths diverge. Amram sings a wildly exuberant barbaric yawn about himself, while Rorem daintily places before our fastidious noses some scented petits fours—slim book reviews, reveries, diary entries. Sloppily written and ludicrously naive, Amram's book is nevertheless the more interesting.

Every other word is fabulous, terrific, fantastic or stunning. He can seriously—and with apparent approval—report a friend saying to him: "Groovissimo." Gleefully recounting the filming of *Pull My Daisy*, for which he wrote the score and in which he played the role of Mezz MacGillicuddy, he tells how Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso would "pour water on anybody that looked like they weren't interested." The hippie rape of the English language is complete here, although Amram modestly sees himself as too old to be a hippie and too young to be a guru.

Even though he is 37, he just digs being alive because "every heartbeat is a

groove." As a swinging young Jewish farm boy out of Feasterville, Pa., he decided that "if I was going to be a composer I would have to learn something about composing." One wishes he had felt similar compunctions before becoming an author.

The result is a musical autobiography that reads like Berlioz's *Memoirs* as rewritten, or unwritten, by Jack Kerouac. But Berlioz was a great composer by the time he wrote his *Memoirs*, and the book is itself a work of literature. Amram, as he himself is all too aware, is known as "Mr. Background Music," largely for the evocative but slight scores he contributed to Joseph Papp's Shakespeare in the Park productions, and for some Hollywood films. He has more grandiose aspirations, and I hope they come to fruition, because despite the book's pretentiousness (it is exactly three times as long and self-important as it should be—don't they edit books any more?) he comes across as a disarming and engaging young man.

He has some good stories to tell, too. He played the French horn in the raffish Seventh Army Orchestra in Germany, a most unilitary outfit in which "most of us looked like survivors of Valley Forge . . . with holes in our clothes, long hair, small beards, goatees, mustaches, frayed shirts, unshined shoes and corroded buttons." Standing at attention they made quite a spectacle, but did more than all the army's public relations men combined to convince Europeans that not all Americans were gum-chewing barbarians with cameras blopping against their bellies. Needless to say, the orchestra usually faced a cutoff of funds.

Excellent too, and most instructive about the financial status of the serious musician in this country, is an account of coming home to a rat-and-roach-infested sixth-floor Village walk-up after a prestigious musical triumph.

Amram is equally grounded in jazz and classical music and, as usual, jazz produces the worst writing. We get the obligatory eulogy of Charlie Parker, culminating in "Bird's" profound observation: "Man, doesn't Modigliani have a lot of soul?" Or, listening to Thelonious Monk, "you could feel that there was something in the music, no matter what it was." One expects musicians, like photographers, to be *idiots savants*, but sometimes Amram overdoes it.

Among his most beguiling eccentricities is his conviction that hate rays emanate toward him from conventional musicians, and even, on one occasion, "Queens Boulevard hate rays" from an agent's receptionist. On the whole, though, he tries to love everybody, gives exhaustive lists of musicians to whom he feels indebted, and even admires the plays of Arthur Miller and Paddy Chayevsky, which makes one wonder just how deeply he "digs" Shakespeare.

Because of this all-embracing, Whitmanesque attitude, he gets few hate rays but many good vibrations, not merely from his mellifluous French horn but from simpatico jazz musicians, and "heavenly, tinkling" ones from beautiful girls, all of whom get a "terrific, fabulous" build-up when they first make the scene, only to be quietly dropped a few pages later.

So much for our Redskin. Our Paleface, Ned Rorem, is the composer of vast numbers of respectable technically conservative art songs by whatever librettist, and of the opera *Miss Julie*, which was regarded by the critics as a losing battle with Strindberg, but which Rorem likes well enough to discuss its creation in infinite narcissistic detail.

He is perhaps best known for the gratuitous revelations of his love life in his *Paris Diary*, from which Gore Vidal, according to Rorem, plagiarized *Myra Breckenridge*. We get little of that here, for *Music and People* is essentially a collection of modish reviews which hardly warranted reprinting. The most famous review, of the Beatles, started the vogue for taking them seriously—a vogue of which Rorem himself is now heartily sick. He just thought they sounded "like a choir of male nymphets."

Rorem's affectations are a good deal less ingenious than Amram's. His Paleface vocabulary specializes in words like melismatic, coprophagiac, vetivered, mal-

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adive, fructuous and connote (fruitful and connote not being classy enough for him).

But "ignorance," as Lady Bracknell observes, "is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone." She could be commenting on Rorem's description of a visit to Poulenc: "A few days later, as bread-and-butter gift, I

left a rare and fragrant package of Hindu josh [sic] sticks (purchased the previous month near Tangier's Xoco Chico) with the concierge of Poulenc's Paris apartment." Did Bach carry on this way? All the epigraphs in the world from Nietzsche, Alice B. Toklas and Tom Lehrer can't redeem this sort of inaccurate chichi.

equally ignorant." Also paddywhackery and Irish writers with one eye on the British market in order to cash in on their "witty Celtic act" and "lovable playboy role" for the Saxon shilling.

He could be unfair too and as narrow as some of his victims. One of those he mocked was the playwright John M. Synge: "... he brought forward with the utmost solemnity amusing clowns talking a sub-language of their own and bade us take them very seriously." But the very next day Myles stormed into the breach for a Rouault painting, banished by order of the Dublin Municipal Gallery board of directors.

Some of those Dublin topics of a quarter-century ago may make little sense to one unfamiliar with the time and place of writing. The editing might have been more helpful here; at the very least the dates of the columns should have been noted. All the same it's a fair compendium of Myles's nonsense and erudition, his wit and concern for language.

Nonsense and Erudition

THE BEST OF MYLES. By Myles na Gopaleen. Walker & Co, 400 pp. \$7.50.

SEAN CRONIN

Mr. Cronin is a journalist who has lived in Ireland and the United States, and has written for publications in both countries.

Kevin O'Nolan died two years ago at the age of 54, having spent most of his working life as a civil servant in Dublin. He had two other identities. As Flann O'Brien he wrote the comic fantasies *At Swim-Two-Birds*, *The Hard Life*, *The Dalkey Archive*, *The Third Policeman*. The first is a minor masterpiece. "That's a real writer," said James Joyce on reading it, and critics have been echoing his remark in one form or another since. The others didn't measure up to it; except perhaps *The Third Policeman*, written in 1940 but not published here until last year (see Kevin Sullivan's review, *The Nation*, February 5).

To most Irish people the name Flann O'Brien was shadowy enough, but as

Myles na Gopaleen he was famous. Myles was renowned because of his column in the *Irish Times* called "Cruiskeen Lawn," a satiric hash of droll tales, broad farce, literary puns, parodies and occasional pedantry. He enraged his readers as often as he amused them, and he kept it up—off and on—for twenty-seven years. In the process he pricked the bubble of many Irish illusions.

For Myles, words were a joy in any language, and he used them like a craftsman. He started the column in 1939 in Irish; he switched to English on alternate days, and eventually dropped Irish altogether. Sometimes he wrote in Latin and sometimes he invented a language as he went along. He also created a host of characters who were as well known to his readers as members of their own family. They knew the inside of pubs well, which was fitting since "Cruiskeen Lawn" means "full little jug," and the overflowing liquid usually is alcoholic. (There's a drinking song in Irish with that title. It might have been Myles's anthem.)

Myles on good days was a modern Swift come to judge and scourge the Yahoos in prose as plain as that of the Dean himself. On bad days he could be tiresome and preachy as an old parish priest sermonizing to peasants. Most of the time his material had the tangy flavor of a well-drawn pint of Guinness stout which, as everyone knows, works wonders on the brain and provides sustenance for the body. This selection is culled from his first five years when Myles was at his best. He grew gloomy with the years and no wonder.

In wartime, neutral Ireland, Myles had no shortage of targets for his shafts. His zaniness gave him a kind of safe passage through the Irish mine field. Rationing was tight, censorship strict, public transport slow, bureaucrats powerful, and politicians self-righteous as always. Myles took them all on. To show that he played no favorites, occasionally he turned on the editor of the *Irish Times* and his writers. His lists of dislikes included bores, clichés and "people who are very important and

ART LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The first impression of the Francis Bacon exhibition (Marlborough-Gerson) is one of unaccustomed abundance; a painter once celebrated for a small output of dark paintings comes on now in rococo luxuriance. It is not merely that his productive capacity has increased; he seems always to have worked hard and long, but his impulse to self-censorship has relaxed. He now lets more work out of the studio. The formal basis of his art has undergone a radical shift. too. A majority of the new works are of several figures, or of one figure repeated, which amounts visually to the same thing, whereas all his best work before 1963 was one of the single human figure. Where there were more than one they were of homosexual pairs, at least temporarily one flesh. As the cast of his pictures has increased in number, the figures have correspondingly shrunk in relation to the size of the painting. (Something similar happened in the movies of the mid-fifties, when big screens brought middle shots forward to the place occupied by close-ups in small-screen movies.)

The majority of his works from 1945 to 1962 were of fairly large figures, filling the canvas in the way that a man fills a bed or a bathtub. The actual size of Bacon's paintings has not changed, only the proportion of the painted figures to the whole area. In earlier Bacon pieces

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the drama was in the confrontation of the image and the spectator; the violent or provocative nature of the image turned us, as we looked, into involuntary witnesses. (Early criticism of Bacon testifies to this power to implicate the observer, sliding his attention from "aesthetic contemplation" to guilty involvement.) In his work since 1962, however, Bacon has moved the drama from a relation between his image and the spectator to something enacted by several figures within the painting. The transition is, in effect, from being a kind of lyrical poet to a kind of dramatist, and he can't do it.

It is hard enough to formulate convincing relationships, human and social, among multiple figures in painting. To do so when they are distorted by the fusion of successive views in time is hazardedly difficult. The new pictures end up looking like paralytic children enacting Racine, or Sartre's *No Exit* in the hands of Godard. This grotesque effect comes from Bacon's failure to control his groups as he controlled his single figures. In the new work, even the single figures are accompanied by excreted pets or sticky *mise-en-scène*. If Bacon could hold them together with the tough ease he brought to his work of the fifties, there would be no problem, but as the space has become scenic, the extended areas have become ornate and flabby.

The earlier work of Bacon depended on quotation and paraphrase. Sometimes he referred to specific paintings such as Velasquez's "Pope Innocent X" or Van Gogh's "The Road to Tarascon," but at all times he took the general stylistic character of the grand manner, his adaptations of which retained its formal grandeur while he modified it in terms of his own irony or anxiety. This formal infrastructure has been abandoned in the new group and in its absence Bacon's work flies apart. He lacks the capacity to invent coherent spatial structures for the complex and relational action of figure groups. The new work, for all its handsome color, is short-winded and fragmentary.

It is a curious fact of present-day painting that single figures or crowds seem to have been fairly easy to paint. Precisely related groups of figures in an articulated environment, on the other hand, are harder to handle. The painterly resources of modern art can accommodate easily either the one or the many; paint takes only a little persuading to be a body (swarming paint marks inside a simple contour) or a horde (every brush mark is a member of the mob). To be precise about a few figures, however, is awkward. It is to Bacon's credit that he is putting his whole effort to the problem, but disappointing that the re-

sult to date is so far below what he has shown himself able to do.

Robert Rauschenberg's "Soundings" was installed at the Museum of Modern Art after being shown at the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam—a nice case of prompt international communications. And the problem to which the work contributes is one that interests artists in both Europe and the United States: spectator participation. "Soundings" is a 36-feet-long relief, with a mirror surface, reflecting grayly the spectators; at sound cues from the spectators, lights behind the mirror are activated. As these flash, the mirror is seen to be one-way glass, and printed images of chairs, big and small, every which way, can be glimpsed. The sounds which trigger this activity are picked up by mikes suspended over the viewing zone, out in front of the mirror wall.

It must be admitted that the installation at the Modern is not a help. "Soundings" is displayed in a rather secluded spot, which means that there are almost no accidental animations from casual passers-by. Also the area is carpeted, which reduces the sounds considerably. If the machine were more sensitive, carpeting might be necessary to prevent an orgy of perpetual flickering; as it is, however, the general impression of the wall is dim and withdrawn, like a storage attic seen by summer lightning. Only a fairly high and persistent noise level can induce anything but brief flashes, the lights being cued to one-to-one responses, so that one clap of the hands is rewarded by a momentary sight of chair silhouettes that obliterate the spectators in their watchful poses. Hence, the zone for viewing is usually full of people snapping their fingers, clapping their hands, whistling, to make the inert wall do something, and to make it do more.

The rate of change is central to works of art that offer physical options. If the shifts are too fast, or unstopable, the spectator soon learns he is excluded and the movement of the works becomes as fascinating as an on-off neon sign. If the changes are too slow or too slight, the spectator is forced to clear his throat repeatedly or keep kicking the wall, as visitors to the Modern kept doing. The one-way glass and the layers of plexiglass on which the chair images are printed, reduced the too quick lights to a dim as well as a perfunctory display. There was no jackpot, at which the random flickerings suddenly shone forth in unison: the whole thing was muted and grudging. Understandably, Rauschenberg stayed away from the discotheque spectacles, but all he presented instead was huge, indirect and cumbersome, reproductions of the effects he gets easily and directly in his lithographs. The grainy

image, overlapping forms and low-keyed monochrome are characteristic of his later graphics, a bunch of which showed with "Soundings."

Physical participation is not automatically more fun or more rewarding than the attention given to static works of art. In fact, the function of attention has been reduced in "Soundings" to a few bare options. Instead of the chance of experiencing Rauschenberg's work freely, in terms of "random order" (the artist's own term for his organizational sense), the spectator's participative role is a drag. You stand there and get less new information than from a distorting mirror at a carnival. It is as if we were to prize landscapes with echoes as more "participatory" than silent landscapes.

FILMS ROBERT HATCH

You can see why Twentieth Century Fox dumped *Pretty Poison* straight into the neighborhood houses, with no downtown openings. It has Tony Perkins playing a nut again, it is about the kinks of youth, and it is directed by an unknown young American named Noel Black (unknown young European directors make good box office, but in the American film business you are supposed to arrive famous). And you can see why the reviewers, in a bleak season of commercial art nouveau and permuting sex, hauled *Pretty Poison* out of popcorn oblivion and sent it on the art-house circuit.

It is rather awful to look at, being made in that hyper-chromatic, triple-primed technicolor that transforms the carefully selected, very specific New England setting (Great Barrington) into a full-color daily special on the Howard Johnson menu. I swear I wouldn't recognize my own street corner if they brought it on tarked up that way. Also, the creators of this film (Lorenzo Semple, Jr., wrote the screenplay from a novel by Stephen Geller) are so struck by the sardonic viewpoint and mordant humor of their own work that they repeat and underline as though instructing an audience of dropouts. Still, the film does have a viewpoint and its laughs do come where least appropriate; so that in an arid season of "Like, man, let's strip" it was worth its rescue. Plus, it is blessed with a genuinely jarring story.

So blessed, in fact, that I must be circumspect in discussing the events, not to spoil the fun. The trouble with the boy (Perkins) is that he embellishes his day dreams with just a little more real substance than most of us would care to

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attempt. Also, that he is not really as adroit—or as ruthless—as he enjoys pretending (though in fact quite bright). Thus if he imagines burning down the house of an offending relative, he will light a small fire in the basement, to bolster his fancy—and then watch in dismay as the whole place goes up, with the offender in the heart of the bonfire.

This sort of thing has landed him in a state institution, from which he is being released as the picture opens, to the parting words of his parole officer that "out there" he will find no tolerance for fantasy. The next thing Perkins—or we—see is Tuesday Weld leading a high school girls' rifle team in acrobatic maneuvers on a riverside meadow. That sort of juxtaposition gives *Pretty Poison* its tone.

Perkins has meanwhile been hired by one of those specialty chemical firms that have fitted themselves into abandoned New England spinning mills as hermit crabs take over snail shells. Like most of its kind, the plant is polluting air and water, and Perkins fancies himself a government man casing the infractions (the little bit of verisimilitude here is that he collects evidence with a real miniature camera). Then he meets Miss Weld, playing the ideal small-town girl who drives a sports car, lives on a pto-maine diet and preoccupies herself with the love life of her widowed mother. To impress her, and with seduction on his mind, Perkins begins acting and talking like a TV secret agent. Only a crazy kid could fall for such mumbo jumbo, but the fact is—well, the fact is what makes the story, produces much of the humor and a good deal of the terror. But the terror builds also because Perkins, who knows some of the truth about himself and his surroundings, goes down under the fist of society that understands nothing about him or itself. There is a palliating final episode, involving the parole officer, but it looked to me like a slight loss of nerve in the home stretch. Unrelieved pessimism as to the health of the nation is bad for business and probably un-American.

Pretty Poison offers a good deal of cold violence, material which is these days out of favor with the enlightened, but it seemed to me violence for comment, not for kicks. Perkins and Miss Weld perform well—they are handsome and expressive, but a little spastic and as though on strings. The style fits their individual parts and the milieu from which they are misbegotten.

The Beatles' *Yellow Submarine* is doubtless studded with "in" references which I don't get. One that has been pointed out to me (and which the Beatles deny) is to LSD in the song title,

"Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds." Another reference that I discovered for myself is to the graphics of Saul Steinberg. What with the pointing finger; the preoccupation with vanishing points and the anomalies of time, space and mathematics; the deployment of words in block letters—NOW, O.K., LOVE—as architectural elements; the cut-out mannikin figures set in a linear context; the prominence of a ziggurat; the affection for parades of replicated figures, and the magic proliferation of Rousseau-like foliage, the visual excellence of this animated movie owes a great deal to the basic furniture of Steinberg's elegant fantasy. I did not see his name among the screen credits and consider that a failure of candor by the film's proprietors.

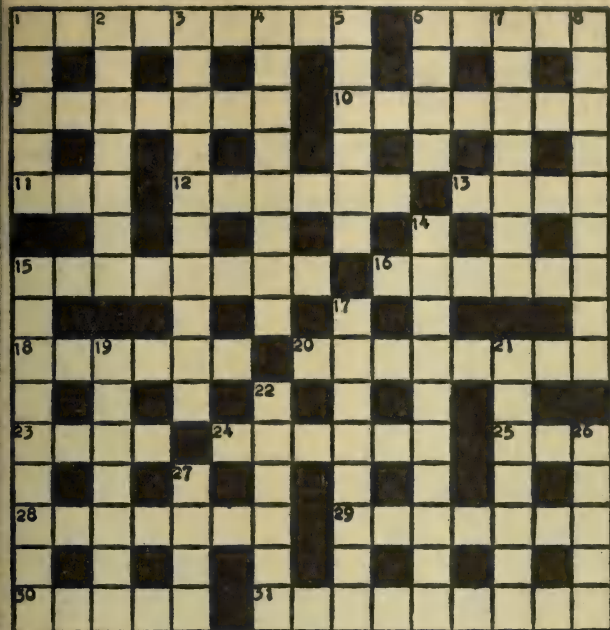
What do take up a major share of the very long credits are the lists, arranged in squads and platoons, of the animators. These technicians, anonymous by reason of their numbers, have produced something novel, if not exactly new, in their rigorous trade. They combine the simulation of self-generated motion, customary in screen cartoons, with the shifting of scene blocks and character units by unseen hands, as though in one of those miniature cardboard theatres that delighted Victorian nurseries. This ambiguity of style sets up a visual tension which, along with the inventive absurdity of some of the Breughel-like fauna, keeps the film lively during most of its not great length, and which accords with the somewhat ambiguous benevolence of the Beatles themselves.

The representations of John, Paul, George and Ringo are, I presume deliberately, such wooden approximations that they seem more remote than they would be if present only on the sound track. Their Liverpool accent, with the depreciating, dead-pan fall of the sentence rhythms, is the most ingratiating entertainment voice since the Scots of Sir Harry Lauder. And it serves the same purpose of authenticating some very dubious material. The Beatles are sometimes witty; when they are not, their accents are witty for them.

Yellow Submarine is essentially a framework for a dozen or so of the Beatles' songs, and like most musical revues its story line is its least important element. When the plot does intrude, it is distressingly cute in the manner of false naïveté; the children around me in the audience screamed with pleasure at these giggly goings-on, which increased my doubts as to the alleged innate good taste of the very young. What makes the picture go are a sound track that pours exuberance out of an electronic cornucopia, and the visual instruction of Saul Steinberg, who is never cute.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1275

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 18 across Happy alternative, where everything goes to the plunger. (3,3,3,6)
 6 Bovine, not of a higher order. (5)
 9 It's bad to stare, as one who takes his turn does. (7)
 10 The last thing to expect in some crimes!
 1 Fight bare-back? (3)
 2 Subjects composed by Siegel. (6)
 3 In a different case, she precedes a goddess. (4)
 16 More than one heavy wind blows up this way! (6)
 23 Bird of 31. (4)
 24 We and 10 set out to get money. (6)
 25 The whole tree, or a stick of it? (3)
 28 Away at the beginning, understands as Burns might say, what a rousing type does. (7)
 29 Where there might have been a tilt without a real tip. (7)
 30 Passing sound? (5)
 31 Rents were brought into line for one coming from places that were thought of as being wide open. (9)

DOWN

- 1 Is 11 confused with the alternative, as an old implement of 11? (5)
 2 "All right!" or as you might put it, "exactly so!" (7)
 3 Are 7 by the heavies? (10)
 4 Left us at some trouble to become suitable to sensibilities. (8)
 5 A tree's naturally bursting out in time of spring. (6)

- 6 A settlement for such as Francis Lightfoot and Robert Edward? (4)
 7 Heaves and tosses between the light and the middle. (7)
 8 Listens in the authentic environment in getting ready for play. (9)
 14 City area with just one building on it? It might be a strong point. (10)
 15 Gobble gabble? (5,4)
 17 A noisy blow-out to you and me? It's an inspiration! (8)
 19 The fleet might be so measured, with no agent involved. (7)
 21 What one might have to turn before playing, if electric, according to the rules. (7)
 22 Observe both present and past recreation for some. (6)
 26 The urban leader might otherwise make it. (5)
 27, 15 across and 20 What the author of "Drop-out Stories" does? (4,5,3,2,6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1274

ACROSS: 1 Surinam; 5 and 4 down Ancient Mariner; 9 Learner; 10 Trestle; 11 Icily; 12, 15, 17 and 27 across Norman Conquest; 14 and 13 Steamer trunk; 16 Excited; 18 Spinner; 21 Linseed; 24 Ascot; 28 Pension; 29 Reefers; 30 Needles; 31 Denoted. DOWN: 1 Sallies; 2 Realize; 3 Nancy; 5 Astarte; 6 Chest; 7 Entrust; 8 Treked; 18 Sharpen; 19 Incense; 20 Remands; 21 Labored; 22 Everest; 23 De-tests; 25 Trial; 27 and 26 Queen Mab.

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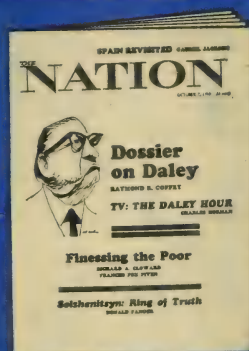
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LETTERS

agility

Ann Arbor, Mich.

DEAR SIR: Nicolaus C. Mills's article, "The Mothers Said No" (*The Nation*, Nov. 25) gives a clear history of the Ann Arbor ADC mothers' success in getting money for school clothes in a confrontation which involved more than 200 arrests. He claims two quite different successes for the mothers and their supporters: (1) prying additional money out of the Welfare Department at that specific time, and (2) becoming a strong and continuing political power. Mr. Mills seemed to be writing before the November election cast serious doubt on the accuracy of his second assumption.

At the county level, Sheriff Douglas Harvey ran on a platform which identified him as an opponent of the mothers and especially of their tactics (demonstrations—sit-ins). Harvey, stressing "safety," not only won but was the county's largest vote getter. . . . These election results do not foreshadow the emergence of the mothers as "a force in their own right," nor the appointment of one of them or their supporters to the County Social Services Board. More likely, the results of October and November will be read by county officials as authorizing a much tougher line should the mothers return. . . .

The next step for the academic and student supporters of the mothers is to devise a range of strategies and tactics including, but not limited to, direct confrontation. A smaller contender must rely on change of pace, footwork and speed, not slugging power. . . .

Sydney E. Bernard

age of reason

Boise, Ida.

DEAR SIR: The electoral age barrier has already been broken in four states. Two, Kentucky and Georgia, have set the voting age at 18; in Alaska and Hawaii, it has been set at 19 and 20, respectively. No deleterious consequences, or at least none that can be attributed to the ballots of voters under 21, have occurred.

The youth of today is better educated than was the youth of the 1920s. In 1920, less than 30 per cent of the high school age population was in high school and only 17 per cent graduated. Today, more than 85 per cent of Americans, 14 to 17, are attending high school and more than three-fourths receive diplomas. In 1920, less than 8 per cent of the 18 to 21 population were enrolled in college. Today, half the country's young people are receiving some form of higher education. . . .

Eighteen-year-olds facing civil or criminal charges are brought into adult, not juvenile courts; as wage earners they are required to pay taxes; they are often free to marry without the consent of their parents; they are allowed to enter civil service. Age should limit our electorate to a group . . . ready to handle the responsibilities of citizenship.

Erik Gabrielson, Boise State College

irony of history

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: Roy Cohn participated, as special assistant prosecutor, in the trial of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Morton Sobell. The Rosenbergs were executed in June, 1953, their convictions founded on the testimony of criminals and informers, Harry Gold, David Greenglass and Elizabeth Bentley.

Now Mr. Cohn . . . condemns his successors in the Justice Department for basing their indictment of him on criminals' and informers' testimony! Meanwhile, Cohn's living victim, Sobell, is scheduled to spend yet another Chanukah and Christmas in prison at Lewisburg, Pa.

Aaron Katz

EDITORIALS

The Hurdle

When Peking proposed in a November 26 radio broadcast that the Warsaw talks with the United States be resumed as of next February 20, officials in Washington were surprised and, one may safely assume, far from enraptured. Nothing has made State happier, during its fifteen years under John Foster Dulles and Dean Rusk (Christian Herter's tenure hardly counts) than the isolation of Red China, imposed partly by the United States and partly by the Chinese Communists themselves. The incoming administration, however, acceded to the Chinese proposal with commendable promptness. Robert D. Murphy, the Nixon liaison officer for national security affairs, told the press on the following afternoon that Mr. Nixon wished to go ahead with the proposed meeting, and that the Johnson Administration was drafting a reply to Peking on this basis.

Even old China hands can only conjecture as to the Red Chinese motivation, which, as always by standardized American tradition, is held to be inscrutable, if not treacherous. However, the prevalent impression among those observers who have oftener than not been right (and were rewarded for their perspicacity during the Joe McCarthy era) is that the Red Guard furor is abating and the moderates are edging back into power. The Chinese may feel, also, that while a settlement in Vietnam is certainly not imminent, it is no longer utterly remote. With the Russians apparently working for peace in Southeast Asia, the Chinese can hardly afford to push for continued war. And by resuming talks with the United States, they may hope to put themselves in a position to influence the outcome.

The proposal that Chinese-American relations should be based on "the five principles of coexistence" has an air of *déjà vu* about it. Apparently the Chinese were referring to the China-India agreement of 1954, which included mutual respect for each country's territorial integrity and sovereignty, mutual noninterference in internal affairs, mutual nonaggression, equality and mutual benefit—all adding up to peaceful coexistence. But the promulgation of these admirable sentiments did not avert considerable fighting between the equal, nonaggressing, mutually benefiting partners. Neither did Chou En-lai's overtures to the United States in 1955 result in anything more than the sterile meetings in Warsaw—which, nevertheless, continued for thirteen years and are now to be resumed.

Chou referred on that occasion particularly to "relaxing tension in the Taiwan area," and the present Chinese proposal likewise makes it plain that peaceful coexistence between China and the United States is contingent on the "immediate" cessation of American military aid to Chiang Kai-shek's regime. This requirement the Chinese are not likely to waive, any more than the United States is likely to forgo its control of the entire Pacific Ocean, with Chiang's snout in the very harbor of Amoy. The resumption of talks is a step away from perpetual hostility, but American support of Chiang remains an obstacle to any real détente.

Will Nixon 'Get' the Press?

A number of publications have begun to worry over the question, "Will the Press Be Out To 'Get' Nixon?" (*U.S. News & World Report*, December 2). But a more realistic concern would seem to be: Will Nixon be out to "get" the press?

At a recent press conference at the Hotel Pierre, Ronald Ziegler, Mr. Nixon's press aide, failed to announce a meeting that had taken place between Mr. Nixon and Governor Rockefeller. He was reminded by the press that only the day before Herbert G. Klein, who is to be the new "Director of Communications," had promised that there would be an unimpeded flow of information to the press and public. "Isn't this precisely the sort of thing," one reporter asked, "that builds the kind of 'credibility gap' you say you're trying to avoid?"

At the same time, Rep. John E. Moss (D., Calif.), who heads the House Government Operations subcommittee concerned with freedom of information, expressed his misgivings about the information setup and called on Mr. Nixon to reconsider it before it is too late. "No matter how well intended," he said, "the awesome powers seemingly proposed for a communications director lend themselves toward the concept of a dictatorial and suppressive single voice in government."

The President-elect obviously wants to avoid President Johnson's obsessive personal involvement in news management; but what he proposed could turn out to be an institutionalization of Mr. Johnson's personal practice. Under President Johnson the press was concerned with discrepancies, distortions and deceptions; under Nixon and problem may be much simpler—a sharp reduction in the flow of information.

New Sobriety

Addressing the French National Assembly on November 26, Premier Couve de Murville rallied his audience, and indirectly all of France, to volunteer in a victorious "war of the franc." The speech, during which Couve de Murville repeatedly referred to President de Gaulle in terms of admiration which recalled the formalistic obeisances of Communist state papers, rang with a national fervor that might seem exaggerated in a statement dealing entirely with economics. But in fact it was not dealing entirely, or even primarily, with economic matters—France is engaged in a political struggle, and the line of battle is once more the Rhine. Small wonder, then, that one seemed to hear the *Marseillaise* in the background of the Premier's earnest words.

For some time now, the mark has been the strongest currency in Europe. With a population about equal to that of France, West Germany's gross national product is \$20 billion greater, and the German trade surplus today is massive. It is normally assumed that in any congress of nations, the country with the strongest money will speak with the loudest political voice; but up to now Germany has allowed France to make the rules and call the plays. Its demeanor in such areas as the Common Market has been relatively meek. In November, however, when it was

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NATION

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instructed, rather peremptorily, by France, Great Britain and the United States to raise the value of the mark, Bonn said no. By hindsight, this obduracy was not particularly surprising. In the first place, Germans live in terror of monetary fluctuation; no people have suffered from it more. In the second place, Germany's leaders decided that the sudden collapse of the franc gave them a chance to transform economic solidity into political muscle.

They were not particularly tactful about it; the counsel of industry and prudence volunteered by the German representatives at the hastily called international meetings was perhaps not arrogance, since the Germans deny any such intent, but it was difficult for the other hard-pressed nations to endure. However, it is likely that the Germans are more intent on flexing their muscles than on using them. De Gaulle is engaged in that classic form of gamble which involves pulling at the very pillars of the temple. The financial roof might as a result fall in on France; it would also not spare the related economies as it crashed. So Germany, like the other "partners" of France, has contributed heavily to support the franc. Bonn made its point—it is no longer to be pushed about—and is now hard at work on the money dikes.

And de Gaulle, having called on Frenchmen to pull in their belts and stop gadding about the world, at least showed his own commitment to a newly sober French economy by canceling the nuclear tests scheduled for next year. This time, when the gold dust settles, the Europeans may be in a position to sit around a table, and will no longer be required to cluster at the great man's knees. *La Gloire* is out of style for the moment; there is no pressing need for its return.

Finger Pointing

Now that the election is over, both parties have resumed the discussion of campaign costs and expenditures—those incurred, needless to say, by the other party. For example, agents for the FBI have begun to review finance reports of twenty Nixon-Agnew fund-raising committees which, inexplicably, were filed with the Clerk of the House well after the legal deadline set by the Federal Corrupt Practices Act. Since the investigation is not likely to be concluded before the new administration takes over, it is a fair inference that nothing further will be heard of this apparent violation of the law.

In the same spirit in which this belated investigation was ordered, Sen. Hugh Scott, from the Republican side, has demanded that the Democratic National Committee explain a \$100,000 campaign contribution from the Seafarers' International Union, made shortly after Secretary of State Dean Rusk had denied Canada's request for extradition of Harold C. Banks, who jumped \$25,000 bail and fled to this country after conviction on a conspiracy charge involving the beating of a rival Great Lakes union leader. An extraordinary array of labor's top brass intervened to induce Dean Rusk to overrule his legal adviser and refuse extradition. As a matter of fact, as George Lardner, Jr., reports in *The Washington Post*, the Seafarers spent money on "deserving" Democrats in this cam-

paign, including Mr. Humphrey. "like sailors on shore leave." But the beneficences of the Seafarers are no more likely to be investigated than those belated Nixon-Agnew reports. There is something gently comic about the bipartisan comity that is observed on such delicate issues.

Action vs. Apathy

"The cowboy from Marlboro Country," comments *The Wall Street Journal*, "may be taking his last ride on television." If so, a young lawyer named John F. Banzhaf III will be entitled to much of the credit. Mr. Banzhaf, head of Action on Smoking and Health, a citizens' anti-smoking group in Washington, asked the Columbia Broadcasting System for free time on WCBS-TV, the network's New York outlet, to combat cigarette commercials. C.B.S. declined. Banzhaf then appealed to the FCC under the "Fairness Doctrine." The FCC ruled in his favor in June, 1967, in an advisory opinion that required broadcasters to devote "significant" time to the case against smoking—say one anti-smoking message to every three cigarette commercials.

The Tobacco Institute and the National Association of Broadcasters went to court. In a 2-to-1 decision, a federal appeals court has upheld Banzhaf. "Cigarette advertising inherently promotes cigarette smoking as a very desirable habit," the majority opinion said. "Very substantial medical and scientific authority regard this habit as highly dangerous to health and therefore undesirable. In view of the volume of cigarette advertising, existing sources are inadequate to inform the public of the nature and extent of the danger. . . ." The case is now headed for the Supreme Court. If the decision goes against them there, the tobacco companies are likely to discontinue cigarette advertising on TV.

Reams have been written about the power elites, the impotence of the individual, how the cards are stacked against the virtuous, etc. Yet when a shrewd, bold and energetic antagonist like Ralph Nader or John Banzhaf comes along, the Goliaths are found to be not so formidable after all. In some situations, as power grows bigger and more highly structured, it also becomes more vulnerable. Resistance to corporate and governmental wrongdoing is never easy, but if there were less hand wringing and more resolute action, the country would be better off.

'A Little Torture'

Despite repeated expressions of hurt innocence, the Greek colonels have not been able to counter the impression that they employ torture as a means of implementing policy. Recently, they sent four political prisoners under guard to a meeting of the European Human Rights Commission in Strasbourg, to testify that they had been properly treated in jail. Two of these men slipped their leashes (with the help of Andreas Papandreu's Pan-Hellenic Liberation Movement) and told reporters that they had been tortured.

After a recent visit to Greece, Christopher Janus, a

Chicago businessman, son of Greek parents, who helped organize Greek war relief, gave the *Toronto Star* an account of what he had observed and discovered. He reports that Greece today is a perfectly organized police state, watched over by an army that may be merely a hollow shell so far as NATO defenses are concerned, but which is entirely adequate for internal repression. The army's Sherman tanks "clank up at the drop of a leaflet," and an enormous counterespionage apparatus has been instituted by the Greek Central Intelligence—which was originally organized and financed by our own Central Intelligence Agency.

On the other hand the resistance has little money and almost no arms. Spokesmen told Mr. Janus that two developments had undercut the movement: Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford's May 17th statement announcing the resumption of military aid to Greece and the Russian intervention in Czechoslovakia.

While in Athens, Mr. Janus spoke with three victims of police torture—two former members of parliament and a 24-year-old daughter of prominent Greek parents. This young lady had been taken to a military camp between Athens and Marathon, and while a motorcycle was kept running to stifle her screams, among other indignities she had been stripped naked and beaten with a wire whip by soldiers. She was finally released when her father paid a ransom of \$25,000. Later Mr. Janus discussed her case with a lieutenant colonel—"an attractive, affable, well-educated fellow"—with whom he was having drinks in the bar of the Grand Bretagne Hotel, across Constitution Square from the Parliament buildings. While he conceded that the young lady's experience had been "unfortunate," the officer added: "It's all a question of survival . . . Besides a little torture is necessary to preserve civilization."

Senator Morse

An institution uprooted—such was the valedictory of Malcolm Bauer, reporting the defeat of Sen. Wayne Morse for *The Christian Science Monitor*. Together with the defeat of Senator Gruening, it represents the worst setback of the 1968 election insofar as the Senate and House races are concerned—a setback not only because of Morse's splendid record on foreign and domestic affairs, but equally for his personal qualities, which during his four terms in the Senate were unique and invaluable. The American people have suffered a grievous loss; it is not made less by the fact that as of now only the thoughtful minority is aware of it.

In times past we have had real scrappers on the progressive side in the Senate—men like Senator Norris and Senator Borah. The miasma of the cold war discouraged the survival of such types, but Morse remained. What made him great was precisely his willingness to be unpleasant in a good cause, regardless of the station of those who opposed him. He lambasted, in succession, Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson. When he thought they were wrong, he let them have it—without malice but equally without qualms. He was "the tiger in the Senate" on all issues that needed a tough, head-on,

no-holds-barred approach. In this respect he has no successor.

Pugnacity by itself does not even begin to make an outstanding Senator. In Morse it was combined with immense industry, brilliance and matchless experience. His outstanding record in the Senate has eclipsed his earlier achievements as dean of the University of Oregon law school, his prominence in the affairs of that state, and his chairmanship of the wartime President's Emergency Board and the War Labor Board. While President Johnson could scarcely have loved him, he respected him, and perhaps now regrets that he did not follow his advice on Vietnam. When it came to a labor impasse, Johnson was glad to avail himself of Morse's services. He is now lost to the Senate, but if his detractors think they have seen the last of him on the national scene, they are mistaken.

Our Spanish Friends

The Nation has sought to keep a measure of public attention focused on the negotiations which have been going on in Washington and now in Madrid over the renewal of the "security agreement" governing the air and naval bases in Spain. Our efforts have not been appreciated at the Spanish Embassy in Washington. Recently we received an indignant letter from Jaime de Urzaiz, the "counselor of information," demanding to know how we ever got the notion that Spain's asking price for a renewal of the agreement was about \$1 billion in military equipment over a five-year period and complaining, most bitterly, that we had used the ugly word "blackmail" to describe some of the tactics being used by Franco's negotiators (see Letters column, *The Nation*, November 25).

We replied that the \$1 billion figure had been taken from stories appearing in the Washington papers and which we assumed to be correct. More recent stories from Madrid, discussing the negotiations between Generalissimo Franco, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and Foreign Minister Fernando Maria Castiella, specifically refer to Spain's asking price as "\$1.2 billion over the next five years." Since these dispatches originate in Madrid, either the figure must be correct or the Spanish censors are falling down on the job. As to "blackmail," these same dispatches speak of a "rift" that has developed over Franco's insistence that Spain may be compelled to "reorient her foreign policy" and adopt a nonaligned position unless, of course, it gets what it wants.

U.S. spokesmen are reported to be quite upset by the suggestion of Spain's Foreign Minister that this country and Russia should both withdraw their naval forces from the Mediterranean. This suggestion, Richard Eder reports to *The New York Times* from Madrid, is regarded as a move by the Foreign Ministry to "stiffen its terms for the current negotiations." All this may not constitute "blackmail" as defined by the criminal code, but Dean Rusk and Gen. Earle G. Wheeler might well feel that it does. However, Washington is not averse to using a little blackmail itself, and has threatened to shift certain of the bases to Portugal unless Franco becomes more reasonable. But what's a little blackmail among friends?

RHETORIC OF AMBIVALENCE

EDWARD WITTEN

Mr. Witten is an undergraduate at Brandeis University.

The American Left suffers from a curious ambivalence. Its central constituents—the students and young radicals, the suburban liberals and the black militants—are united only in a loose coalition of disaffiliation; they differ so sharply in the sources and depth of their commitment that even the night sticks of Chicago forged merely a momentary union. And each of these groups has failed to create a plausible or even a consistent model for the new vision of society that is presumably its object. Because of that failure, it is impossible for the elements to join in a serious coalition or even for any one of them to establish a coherent focus for its efforts.

The young radicals face a poverty both of personal and of political alternatives. They have met personal questions such as the draft and career selection by attempting to transform individual into collective decisions, a maneuver which clumsily veils the inability to create real choices. Thus the rhetoric of “resistance” and “confronting the war makers” undertakes to transform draft resistance from an act of personal morality to a collective strategy. The radicals tell us that personal morality lacks political content; but the apocalyptic quality of the rhetoric only obscures the fact that resistance and confrontation are not devices for organizing the uncommitted but only for the dramatic expression of a powerless minority that will remain so. Thus the rhetoric also lacks political content. Failing to create the possibility of even potentially effective collective action, it leaves the radical trapped between personal defiance and jail, or personal acquiescence and betrayal.

Similarly, although the most elementary pledge of the student movement is to create alternatives to the meaningless and mechanically determined life patterns offered by middle-class society, the radical lacks plausible options for himself, much less for those he would convert. The frequent contention that radicals as they grow older will grow conservative is basically a reflection of this fact.

The rhetoric of community—expressed most clearly in “sanctuaries” at Boston University, New York University, M.I.T. and elsewhere—attempts to provide collective alternatives in the absence of personal ones. Sometimes sanctuary has meant playing games with the feds. At best it means an effort to fledge a medieval legal concept, modern religious values and political solidarity and militancy into an idyllic paradise. But that unreal and ephemeral paradise merely removes from the personal to the collective level the incapacity of the radicals to offer anything but withdrawal as an alternative life pattern.

Because the radicals are largely limited to the campus, they have also been unable to create serious alternatives to the established forms of political action. A few years ago SDS was content to claim that the power

base of the two major parties was illegitimate; now it claims that the election process through which the parties retain control is itself illegitimate. The latter conclusion originated from the conviction that power ought to flow from community and not from national sources. People should control institutions (schools, factories, planning agencies) directly, rather than maintain the phantom of control through a centralized mechanism dominated by a militarist-corporatist elite. This analysis was a response to the collapse of efforts by the students to organize the community on national issues. When it became obvious that the campuses could not form the core of a genuinely national movement, student radicals began to view their movement as the prototype for a loose coalition of local movements to seize control of local institutions.

According to this strategy, as the students struggle to gain control of the universities, blacks will struggle to gain control of the ghetto economies; parents, of the public school systems; industrial workers, of the factories. And when institutions are controlled at the local level by the people they are designed to serve, imperial and exploitative power will dissolve on a national scale. This prospectus begs the question of how radical movements will come into existence in the factories, the public schools, and elsewhere, when the one radicalized segment of society—the students—abandons as misconceived the attempt to organize them. It implies that students cannot expect to be effective beyond their own constituency of the university except indirectly, by providing a model for blacks, blue-collar workers and others who will undertake to organize themselves. But this program does not present students with options for political action; it rationalizes the failure to develop such options.

The effort to create personal and political alternatives outside existing structures—which is, after all, the essence of radicalism—has thus created a deadlock of radical ideology. The suburban liberals obviously escape that particular trap, but their position involves a very serious ambiguity. Suburban activists have tended to avoid the question of just what “activism” and “commitment” mean; they seem never quite sure whether their activism reflects transient issues or enduring grievances. At one extreme, if the war is a temporary, isolated aberration in American policy, if poverty and racism are vestigial problems from the New Deal (as President Johnson seemed to believe until the Great Society exploded in his face), then four or eight years of humane Democratic rule would resolve the divisive issues of the past few years. In that case commitment in suburbia is momentary and will not form the basis for permanent political organization. At the other extreme, if militarism and racism are deeply rooted in the structure of our society, if that society can sustain opulent but not meaningful lives, then the success of suburban activism will require a lasting movement with a solid issue-oriented base.

The suburban activists, adrift between these suppositions, remain uncertain whether they are contriving a temporary coalition or building a movement. The fate of Vietnam Summer, an anti-war project that flourished sporadically in mid-1967, illustrates how this uncertainty undercuts political strategy. Vietnam Summer concentrated on a canvassing program to influence opinion on a few narrowly defined issues. Its agents set out to prove to communities that the bombing of North Vietnam was unnecessary, or inconvenient, or perhaps unsuccessful—and above all that one could have short hair and still oppose it. They did not argue that the bombing was unjust or immoral or fundamentally wrong, or that it served the interests of a reactionary coalition in South Vietnam, although these beliefs were at the foundation of their own sentiments. They succeeded in momentarily persuading many of the housewives to whom they spoke that the bombing should be stopped on this or that ground of expediency; but this persuasion relied on no arguments likely to survive the slightest change in the circumstances surrounding the bombing, certainly on no arguments that would militate against a later bombing campaign in Thailand or Guatemala. Vietnam Summer built on shifting sands. The narrow issues around which it mobilized ceased to be issues long before such local organizing efforts could be powerful enough to alter the outcome, and its pitifully small achievements evaporated.

If Vietnam Summer was attempting to build a movement, it should have organized around issues of durable content, around questions of values and not of expediency; this would have created a smaller political base but a solid one. If it was attempting to effect a temporary coalition, then the concept of local organizing was itself badly judged. The confusion of goals that beset Vietnam Summer also characterizes many electoral efforts, where the choice is between the Clean-for-Gene, nice-guy image that wins votes without speaking to issues; or the issue-oriented campaign that does not necessarily produce the maximum support for this candidate in this election, but does create a continuing constituency capable of electing sympathetic men over the long term, when the candidates and the surface issues will change but the underlying values will remain. The choice, in other words, is between a temporary and a permanent conception of activism.

The black militants lack not a decisive commitment but a political program. In the name of political analysis they present a strange amalgam of Frantz Fanon on the liberating content of violence for an oppressed people; of Nkrumah and the Cuban, Chinese, Algerian, Kenyan and Vietnamese revolutions on imperial warfare; of Malcolm X on the energy of the black community after centuries of deprivation. There are fragments of meaningful analysis in this medley. For example, the capital outflow from Harlem and Roxbury to the white community, caused by external ownership of businesses and housing, is roughly analogous to the economic drainage of colonized countries. Or again, the incredible success of Malcolm X's efforts to reclaim and convert drug addicts vindicates his belief that the internal destructiveness of Harlem is a potential source of strength—a belief

similar to Fanon's contention that for the colonized people, random, internal violence is a necessary first stage toward ultimate redemption.

Such loose comparisons as these, however, do not form the kernel of an analysis of domestic imperialism that could provide a program of political action toward liberation. When the Black Panthers parade with their guns in the streets of Oakland and the halls of the state capitol, they claim that by demonstrating their will to defend their communities from the power of a racist society they will establish black self-confidence and self-reliance. This contention divorces revolutionary rhetoric from substance; it does not claim the gun as the tool for a revolution (indeed, the Black Panthers are implausible as revolutionaries; the white society is bigger and stronger and, probably, meaner than they are) but as the symbol. Indeed, revolution itself becomes a symbol, not a program; the gun is not a means to seize power but a token of determination to do so. Even as the Black Panthers develop a revolutionary analysis of society and a theory of liberation through violence, they abandon the political and revolutionary content of violence. Power does not flow from the barrel of a symbol.

As the various components of the Left grope, respectively, toward the development of new options, toward a clear definition of the meaning of commitment and toward a relevant concept of black revolution, there is a common cause of their failures. The Left has reached a dead end which is, in fact, the dead end of Western ideology. The West has evolved, fundamentally, only two social and political ethics, liberal capitalism and utopian socialism. Both of these ethics lost meaning for the United States when the New Deal destroyed the blue-collar Socialist constituency at about the same time that the myth of progress, dominant in the West since the Enlightenment, collapsed in the technological carnage of the World Wars. Edith Hamilton believes that "progress" destroyed classical Greek civilization; perhaps a future historian will conclude that Western civilization has contained the seeds of its own destruction ever since the vision of common



Waite, The Sun (London)

"Fools—That's Next Week's Protest!"

salvation through technological and scientific progress ended in the nightmare of Kafka's *Metamorphosis* and *In the Penal Colony*. After World War II, the liberals, in reaction to the breakdown of political theory, retreated behind the end-to-ideology school of a latter-day era of good feelings, and thrust forward production as a new social ethic, a process which Galbraith dissected nicely in *The Affluent Society*. The radicals, in turn, retreated behind the barricades of the tattered ideologies of the depression years.

But ours is the decade of Vietnam, Selma and Watts; and today those responses are discredited fantasies. Yet political discussion on the Left remains weighted down by the dead controversies of the 1930s. The Left has failed to counter the disintegration of Western ideology by devising a new social and political ethic. It has not even tried to generate a new system of social values to meet the

needs of a society of saturation and overconsumption that was not anticipated by Keynes or Marx or any of the men who evolved the ideologies under which we function. Since none of the elements of the Left has formulated a new vision of society, they are all directionless, all trapped in the politics of the moment. The Black Panthers reject liberal humanism and can offer instead only symbols and rhetoric. The suburban liberals dissolve into bitter divisions on such issues as supporting Humphrey or organizing a fourth party. The campus radicals rationalize their isolation and act out fictional options. None can form alliances; none has any notion of where an ally might be found. For example, it is currently fashionable in radical circles to advocate a worker-student alliance, as if the New Deal had not happened. Above all, the Left lacks a political strategy. And until it can develop a new vision, a new social and political ethic, it will continue to lack one.

WALKING OUT ON NEW YORK

City Schools & Albany Politics

JEROME WILSON

Mr. Wilson covers Albany as a legislative correspondent for WCBS-TV.

A lot of time was spent during the New York City school strike looking for villains. In fact, the city was almost literally divided between those who blamed the teachers for going out on strike in the first place, and those who blamed Rhody McCoy and the blacks for purportedly forcing the teachers to do so. Not just because it's their beat, many Albany observers are blaming the government of the state of New York for the whole mess. It was, after all, the New York State government (and more particularly the legislature) that ordered the city to produce a sweeping decentralization plan. It was the state government that then compromised grievously on granting the powers to implement that plan. Finally it was the state government (this time the state education hierarchy) that somewhat tardily worked out the ultimate settlement which ended the strike.

Taking the last point first, the settlement is essentially an agreement between the state Commissioner of Education, Dr. James Allen, and the city's teachers' union, with Mayor Lindsay and the City Board of Education relegated to little more than spectator roles. The state Education Commissioner and not the city is charged with appointing the trustee to run the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district. (The first state trustee, Dr. Herbert F. Johnson, has now retired because he is "worn out," and Allen has named a second, Dr. William D. Firman.) He is to decide whether or not to continue or renew the suspension of the district superintendent and the district board; he was responsible for appointing the three-member grievance committee for teacher complaints. Significantly, Dr. Allen cleared his

appointees to this committee in advance with United Federation of Teachers president Albert Shanker.

But the state's involvement began well before its role of peacemaker. It really started with the New York State legislature. There is a body of opinion that holds that if the legislature had passed a meaningful school decentralization law at the 1968 session, the agonies of the fall would have been avoided. By this reasoning, if the legislature had adopted a self-executing procedure which did indeed create thirty independently functioning community school boards, with the power to hire their own district superintendents and their own new teachers, and even to set curriculum within a broad state framework, the union simply would not have had the power to pull the teachers out on strike. With these boards in full operation, it is felt, the chain of job security would have run between the district board and the teachers in the community, and not as has been the case in the past several years, between the city-wide teachers' union and the teachers in all the communities.

But the legislature passed no such law. A mere vestige of the broad decentralization plan prevailed—to pack the central city board with sufficient new seats to produce a pro-decentralization majority. As for a permanent decentralization plan, the legislature effectively put the matter over for a year, if not forever.

True, under the Marchi Bill (the law that passed) the central Board of Education was permitted to delegate certain powers to district boards; power to hire district school superintendents, for example, and even the power to hire teachers. Power could also be delegated to continue the three experimental districts. But permission to exercise these powers expires at midnight on June 30, 1969. Un-

less the legislature passes a new law before then, nothing will be left of the experiment.

The effect of the Marchi Bill, with its cut-off feature, was both to preserve the city-wide strike capability of the union, and to accentuate the dangers of excesses in local experiments. The result was an ugly confrontation that paralyzed education in the city for weeks.

The legislature at Albany accepted a procedure that merely postponed the whole question because it is habitually shy of new ideas. There is political safety in standing pat, and that was certainly a prime obstacle to the adoption of any broad plan of decentralization.

But the United Federation of Teachers also fought the regents' plan to decentralize the city schools. Not that the union can be charged with wanting to scuttle completely experiments in school decentralization—as some have charged. But the union obviously wants to go slowly. Even though the UFT had in the past enjoyed a good civil rights reputation, and had generally lined up on the side of progressive causes, it had its members' rights to think about, and it had its power of city-wide collective bargaining to preserve. The union was in a painful and honest dilemma, and so it backed a measure putting the matter over for a year.

And whereas the state education structure operates as a somewhat remote regency, able to put forward a proposal only on its own merits, the union has some high cards to play when it deals with the legislature. Getting the legislators to go along with its position required only gentle reminders of past attentiveness, reminders that were particularly effective in the Democrat-controlled, and New York City-oriented, state Assembly. Letters of union endorsement sent out just before Election Day to every teacher in a district meant something to city Democrats. On occasion, the UFT has also printed campaign fliers for individual legislators and, although the union is hardly a big spender, there have been instances of direct financial contributions to legislators' re-election campaigns.

Thus when the far more conservative, Republican-controlled state Senate indicated that it was ready to approve the broad school decentralization plan offered by the regents, the Democratic state Assembly balked. The liberal city Democrats in particular, the men who in the past had been most outspoken for civil rights legislation, sat quiet as stones to the inplorings of their Negro colleagues.

In a final *pro forma* amendment to adopt the sweeping decentralization plan, only two white liberals, Albert Blumenthal and Jerome Kretchmer, joined a united Negro delegation in voting aye. Having decided that the Democratic Assembly was "playing games," the Senate Republicans then withdrew their support for school decentralization.

This withdrawal of support was abetted by state Sen. John Marchi of Staten Island. Marchi is the ranking Republican from the city in the upper House, and in recent years has sponsored a series of UFT-drafted measures to increase city teachers' pensions by state mandate. The city protests these mandated increases, because the state allocates no parallel state aid to pay for them.

When signs of Democratic dissent to the regents' proposal became evident, Marchi suggested that one small aspect of the plan be changed. The original regents' bill would have eliminated the city Board of Education outright, replacing it with a full-time, professional three-member commission, appointed by the Mayor. Marchi's proposal was to require the City Council to consent to the Mayor's appointments. This meant politics in education to the regents, and they said no.

Marchi then came forward with his own decentralization plan, one that the teachers' union said it could live with. Although there were a number of close calls, with Albert Shanker personally appearing in Albany to make explicit in the law guarantees for teachers' tenure, the Marchi Bill became law. Mr. Shanker and a number of his union colleagues were in the Senate balcony when the final vote was taken. The regents were out of town.

After passing the Marchi Bill, which the Governor signed into law, the state government removed itself from the scene. Only when the city's education structure was in chaos, the following fall, did the state reappear. First to come in was State Education Commissioner James Allen. He is appointed by the regents and naturally sided with the Mayor, offering a plan that preserved the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district. But the union, having already beaten Allen and the regents at the 1968 legislative session, chose to ignore the plan, and Allen retired to Albany. The Commissioner said he was concerned about violating the principle of home rule in education and, in effect, wouldn't go where he wasn't wanted by all parties. He probably would have maintained this position but for political pressure on two fronts. First, the public was beginning to hound the Governor to call a special legislative session. (Local reporters were continually pestering him on this point as he campaigned the state for Nixon.) And individual state legislators, all running for re-election, were being beset by the same request. Not that they had the power to call such a session, but it became necessary for many campaigning legislators to join the chorus. If Allen had one main function in the eyes of the Governor and the legislators, it was to serve as a buffer to keep them out of the politically hurtful school crisis. With the public clamoring for a special session, or for direct Rockefeller involvement as in the sanitation crisis, it was obvious that the Commissioner and the regents were failing to ful-



Mel Weinstein

fill this sensitive political role. Thus, the Commissioner and the regents came back in, this time for good.

Another Allen plan was put forward to the disputants in the controversy, and again the union objected. Preservation of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district was fundamental to Allen's position. He felt that dissolution of the experimental district would doom the community-control concept for all time. He also feared a racial conflict, if the experimental district was dissolved.

Allen and the regents maintained this position, even when legislative leaders summoned them to Albany and threatened radical changes in the state educational structure. The substance of the threat was that if the regents and Allen did not eliminate the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district and directly run these local schools, the legislative leaders had the power to reduce the regents to an advisory role and make the Education Commissioner a humble appointee of the Governor, with the job security of, say, the Motor Vehicles Commissioner. This would have ended the careful separation in state government of education authorities from elected officials. Nevertheless, the regents and Allen held fast. At the same time, Allen extracted from the Governor a public statement that he would not call a special session.

Before the election, the union's position had been that it would take a special session to resolve the controversy. But when the Democrats lost control of the Assembly, that idea lost much of its appeal. For a special session might not only mean dissolution of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district, which may or may not have been a union objective; it might also mean considerable pressure to pass stronger anti-strike legislation in the area of public employee unions—higher fines for striking unions, penalties for striking workers and longer jail sentences for union leaders. Senate Majority Leader Earl Brydges suggested on a television broadcast that, had the legisla-

ture adopted the penalties originally proposed by the Taylor Commission, the UFT could have been fined \$3 million for going out on strike. A special session of legislators in a punitive mood was to be avoided, and the union got down to hard bargaining with the parties at hand. The party with the most power was Dr. Allen.

The strike was ended, the schools are open, at least for the time being. The remaining question is the future of city school decentralization, which as with the remote and recent past of this awful controversy, rests with state government, and specifically with the 1969 session of the state legislature.

Even though the session doesn't convene until January, the leadership of the legislature has virtually decided to adopt a law that will split the city school system not into thirty community school districts but into five borough-wide districts. This would mean that, rather than a single city-wide board of education, there would be a Manhattan board of education, a Bronx board of education, and so on. Critics of the borough plan say that it will create five centralized evils in place of the one we have at present, that such a proposal demonstrates an almost total lack of comprehension of the principle of community control. They have a strong case, with this exception.

If the borough boards are elected, there is a distinct possibility that a pro-decentralization majority would be won in the Borough of Manhattan. This majority could decide in turn to continue experiments in community control of local school districts. Since this is at least some progress, many decentralization advocates are not rejecting borough control of schools out of hand. As a matter of fact, Dr. Allen has admitted privately that if pressed he could concur in this plan. And that is where matters now stand, with New York City again waiting for what New York State decides to do next with its teachers—and its children.

Emancipating the Mental Wards

MAX GORDON

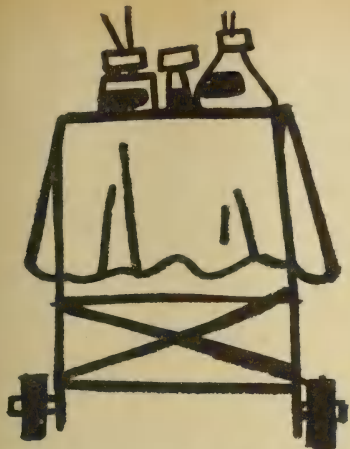
Mr. Gordon, a former newspaper man and at present a director of technical research, has been for years closely associated with an organization of relatives and friends of patients in one of the New York State hospitals.

The recent strike at New York State's mental institutions was at least in part another manifestation of the many-sided drive by America's blacks to overcome the effects of their historic oppression. If the walkout at the hospitals did not develop the racial bitterness of the city's school strike, it was because the material sacrifice required of whites—primarily in the area of budget and taxes—is not as direct, tangible and individualized as the teachers perceived it to be; and because the form of the strike was that of a traditional labor struggle, with both sides striving for the support of all workers, black and white.

The New York State conflict contained some elements of the black rebellion developing generally within established national labor organizations, and aimed at breaking the monopoly of a white leadership that does not represent an expanding Negro membership. But the particular conditions in the state's mental hospitals, and their history, gave the struggle there its own importance.

Most nonprofessional employees in the state's mental institutions are ward personnel, the attendants and nurses who care for the patients around the clock. The work is tough, tense, at times dangerous—and low paid for the responsible, relatively sophisticated services performed. In the 1968 scale, an attendant's starting gross salary is somewhat less than \$90 a week; after fifteen years it reaches a top of \$120.

For this, the ward attendants act *in loco parentis* to the mentally ill, administer potent and varied drugs on sched-



ule by injection or by mouth, take blood pressures, are alert to signs of physical reaction to drugs or to the onset of acute psychotic episodes, and generally minister to the needs of a few dozen patients at a time.

Until a quarter century ago, the custodial staffs in these state institutions were almost exclusively white. Located for the most part beyond the large population centers, the hospitals provided work for the local population. The pay was low, but better opportunities were hard to find. With World War II, and the postwar expansion and dispersal of large-scale industry, white workers could get away from these low-paying, thankless jobs.

As whites left, the state faced the alternative of drastically increasing pay scales or locating supplies of cheap labor to replace them. It chose the latter, sending recruiting teams into the Northern ghettos and the South to tap the sources provided by society's oppression of the blacks. By 1950, perhaps half the ward personnel in the hospitals of the metropolitan area was Negro and Puerto Rican. About a decade ago, when the rest of the whites who had sought economic refuge in these jobs during the depression began to retire, the proportion of Negroes and Puerto Ricans rose again. It is now between 70 and 80 per cent in the institutions of the New York City area.

As Msgr. James Cox, Catholic chaplain at Rockland State Hospital, describes the process, the black workers initially adapted to the paternalism of the hospitals' employee practices. But with the coming of the "black revolution," they rebelled against what they saw as exploitation forced upon them by their status in society. Since the existing Civil Service Employees Association (CSEA) did not seem an adequate channel for this rebellion, many joined the State, County and Municipal Employees of the AFL-CIO. Others, however, did begin to exert pressures within the CSEA. Both processes were accelerated by the 1967 Taylor Law, which both outlawed strikes and provided for collective bargaining by public employees.

The CSEA has been in existence for more than half a

century. Although people join it almost automatically when they enter the state service, partly for its group insurance features and partly because the state hierarchy encourages membership, workers have participated little in its affairs. It has been generally controlled by upper echelons of the state government who from time to time "bargained" with the governor on an informal, fraternal basis. With the spread of unionism to public workers and the development of an AFL-CIO drive among state employees, the CSEA has recently solicited the participation of a wider membership. It has remained, nevertheless, a "respectable" organization within the civil service establishment, eschewing such "disruptive" tactics as picket lines and strikes.

The Taylor Law's guarantee of collective bargaining both stimulated growth of the rival AFL-CIO union, and generated internal pressures on the part of low-paid workers who had joined the CSEA almost automatically. Black workers, in the main those who through long service had taken on some of the conservative characteristics typical of civil servants, began to press for more active roles in the association, and they have assumed leading posts in a few chapters in the metropolitan area. But CSEA covers all departments and classifications in the state, and as a whole it continues to be dominated by a white elite.

CSEA does, however, carry 80 per cent of the state's employees on its books, and it claims that well over half of the AFL-CIO membership is also enrolled in the association. The union, on the other hand, has signed up some 9,000 to 10,000 employees in the state's mental institutions, or only about 30 per cent of the nonprofessional staffs. Thus the CSEA insists that it properly represents the majority and should be the sole bargaining agent, though the customary election for such an agent has not been held. As union spokesmen are quick to point out, however, in a recent collective bargaining election among state police, CSEA received only 8 per cent of the vote, though virtually all the police were association members. The union received a shade less than 50 per cent and the Policemen's Benevolent Association got about 42 per cent. In a later run-off, the union was beaten by the PBA. CSEA spokesmen explain their poor showing by saying that, naturally, the police would rather have a specifically police organization to represent them. This hardly explains why the police gave the union almost a majority in the initial balloting, as against the negligible vote received by CSEA. Nor is it clear why state hospital workers should not with equal naturalness want an organization specifically their own to represent them.

CSEA spokesmen are somewhat embarrassed to explain why so many of their members have chosen to fight for better conditions through a rival group. They attribute this to the affinity of workers in the metropolitan area for AFL-CIO organization—an association based on past or family union loyalty. This might be a factor among white workers, but it could scarcely weigh heavily with black workers, who are becoming increasingly hostile to the AFL-CIO bureaucracies.

The union claims organization in thirty-one of the state's thirty-four mental institutions. Membership in the

various chapters naturally reflects the ethnic composition of the nonprofessional personnel in the respective institutions, and since organization is strongest in the metropolitan area, where the work force is overwhelmingly black, the union's membership and leadership has a large black component that is strongly influenced by the militant Negro movement. The union's goal in the recent strike was a collective bargaining election among workers in mental institutions, which its leaders appear to believe it will win, but the underlying purpose, of course, is to elevate pay levels and job status sharply. The union has projected the demand for a \$6,000 minimum for ward attendants, with commensurate increases all along the line; and for a re-evaluation of jobs to reflect more accurately the nature of services rendered and to provide greater opportunities for career advancement. The militancy of the black workers has fired essentially conservative white workers in the same jobs upstate to a display of unwonted boldness in support of the union's position.

Before passage of the Taylor Law, Governor Rockefeller had bargained—informally and sporadically—with the CSEA. The law now requires him to negotiate formally. A Public Employment Relations Board (PERB) accordingly was set up to propose the division of state employees into appropriate bargaining units, with negotiating agencies to be elected within each unit. The PERB was to submit its report by November 15 of this year. Meanwhile the Governor, overriding the PERB's opposition, negotiated exclusively in 1967 with the CSEA as representative of a general unit consisting of 124,000 state workers (all except the state police and educational personnel). In 1968 he again initiated exclusive bargaining with the CSEA in the context of next year's state budget. When on November 15 the PERB had not yet presented a final plan for permanent bargaining units, and the Governor continued to talk exclusively with CSEA, the union decided it had to act. It began with the tactic of striking one or two hospitals at a time. Both the union and CSEA, and undoubtedly the Governor as well, were acutely aware of the likelihood that another year of exclusive contractual agreement between the CSEA and the Governor could break the union drive. Had the union not struck, the CSEA and the Governor would probably have signed a hasty contract before the PERB produced its bargaining unit plan. This was the stated goal of the CSEA, and Rockefeller's preference for that group was no secret.

In August, Paul E. Klein, director of representation for the PERB, had recommended that his board designate six separate bargaining units for the 124,000 workers then represented by the CSEA. Employees in state hospitals were to be included in a health service unit. The CSEA and the Governor reacted so violently that the PERB hastily dropped the idea, and called for additional study and public hearings. On November 27, ten days after initiation of the strike and with no further public hearings, the PERB presented a new plan dividing the state's workers into five bargaining units. This proposal was anything but an improvement from the Governor's viewpoint, but the strike was on, and Mr. Rockefeller immediately announced that he would abide by the plan; he broke off

negotiations with the CSEA. The latter, however, has gone into court in an effort to retain its position as sole negotiator for all employees. This move is expected to hold up election of bargaining agents for the five units by perhaps a couple of months. If so, the results will come at about the time when the legislature is debating the Governor's budget, including salary schedules, thereby creating another tense situation in the state service.

Except for the delay, the union appears generally happy about the results of the strike. The current PERB plan places state hospital workers in a bargaining unit consisting of nonprofessional employees in state institutions. There are said to be forty such institutions in the unit—comprising, presumably, those in the Mental Hygiene Department and the reform schools for youthful delinquents. From the union's viewpoint, this is a considerable improvement even over Klein's proposals of late August. Its leaders are convinced that their strike action stopped the Governor from entering into a contractual agreement with the CSEA, compelled him to discontinue his negotiations with that body, and transformed his hostility to the August representation plan into acceptance of the November plan. These were, in fact, the union's precise goals when it called the strike.

Union spokesmen, however, are angered by efforts to punish strike leaders and strikers following the return to work. They note that, while Teachers union president Albert Shanker and Sanitation union head John De Lury received fifteen-day jail sentences for shutting down the entire city school system and stopping all garbage collection, two black leaders of a strike of little more than 1,000 workers in four state institutions were given lower court sentences of thirty and twenty days. Appeal is pending.

The state administration, operating through Mental Hygiene director Dr. Alan Miller, has also announced plans to punish the strikers as provided in the Taylor Law. Union spokesmen see that as a reflection of Governor Rockefeller's resentment at having been compelled to retreat from his insistence upon bargaining exclusively with CSEA, and possibly as a "grandstand play" necessitated by his criticism of Mayor Lindsay's supposedly "weak" handling of strikes by city workers. They doubt that the threat can be carried through in the light of existing employee shortages in the hospitals. There are substantial indications, however, that the imbalance in punishment of white and black union leaders, and the threat of mass disciplining of predominantly black strikers, is not unnoticed in New York's black communities.

Dr. Miller opposed the walkout but throughout the strike he made plain his belief that the dispute could be settled "only when the workers themselves are convinced that they will have an opportunity for an election." The director is apparently planning to overhaul the entire system of job classifications and career opportunity in the state hospitals. He has set up an apparatus to study the situation, an act which the union applauds. But Miller does not control appropriations; the Governor and the legislature do.

What about the 110,000 patients in the state's mental institutions? Those in hospitals which were affected or threatened by strike were undoubtedly subjected to broken

routines and disrupted therapy. Many had to be returned to homes which were in no position to give them proper care, with resultant hardship for both patients and their families. But, more permanently the lives of hospital patients have suffered profoundly from the consequences of low pay for ward staffs. They need an adequate, stable and dedicated corps of workers to whom they can relate and who can get to know them. To date, job conditions have militated against the development of such a corps, at least in the metropolitan area. The turnover of ward personnel averages about 30 per cent annually. Since attendants go through a three-week training period in the classroom and ten weeks under supervision in the wards, this turnover represents a substantial waste of training time and money, and prevents staff stability.

In the matter of numbers, the customary vacancy ratio is about 15 per cent for staffs which would not be adequate even at capacity. A Congressionally established federal commission recommended in 1961 that state hospitals be modeled after those in the Veterans Administration, which operate on a 1-to-1 ratio of ward staff to patients. This does not mean that at any time there is an attendant on the wards for each patient. Three shifts, the five-day week, vacations, holidays and absenteeism reduce the actual proportion to an average of one attendant or nurse for every five or six patients. In New York State hospitals, however, the budgeted ratio of ward staff to patients is

about 1 to 3. Hence, even with a full complement, the actual number of attendants and nurses on the wards at any time would average one for every fifteen or twenty patients. Vacancies, plus a substantial absenteeism stemming from the fact that ward workers must often hold down other jobs, have reduced actual attendance to an average of one ward worker for every twenty-five or thirty patients in most hospitals in the metropolitan area. In practice, many more attendants and nurses are needed on the day shifts, so that it is not unusual for one attendant to be responsible for sixty or seventy patients during the night. This staff pressure also prevents the weeding out of those who are temperamentally or otherwise unfit for the delicate job of administering to the mentally ill with compassion, fidelity and patience.

Thus while the form of the labor conflict in the state's mental institutions is that of a jurisdictional struggle, a good deal more is involved. The black majority of non-professional workers in the institutions in the metropolitan area is leading a rebellion against the low status into which it has been forced by oppression. To the extent that it succeeds in elevating pay and status, whether directly through the union or through union and internal pressures on the CSEA, it will confer as a side effect considerable benefits upon the mentally ill and retarded who are compelled to spend some or all of their lives in the state institutions.

THE BRAMBLE OF POWER

RONALD V. SAMPSON

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Every age flatters itself on its uniqueness, but it is difficult not to believe that our own age is peculiar for the extent of the breakdown of its established beliefs. Certainly, in retrospect, periods of cultural transition do stand out. Somewhere, for instance, between the burning of Joan of Arc and the death of Copernicus, the fixed certitudes of a unified, feudal Catholic Christendom perished, and out of the ruins emerged the modern world. It began with the belief in Progress, it proceeded to spawn a belief in Democracy, and came finally to rest or rather unrest on the faith of Socialism. Today, this world, with its trinity of Progress, Democracy, Socialism, is itself visibly perishing before our eyes. It is true that the words still evoke a positive response in the minds of many men, but there is a deep and widespread sense of disillusionment and frustration.

It may be objected that this is an unreal way of focusing the map of our cultural universe, since it ignores the deep fissure which is thought to divide existing culture into two warring halves, the great 20th-century chasm between liberalism and communism. Socialism is an unquestioned axiom in one-half of the world, a term of abuse in the

other; while democracy, if a universally hallowed term, is translated in contradictory fashion—we are told—by its liberal and Communist adherents. I wish to suggest, nevertheless, that an ethos common to all of mid-20th-century culture transcends the lesser differences within it, that it can be summed up in the trinity of animating beliefs, Progress, Democracy, Socialism. Further, that this ethos, which has shaped the thinking of intellectuals throughout the world on both sides of the ideological curtain, is itself now being challenged at its roots and increasingly found wanting.

First, consider Progress. Insofar as the concept is concerned with securing the moral improvement of mankind, it is beyond criticism; but there is a quite different meaning attached to the idea of progress, and it has done much to shape the world in which we live. The medieval world was static in that the map of knowledge was fixed by the authority of the ancients, the Scriptures, and insofar as these required authoritative exegesis, the Church, one and indivisible. The Copernican revolution toppled all those authorities at a single blow; the new method as elaborated by Bacon, Descartes and Pascal insured that the theory of knowledge itself was henceforth dynamic, self-correcting and self-perpetuating, grounded not in authority but in experience and reason, common to all men. The reason why this revolution soon swept everything before it, why the authority of religion came to be superseded by the

authority of science, was simply that knowledge, as Bacon explained, was power. The scientists themselves, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, even Galileo Galilei, may have been animated largely by the love of knowledge and the inimitable satisfaction that comes from enlarging the understanding; but lesser men were excited by the unlimited prospects for power over nature opened to them by the mastery of such controlling keys. In short, although science was destined to be an easy victor in its battle with religion by virtue of its claim to have an unrivaled means to advance human riches and material well-being, the reason for the increasingly uncritical worship of progress lay in its immense emotional appeal to the root human appetite for power—power first over nature and through that, power over other men.

The theory of Democracy was implicit both in the scientific revolution and in the Reformation, for in each case the appeal was against authority to the common stock of reason available in every man. The appeal to reason was implicitly an appeal to the equality of the individual insofar as no class, church, state or any other group could claim to have any monopoly of reason. But how was the reason of large numbers of individuals to be translated into effective political action; how were the wills of feudal aristocrats to be supplanted by the wills of common people? There seemed only one solution in logic that could meet the problem, and representation based on suffrage became the legitimizing principle of state sovereignty.

Although Rousseau had long since stated the obvious—that will cannot be represented—people in the 19th century had an overwhelming need to deceive themselves that it could, and the logic of *representative* government carried everything before it. It was tacitly agreed to ignore Rousseau's tactless insistence on the illusion of supposing that a few could take decisions involving large numbers without doing violence to their essential liberties, no matter how intricate or sophisticated the balloting arrangements of the electoral process. Henceforth, every state was required to prove its legitimacy by becoming democratic. That is, the people, generally defined as all adults of sound mind over the age of 21, were to have the right to say yea or nay at fairly regular intervals to certain political groups who sought the right to govern. The purpose of government naturally remained what it had always been, the exercise of power. So democracy like progress harnessed to its chariot the enormous energy of the human appetite for power.

The demand for Socialism originally was no more than the application by people living in a capitalist society of the democratic principle of equality to the economic life of the community. It is impossible to defend capitalism as a rational and just mode of organizing economic activity. Belloc, who loathed it, defined capitalism briefly as "the planned exploitation of the majority of non-owners by the minority who are owners." Keynes, who defended it, had this to say: "For modern capitalism is absolutely irreligious, without internal union, without much public spirit, often though not always, a mere congeries of possessors and pursuers." Socialism, as so far practiced, consists of

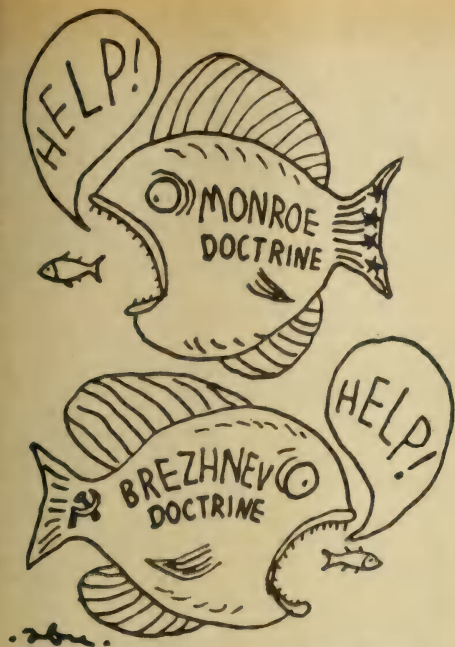
transferring either by expropriation or compensation the ownership of capital and the instruments of production from private hands to public agencies. The intent was to abolish the profit motive and, by removing immense sums of unearned wealth from private control, to re-establish on behalf of the community the right to manage its own economic life. Though there was much else in the Socialist aspiration, that is what has resulted so far—almost completely in the Eastern countries of the Communist world, and partially so in the "mixed" (capitalist-dominated) economies of the West. All public ownership in both East and West has taken the form of nationalization (except for a very small degree of municipal ownership of local utilities). And a nationalized industry is neither owned nor directed by the workers, consumers or any other members of the public at large; it is controlled, directly or indirectly, by the government.

Socialism may have been responsible for raising the material standard of life of the workers, it may have brought about a more just distribution of income—and these are important gains—but one indisputable consequence of "socialism," as so far experienced everywhere, has been to add enormously to the existing power of the minority who wield political sovereignty, a power which has become, if not greater than under capitalism, certainly not less. (It is very difficult to separate the variables in order to make a judgment. Obviously there is less overt dissent in the USSR than in the United States or in Britain, but this disparity cannot by any means be attributed simply to the differences of economic system.) In short, "socialism" also has served to give an immense boost to the concentration of power.

Taken together, these interacting aggrandizements of power in the scientific and technical, the political and economic spheres have been instrumental in promoting a staggering world-wide increase of military power, or power in its purest form. The demands of this military power have in turn become insatiable, and are now so great that they cannot be met except by continent-wide superpowers, which alone command the necessary resources. The United States, the USSR and China are already in the category, and Europe is striving toward unification in order not to be excluded outright from big-power status in the League of the Giants.

I hold that the culture of modern man is profoundly secular, empirical, pragmatic, even (in a manner of speaking) egalitarian, resting on the three pillars of Progress, Democracy and Socialism; that this culture is bankrupt and is leading us to total disaster because it has consistently turned a blind eye to the fact that its apparent idealism has in fact masked that source of all evil, the love of power. The charge is sweeping but can be sustained, I believe, by a closer look at the pass to which we have been brought by a misguided faith in Progress, Democracy and Socialism.

Many in the 18th and 19th centuries believed that all the world needed was to rid itself of the residual traces of superstition, scholasticism, authoritarian ecclesiasticism. Knowledge and reason, thus unfettered, would then lead man to ever-increasing prosperity and happiness. The



The Tribune (London)

spirits of Voltaire, Comte and Mill, the embodiments of liberal optimism and rationalism, live on in our midst, yet observe some of the "blessings" of latter-day progress. In what is still called "defense," the engines of destruction and their means of delivery in speed, accuracy and length of trajectory have developed to incredible lengths. Not only is it possible to exterminate whole cities in a matter of seconds; but the machinery, a vast labyrinthine organization, is already in being throughout the world to carry out such a project, immediately the alleged deterrent should fail to work.

In addition to the threats of "defense," we have learned to accept as normal a mode of transport which in Britain alone kills more than 7,000 persons a year and injures up to 400,000. In the air the British and the French are competing with the United States and Russia for the "honor" of pioneering supersonic aircraft—which "achievement," if ever permitted, would at grotesque cost become an unprecedented scourge to the hundreds of millions living beneath the supersonic boom carpet. Even the less thoughtful are beginning to realize that new knowledge of potential benefit to mankind, far from representing inevitable gain, may only too probably become a curse, once the possibilities of its prostitution have been grasped by the impulses to power and profit, and with those impulses determining the priorities. Tolstoy lived long enough to be shown the motorcar. He commented: "Motorcars, in our Russian world! There are people who have no shoes, and

here are motorcars costing twelve thousand rubles."

A television set in every home has already gone far to transform both our politics and our culture. Whatever the merit of the programs, the inevitable effect is to increase enormously the power and revenues of the controlling few, whose overriding interest is to maintain their own power. And we are only at the beginning of this disastrous revolution. The electronics industry has not yet invaded the schools on an extensive scale, but the attempt is under way. The educational public will of course at first resist, but they will be subjected to the usual barrage of plausible commercial arguments to overcome their basic instincts and better judgment. The emphasis will be on efficiency, economy, the indisputable value of some technological aids in education; while the central corroding evil, that the entire project is being inspired by the will to power and profit, will be ignored. Tolstoy was taken to see that new marvel, the motion picture. "What a wonderful instrument this could be in the schools," he said, "for studying geography and the way people live. But it will be prostituted. Like everything else."

"Within the next two decades, life on our planet will be showing the first signs of succumbing to industrial pollution. The atmosphere will become unbreathable for men and animals; all life will cease in rivers and lakes; plants will wither from poisoning." This is not an extract from a novel by H. G. Wells but a summary by *The Guardian* (September 16) of a report from a UNESCO Conference of Conservation experts. Of the havoc being caused to the balance of nature by the indiscriminate use of toxic chemicals as pesticides in agriculture, we have been warned at length by Rachel Carson and others. From the world of "pure" science, more and more reports filter through to suggest that human beings are actually engaged in experiments to mutate and reconstruct artificially the very genes which make us into human beings, further than which it is not possible for perversion to go. These terrible dangers arise directly from the fact that the huge numbers of scientists and technologists, East and West, have been reared from earliest childhood in a false metaphysic by which they either delude themselves that they have no responsibility as scientists for the ultimate purpose of their researches, or alternatively that they are pragmatists manipulating matter according to the dialectical principles animating nature.

It is not easy to decide how much space to devote to the issue of contemporary democracy. To tens of millions the ritual of voting is a cornerstone of civilization; the habit has become a reflex action, like making sure that everything is locked up before going to bed (the ultimate reason for government itself, as Hobbes pointed out). Nevertheless, inexorable fact rules here, as among other sacred customs, and the facts have now become so clear as to be increasingly visible even to people conditioned by intensive indoctrination.

While the phenomena of Executive government, machine politics, managerial administration and public relations manipulation are to be found in all "democratic" industrialized states, nowhere has the fraud of the democratic façade become more crudely evident than in Britain. The

reason for this is that nowhere else has a serious attempt been made on a nation-wide scale to achieve disarmament through the accepted constitutional channels. The machinery of democracy was invoked by the biggest grass-roots political movement of modern times to legislate nuclear disarmament. When a majority was finally won for this policy in the Labour Party, the party at present governing Britain, the ruling clique was wholly undeterred by its minority status and simply declared its defiance of the majority, knowing that it had the power to do so. The methods included all the techniques of the professional politician: rigid control of key candidate selections, expulsion threats, actual expulsions, ambiguous resolutions, contradictory resolutions, silencing of opponents, the traditional methods of deceit and intimidation that have marked the struggle for power through the ages.

How could such things happen in a country with any experience of democracy? Because where supreme military power is at stake, the press is as much a puppet of the circles ruling a so-called democracy as it is of those in the most totalitarian states. The result is that the electoral choice available to the voter in Britain, the United States, France and West Germany is illusory. Consider briefly the "alternatives" in the United States and Britain on the record of the recent past. When one recalls the more glaring examples of direct imperial intervention by the United States in the domestic affairs of small nations since the last World War, the Democrats and Republicans share the dishonors about equally. If the Republicans are formally responsible for toppling the authorized governments of Iran (Mossadegh) and Guatemala, the Democrats must take the blame for Greece, Santo Domingo and Cuba. Vietnam, a crime *sui generis*, is a responsibility fully shared by both parties. Whoever occupies the White House, the CIA remains. Britain under the Tories witnessed the abortive buccaneering exploit of Suez, the war in Cyprus, the atrocities of the Hola camp in Kenya, the setting up of the Central African Federation in the teeth of united African protest, and at home fiscal concessions to the rich in a framework of economic inflation. The Labour Party, elected to office in the name of socialism, has been Lyndon Johnson's most servile ally in Vietnam, has gassed people in Aden, betrayed the Africans in Rhodesia, supplied arms to slaughter and starve the people of Biafra despite the disgust of the entire nation, and recognized the Greek colonels in Athens. At home, it has introduced apartheid into the Commonwealth Immigration Act, abolished the principle of a free health service, drastically cut back the education program, increased unemployment by deflationary measures, and threatened to make strikes illegal. Such choices as these constitute the democratic freedoms of the common man.

Socialism, in practice as distinct from theory, has come to be equated with the principle of public ownership or nationalization. In the West, it has been carried out on only a limited scale, and is therefore difficult to evaluate. All one can say is that the structure of command, the morale of the workers, the quality of human relations are not markedly different in the public and private sectors.

Certainly there is no longer any disposition to embrace public ownership as a panacea for social and economic problems.

Of the Communist countries, where public ownership is total or virtually so, it must be observed that, since no individuals can make profit out of the ownership of the means of production, great private fortunes have been eliminated and the power of money as such has been drastically shorn; but that inequality of remuneration for labor remains the basic distributive principle as in the West. Moreover, the Socialist structure of military power, the volume of "defense" expenditure, the astronomical sums spent on the lunacy of the space race, are parallel to those of the West—and the economic burden on a society not so far advanced industrially is correspondingly greater.

Both the Hungarians and the Czechs have experienced direct and brutal external intervention in their internal affairs. Internally throughout the Communist countries, the private individual has even less ability to dissent from or protest against public policy than he does in the West. There was a certain irony (in which we can take no pleasure) in the fact that during the May days, many of the radical dissenters in Paris looked ideologically to Marx, while dissent in Czechoslovakia looked enviously on the possibilities for protest open to Western students and workers. The other important point to note about "Socialist" experience is that people in Communist countries feel the same hunger for consumer goods and urban amenities as do those in the West. The disastrous 20th-century movement from the countryside to the town, with the resultant concentration of populations in megalopolis, and the denuding of the rural areas, is not a malaise peculiar to capitalist-dominated economies but is a world-wide phenomenon.

The culture of the entire modern world—both in the collectivist, materialist half and in the individualist, materialist half—is governed by the three principles of Progress, Democracy and Socialism, with consequences that by any sane human values are now intolerable and that must inevitably become worse. What went wrong? There was nothing but excellence in the principles themselves. Why then is it such a sterile, disillusioning experience to read now the zealous reformers of yesterday, the writings of progressive intellectuals of the 18th century, of the Victorians and even—I had almost said especially—of the 1930s? The writings, that is, of Wells, Cole, Laski, Strachey, the Webbs, Tawney, Keynes. The only exception is Russell, and the exception is significant. Russell is the only one who has had any real grasp of the true nature of power.

The trouble with all the other progressives, democrats and Socialists, was that they not only failed to diagnose the true evil of power but actually depended on it as the indispensable means of implementing their ideals and reforms. A ritualistic genuflection was felt to be obligatory from time to time in the direction of Acton's hackneyed dictum, but the general assumption was that it hung there as a warning to us lest we should stray from the strict path of liberal parliamentarianism and fall into the kind of military junta despotism associated with the Balkans, the Middle

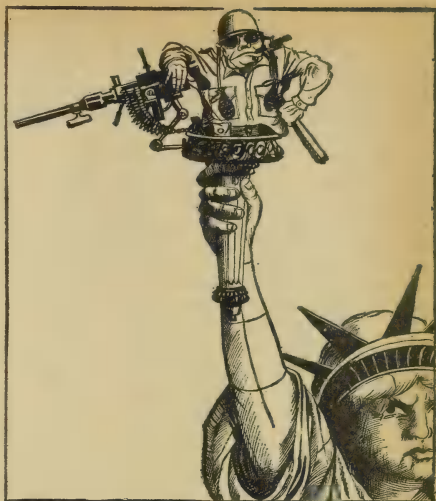
East or Latin America. Power was never analyzed psychologically or ethically, since it was accepted as an inescapable political necessity, as natural to *homo politicus* as procreation was to *homo libidinis*. The result was that the harder good men worked to achieve progress, democracy, socialism, the more grievous their situation became. What occurred in reality was a steady, unbroken growth in the quantum of power—fewer and fewer men came to control the lives of more and more men. At a time when the truth of human equality had never been so widely grasped, we experienced in 1962 the humiliation of Cuba week when the fate of all mankind appeared to rest in the hands of two men, Khrushchev and Kennedy, exceptional only for the intensity of their love of power.

To diagnose a disease so galloping and so obvious is not difficult. To prescribe the remedy is also not difficult. To carry out that remedy is very difficult indeed. Our culture still takes its name from the remarkable Palestinian of 2,000 years ago; the epoch itself is called Christian, and the year of His birth marks our largest division of historic time. Therefore it makes sense to begin with the record of the origins of the religion by which most of the Western Hemisphere has lived through two millennia.

The significance of the New Testament lies not in its recommendation of any political program or policy. Had it done so, it would have perished in a season, for nowhere is the smell of death so sharp as over yesterday's politics. Its significance rests in its discussion of how the individual ought to conduct himself in this world. It concerns itself with the religious problem of the meaning of human life, in order to elucidate the nature of a man's obligation to God and to his neighbor. At the same time, the Gospels cannot in any sense be described as apolitical. They not only abound with references to the state, the military, the tax gatherers, the rich, the clergy; they provide us with the classic confrontation of Caesar and the religious dissenter. Jesus was judicially murdered by crucifixion not because he attacked the state directly. He did not do so, nor did he urge his friends to do so. But he did insist that a man's obligation to God necessitated that he should behave toward his neighbor in a manner that ran directly counter to the way in which the authorities in church and state conducted their relations with those who allegedly owed them allegiance.

Moreover, Jesus taught that, while a man should always return good for evil and give even more than was expected or asked of him, he should under no circumstances obey an evil will in order to avoid conflict, he should not forfeit his own right to refrain at all times from coercing others. But if all men followed such a nostrum, it would totally destroy state power; even a few brave men who were beyond the reach of intimidation could constitute a serious threat to that power. Such individuals were accordingly put to death: Jesus, Peter, Paul, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Maximilianus, Marcellus the centurion, to name but a few.

Their courage inspired many others; but with the growth in numbers the extraordinary quality of the response diminished, and various compromises were introduced to enable the less heroic to avoid paying penalties they very



Donato, Toronto Telegram (Canada)

naturally felt unable to meet. Moreover, their own leaders acquired a taste for leadership and organization. The most obvious compromise was to acquiesce in the minimum demands of the state, to concede legitimacy to a purely political sphere of human activity, and that is what (with recurring exceptions of small "heretic" minorities) the vast majority of "Christians" have been doing ever since. We have been doing it for so long that over wide areas understanding has been lost of the fact that power and conscience must inevitably clash. When men have set out on this slippery slope, there is no logical place to draw the line beyond which not another inch will be yielded to state power. Step by step, we are led onward, until we reach the ultimate betrayal where reside the Machiavellis and the de Maistres to claim moral legitimacy for Kratos, power, Caesar, the state in its own right, spinning its own self-authentication out of the logic of its own requirements. The safety of the people is the supreme law, and by the safety of the people is meant the preservation of the existing power structures. When men begin to listen respectfully to such views, it is only a matter of time before they pay the price of Auschwitz and Hiroshima, and all the horrors of totalitarian power.

However, in contemporary political thought, insofar as there can be said to be any, we have to deal with a defense of politics in more muted terms. The specifically political arena seeks our rational support in the guise of a quasi-judicial, democratic arbitrator, the alleged thermometer of "consensus." According to this analysis, the "virtuous" or "legitimate" power is the one which recognizes that in a human world the quest for power is an inescapable reality, accepts the struggle and seeks itself to hold the ropes and play the part of honest broker. The ferocity of the struggle for power is mitigated by liberal parliament-

tary discussion and debate, aided by a multiplicity of pressure groups and voluntary associations designed to elucidate the lowest common multiple of general agreement. Once this consensus has been obtained, the democratic solution is benevolently imposed by the government as a good, impartial judge, eager only to command the widest possible area of consent.

This analysis is specious and dishonest in that it fails entirely to look into the question of the nature of power itself. It studiously ignores the fact that virtue cannot by any conceivable logic dwell together with power; that the power arena is necessarily confined exclusively to the big battalions, access to which is neither desired by nor permitted to virtue; that the so-called consensus makers, if not themselves the voices of enormously wealthy vested interests must take those interests into account in order that they should be seen to speak "realistically."

From the standpoint of mending our existing grievous situation, "realistic" recommendations—that is, those which reflect the existing distribution of power and prejudice—are quite futile. It is they that have caused our troubles, and an answer in terms of realistic politics is therefore not possible. The politicians are demonstrably impotent, except to go on doing more damage. True values can realize themselves in the life of the individual only by nonpower means. Without intending to do so, individuals who govern their lives by love of truth, and who are consequently possessed of conviction and integrity, cannot but encourage and strengthen the rest of us in a similar quest. For one thing, they are seen to be both disinterested and consistent, as well as free from the circumlocutions, ambiguities and equivocations which inevitably characterize the utterances of those who are bound not by truth but by the demands of the political market.

No power figure, no officeholder can in the nature of things afford corresponding convictions. He is obliged by the requirements of his position, by consideration of how much truth the public will bear, to make vacillatory, opinion-poll-veering pronouncements. That is the price of office, of "responsibility." If the process is sustained long enough, and depending on how close the particular officeholder draws to the apex of power, the inner fortress of the soul must itself be threatened. At the height of their power, a Caesar, a Charlemagne, a Napoleon, a Hitler and their pocket contemporaries pay a terrible price. They are simulacra, power puppets. All power corrupts absolutely.

Only by appealing to the private individual can we give meaning to the legitimate ideals of Progress, Democracy and Socialism. We shall do so not by fashioning yet another political party, inscribing new slogans and policies on its masthead, in order to strive by power means—that is,

external coercive means—to legislate men into goodness. That is like setting out to square the circle or to make hot ice. The effect of substituting true values for false ones must ultimately be reflected in the external behavior of the individuals concerned. True progress consists not of learning to be more acquisitive or faster moving but of learning to renounce powerfully felt desires. True democracy consists not of joining a party or caucus and manipulating a mass public of passive voters but of striving to learn the genuine needs of one's immediate neighbor and attempting to meet them on an egalitarian basis. True socialism consists not of an externally imposed collectivism but of co-operation with one's fellow workers to produce for use, not profit.

The mere statement of abstract principle sounds both sentimental and impractical, but that is because we are so deeply conditioned to equate practical politics with power politics. Even radicals who protest sincerely their attachment to nonviolence often think and speak in terms of externally imposed political solutions. The reason is that the condoning of *some* violence (politely termed, "force") is a prerequisite of any hitherto imaginable form of government, and that to be thought responsible one must work from a policy that has at least a prospect of being imposed through some form of governmental institution or agency in a foreseeable future. To go outside these tacitly agreed limits of respectable discussion, limits which desperately need to be enlarged, is to condemn oneself to the isolation of the utopian Ishmaelite. But when all political discussion is restricted to what can realistically be prescribed for the population as a whole in the light of our existent fears and ambitions, the medicine that is urgently necessary, namely, true analysis of the fundamental causes of our present discontents, is never seriously considered.

The fundamental mistake of all political discussion is its assumption that some men must rule if the rest are to enjoy the indispensable blessings of law and order within and protection from external aggression without. In this way power, the basic cause of the threat of "anarchy" and war, is neatly side-stepped. The magnitude of the problem is impossible to exaggerate, but that is not a reason for evading it. Long-term action needs to be undertaken at the level of psychotherapy, family mores, child nurture and an education, cooperative and not competitive, that is devoted to rearing the whole creative potential of man through the work of his hands and his brain in a life that is not divorced from nature.

The will to power and the disposition to submit are alike products of a lack of genuine creativity and emotional deprivation at the hands of those whose task it was to love us. To seek power is a mark of inner moral sterility and loss of spiritual tranquility. And this must have been understood from the earliest times, or Jotham could never have conceived of his parable of the trees, as related in the Book of Judges. Neither the olive nor the fig nor the vine was willing to be promoted over the other trees in order to rule over them, because each in the way appointed for it was productive of precious fruit. The trees therefore elected as their king the bramble who was uncreative and clutched at the scepter of office that was proffered him, as a compensation for his deficiencies on other fronts.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Undoing of the World of Things

THE DEMANDS OF ART. By Max Raphael. With an Introduction by Herbert Read. Translated by Norbert Guterman. Princeton University Press (Bollingen Series). 258 pp. \$15.

JOHN BERGER

Mr. Berger is a regular contributor to *New Society* (London). His *Art and Revolution, a new work on the role of the artist in the USSR*, will be published by Pantheon in the spring.

Some fight because they hate what confronts them; others because they have taken the measure of their lives and wish to give meaning to their existence. The latter are likely to struggle more persistently. Max Raphael was a very pure example of the second type.

He was born near the Polish-German border in 1889. He studied philosophy, political economy and the history of art in Berlin and Munich. His first work was published in 1913. He died in New York in 1952. In the intervening forty years he thought and wrote incessantly. Only a fraction of his work has been published and most of that is out of print. He left thousands of pages of manuscript which his widow and friends are ordering and hoping to publish. Their subject matter ranges from paleontology to classical architecture, from Gothic sculpture to Flaubert, from modern city planning to epistemology.

For five years I tried to interest European publishers in his work. In vain. A fact which I mention only because in a few decades it may be hard to remember how unknown and unrecognized Max Raphael still was in 1968.

His life was austere. He held no official academic post. He was forced several times to emigrate. He earned very little money. He wrote and noted without cease. As he traveled, small groups of friends and unofficial students collected around him. By the cultural hierarchies he was dismissed as an unintelligible but dangerous Marxist; by the party Communists as a Trotskyist.

To appreciate the possible role of the book under review demands a clarity about the present situation of the arts. (Nobody who is not prepared to grapple with fundamentals should approach the book.) It is a situation of extreme crisis. The validity of art, itself is in question. Many significant artists in the world question whether art is justified—not on

account of the quality of a particular talent but on account of the relevance of art to the demands of the time in which we live.

Raphael quotes a remark by Cézanne (in the context of a quite different analysis):

I paint my still lifes, these *natures mortes*, for my coachman who does not want them. I paint them so that children on the knees of their grandfathers may look at them while they eat their soup and chatter. I do not paint them for the pride of the Emperor of Germany or the vanity of the oil merchants of Chicago. I may get ten thousand francs for one of these dirty things, but I'd rather have the wall of a church, a hospital, or a municipal building.

Since 1848, artists unable to be mere paid entertainers have tried to resist the embourgeoisement of their finished work, the transformation of the spiritual value of their work into property value. This regardless of individual political opinions as such. In the years after Cézanne, the resistance of artists became more active and more violent—in that it was built into their work. What Constructivism, Dadaism, Surrealism, etc., all shared was their opposition to art as a cultural alibi for existing society. In the last decade the tactics of resistance have changed. Less frontal confrontation. Instead, infiltration. Irony and philosophic skepticism. The consequences in Tachism, Pop Art, Minimal Art, Neo-Dada, etc. But art is still transformed into the property of the property-owning class. In the case of the visual arts the property involved is physical; in the case of the other arts it is moral property.

Art historians with a social or Marxist formation have interpreted the art of the past in terms of class ideology. They have shown that a class, or groups in a class, tended to support and patronize art which to some degree reflected or furthered their own class values and views. It now appears that in the later stages of capitalism this has ceased to be generally true. Art is treated as a commodity whose meaning lies only in its rarity value and in its functional value as a stimulant of sensation. Works of art become objects whose essential character is like that of diamonds or sun-tan lamps. The determining factors of this development—internationalism of monopoly, powers of mass-media communication,

level of alienation in consumer societies—need not concern us here. But the consequence does. *Art can no longer oppose what is*. The faculty of proposing an alternative reality has been reduced to the faculty of designing—more or less well—an object. Hence the imaginative doubt in all artists worthy of their category. Hence the fact that the militant young begin to use "art" as a cover for more direct action.

One might argue that artists should continue, regardless of society's immediate treatment of their work: that they should address themselves to the future, as all imaginative artists after 1848 have had to do. But this is to ignore the world-historical moment at which we have arrived. Imperialism, European hegemony, the moralities of capitalist-Christianity and state-communism, the practice of constructing "humanist" cultures on a basis of monstrous exploitation—this entire interlocking system is now being challenged; a world struggle is being mounted against it. Those who envisage a different future are obliged to define their position toward this struggle, obliged to choose. Such a choice tends to lead them to impotent despair or to the conclusion that world liberation is the pre-condition for any new valid cultural achievement. (I simplify and somewhat exaggerate the positions for the sake of brevity.) Either way their doubts about the value of art are increased.

In this present crisis, is it any longer possible to speak of the revolutionary meaning of art? This is the fundamental question. It is the question that Max Raphael begins to answer in *The Demands of Art*.

The book is based on some lectures that Raphael gave in the early thirties to a modest adult education class in Switzerland under the title "How Should One Approach a Work of Art." He chose five works and devoted a chapter of extremely thorough and varied analysis to each. The works are: Cézanne's "Mont Sainte-Victoire" of 1904-06 (the one in the Philadelphia Museum), Degas' etching of "Madame X Leaving Her Bath," Giotto's "Lamentation over the Dead Christ" (Padua) compared with his later "Death of Saint Francis" (Florence), a drawing by Rembrandt of "Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dreams," and Picasso's "Guernica." (The chapter on *Guernica* was of course

written later.) These are followed by a general chapter on "The Struggle to Understand Art," and by an appendix consisting of an unfinished but extremely important essay entitled "Towards an Empirical Theory of Art," written in 1941. The editing, production and translating of the present volume—under the direction of two of Raphael's friends—are a model of an efficient labor of love.

I shall not discuss Raphael's analyses of the five individual works. They are brilliant, long, highly particularized and dense. The most I can do is attempt a crude outline of his general theory.

A question which Marx posed but could not answer: If art, in the last analysis, is a superstructure of the economic base, why does its power to move us endure long after the base has been transformed? Why, asked Marx, do we still look toward Greek art as an ideal? He began to answer by speaking about the "charm" of "young children" (the young Greek civilization), and then broke off the manuscript and was far too occupied ever to return to the question.

"A transitional epoch," writes Raphael, "always implies uncertainty: Marx's struggle to understand his own epoch testifies to this. In such a period two attitudes are possible. One is to take advantage of the emergent forces of the new order with a view to undermining it, to affirm it in order to drive it beyond itself; this is the active, militant, revolutionary attitude. The other clings to the past, is retrospective and romantic, bewails or acknowledges the decline, asserts that the will to live is gone—in short, it is the passive attitude. Where economic, social and political questions were at stake Marx took the first attitude; in questions of art he took neither." He merely reflected his epoch.

Just as Marx's taste in art—the classical ideal excluding the extraordinary achievements of paleolithic, Mexican, African art—reflected the ignorance and prejudice of art appreciation in his period, so his failure to create (though he saw the need to do so) a theory of art larger than that of the superstructure theory was the consequence of the continual, overwhelming primacy of economic power in the society around him. In view of this lacuna in Marxist theory, Raphael sets out to develop a theory of art that he calls empirical "because it is based on a study of works of art from all periods and nations. I am convinced that mathematics, which has traveled a long way since Euclid, will some day provide us with the means of formulating the results of such a study in mathematical terms." And he reminds the skeptical reader that before infinitesimal calculus was discovered even nature could not be studied mathematically:

Art is an Interplay, an equation of three factors—the artist, the world and the means of figuration.

Raphael's understanding of the third factor, the means or process of figuration, is crucial. For it is this process which permits him to consider the finished work of art as possessing a specific reality of its own:

Even though there is no such thing as a single, uniquely beautiful proportion of the human body or a single scientifically correct method of representing space, or one method only of artistic figuration, whatever form art may assume in the course of history, it is always a synthesis between nature (or history) and the mind, and as such it acquires a certain autonomy vis-à-vis both these elements. This independence seems to be created by man and hence to possess a psychic reality; but in point of fact the process of creation can become an existent only because it is embodied in some concrete material.

The artist chooses his material—stone, glass, pigment or a mixture of several. He then chooses a way of working it—smoothly, roughly, in order to preserve its own character, in order to destroy or transcend it. What is represented is materialized in the worked, raw material; whereas the worked raw material acquires an immaterial character through its representations and the unnatural unity which connects and binds them together. "Artistic" material, so defined, a substance half physical and half spiritual, is an ingredient of the material of figuration.

The two processes which produce the material of figuration (the process of transforming raw material into artistic material and that of transforming the matter of sensation into means of representation) are continually interrelated. Together they constitute what might be called the matter of art.

Figuration begins with the separate long drawn-out births of ideas and motif, and is complete when the two are born and indistinguishable from each other.

"The characteristics of the individual idea are: (1) It is simultaneously an idea and a feeling. (2) It contains the contrasts between the particular and the general, the individual and the universal, the original and the banal. (3) It is a progression toward ever deeper meanings. (4) It is the nodal point from which secondary ideas and feelings develop."

"The motif is the sum total of line, color and light by means of which the conception is realized." The motif begins to be born apart from, but at the same time as the idea, because "only in the act of creation does the content become fully conscious of itself."

What is the relation between the pictorial (individual) idea and nature? "The pictorial idea separates usable from unusable elements of natural appearances and, conversely, study of natural appear-

ances chooses from among all possible manifestations of the pictorial idea the one that is most adequate. The difficulty of the method comes down to proving what one believes—proof here consisting in this, that the opposed methodological starting points (experience and theory) are unified, brought together in a reality of a special kind, different from either, and that this reality owes its pictorial life to a motif adequate to the conception and developed compositionally."

What are the methods of figuration? (1) The structuring of space. (2) The rendering of forms within that space effective. The structuring of space has nothing to do with perspective: its tasks are to dislocate space so that it ceases to be static (the simplest example is that of the forward-coming relaxed leg in standing Greek figures) and to divide space into quanta so that we become conscious of its divisibility and thus cease to be the creatures of its continuity (e.g., the receding planes parallel to the picture surface in late Cézannes).

"To create pictorial space is to penetrate not only into the depths of the picture but also into the depths of our intellectual system of coordinates (which matches that of the world). Depth of space is depth of essence or else it is nothing but appearance and illusion."

The distinction between actual form and effective form is as follows:

"Actual form is descriptive; effective form is suggestive, i.e., through it the artist, instead of trying to convey the contents and feelings to the viewer by fully describing them, provides him only with as many clues as he needs to produce these contents and feelings within himself. To achieve this the artist must act not upon individual sense organs but upon the whole man, i.e., he must make the viewer live in the work's own mode of reality."

What does figuration with its special material (see above) achieve?

"Intensity of figuration is not display of the artist's strength; not vitality, which animates the outer world with the personal energies of the creative artist; not logical or emotional consistency, with which a limited problem is thought through or felt through to its ultimate consequences. What it does denote is the degree to which the very essence of art has been realized: the undoing of the world of things, the construction of the world of values, and hence the constitution of a new world. The originality of this constitution provides us with a general criterion by which we can measure intensity of figuration. Originality of constitution is not the urge to be different from others, to produce something entirely new; it is (in the etymological sense) the grasping of the origin, the roots of both ourselves and things."

One must distinguish here between Raphael's "world of values" and the idealist view of art as a depository of

transcendental values. For Raphael the values lie in the activity revealed by the work. The function of the work of art is to lead us from the work to the process of creation which it contains. This process is determined by the material of figuration and it is within this material, which Raphael discloses and analyzes with genius, that mathematics may one day be able to discover precise principles. The process is directed toward creating within the work a synthesis of the subjective and objective, of the conditional and the absolute within a totality governed by its own laws of necessity. Thus the world of things is replaced within the work by a hierarchy of values created by the process it contains.

I can give no indication here of the detailed, specific and unabstract way in which Raphael applies his understanding to the five works he studies. I can only state that his eye and sensuous awareness were as developed as his mind. Reading him one has the impression, however difficult the thought, of a man of unusual and stable balance:

Since we cannot know ourselves directly, but only through our actions, it remains more than doubtful whether our idea of ourselves accords with our real motives. But we must strive unremittently to achieve this congruence. For only self-knowledge can lead to self-determination, and false self-determination would ruin our lives and be the most immoral action we could commit.

To return now to our original question: what is the revolutionary meaning of art? Raphael shows that the revolutionary meaning of a work of art has nothing to do with its subject matter in itself, or with the functional use to which the work is put, but is a meaning continually awaiting discovery and release.

"However strong a given historical tendency may be, man can and has the duty to resist it when it runs counter to his creative powers. There is no fate which decrees that we must be victims of technology or that art must be shelved as an anachronism: the 'fate' is merely misuse of technology by the ruling class to suppress the people's power to make its own history. To a certain extent it is up to every individual, by his participation in social and political life, to decide whether art shall or shall not become obsolete. The understanding of art helps raise this decision to its highest level. As a vessel formed by the creative forces which it preserves, the work of art keeps alive and enhances every urge to come to terms with the world."

"We have said that art leads us from the work to the process of creation. This reversion, outside the theory of art, will eventually generate universal doubt about the world as given, the natural as well as the social. Instead of accepting things as they are, of taking them for granted,

we learn, thanks to art, to measure them by the standard of perfection. The greater the unavoidable gulf between the ideal and the real, the more inescapable is the question: Why is the existing world the way it is? How has the world come to be what it is? *De omnibus rebus dubitandum est! Quid certum?* We must doubt all things! What is certain? (Descartes). It is the nature of the creative mind to dissolve seemingly solid things and to transform the world as it is into a world in process of becoming and creating. This is how we are liberated from the multiplicity of things and come to realize what it is that all conditional things ultimate-

ly possess in common. Thus, instead of being creatures isolated among other isolated creatures we become part of the power that creates all things."

Raphael did not, could not, make our choices for us. Everyone must resolve for himself the conflicting demands of his historical situation. But Raphael does show, as no other writer has ever done, the revolutionary meaning of the works inherited from the past—and of the works that will be eventually created in the future. And this he shows without rhetoric, without exhortation, modestly and with reason. His was the greatest mind yet applied to the subject.

ART BOOKS / Lawrence Alloway

The sumptuary law which used to divide luxurious picture books from seriously argued texts is breaking, or has broken, down. Though André Malraux's *Les Voix du Silence* (1951) combined original text and glamorous photographs, visual and verbal elements have come apart since then. For close to twenty years picture books have exploited ever familiar subjects and the publishers have cannibalized one another's successes. Docile writers have obliged with suitably unauthoritative texts. There are signs now that the banal subjects have been used up (or, at least, that fresh areas are scheduled for future banalization).

A problem: once you have enough Van Gogh and Picasso picture books, once you have *Masterpieces of Primitive Art* and *Treasures from the Jeu de Paume*, what next? The answer is pretty clearly visible this year in terms of a more specialized subdivision of the history of art and a wider selection of artists as the subjects of monographs. Previously, such work was confined to modest formats. Now, however, instead of *The Impressionists and Their World*, say, there is *Piero della Francesca and the Early Renaissance* (my emphasis); instead of another book on Renoir, there is the first full-length study of the little-known but important Russian constructivist, El Lissitzky. This is not to say that publishers are now displaying a sustained scholarly zeal. At a time when there is no book on Mark Rothko or Barnett Newman, on Adolph Gottlieb or Robert Motherwell, it is pointless to bring out a big book with a trivial text on Arshile Gorky who is already satisfactorily covered by Ethel Schwabacher (1951) and William Seitz (1962). Also there are still publishers who try not to state too clearly when a book is a reprint (for example, Pevsner's *Sources of Modern Architecture and Design*) or a translation (such as Oertel's *Early Italian Painting*,

a fact conceded only on the jacket).

What is happening is that more precise systems of calibration are being applied to art, even in the books that used to be intended for the coffee tables of non-specialists. The Renaissance, for instance, is not only separated now into Early and Late phases but into Northern and Southern. Early Christian art and late Byzantine painting are the subjects of serious scholarship and good reproductions.

The supposed antagonism of art history (as a tool of dead knowledge) and the instinctive enjoyment of art (as something creative) is not supported by the good new books. It is pleasant to record the absence of conflict between accuracy and illumination. An art historian who figures out an artist's chronology for the first time, or who defines a group of works of art in a fresh relationship, is animating the body of art more than a fulsome docent or a rapt art critic. Acts of classification and contextualizing clarify the highly esteemed creative process; they do not destroy it. The approach of the nonspecialized book toward more precise classification could well redeem the colorful dross, the bright beads for the natives, of Christmas past.

THE POET ASSASSINATED. By Guillaume Apollinaire. Translated by Ron Padgett. Illustrated by Jim Dine. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 128 pp. \$9.95.

Dine's illustrations are a witty remake of the novel in terms of post-Pop Art realism. Not only an entertaining gloss on Apollinaire but a key to Dine's future imagery.

ART NEWS ANNUAL. Edited by John Ashbery and Thomas B. Hess. Newsweek. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 150 pp. \$6.95.

The subject this year is "The Avant-Garde"; good essays by Linda Nochlin,

Meyer Schapiro and Libby Tannenbaum.

GREAT DRAWINGS OF THE LOUVRE MUSEUM. 3 Vols. "The Italian Drawings." By Roseline Bacou. "The French Drawings." By Maurice Sérullaz. "The German, Flemish and Dutch Drawings." By Roseline Bacou. George Braziller. Copious color illustrations. 672 pp. Pre-Christmas \$45; thereafter \$60.

Brief preliminary essays on the collection, followed by detailed notes on the provenance and significance of the drawings, which are reproduced with an accuracy that simulates even vaguenesses in the originals.

THE HISTORY OF WORLD SCULPTURE. By Germain Bazin. New York Graphic Society. 1,000 color illustrations. 460 pp. Pre-Christmas \$29.95; thereafter \$35.

A group of summarizing essays prepares for a long all-color section with detailed captions. If there must be all-in-one books, this duplex approach (cultural generalizations and the specific description of objects) is workable.

TAHITIAN JOURNAL. By George Biddle. University of Minnesota Press. Black-and-white illustrations. 208 pp. \$8.95.

Biddle, better known as a Federal Arts Project organizer, is seen here in Gauguinesque poses in a 1917-22 diary. Interesting.

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE. By William Blake. Illustrated by Leonard Baskin. Grossman. (Unpaginated.) \$5.

Blake's "World in a Grain of Sand" poem crudely interrupted by Baskin's gross, and non-Blakean, graphics.

HOGARTH: THE COMPLETE ENGRAVINGS. By Joseph Burke and Colin Caldwell, Harry N. Abrams. 267 black-and-white illustrations. 312 pp. \$18.50.

Admirable volume to go with Burke's own edition of Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*. Beckett's catalogue of the paintings and Oppé's of the drawings.

BEYOND MODERN SCULPTURE. By Jack Burnham. Braziller. Black-and-white illustrations. 402 pp. \$15.

Despite a meretricious title, this book is an exceptional, serious attempt to relate art to science without loss of art's evasive identity or science's methodological sophistication. Recommended.

ADVERTISING: Its Cultural and Political Effects. By Giancarlo Buzzi. Trans-

lated by B. David Garmize, University of Minnesota Press. 148 pp. \$5.50.

A welcome step toward the introduction of data and nuances into a topic that calls forth the dullist PTA clichés.

ART IN THE AGE OF RISK. By Nicolas Calas. Introduction by Gregory Battcock. E. P. Dutton. 238 pp. \$5.

Brilliant essays by independent critic; keyed to the current scene, but deeply connected to the recurring issues of culture and its crises. Recommended.

REMBRANDT AND THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. By Kenneth Clark. W. W. Norton. 181 black-and-white illustrations. 226 pp. \$1.95 paper.

Reprint of an excellent 1966 study.

WAYNE THIEBAUD. By John Coplans. Pasadena Art Museum. Exhibition catalogue. 12 color, and black-and-white illustrations. 66 pp.

Notes on the artist's development and a useful interview.

NORTHERN PAINTING: From Pucelle to Brueghel. By Charles D. Cuttler. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 32 color, 682 black-and-white illustrations. 500 pp. \$17.95.

An admirable survey with intricate detail cogently bound to a firm historical framework.

TURNER'S SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS. By A. J. Finberg. Introduction by Lawrence Gowing. Schocken Books. 100 black-and-white illustrations. 164 pp. \$2.95 paper.

Reprint of the 1910 study, set in a context of the art criticism of the period by Gowing's interesting new introduction.

POP ART: Object and Image. By Christopher Finch. E. P. Dutton. Black-and-white illustrations. 168 pp. \$2.45 paper.

The title is a bit grand; the essays are really about aspects of British Pop Art (including Jim Dine in London) and, as such, are interesting.

JOSEF ALBERS. By Eugen Gomringer and others. George Wittenborn. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 200 pp. \$25.50.

A text as neat and clear as Swiss typography by concrete poet Gomringer. Fine color reproductions.

THE CLIMAX OF ROME. By Michael Grant. Little, Brown & Co. 100 black-and-white illustrations. 300 pp. \$8.95.

Incisive survey of second to fourth cen-

tury A.D., with art located in its cultural setting.

EUROPEAN FOLK ART. Edited by H. J. Hansen. Introduction by Robert Wildhaber. McGraw-Hill. 492 black-and-white illustrations. 288 pp. Pre-Christmas \$22.50; thereafter \$25.

Panoramic and scholarly survey of an understudied field. Sober and unsentimental. Recommended.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND ITS TREASURES. By John Harris, Geoffrey de Belliquae and Oliver Millar. Introduction by John Russell. Viking Press. 79 color, 218 black-and-white illustrations. 320 pp. \$25.

The least known of the British Royal houses documented both by lavish illustration and heavily footnoted scholarship. A treat.

DAWN OF THE GODS. By Jacquetta Hawkes. Random House. 45 color, and black-and-white illustrations. 304 pp. \$17.95.

As popular books increase, every period receives attention. This one is on Minoan and Mycenaean art and culture, evoked a bit fancifully.

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA AND THE EARLY RENAISSANCE. By Philip Hendy. Macmillan. 34 color, 67 black-and-white illustrations. 248 pp. \$12.50.

Agreeably dignified and pro-Mediterranean account of Piero's art and cultural context.

THE MACHINE AS SEEN AT THE END OF THE MECHANICAL AGE. By K. G. Pontus Hultén. Museum of Modern Art. (Exhibition catalogue.) Distributed by the New York Graphic Society. 200 black-and-white illustrations. 216 pp. \$6.95.

Museum catalogues are often among the best art publications. Here is an excellent set of witty and discursive reflections on the relations of art and technology.

THE POSTER: An Illustrated History from 1860. By Harold F. Hutchison. Viking Press. 218 illustrations in color and black and white. 216 pp. \$14.

Useful survey, but the author's "good taste" makes his selection of later posters too dainty.

NUMBERS. By Robert Indiana and Robert Creeley. Edition Domberger Stuttgart. Gotham Book Mart, New York. 10 color serigraphs. (Unpaginated.) \$20.

Emblems by Indiana, poems (in English and German) by Creeley; an elegant collaboration.

THE IMPERIAL HOTEL. By Cary James, Charles E. Tuttle. Floor plans and elevations. 63 black-and-white illustrations. 48 pp. (text). \$7.50.

Extraordinary details of Frank Lloyd Wright's hotel in Tokyo, recently demolished.

DEGAS MONOTYPES. By Eugenia Parry Janis, Fogg Museum. Distributed by the New York Graphic Society. 79 full-page, 321 catalogue illustrations in black and white. (Unpaginated.) \$17.50.

Fascinating account of a neglected aspect of Degas' art.

FROM THE BEGINNING. By Karl Katz, P. P. Kahane, Magen Broshi. Introduction by Philip Hendy. Reynal & Co. 64 color and 150 black-and-white illustrations. 288 pp. Pre-Christmas \$12.95; thereafter \$15.

Using archaeological objects and art in the Israel Museum, Jerusalem, the writers sketch a history of Jewish culture.

VOYAGING. By Rockwell Kent. Grosset & Dunlap. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 184 pp. \$5.95.

First published in 1924, this travel story is ornamented by woodcuts that are an open-air version of Art Déco; a streamlined primitivism.

THE NEW SCULPTURE. By Udo Kultermann, Frederick A. Praeger. 12 color, 375 black-and-white illustrations. 236 pp. \$20.

Well informed and thorough survey of avant-garde sculpture movements.

ARSHILE GORKY. By Julian Levy, Harry N. Abrams. 36 color, 172 black-and-white illustrations. 38 pp. (text). \$25.

Excellent reproductions of paintings in color and related drawings; a flimsy text.

EL LISSITZKY. By Sophie Lissitzky-Kuppers. Introduction by Herbert Read. New York Graphic Society. 100 color, 178 black-and-white illustrations. 408 pp. \$30.

Indispensable study of an artist more or less missing from 20th-century art history. Recommended.

FUTURIST ART AND THEORY 1909-1915. By Marianné W. Martin. Oxford University Press (Clarendon). 219 black-and-white illustrations. 228 pp. \$17.75.

THE NATION/December 16, 1968

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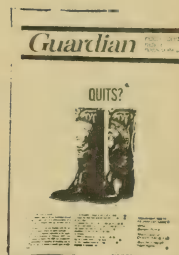
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ROBERT INDIANA. By John W. McCoubrey. *Institute of Contemporary Art of the University of Philadelphia.* 4 color, and black-and-white illustrations. 64 pp.

Statements by the artist and much documentary material.

TO PAINT IS TO LOVE AGAIN. By Henry Miller. (With "Semblance of a Devoted Past," 1944.) Grossman. 20 color illustrations. 120 pp. \$10.

Breezy commentary by Miller on his Love of Art. His art is sub-Chagall, post-Jawlensky, and dampened Klee.

INFORMATION THEORY AND AESTHETIC PERCEPTION. By Abraham Moles. Translated by Joel E. Cohen. University of Illinois Press. 222 pp. \$2.45 paper.

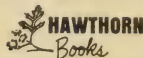
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Fundamental book on painting before and after Giotto. An eloquent and detailed study.

IDEA. By Irwin Panovsky. Translated by Joseph J. C. Peake. University of South Carolina Press. 268 pp. \$7.50.

First English translation of immensely influential history-of-an-idea book, published in 1924. A model of economical writing and capacious references.

THE SOURCES OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE AND DESIGN. By Nikolaus Pevsner. *Frederick A. Praeger.* 15 color, 198 black-and-white illustrations. 216 pp. \$7.50.

A reprint from the commemorative volume of the Council of Europe's sources of the 20th-century exhibition. Familiar but cogent survey of late 19th, early 20th-century "pioneers."

SCIENCE, ART AND COMMUNICATION. By John R. Pierce. Clarkson N. Potter. 174 pp. \$6.

Short, readable essays which, despite the author's occasional hard-nosed technologist's élan, will admirably introduce gallery-bound readers to the sciences impinging on art.

BYZANTINE PAINTING: The Last Phase. By Talbot Rice. Dial Press. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 224 pp. Pre-Christmas \$17.50; thereafter \$22.50.

Engrossing study of a specialized subject that will reward the attention of the general reader.

POSTERS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR. By Maurice Rickards. Walker and Co. 243 illustrations in color and black and white. 32 pp. (text). \$12.50.

Fascinating iconographical study from both sides, including an elegiac commemoration of the *Lusitania* and a German boast: "Through Our Army—the Freedom of the Seas."

GIOVANNI BELLINI. By Giles Robertson. Oxford University Press (Clarendon). 120 black-and-white illustrations. 172 pp. \$16.

A penetrating study of Bellini, with the details of art history building up a coherent image of the artist.

CUBISM AND 20TH CENTURY ART. By Robert Rosenblum. Harry N. Abrams. 40 color, 248 black-and-white illustrations. 332 pp. \$9.95 paper.

A reprint of a handy guide to cubism.

246 LITTLE CLOUDS. By Dieter Rot. Introduction by Emmett Williams. *Something Else Press.* (Unpaginated.) \$5.95.

Notes and queries, speculations and signs, in an original word-and-picture book by a key European avant-gardist. Fancy production. Recommended.

DADA, SURREALISM AND THEIR HERITAGE. By William S. Rubin. *Museum of Modern Art. Exhibition catalogue.* Distributed by the New York Graphic Society. 6 color, 294 black-and-white illustrations. 252 pp. \$9.95.

Clear and resourceful study of Dada and Surrealism, welcome in a clouded area of study; the "heritage," however, in the United States chiefly, is less convincing.

DAVID SMITH ON DAVID SMITH. Edited by Cleve Gray. Holt, Rinehart, & Winston. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 176 pp. \$22.95.

Absorbing collection of texts and notes by the artist, with his own photographs of his sculpture. Exceptionally well edited. Recommended.

RUBENS AND THE CLASSICAL TRADITION. By Wolfgang Stechow. (Martin Classical Lectures, XXII.) Harvard University Press. 68 black-and-white illustrations. 136 pp. \$6.

The persistence of the art of antiquity in the Baroque, a fashionable theme of recent art history, is powerfully demonstrated here. The baroque/classical antithesis is crumbling before holistic studies.

JEAN ARP: Sculpture—His Last Ten Years. By Eduard Trier. Harry N. Abrams. 105 full-page black-and-white illustrations and 156 catalogue illustrations. 168 pp. \$20.

Continuation of the catalogue raisonné and updating of the bibliography published in 1957.

EARLY CHRISTIAN ART. By F. van der Meer. Translated by Peter and Friedl Brown. University of Chicago Press. 48 black-and-white illustrations. 150 pp. \$8.50.

Excellent account and interpretation of a diffuse and unfamiliar area.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY, MEXICO. By Pedro Ramirez Vazquez, and others. Introduction by Ignacio Bernal. Harry N. Abrams. 54 color, 231 black-and-white illustrations. 258 pp. \$25.

This handsome book doubles as a guide to the museum, opened in 1964, and as an introduction to Mexican art, anthropology and ethnology.

STYLE AND DESIGN, 1909-1929. By Giulia Veronesi. George Braziller. 10 color, 248 black-and-white illustrations. 372 pp. \$15.

Excellent close study of the form sense underlying the art, decoration and entertainment of the recent past. Acute and anti-camp.

A. By Andy Warhol. Grove Press. 452 pp. \$10.

Transcribed tapes of Andy's clan. More of the nitty-gritty Warhol continuum. Question: who figured out the style of transcription? No credit given.

EARLY FLEMISH PAINTING. By Margaret Whinnery. Frederick A. Praeger. 3 color, 96 black-and-white illustrations. 168 pp. \$12.50.

Compact survey of 15th and early 16th century Flemish art: sober, but old-fashioned in its plodding and respectful expressions of appreciation.

(Further listings next issue.)

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

A swarm of small plays by young writers, most of whom have previously been produced Off-Broadway, buzzed into town during the latter half of November. There are to be many more—these plays now proliferate more rapidly than any other kind—and their influence will soon be visible on the "main stem" itself.

Of the recent ones, Terrence McNally's duo, *Sweet Eros* and *Witness* are to be seen at the Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 East 27 Street; Anne Burr's *Huui, Huui* is at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre on Lafayette Street, and the triple bill, *Morning* by Israel Horowitz, *Noon* by Terrence McNally, and *Night* by Leonard Melfi, are at the Henry Miller.

McNally's *Sweet Eros* is an idyll of perpetual cohabitation. Its point is that while love matches rarely lead to anything more than eventual frustration, sexual intercourse between a physically compatible couple without metaphysical solemnities or avowals of adoration is likely to prove more satisfactory as it is more honest. People, McNally implies, don't desire or like love: it is too burdensome. It is not entirely clear whether this is the author's diagnosis of the contemporary situation or his "platform."

What is clear is the plot. A Young Man, bruised by previous amatory encounters, forces a girl to come back with him to his country retreat. He trusses her up, describing his earlier misadventures with women as the cause of his present action, feeds her, photographs her, verbally abuses her a little so that no suspicion of romantic endearment may enter what follows, undresses her and, when she has overcome her fear of possible injury, takes her to bed. She seems never to need to clothe herself again and appears altogether gratified by the arrangement. Since he has enough money to carry it on indefinitely, the "experiment" is a success.

The writing of the play is literate enough. As to its thought and feeling you may judge for yourself if you can determine exactly what they are; as I have suggested there is a certain ambiguity. The kick in this sketch is the total nudity of the couple, as well as the direct image and sounds of the act of love. The set by Peter Harvey and the lighting by Roger Morgan are fine. Robert Drivas and Sally Kirkland both carry off their assignments handsomely. The effect of the whole is not, unless you are neurotically inflammable, erotic. I laughed when the Young Man, to avoid ecstatic exclamation of pleasure or declarations of deep commitment, talked "politics" as he made love.

Though somewhat overextended, McNally's second play, *Witness*, struck me as having greater dramatic validity. A Man—we are given little information about him—prepares to assassinate the President. He gags and ties a hapless encyclopedia salesman to a chair to witness the action. A window cleaner who is also invited in represents the disaffected and totally muddled worker who has come to hate everything: the war, blacks, rebellious youth, the government and most of his fellow citizens. He talks of what he would do if he had a chance to shoot the President. There is also a girl radio interviewer who gushes over the prospective Presidential parade. When the President's car passes, the assassin's plan is frustrated because the President is murdered by concerted gunfire from other sources. Everyone is horrified and the man who vowed to kill the President crumples in grief and waves a little American flag as a sign of contrition or as a conditioned reflex of patriotism. Here again there is a certain satirical ambivalence.

There is some good acting in this "allegory" by James Coco as the window cleaner and by Richard Marr as the Man.

Huui, Huui is a first play by a young woman married to a university professor in the Midwest. She shows

promise. Though her play is slight, there is health in it; it justifies its inclusion in Papp's program.

The form is a sort of portrait in collage of a thoroughly disengaged youth, Feisel, who is trying to write poetry in a bare loft without electric light. He fears the eye of the sun; he listens to records of long-hair music in the almost non-existent toilet; he makes love desultorily to a little innocent whom he picks up and to his neighbor's cool girl friend. He is inwardly too turbulent to enjoy an improvised house party with the vicinity's youngsters. He emits little inexplicable sounds like "huui, huui." His trouble initially was caused by his long separation from his father who comes at last to visit him. Due to a bad heart the father doesn't eat the little delicatessen meal his son had prepared for him. In desperation the boy jumps from the window but lands on a pile of refuse—from which the landlady thinks she hears him laughing.

All this is told—and played—with nice touches of wry humor and unstrained sensibility. The boy is seen sympathetically but without pathos. In fact, only when his odd behavior is explained in the scene with the father—in itself laconically written—does the play seem a bit conventional. The modest portrait is sufficient: Feisel is both particular and representative.

The play is well directed by Joseph Papp, well handled scenically by Douglas Schmidt, in lighting by Martin Aronstein, and admirably performed by Barry Primus as Feisel, by Margaret Linn as the sweet girl, by Sharon Laughlin (with voice of ingratiating timbre) as the attractive free-for-all girl next door, by Charles Durning as Feisel's Daddy and by Eda Reiss Merin as the funny milk and acid landlady.

A cast of five—Sorrell Booke, Robert Klein, John Heffernan, Charlotte Rae, Jane Marla Robbins, all good—play the three one acts *Morning*, *Noon* and *Night*. The first by Israel Horowitz (whose *The Indian Wants the Bronx* I liked) is an extravagant piece about blacks who swallow some "magic pills" and lose their pigment, with presumably hilarious consequences when a "cracker" comes to kill the black father whose son has knocked up his teen-age daughter, and finds that the family he threatens is white. In the end we learn that the white avenger has also taken the pill and is really a black.

Laughter is provoked by the explosive use of (by now) customary four-letter words. I doubt that a black audience would appreciate the play's fun or approve its liberalism. For my part, I am bone tired of this sort of jape in regard to racism. And I am inclined to feel that with very few exceptions I pre-

fer to see American plays on the subject by blacks only.

McNally's *Noon* is a sick joke in which a tease advertiser invites a group of assorted individuals to indulge in some special sex shenanigans and perhaps a tutti-frutti orgy. A queer, a timid young man, an unappeased housewife whose husband talks and reads more than he does, a flagellant married couple turn up.

It is entirely possible that this play was written with scalding aversion for its characters and situation, and was then transformed into all-out farce by the director, Theodore Mann. In any case, the results for me are some scattered trivial chortles, funny only to the degree that any surprise allusion to sex is risible (the dirty end of the Puritan stick).

I believe Melfi's *Night* is about death and the emptiness of our "official" attitude toward it, or perhaps it is about the equivalence of our mourning whether a burial be that of a man or a dog. If I am not correct in these surmises—the play is "symbolic"—I don't think it matters.

To those who welcome these plays—a few cried "Bravo!" on opening night—I must point out that at best they are notions: symptomatic perhaps but inherently of little artistic value. To applaud all manifestations of the tendency they represent betrays a juvenile fear of not being "with it," a callow snobism. To encourage these playwrights indiscriminately is to do them a disservice.

They should learn that a gimmick is not sufficient for a satisfying theatre event. A short play must have the same substantive quality as one of full length. They write too "soon" and too hastily; they should discipline themselves in self-criticism. They must think and work after their first inspired impulse. They should understand that every shudder of fury, horror, derision or violent dissent must be as carefully calculated and articulated as the most ambitious drama.

A word should be added about the desire to be open, bold, utterly permissive about sexual matters on the stage. The plays of some of those one reviewer ingenuously referred to as our "modernists" are rarely "warm." The obsession with sex today is not like that of the twenties. That was a rebellion against Calvinist repressiveness. Today we reach out lyrically, hysterically, or callously toward some concrete reality. Belief in the older ideas has for the most part proved hypocritical deception. For this reason we grab at what still remains specifically tangible and stirring: sexual connection. It seems to be all that's left.

There is no villain in this situation, and some good has come of it. In several instances, I suspect a certain guilt feeling, a self-punitive strain projected as social castigation in the outrage expressed

by our dramatic wild men. But there is another aspect to this trend. We find a statement in two or three of Tennessee Williams' plays which in turn appear to echo D.H. Lawrence's pan-sexuality. This makes passionate sexual experience a total value beyond every other consideration. It represented Lawrence's effort to rid himself and his generation of the prudery, aridity and denial of the instinctual life from which he himself had suffered. It led to wrongheadedness and distortion in several other phases of his thinking. Taken literally, the Lawrence "doctrine" is false. Except in bad art, as in bad biology, sex is not a separate "department" of existence. Isolated from the broad context of life it ends in being ludicrous, unpleasant and destructive.

If what I have suggested is also what our new dramatists have in mind, they must learn to say so with lucid cogency, hold court on themselves, deliberate their way to become artists rather than just clever foundation fellows.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Beneath the mad, mod acrylic of Michael Sarne's *Joanna* there beats the heart of Little Nell. The film offers the proposition—sustained by nobody's observation of life—that a girl (Genevieve Waite) who is amoral to the point of catalepsy can be brought to the grace of responsive and responsible maturity by a series of jarring blows induced by her compulsive self-indulgence. It also presents Donald Sutherland in the role of a stammering lord of great wealth, who knows himself to be dying and who is dedicating his final months to having a grand time and playing fairy godfather to all comers. His philosophic rhapsody on the occasion of a North African sunset is a tearful tour de force of the sort I thought had gone out of fashion with lace-edged cambric.

However, it is somewhat beside the point to snarl at *Joanna* on these grounds, because it is a picture less about people and their ways than about film and its possibilities. When you take a walk, it is pleasant to have a destination; and when you put a camera through its paces, it is convenient to have a story line and some actors for it to focus upon. Thus scenes in this film do not develop and characters do not relate through any inherent logic or volition; they are established and joined by the style of the photography. And since this is elliptical, chromatically strident and episodically syncretized, the effect is stimulating and optimistically high-spirited—though if one took some of the incidents at their

human, rather than their cinematic, value, they would be appalling, and the overall moralizing, if one believed in its sincerity, would be intolerably shallow.

Furthermore, this ingratiating style, which tries so hard to be infectious, rather quickly reveals itself as a kind of salesmanship. It is close kin to the fashion layouts of the opulent magazines and the Sunday supplements, with high-style manikins striking extravagant gestures devoid of plausible motivation and displaying costumes that do more to advance the notoriety of their creators than to flatter the bodies of their wearers. So modish is *Joanna* that it includes a Negro couple in this assemblage.

Indeed, the handling of these two—Calvin Lockhart and Glenna Forster-Jones—is the most interesting aspect of the picture. They are admitted on terms of absolute equality—the picture is colorblind; it exploits the picturesque possibilities of one and all with an equal hand. This means that Lockhart and Miss Forster-Jones can be brought on as a pair of jungle cats without anyone crying prejudice—the whites are similarly stereotyped for maximum visibility. At the same time, the blacks are not made into recruits to middle-class conformity, which seems the depressing best that the screen has been able to do thus far for race relations. *Joanna* is a conspicuously erotic movie, but it is eroticism with the blank face of a brassiere-counter display. At that depersonalized level, interracial sexuality flows across the screen without triggering any atavistic twitches. It is a cop-out, no doubt, but it is also a kind of progress. The mass media never break taboos, they always sidle past.

I would not advise Milwaukee to export beer to Czechoslovakia and I doubt that Prague is wise to send musical comedy to us. *Lady on the Tracks*, which might also be called a people's operetta, is a sad attempt at lyric revels in the absence of talent. No one implicated in the picture can write a song or sing one, there is no dancing, the costumes are bargain basement, and the satire is leaden. The book is an attack on the double standard, presented with indignant lack of humor. However, I was interested to discover that Socialist society is still so much exercised by a state of sexual affairs that has become a quaint memory in the West. It fits in with the celebrated Marxist prudery.

If there is a disposition in this country to shift public interest away from a preoccupation with violence, it has not yet reached American International Pictures. Three press releases recently received in one envelope from that firm carry headlines as follows: "They'll Do Anything . . . or Dare Anything!! They

Run in Packs (*Born Wild*): "The Massacre Men . . . They Carry Their Hate in their Holsters and a Name on Every Bullet in Their Belts!!! (*The Brute and the*

Beast): "They Mixed Their Kisses with Cold-Blooded Murder!!! Before the Picnic Was Over, 37 People Were Dead!!!" (*Killers Three*).

FRED J. COOK. *What So Proudly We Hailed*. Prentice-Hall. \$5.95.

STANLEY COOPERMAN. *The Day of the Parrot*. University of Nebraska Press. \$3.50. Paper \$1.65.

The Owl Behind The Door. McClelland & Stewart (Canada). \$3.95.

Books by Nation Contributors

We list below books published in 1968 by writers who contributed to The Nation during the past year. This compilation—a regular year-end feature—includes books published in England, showing equivalent prices in dollars, available on special order from most booksellers.

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY. *The Venice Biennale 1895-1968*. New York Graphic Society. \$7.50.

HERBERT APTHEKER. *Nat Turner's Slave Rebellion* (reprint). Grove Press, 95c paper.

Be Free: Studies in Negro History (reprint). International. \$5.95. Paper \$2.25.

Marxism & Christianity (editor). Humanities Press. \$6.

Autobiography of W.E.B. Du Bois (editor). International. \$10.

JOHN ARTHOS. *Milton and the Italian Cities*. Bowes & Bowes (England). \$4.20.

WENDELL BERRY. *Openings*. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.50.

VERA BLACKWELL. *The Memorandum*. (by Vaclav Havel), translator. Grove Press. \$1.50 paper.

ROBERT BLY. *Twenty Poems of Pablo Neruda* (translator with James Wright). Sixties Press. \$2 paper.

Hunger (by Knut Hamsun), translator (reprint). Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$1.95 paper.

JOAN V. BONDURANT. *Conquest of Violence: The Gandhian Philosophy of Conflict* (revised edition). University of California Press. \$6. Paper \$1.75.

GEORGE BOWERING. *Two Police Poems*. Talon Books (Canada). \$1.50 paper.

J. BRONOWSKI. *The Face of Violence* (enlarged edition). Meridian Books. \$2.25 paper.

CHANDLER BROSSARD. *The Spanish Scene*. Viking Press. \$3.95.

We Did the Strangest Things. Belmont Books, 75c paper.

The Bold Saboteurs. Lancer Books. 95c paper.

Who Walk in Darkness. Lancer Books. 95c paper.

ANTHONY BURGESS. *Enderby*. W. W. Norton. \$5.95.

JEAN CARPER (with Sen. Warren G. Magnuson). *The Dark Side of the Marketplace*. Prentice-Hall. \$5.95.

ELLIOT COLEMAN (editor). *Poems of Byron, Keats and Shelley*. Doubleday. \$6.95.

ROBERT COLES. *Dead End School*. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$3.95.

MALCOLM COWLEY. *Blue Juniata: Collected Poems*. Viking. \$5.75.

RAYMOND F. DASMANN. *A Different Kind of Country*. Macmillan. \$5.95. *Environmental Conservation* (2d edition). John Wiley. \$6.95.

G. WILLIAM DOMHOFF (co-editor with Hoyt Ballard). *C. Wright Mills and the Power Elite*. Beacon Press. \$7.50.

JOHN DORNBERG. *The Other Germany*. Doubleday. \$6.95.

RICHARD EBERHART. *Shifts of Being*. Oxford University Press. \$3.75.

DOUGLAS EICHORN. *Rituals: A Book of Poems*. The Salt Mound Press. \$1.25 paper.

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

William
Woods
POLAND
Eagle in the East



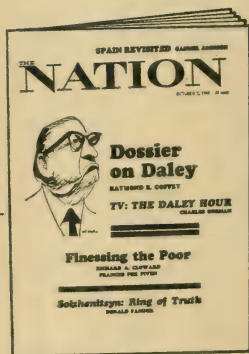
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C. P. FITZGERALD. *The Empress Wu* (reprint with Epilogue). Cheshires (Australia) and UBC Press (Vancouver).

D. F. FLEMING. *The Origins and Legacies of World War I*. Doubleday. \$6.95. *The Cold War and Its Origins, 1917-1960* (reprint). Doubleday. 2 vols. \$17.50.

The United States and the League of Nations, 1918-1920 (revised reprint). Russell & Russell. \$15.

The United States and World Organization, 1920-1933 (reprint). AMS Press. \$10.

The United States and the World Court (revised reprint). Russell & Russell. \$8.50.

The Treaty Veto of the American Senate (reprint). AMS Press. \$6.50.

E. Z. FRIEDENBERG. *The Vanishing Adolescent*. Dell. \$1.75 paper.

GENE FRUMKIN. *The Rainbow-Walker*. Grasshopper Press. \$1.50 paper.

JOHN GABREE. *The World of Rock*. Gold Medal. 75c paper.

JAMES GUTMANN. *Marcus Aurelius* (reprint). Washington Square Press. 60c paper.

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MICHAEL HAMBURGER. *Feeding the Chickadees*. Turret (England). \$8.40 (limited edition). *Twenty Prose Poems of Baudelaire* (translator). Cape (England). Reprint. \$1.80 paper.

Günter Eich: Journeys (translator). Cape (England). \$2.15 paper.

Günter Grass: *New Poems* (translator). Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.50.

Poems for People Who Don't Read Poems (by Hans Magnus Enzensberger) co-translator. Atheneum. \$5.95. Paper \$2.95.

TIMOTHY F. HARDING. *The University, Politics and Development in Contemporary Latin-America*. Latin American Research Center (University of California). \$1 paper.

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CROOKED CAROL

Mary had a baby:
good news!
Red as a ruby,
but no layette, no shoes.

Who's to be godfather?
Joseph, maybe.
Solemn, he nods
his step-paternity

over the rude crib.
How refuse?
Mary had a baby:
Sing Whose, Whose!

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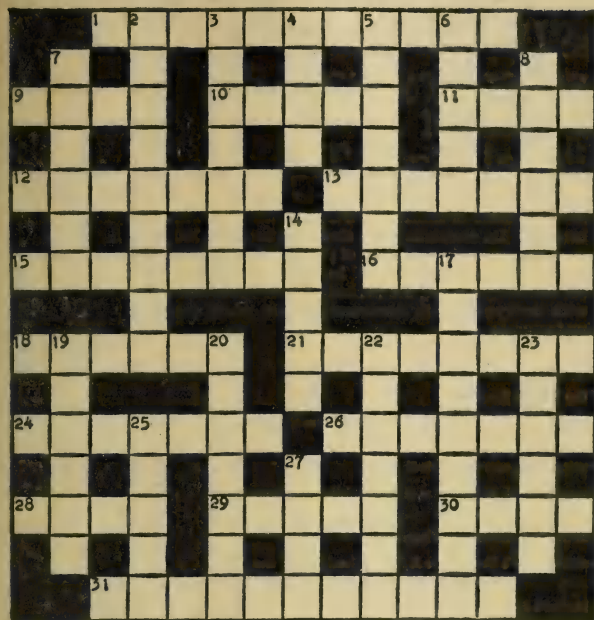
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ACROSS

- 1 Study straight in hand, as a result. (11)
- 10 and 9 No long trial implied for the paper carrier. (5,4)
- 11 and 30 One is mad to be so overstocked with weapons. (2,2,4)
- 12 Give prominence to the nose, perhaps. (7)
- 13 You could have this debit be transferred, since it implies an out-go. (3,4)
- 15 The way to the sea in the country, perhaps. (8)
- 16 They might try to find one who makes his. (6)
- 18 Decorated as the worker might be. (6)
- 21 and 19 down It could lead to daybreak. (3,5,2,4)
- 24 Abuts. (7)
- 26 Summary sounds like a good equivalent! (7)
- 28 The sound of poetry? The sound of dew! (4)
- 29 See 25 down.
- 30 See 11 across
- 31 In favor of having a label on? It's peculiar, but then it's also just like a leading man! (11)

DOWN

- 2 Possibly shocking to the Victorian lady, unless made by such as Von Suppe. (9)
- 3 So move to the left, already! You're not so tipsy! (7)
- 4 and 23 One loses interest with them!

- 5 Having an utter possibility? (7)
- 6 See 25 down
- 7 It should command a prospect, and provide a way to look at the stock-loser's beginning. (6)
- 8 What the coward gets at the finish? (4,2)
- 14 A game alternative to 1 across. (5)
- 17 One or two from St. Louis, as well as nine? (9)
- 19 See 21 across
- 20 Filling his job? At least he lets you take the chair. (7)
- 22 In a way, the nearest oriental. (7)
- 23 See 4 down
- 25, 29 across and 6 down The royal line of succession? (In case one might call for it?) (5,2,3,5)
- 27 Certainly such a creature would never be a drag! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1275

ACROSS: 1 and 18 All for the better; 6 Lower; 9 Rotates; 10 Stealth; 11 War; 12 Lieges; 13 Herat; 16 Blasts; 23 Erne; 24 Wealth; 25 Gum; 28 Awakens; 29 Tournay; 30 Knell; 31 Westerner. DOWN: 1 Arrow; 2 Literal; 3 Outclassed; 4 Tasteful; 5 Easter; 6 Lees; 7 Welters; 8 Rehearsal; 14 Blackhouse; 15 Table talk; 17 Affluat; 19 Tonnage; 21 Organon; 22 Seasaw; 26 Mayor; 27, 15 across and 20 Tell tales out of school.

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LETTERS

Sinclair as novelist

Piney Flats, Tenn.

DEAR SIR: In an editorial appearing in the December 9th issue, you remark, "Sinclair was not a great novelist or social critic. . . ." By whose and what standard? Robert Morss Lovett in his book *Preface to Fiction* considers a half dozen great novels for study among which appears Upton Sinclair's *Boston*. An Italian once raved to me about the masterful job Sinclair did in painting the characters of Sacco and Vanzetti—great art and great writing, he said. A famous American sexologist once chose Sinclair's novel *Oil!* as one of a dozen great contemporary novels. Whatever the literary critics may think of *The Jungle*, the common people of the world think it great.

As for his being a social critic, what's wrong with *The Brass Check* for example? Not great? Do you know anything like it in American literature? Have the college students discovered his book *The Goose Step* or are they just rebelling and proving its thesis?

Literary fashions go in cycles. The trend now seeks to run to fornication: begin the story in the bedroom and end it there, saturate it with all the four-letter words that can be thought of, borrow descriptions from a volume of psychopathia sexualis until the reader is either satiated or disgusted. If the country ever sobers up from its war-drunkness, perhaps there will be a place for an old-fashioned Puritan like Upton Sinclair and proper recognition given him as a great novelist and social critic.

Melville Kress

southern courtesy

Alexandria, Va.

DEAR SIR: Am amazed and shocked by the treatment of Benedict Kiely and his lady friend by the city of Atlanta (Nov. 25).

As a Southerner whose grandpappy fit and bled with the Confederate cavalry, and myself served as a GI for four years in WW II, it saddens me to learn that a Southern city could show such poor manners to two strangers.

A native Southerner assured me that Jackson, Mississippi and Atlanta, Georgia, were completely in control of the Yankees and we might expect modern Yankee hospitality. It is good to learn that the Yankees in Atlanta are now gracious Southerners in their treatment of strangers.

John C. Rogers

does work pay?

Oak Park, Ill.

DEAR SIR: I was much interested in the article on New York City's welfare wage supplementation program. It appears that New York uses much the same system as Chicago. I disagree, however, that the system encourages people to work. Calculating net income by taking into consideration certain wage-related expenses is all very well, but a man who is not employed does not have to pay carfare or buy lunch out, and nothing is deducted from his (welfare) income for social security or income tax. Welfare covers the family's medical expenses, too, whether he works or not. It seems to me that the only direct benefit a man receives from working is the "flat allowance of \$20 per month for other work-related expenses" (the allowance is probably insufficient anyway). In other words, he is \$20 per month better off if he works, or \$240 per year—not \$280 or \$960—and I don't think that's much incentive.

Judith L. Inskeep

(Continued on page 692)

EDITORIALS

Nixon's Men

President-elect Nixon's choices constitute not so much a Cabinet in the traditional sense as a "team" or "task force." The appointees are Nixon men, close associates. Not one of them has an independent national political base; the Cabinet contains no potential rivals. The men named are rather gray figures, pragmatists (there is a refreshing absence of ideologues), "generalists," largely uncommitted, flexible. The Republican South was ignored, as was the Goldwater wing, but this is not surprising. Once elected, Presidents usually move toward the Center; if they are Democrats, they try to placate the Right, if Republicans they take a half-step toward the Left by moving a little closer to the Center.

The absence of liberal-moderate Republicans is noticeable: passed over were Rockefeller, Percy, Hatfield, Chafee, Lindsay, Gardner, Cooper. Fortunately it is a partisan Cabinet; the two major parties are enough alike as it is without confusing responsibility further through so-called coalition Cabinets. There are no political pay-offs reflected in the appointments. It is apparent that the President-elect gave the problem of Cabinet selection his close study; he knew the kind of men he wanted, and he knew why he wanted them.

The same careful political planning is reflected in the selection of Presidential aides. Bryce Harlow, for example, is a fine appointment. (The notices about him neglected to mention that he wrote President Eisenhower's famous "farewell address" on the military-industrial complex.) Although a hawk, Henry Kissinger is more flexible than Walt Whitman Rostow, soon to join the faculty of the University of Texas. More important, Richard Allen, who advised Nixon during the campaign, was given second rank. Mr. Allen comes from the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace at Stanford, which has been overrun of recent years with Hungarian "freedom fighters" and right-wing extremists; it should be rechristened the Hoover Institution on the Cold War.

Dr. Paul W. McCracken is a good appointment, Dr. Lee A. DuBridge an excellent one. Herbert Klein, though a mediocrity as an editor, may turn out to be an acceptable press aide. Sargent Shriver should be a first-rate Ambassador at the UN. Daniel P. Moynihan is a classic opportunist, whose reputation as an "idea man" has been vastly inflated. Although both men are, in a sense, "defectors" from the liberal wing of the Democratic Party, the probability is that they were named, first of all, as a gesture to the liberal Democrats and independents, but also with the cynical thought in mind that, given the nature of their assignments, they will be cut up in due course. (Better that Democrats should be sacrificed than Republicans.)

In general, Nixon's handling of the always delicate problem of Cabinet selection shows the political skill that might be expected. The gesture to Sen. Henry Jackson was shrewd politics: it was highly pleasing to the hawks of both parties and to the big wheels of the aerospace industry. The fact this gesture was made probably insures Nixon

the cooperation, for the time being at least, of the key committees on defense spending. Actually, Melvin Laird is less hawkish than Jackson, and the generals may find him to be a rather tough man to deal with.

Also, by skillful staging, the President-elect managed to make it appear that he wanted to give a top appointment to Governor Rockefeller, when there is not the slightest reason to think that he did. While the appointment of Gov. Walter J. Hickel will cause some concern among conservationists, it was politically astute, since Hickel is not publicly committed on some of the key issues with which the Secretary of the Interior must deal.

The President-elect owes nothing to George Meany; at the same time organized labor will find it difficult to object to Dr. George Shultz as Secretary of Labor. Similarly, the warring factions on farm policy cannot take umbrage at the appointment of Dr. Clifford Hardin as Secretary of Agriculture, and he is more likely to turn in a good performance than, say, a farm state Senator, Governor or Representative.

David Kennedy is a better appointment for the Treasury than Maurice Stans who was first proposed, but Stans will probably be an effective Secretary of Commerce. It is true that William Rogers has had scant experience in international affairs, but Dean Rusk did—and we know what kind of Secretary of State he turned out to be.

The most obvious apparent weaknesses are to be found, first, in John Mitchell's appointment to the critically important post of Attorney General (although this weakness may be remedied by the selection of the right kind of person to head the Civil Rights Division); and, generally, in the posts related to urban affairs.

Frankly we are surprised at the "surprise" which has been widely expressed over the selections; it is much the kind of Cabinet we expected Nixon would name. He succeeded in getting the kind of Cabinet and staff he wanted, not necessarily the kind the country needs. We doubt that any of the men named will turn out to possess that "extra dimension" of greatness which the President-elect stressed. If any of them do, that indeed will be surprising. For it should be obvious that the selections reflect a retreat from the concept of greatness; these are not "great" men, they are operators, hopefully good "team" men.

But in these times—and with Nixon in the White House—one must be grateful for competence and moderation. The members of the new Cabinet will not provide leadership. That must come, if it comes at all, from the President-elect. Competence and moderation in Cabinet and staff will be of little avail unless there is real leadership in the White House. In the past, strong Presidential leadership has reflected qualities of personal greatness which we have never been able to detect in Mr. Nixon.

As a postscript, "the great presentation" ceremony struck us as being very much in the spirit and style of the kind of "presentation" an insecure Madison Avenue pitchman might make in trying to land a new account. The attempts at humor were not exactly hilarious, and the star performer had memorized his lines so thoroughly that, as will happen in such circumstances, he forgot to name the new Secretary of Commerce. The ceremony, so prim and proper, was inelegant if not downright amateurish. It was

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clearly an embarrassment to the participants if not the viewing audience. The men blinked not an eyelash and the wives looked straight ahead, not knowing whether to smile, not knowing quite what was expected of them. Mrs. Nixon, as usual, looked slightly dazed. Give him high marks for effort but the unhappy fact is that the President-elect, on such occasions, tries too hard.

Cultural Freedom's New Image

Credit the International Association for Cultural Freedom with an earnest effort to clean up its somewhat tarnished image by staging a marathon talkfest at Princeton University, where an assembly of carefully screened and selected intellectuals offered a wealth of unsolicited advice to the incoming Nixon administration on how to carry on at home and abroad. The association has been reorganized since it was revealed to have been the recipient of funds from the CIA—a charge which spokesmen for the association vehemently and righteously denied (they once threatened this publication with all sorts of dire consequences for having stated the fact).

The Princeton seminars represent the first significant surfacing of the association since the unfortunate disclosure. Image changing required, of course, a few changes in the cast. Reported as not being present, for example, were Mr. Melvin J. Lasky and Mr. Michael Josselson who, for so many years, held high the torch of cultural freedom. At the same time, the scope of the dialogue was slightly broadened, though kept well within the accepted areas.

The presence of Andreas Papandreou, however, added a definite zip to the proceedings. Mr. William F. Buckley, Jr., in a column on the assembly, illogically lamented the presence of one "sometime fellow traveller"—raising again the old query, "how free is cultural freedom?"—but commented, quite logically, on the failure to invite "such leaders in the founding of their association as Sidney Hook, Irving Kristol and Lionel Trilling." In the same spirit, might not the presence of such intellectuals as William A. Williams, Christopher Lasch, Howard Zinn, Eugene Genovese, Gar Alperowitz, I. F. Stone and Andrew Kopkind have added a dimension of interest and relevance to the proceedings?

A high point of this first session since the association's rebirth was an interview with Alastair Buchan of London's Institute of Strategic Studies. In the course of this interview, Mr. Buchan observed that the institute never had received any money, directly or indirectly, from the Central Intelligence Agency, noting: "I would perfectly recognize CIA money if I saw it, because I know a lot about it." We know nothing about it, but have always assumed that it would be fairly easy to recognize, since we have yet to hear of a case in which the CIA has managed to slip funds into the exchequer of an organization without someone's knowing about it. But the former Cultural Freedom officials apparently lacked Mr. Buchan's sharp eye for subsidy. In any case, the association has taken a small step in the direction of real cultural freedom and the CIA has been able to reduce its budget, a mite, without its original "seed money" having as yet born bitter fruit.

The Money's in the Hardware

Some time back (October 14, p. 357), we commented on Defense Secretary Clark Clifford's address to the National Security Industrial Association in which he opened up delightful vistas of what might be accomplished if the know-how of the military-industrial teams were to be applied to some of the country's more urgent social problems. Much earlier we had occasion to comment on former Gov. Edmund G. Brown's laudable efforts to get California's huge aerospace companies interested in such programs. At various times—as when it seemed that the war in Vietnam might be terminated sooner than expected, or when it appeared likely that NASA's budget might be cut substantially—the aerospace empire builders have talked as though they really might be interested in using their accumulated technical skills in some such effort. But the election of Richard M. Nixon, who takes what the industry regards as a "very positive" stand on large-scale defense spending, is putting an end to all that sort of idle chatter.

Recently Bernard D. Nossiter of *The Washington Post* interviewed major aerospace industrial leaders in Dallas, Fort Worth, San Diego and Los Angeles. He concludes that the aerospace industry has only a marginal interest in nondefense work of any kind; what interests them is "the long term threat" which produces military contracts, and just now that threat looms larger than it has for some years. An unnamed official in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency agrees: "We are now at the edge of a precipice where we can escalate sharply. The industry thinks that agreements to limit arms are unlikely and will go all out to realize their expectations. We are at the threshold of another round in the arms race, just as we were eight years ago when we went all out for long range missiles."

One indiscreet executive gave Mr. Nossiter a graphic briefing on the advantages of selling "security." "It's basic. Its selling appeal is defense of the home. This is one of the greatest appeals the politicians have in adjusting the system. If you're the President and you need a control factor in the economy, and you need to sell this factor, you can't sell Harlem and Watts but you can sell self-preservation. We are going to increase defense budgets as long as those bastards in Russia are ahead of us."

True, systems analysis can define and help solve some social problems, but the rate and magnitude of profit taking is what determines how the aerospace industry applies its technical skills (see article p. 684). The big money is not in the design but in the hardware, in what is made. Even if such practical difficulties as finding a customer with funds to spend were removed, social problem solving would not yield a sufficient rate of return to be of interest to the industry. "The industry figures," writes Mr. Nossiter, "as a rule of thumb, that if it earns \$20 million from research on a device, it will pick up \$200 million for developing and testing it and \$2 billion in production. That is why everybody says that the money is in the hardware." Not only are profits high but defense contracting is a form of "risk free" enterprise; the Pentagon underwrites unexpected costs.

In a speech in New York last week, Sen. George McGovern pointed out that "the mounting influence of the military-industrial complex" has become "the most serious internal threat facing the United States on the eve of the Nixon administration." This is the real threat on which the nation's attention should now be unremittingly concentrated.

Gunter and the Two Germanys

On November 25 a teen-age boy was discovered writhing and screaming for help in an East German mine field. After his cries had ceased, the East Germans carried him away on a stretcher. Two days later the West German tabloid *Bild Zeitung* carried a banner headline, "Refugee Bleeds To Death." The West German Government officially condemned the Communist leaders of East Germany as "barbaric and inhuman." (This is the standard West German reaction whenever an East German is killed or injured in trying to escape to the West.)

The next day the East Germans, "with obvious relish" (*The New York Times*, December 9) announced that the victim was not an East German at all but a West German, Günter Opperman, 16 years old, and that he was alive in an East German hospital. Both his legs had been badly mutilated when he stumbled into the mine field and his right leg had to be amputated, but he was recovering.

What had happened, it turned out, was that the boy's parents were separated and the mother, 42, was living with a 19-year-old lover. Günter and the lover quarreled and Günter was sent to a children's home, where he alleges he was beaten. He escaped and jumped the barbed wire into the East German mine field, thinking it was a deer preserve. The East Germans, uncertain of the mapping of the mine field, blew mines from the entrance side until three doctors were able to get to the youth and carry him out.

The boy's father visited him in the hospital and found the room full of flowers and piles of chocolate, oranges and cigarettes on his bedside table—a star patient, obviously. The father, who is unemployed and living on a \$13-a-month West German war pension, was given an indefinitely valid entry permit and assured that the East German Government would take care of all hospital costs and provide an artificial leg for his son. On his return to West Germany, Mr. Opperman said that he had not found the East Germans barbaric.

Both Germanys could learn a lesson from this incident. But will they?

Nuclear Power—Not So Fast

In 1966 the boom in nuclear power plants reached such heights that by October Westinghouse and General Electric were booked up for plants to go into operation in 1970, and were nearing manufacturing capacity for 1971. Sustained through 1967, the boom slackened off in 1968. In March of this year, Philip Sporn, the highly respected retired president of the American Electric Power Company, reported to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy that nuclear power's spectacular upsurge in 1966-67 oc-

curred despite "remarkably little" progress in nuclear economics, as compared with fossil-fuel generating costs. Consequently orders for nuclear plants could be expected to decline "significantly" from the 1966-67 levels.

However unwelcome this forecast may be to those interests which, in the good old free enterprise way, are intent on getting theirs here and now, it is actually in the interest of the healthy, long-term growth of nuclear power. That factors of uncertainty and insecurity exist in the current situation is clear from warnings by experts in the field, including Admiral Hyman Rickover, as well as incidents reported in *Nuclear Industry*, the informative monthly magazine of the Atomic Industrial Forum.

Consider first the case of the Enrico Fermi atomic plant at Monroe, Mich., about 30 miles south of Detroit. Fermi is a small (61 megawatt) experimental plant of the fast breeder type, which ultimately is expected to supersede the existing commercial nuclear plants, most of which are in the 400-1,100 megawatt class and use boiling or pressurized water for heat transfer. Though small in electrical output (since it was conceived as a research project), Fermi was not small in cost—\$124 million, of which \$70 million came from Detroit Edison. In October, 1966, the Fermi installation suffered a serious accident—a reactor core meltdown—which, while it did not injure operating personnel or spread radiation outside the reactor building, necessitated a complete shutdown. Operators hope the shutdown will end by April, 1969, but this would make the down period two years and four months, with no guarantee that it will not last even longer or that further accidents will not occur when experimental operation is resumed.

With an experimental reactor it may be argued that accidents are instructive, but the Fermi accident was perhaps too instructive. Diagnosis alone took over a year and then turned out to be wrong. A piece of sheet metal found lying below the reactor was declared to be something left behind in construction, and was believed to have obstructed the flow of coolant. While the meltdown was indeed caused in this way, the piece of sheet metal was later found to be part of a flow guide which had been added toward the end of the construction period and never recorded in the construction drawings. When this loose procedure was criticized by Rep. Craig Hosmer of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Milton Shaw, the AEC's reactor development director, conceded that it was "inexcusable" but explained: "When you are under a tight budgetary situation, people don't feel it is important to document things and they pass that up in favor of doing other things. This is characteristic of any engineering business." To which one can only reply that it had better not be characteristic of commercial nuclear engineering, with power that may be twenty times that of the experimental Fermi reactor.

From an economic standpoint, there are two instances of technical and economic troubles encountered in commercial reactor planning and construction which are relevant. One is the Southern California Bolsa Island combined electric generating and water desalting plant, a co-operative venture of the federal government, the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, the Los

Angeles Department of Water & Power, Southern California Edison, and San Diego Gas & Electric. In three years, while the planners were planning, the cost rose from \$434 million to \$765 million, so that the future of the whole project is now in doubt. The other is the Oyster Bay No. 1 project of Jersey Central Power & Light, a 640-megawatt plant for which General Electric is the prime contractor. After assurances that the plant could go on line October 1, 1967, various delays necessitated a change of date to July 1, 1968. However, numerous small welding cracks were discovered in October, 1967, in the pressure vessel, built by a GE subcontractor. GE thought that repairs should not delay construction more than two weeks, but at last advices the plant was not scheduled to go on line until May, 1969, or about twenty months behind the promised delivery date.

The fact is that at the 1966-67 contract pace nuclear power was going too far, too fast. The number of skilled, experienced nuclear power engineers is inadequate for such a rate of design, manufacture and checking. A single accident involving casualties could set nuclear power back for years. In one of his last speeches in the Senate, Thurston Morton called for a "most comprehensive" review of the federal government's participation in the atomic power program, with primary emphasis on safety factors. Sharp dissent was evoked in industry circles by Senator Morton's remarks, but a sober re-evaluation would seem to be in order.

Two-way Diplomacy

What looks like sabotage of a possible relaxation of tensions between the U.S. and USSR was perpetrated in the declining weeks of the Johnson Administration. It could have been the work of Dean Rusk, whose skill in the art of posturing as a man of peace while simultaneously stoking the fires of U.S.-Soviet discord has been one of his prime accomplishments.

The most recent instance of doublespeak—or, more accurately, speech and action tending in opposite directions—was in connection with the proposed missile talks between the two superpowers. Peter Grose reported in *The New York Times* on December 3 that Soviet diplomats in Washington, and even Premier Kosygin himself, had passed specific word that the Soviet leadership remained interested in opening the missile talks. Mr. Kosygin raised the matter with former Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara on the latter's visit to Moscow in November and also with two visiting Senators, Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island and Albert Gore of Tennessee, both Democrats. "The irony is," according to Grose, "that the United States, which has been pressing for the talks for the last two years, is now holding them up."

The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia ruled out any discussion for the time being, the more so as Richard Nixon, then a candidate for the Presidency, had expressed opposition, and as President-elect had to be consulted on future moves. Next, since the invasion had injected new life into NATO, the members of the alliance had to be assured that any U.S.-USSR talks would not jeopardize

NATO plans for a fast-reaction fleet of fifty warships and other plans for rejuvenating the Grand Alliance.

Yet on television (C.B.S., December 1) Mr. Rusk indicated that the proposed talks were getting close study: "We do believe it is important to grapple with this problem of offensive and defensive strategic missiles. We are working on that very hard. . . ." There were no plans for a summit meeting, Mr. Rusk went on, but "I would not want to rule out the possibility."

Despite qualifications necessitated by the transition of administrations and other adverse factors, Washington correspondents "understood" on December 6 that the United States had informed the Soviets that it was ready to begin the long-postponed talks. Simply on the basis of what he had told the television audience on December 1, Mr. Rusk might reasonably have been expected to refrain from twisting the Russian bear's tail at this particular juncture. But that was precisely what he then proceeded to do.

On December 6 Reuters quoted an announcement of the U.S. Sixth Fleet from Naples that two destroyers would enter the Black Sea in the next few days for "routine operations" in international waters. The Black Sea is bordered by Turkey, Romania and Bulgaria, in addition to the Soviet Union, but though its waters are technically international it is difficult to see what urgent mission American men of war would have in this area at this time. Moreover, the 1936 Montreux convention places definite limitations on warships of non-Black Sea powers entering these waters. The destroyers designated, the *Dyess* and *Turner*, easily came within the displacement limit, but guns of a caliber exceeding 8 inches, or 203 mm, are excluded. In a previous incident, in September, 1966, the Soviet Union had asked Turkey, which controls the straits between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, to bar the destroyer *William C. Pratt*, on the ground that she was equipped with ASROC rockets. Turkey acceded to the Soviet request, and the visit of the *Pratt* was canceled.

The *Dyess* is equipped with a 9-missile ASROC launcher, which is a computer controlled anti-submarine weapon 305 mm in diameter, and therefore exceeding the gun caliber specified in the convention. The Soviets objected to her entrance, complaining also that she was equipped to carry nuclear weapons. A Sixth Fleet spokesman refused either to confirm or deny that nuclear weapons were aboard the destroyers. The *Dyess* and *Turner* passed through the Dardanelles on December 8 and were due to cruise in the Black Sea for five days.

The incursion was denounced by the Soviets as a "provocation." Provocation or no, what could it accomplish except to interfere with the pending negotiations, which Mr. Rusk had said he favored (and presumably the President and the President-elect likewise)? The purpose seems to have been to preface negotiations on missiles with a demonstration that we are as tough as ever. Another probable objective was to counter Soviet naval strength in the Mediterranean, now and in the foreseeable future grossly inferior to ours, with threatening moves in the vicinity of the Russian homeland. This comes about as close to a recipe for failure (assuming the negotiations take place) as can well be imagined.

Sensitive Subject

A footnote (no. 9) to Commissioner Nicholas Johnson's intensely interesting dissenting opinion (September 11) in the matter of the FCC's rebuke to N.B.C. over the Chet Huntley incident adds a dimension of special interest to Chris Welles's article in this issue (p. 688):

If it is difficult to detect the presence of news serving economic interests, it is virtually impossible to detect the omission of legitimate news items to serve economic interests. . . . A revealing example of the difficulty involves a recent story prepared for *Life* magazine. *Life*'s business editor, Chris Welles, did an investigative piece on the oil industry's fear of competition and attempts to suppress the use of shale oil. *Life*'s editor was quoted as saying about the article, in the course of making some minor editorial suggestions prior to publication, "In general, I think there's a good story here and some good reporting. . . ." The story was set in type, and scheduled for the March 1, 1968, issue. It never appeared.

The author, Mr. Welles, is reported as saying, "I'm almost positive" it was killed because of oil company-advertiser pressure; and that "it was an open secret around *Life*'s editorial offices that salesmen feared vigorous reaction from oil company advertisers." *Life*'s managing editor, George P. Hunt, is reported as saying, "Oil shale obviously is a sensitive subject that could have an effect on advertising revenue. . . . But that had nothing to do with our pulling out the story."

After the story was pulled, Mr. Welles was given a \$2,000 raise and made entertainment editor. When he subsequently sold the oil shale story to *Harper's* he was fired. . . . Now, *Life* maintains, the story was killed because, as Mr. Hunt says, "It didn't turn out to be the

definitive piece on oil shale that we wanted to do . . . (it) required a kind of sophistication that just does not come through."

(See *The Wall Street Journal*, July 30, p. 13, col. 2.)

The Big Economy Size

With the annual buying spree in memory of our Lord Jesus Christ in full swing, it becomes increasingly difficult to choose any particular offering for the grand prize. But deserving at least of honorable mention is the full page (less one column) *New York Times* advertisement: "MAKE A REALLY GRAND GESTURE . . . GIVE HER BONWIT'S THOUSAND-DOLLAR BOTTLE OF NORELL PERFUME."

Bonwit Teller is known to all as a center of metropolitan fashion, and Norell is sufficiently described in the text of the ad: "Every woman on earth longs to wear a Norman Norell original." Naturally, such being Norell's repute as a gown designer, every woman will also long to douse herself with the perfume bearing the magic name—which the famed designer no doubt blended with his own hands. Furthermore, the man who is in a position to ravish his wife (or mistress) with \$1,000 worth of elixir, can secure this "most magnificent masterpiece of all" in a hand-cut bottle, "fashioned with the flawless Norell cut and etched across the back with the designer's personal signature."

For pickers, the "masterpiece" perfume is also available in the 2 oz. size (\$80), 1 oz. (\$50), down to 1/5 oz. (\$13.50). Bonwit Teller has evidently heeded the frequently voiced criticism that the economy size in toothpaste, etc., isn't really economical. A quarter ounce of Norell at \$15 figures out to \$60 an ounce, which diminishes in steps to \$31.25 an ounce for the 32-ounce (1 quart) size.

It's a steal—and gift wrapped too, without charge.

ATLANTA IN SUSPENSE

CRISIS OF THE CONSTITUTION

ARLIE SCHARDT

Mr. Schardt has been based in Atlanta for the past four years as *Southeastern* correspondent for Time.

Atlanta

Herman Talmadge, Richard Russell, George Wallace and Lester Maddox have all scored recent major political victories in Georgia. That foursome is enough to demonstrate that the Peach State is not exactly sprinting toward the 21st century, but more significant is the fact that while Wallace was sweeping Georgia last month, citizens of greater Atlanta defeated the Congressional hopes of progressive Democrats Charles Weltner and James Mackay in favor of GOP Congressmen Fletcher Thompson and Ben Blackburn, who were among the nation's highest scorers in the annual ratings of the arch-conservative Americans

for Constitutional Action. Until that election it had been a standard comfort that, even though Georgia still clung to the regressive attitudes of pre-civil rights Dixie, hustling Atlanta was an oasis whose shining example would eventually prove irresistible to even the most die-hard reactionary.

Atlanta—"the city too busy to hate"—opened up racially before the rest of the South, and the move paid off in prosperity. It was good business to be the good guy. National corporations, convinced that Atlanta would avoid the ugly confrontations that have scarred so many Southern cities, flocked in. Restaurants thrived, hotels and office buildings sprang up, artists quit going North, big-time entertainers paid visits and major league sports came to stay.

But Atlanta—fat, proud, bustling and affluent though

It is, and blessed in Ivan Allen, Jr., with one of the nation's outstanding mayors—nevertheless faces the same mean and complex problems that confront the rest of America's great cities. They will not be solved by the inward-turning tendency that apparently stems from affluence. It is no time for voters to think they can take their winnings and quit the game.

The community needs a conscience. In the past, it was provided, as it should be in every city, by the newspapers. But today that nettle is gone. The *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Atlanta Journal*, wedded since 1950 into a corporation called Atlanta Newspapers, Inc. (ANI), are also content to take their winnings, getting fatter as the city sails ahead on its recent momentum. The rapid physical growth of Atlanta means more ads and more income to report to ANI's parent, Cox Enterprises of Dayton, Ohio. The fact that news coverage has been shrinking as profits have soared is of no apparent concern to owner James Cox, Jr., son of the three-time Ohio governor or to Jack Tarver, president of ANI.

Indeed, the journalistic attrition was proceeding peacefully until two months ago when Eugene Patterson, 1967 Pulitzer Prize-winning editor of the *Constitution*, quit in discouragement over the management's refusal to spend more of the newspapers' considerable income on the job newspapers are supposed to do. The last straw came for Patterson when the resignation of a young columnist triggered a dispute between Patterson and Tarver over editorial autonomy.

First-rate journalists had been fleeing the papers for years, but Patterson's fame was such that his departure provoked national comment. Many thought that such an embarrassing indication of the papers' deficiencies would shame management into needed reform. But not at all: the budget continues to rule the press at profitable ANI.

Despite its stingy news coverage, the *Constitution* held on for a time to its reputation as one of the country's best papers, thanks to the strength of its editorial writers, who consistently and articulately called for moderation during the South's agonizing years of open racial strife. But with the departure of Patterson, management has apparently decided that controversial editorial pages do not pay. The new editorial purview seems to be to make friends with all sides on every issue, as a good businessman should. One of the paper's top staffers mentions with frustration the "constant problems of lawyers interfering with the news. The resulting caution has severely hampered our ability to do the kind of public-service muckraking a good newspaper is supposed to do."

A telling example of the new editorial prudence comes out of the recent elections. The name of an important county official, Brince Manning, became linked with a scurrilous attempt to discredit his opponent through distribution of a bogus edition of the local underground newspaper. Manning had earlier filed a blanket suit against the news media, charging conspiracy to defeat him. A *Constitution* editorial was written, mentioning Manning's name, and calling for investigation by the post office and the grand jury. It never ran. "This means from now on we can be intimidated by any politician waving a nuisance suit at us," says one staff member.



The sudden editorial softness has not been lost on the Atlanta readers. "What can we do? Isn't there something we can do?" asks a young lawyer. "It's the story of a great paper losing its guts," says a graduate student. "I see Jack Tarver has taken over the editorial page," says an executive.

No area needs strong newspapers more than the South, the most rapidly changing section of the nation, and Atlanta, undeniably the capital of the South, is the logical home for a great sectional newspaper. ANI not only ducks this responsibility; it actually supplies less regional coverage than papers in Charlotte, Memphis, Charleston, and even Birmingham. Unlike these others, the Atlanta papers have no regional bureaus, although the *Journal* motto says that it "covers Dixie like the dew" and the *Constitution* calls itself "the South's standard newspaper."

Each paper has only one man in Washington, where the assignment consists primarily of chronicling the mundane doings of Georgia's Congressional delegation. Not only do Atlanta-based reporters rarely cover stories out of state, they seldom even venture far into Georgia. Unless, that is, they are on the sports staff. While neither paper bothered to send a man on the short trip to cover the march on Selma, the biggest story of 1965, a sports writer that fall was dispatched all the way to Evanston, Ill., for a first-hand report on the Florida-Northwestern football game.

Every football weekend the two papers proudly scatter crews of a dozen writers and half as many photographers—billed in front-page boxes as the “Big Team”—to games all over the Southeast, and sometimes farther.

This unique sense of values lends weight to a suspicion held by a number of the reporters that there has been a deliberate but unstated policy to play down race news, especially during the middle 1960s. “Sports cause no flak,” says one ANI veteran. “You go out and cover ‘niggers’ and you’re in trouble. If you cover Selma you upset both the rednecks and the Piedmont Driving Club.” (The latter is an Atlanta synonym for The Establishment.)

One of the most shocking failures of the papers occurred, also in 1965, when Atlantans gave a huge banquet to honor Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., for winning the Nobel Peace Prize. Not only did the papers fail to report any of the pulling and hauling that went on between those favoring and those opposing the banquet but the *Journal’s* managing editor William Fields (since promoted to executive editor of both papers) declined even to assign anyone to cover the occasion itself. Finally a young reporter got permission to do the story on his own time. The evening, one of the milestones in Atlanta history, was covered by all the national media, but both the *Constitution* and the *Journal* dismissed it with brief stories buried deep inside.

The zany 1966 gubernatorial race also produced some strange news decisions. When agents of Democratic candidate James Gray were charged with trying to pay Lester Maddox to drop out of the governor’s race, the *Constitution* had the story but did not use it for fear of libel. The *Journal* likewise balked when the story came in on its *Los Angeles Times-Washington Post* wire, although other papers across the country gave it strong play.

When dissatisfaction with the winners of both party primaries spurred a write-in movement for former Gov. Ellis Arnall, backers of Write-In Georgia (WIG) were thrashed by the *Journal’s* political editor Charles Pou, who referred to them in his news stories as the “backbite vote.” The *Journal* endorsed right-wing Republican Howard Callaway and buried WIG news, virtually ignoring a state-wide WIG convention which drew 1,000 party workers to Macon. When Arnall’s supporters held a fund-raising rally one night in Atlanta, some 850 persons paid up to \$100 each to see such stars as Theodore Bikel, Rev. Malcolm Boyd and Peter, Paul & Mary. Both the turnout and the attraction were unusual for Atlanta, but the *Journal* covered the event with a 4-inch story on page 100.

The Atlanta papers have also left to other journals the most significant single continuing Southern story of recent years—the phenomenon of next-door neighbor George Wallace. ANI had staff covering only a few days of the 1966 Lurleen-George campaign. There was no further direct coverage of Wallace until a *Constitution* man was sent to follow the closing weeks of this year’s Presidential bid.

Both papers do an earnest job of reporting local developments and both fill reams of space with Georgia political news, but reporters are frequently dismayed by the need to cope with ANI’s penny-pinching expense

policies. Taxis and long-distance phones are to be used sparingly. Company cars, equipped with the barest essentials and often well worn, are standard transportation for trips around Georgia, although at least one *Journal* reporter successfully refused to ride in them on the ground that they are unsafe. Two former ANI reporters tell of going to an Atlanta motel for a press conference with former Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa, then slipping off to use bus tokens provided by ANI while the other newsmen hailed cabs or drove cars. “Hell, we were embarrassed and didn’t want the other guys to see us,” says one of the reporters.

Worst of all, salaries are so low that ANI has often seemed a training school for reporters moving on to other jobs. Most leave reluctantly. They love the life in Atlanta and they also feel a special sense of tradition, left over from the papers’ pasts, that keeps many of them around long after good sense has told them to leave. But leave they eventually do.

Alumni of recent years include the *Los Angeles Times’s* Jack Nelson, a 1960 Pulitzer Prize-winner who was earning less than \$200 a week after twelve years at the *Constitution*; Ted Lippman, who quit the ANI Washington bureau to join the *Baltimore Sun*; Walter Rugaber and Fred Powlledge, both of whom went to *The New York Times*; *Constitution* education editor Hal Gulliver and reporter Ted Simmons, both of whom stayed in Atlanta by joining the Associated Press; Douglas Kiker of N.B.C.-TV; *Constitution* editorial columnist Marvin Wall and *Journal* city editor Pat Watters, who joined the staff of the Southern Regional Council; Paul Valentine, who went to *The Washington Post* after earning \$125 per week in his third year on the *Journal*; Walker Lundy of the *Detroit Free Press*; capitol reporter Joe Brown, who took a job with the state; Bill Shipp, the *Constitution’s* top reporter when he left his \$170-a-week job two years ago for *Newsday*, then returned to Atlanta to take a federal job; and Reuben Smith, who joined the Knoxville papers but quickly returned to Atlanta as a correspondent for *Business Week*.

When these and other excellent newsmen have left ANI in recent years, management has almost never tried to change their minds. The talent drain has not bothered Tarver. He replaces the losses with inexperienced young personnel who usually start at less than \$100 a week. ANI management has always known how to handle labor problems. In 1947, when the Newspaper Guild made a determined effort to organize the *Constitution*, management began encouraging formation of a company union instead. The Guild lost by a single vote. The reporter who headed the drive for the union never joined it himself.

Back in those days Tarver himself was on the news staff. He joined the *Constitution* in 1943 and soon became known as a hard-hitting journalist whose polished writing contained considerable wit. “He had the poison-est pen of all,” chuckles one ANI veteran. “He could do more damage with one sentence than most people can with a whole page.” But Tarver switched to the business side and rose rapidly to succeed George Biggers as ANI president in 1958. “I was put here to make money,” Biggers said of his job (he had often tried to fire the controversial Ralph

McGill). Tarver was apparently determined to show owner James Cox, Jr., that he could enrich Cox Enterprises even faster. "What's really sad," says one long-time staff member, "is that Tarver in his day was a really good newsmen."

The *Constitution's* company union, Atlanta News Associates, maintained a suitably docile stance until 1961, when it balked at a management offer of a \$5-a-week raise. The company called for outside arbitrators, who promptly recommended a \$9 raise, plus \$2 more at the end of one year (contract negotiations are held biennially. The next one takes place this March).

The extra several thousand dollars must have been too much for ANI to bear, because Tarver warned the greedy writers that if they forced an unreasonable rate on ANI, there would have to be a "numerical reduction." Sure enough, he did fire three staffers. The union president that year was Bruce Galphin, a bright young writer who applied later in the year for a Nieman Fellowship. Galphin won the Nieman although managing editor William Fields refused to approve his application. In fact, added Fields, he would fire Galphin if he could, but refrained because he knew the NLRB would only reinstate him.

A strong effort to organize a similar company union at the *Journal* brought some fascinating developments in 1967, when management scored a clear victory despite some remarkably clumsy tactics. Management's first shot took the form of "advice" from one top editor to the writers on the editorial page that they avoid the union or seek other jobs. Tarver easily topped this with a letter to each *Journal* employee likely to vote on the union question. Tarver told them he opposed the union, then made the startling statement that "the average *Journal* pay check has run considerably higher than the *Constitution* for the past sixteen years." The letter added that a round of wage increases which had just been approved for the *Journal* "would have widened even further the gap between the two papers, but following receipt of NLRB notification of the union's organization attempt, they were held up on advice of legal counsel." The letter naturally made interesting reading on the bulletin board of the *Constitution*.

As pre-vote activities continued, a rumor spread through the sports departments that if a *Journal* union was created, the sports staffs of the two papers would be merged and numerous jobs eliminated. *Journal* reporter Robert Coram, who had initiated the union drive, received a disciplinary slip charging him with "missing the lead" on a story. Coram explained the lead had been cut by the desk, and management later admitted at an NLRB hearing that disciplinary slips are not commonly used.

When an NLRB hearing was held to determine whether editorial writers are part of management—and therefore ineligible to vote in the union election—editorial writer Neal Brogdon spoiled management's case by testifying that editorial writers have no connection with the business interests of the paper. Two days later Brogdon, who had also signed the election petition despite the warning to editorial writers, was fired. A Phi Beta Kappa, Brogdon was charged with being weak on grammar (although he had at times been assigned to correct grammar) and with showing too little interest in local affairs, although his primary

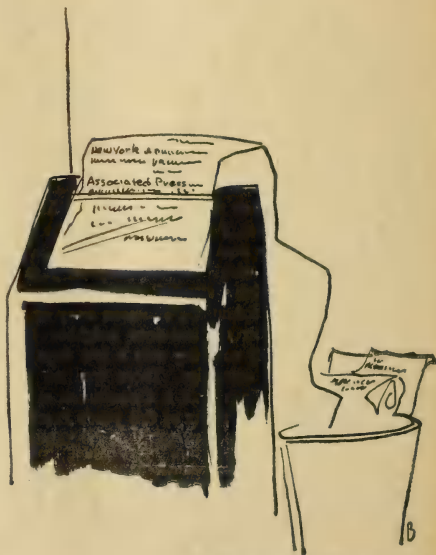
responsibility was in foreign affairs. Brogdon was earning \$131 a week after nearly five years at the paper.

Despite all this provocation, *Journal* staffers obediently rejected the union by a margin of 49 to 21. This meekness embittered some *Constitution* reporters. Describing *Journal* reporters as "lamepreys," one *Constitution* reporter said: "Every time the *Constitution* gets raises, the *Journal* gets raises too. They get nice and fat and healthy off of us while we're getting our heads bloodied."

As soon as the *Journal* staff rejected the company union, Coram announced that he had no intention of pursuing any future union efforts. But six months later, Coram was fired on charges of unethical conduct. Managing editor Fields said Coram had "embarrassed" ANI by misrepresenting himself in order to get information from sources at the state Revenue Department. Coram later lost an appeal to the NLRB.

ANI has been indifferent to reporters' careers in other ways as well. When he won the 1947 Pulitzer Prize for uncovering vote fraud in the gubernatorial election of Herman Tammadge, George Goodwin had been nominated not by the papers but by a journalism professor at Emory University. When Jack Nelson won the 1960 Pulitzer Prize for an exposé of the state mental hospital, the largest mental institution in the world, management got the Georgia Press Association to nominate the paper, rather than Nelson. But Nelson himself was nominated by the Medical Association of Georgia, and the Pulitzer went to him.

Despite its unwillingness to become a regional leader, to cover the news adequately, to pay decent wages, or to respect its staff, ANI continues to thrive in its monopoly market. But if money is ANI's only interest it



could do even better by improving its products. For the fact is that while Atlanta's population has recently been increasing at the rate of more than 150,000 every five years, daily circulation of both papers has actually decreased. *Constitution* circulation was 202,635 in 1963; last year it was 200,603. *Journal* circulation was 259,003 in 1963; last year it was 251,203. Only the combined Sunday edition has gained, from 504,755 to 523,581.

The failure of ANI circulation to grow with its market illustrates a remark by Ed Guthman, national news editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, about the general state of newspapers throughout the country: "If only management could realize it's good business to have a good paper." His own paper has spent increasingly large sums on news, with a commensurate financial gain.

The loss of Patterson was costly for ANI. While he was on it, the *Constitution* published a provocative, diligently researched editorial section. Besides the front-page column of the legendary Ralph McGill and outstanding cartoons by Cliff ("Baldy") Baldowski, there were signed columns by Patterson, Jim Rankin, Bruce Galphin and B. J. Phillips, a bright young girl whom Patterson had discovered while she was still at the University of Georgia.

Miss Phillips filled a lively corner of the page with short, sharply written columns about the youth rebellion, the generation gap, hippies, police and the war in Vietnam. But last September she stepped on some very special toes when she wrote a column about a request by the Georgia Power Company for a rate increase to offset the 10 per cent federal income tax surcharge. "I don't quite understand," she wrote, "why I've got to pay for their increased income taxes. If they can't afford it, what makes them think I can? After all, the government is getting that 10 per cent from me. And you. Why not Georgia Power?"

It is assumed around Atlanta that the effective rulers of the city do not have to talk to one another in an emergency. When the need arises, each knows what he must do. Hours after her column appeared in the first edition, B. J. learned that Tarver felt her column should be limited to "topics she's qualified to write about." She resigned. Patterson, already disturbed over previous examples of encroachment on a page that had traditionally been absolutely autonomous (a situation for which Tarver deserved much of the credit) held a heated conference with Tarver. When he could get no firm assurance that there would be no similar interference in the future, Patterson quit (B. J. Phillips was soon hired as a reporter by *The Washington Post*. When *Post* managing editor Ben Bradlee was promoted two days later, Patterson was hired to replace him).

Patterson had been at odds with Tarver for years. One insider chose to call it "healthy disagreement" over news coverage, the authority of the editor and, increasingly, editorial autonomy. But another charged that "Tarver sought to treat him like an office boy, not an editor. Tarver deals with people through fear and not through love. He runs the paper by keeping people off-balance. He wanted a compliant editor. No more arguing."

The loss of Patterson, whom many persons thought would some day succeed Ralph McGill, caused considerable distress to McGill himself. But although he carries the title of publisher, McGill's authority is essentially limited



to his column, and there was little he could do except urge Patterson to reconsider.

With Patterson's departure, management decided to change the concept of the post he had held. The title was changed from editor to editor of the editorial page. One official explained that ANI wanted someone who would be "deeply involved in community life," and would "sit in on the events" of a fast-growing city. But a leading staff writer countered that management had simply "downgraded the job" by reducing the range of editorial authority.

The man Tarver hired is Reg Murphy, 34, former *Constitution* political editor, who himself quit the paper three years ago, expressing bitterness over its low salaries and limited news budget. He then worked in public relations, as managing editor of *Atlanta Magazine*, and as a freelance writer before returning to ANI. It may well be that Murphy is simply fulfilling management's new concept of the job; in any case, he is not asserting the editor's prerogative to be a critic. "Reg doesn't think much differently from the establishment. He's at ease with their ideas," says one of his friends on the paper. "That's not a mark against him. It just happens to be him."

Through its editorial page, the *Constitution* seems not to be seeking the role of pacifier, closing the "credibility gap" created in the days when the paper spoke out forcefully for moderation amid a sea of white segregationist sentiment. Today, it levels attacks only on such generalized targets as bad government, or such safe ones as Lester Maddox. Oddly, it is partly because of the paper's past outspokenness that Atlanta became the progressive and prosperous city it is today.

Murphy, who has a solid knowledge of politics and a wide acquaintance in Georgia, has always been a serious

and hard-working journalist. But in his new role as chief editorial spokesman, his columns have been careful and qualified, his conclusions hedged. When one recent column seemed headed unavoidably toward a conclusion deploring the regressive influence of Herman Talmadge on the state and the region, saying Talmadge's critics are right when they charge he has not responded to racial issues or urban needs, the final two sentences reversed the entire thrust: "But isn't that criticism true of Georgia as a whole?" Murphy concluded. "And doesn't the Senator represent moderately well the people he is elected to represent?"

"It was almost as if to say that makes it O.K.," one reporter complained. "If McGill or Patterson had written that column there would have been one more paragraph, saying that even though Talmadge reflects the majority feeling, it's still wrong."

His peers have not given up hope that Murphy may start adding that "one more paragraph." They recall that Patterson himself was not always the most outspoken of writers. Indeed, Patterson recently stated that he had been "late" coming around in support of such historic movements as the bus boycotts, sit-ins and freedom rides. The *Constitution*, for that matter, supported segregation into the late 1950s, although it called for moderation in the face of wild emotionalism.

The immediate future will be critical for the long-range direction of the Atlanta papers. Their younger ranks are currently left with only two biting editorial writers—

Reese Cleghorn at the *Journal* and Galphin at the *Constitution*—and both appear ready to leave if drastic changes are not made. Luckily for ANI, the best members of the news room staffs are taking a wait-and-see attitude. No *Constitution* reporters have left in the wake of Patterson, to whom many of them looked for inspiration. They stay partly because of that *Constitution* aura from the past, but also because of rumors that "things might get better" on the news side. Some believe that Cox and Tarver genuinely feared a major walkout when Patterson quit, and they see small but hopeful signs. Tarver, for example, has long had a reputation for being insulting to his reporters, consistently failing to acknowledge good work to the point they felt was deliberate. Many were angered through the years by his habit of walking up to a reporter in the news room, asking a question, then walking away while the reporter was in mid-sentence.

Lately, however, "Tarver often comes into the city room and asks how things are going," says one staffer wonderingly, adding: "There's been talk of beefing up the news-room budget. News-room morale is pretty good." Still, he retains the wait-and-see stance, because "You don't know whether it's a courtship or a wedding."

One of the papers' best reporters summarizes the outlook this way: "You just can't work for a paper you're not proud of. If we're going to stay, things are going to have to get better for all of us. When one goes, the rest are going to have to go, and all the paper will be able to get will be real sluggards. What happens in the next few months is going to be pretty decisive."

MORE DISCLOSURES

PENTAGON LOOT

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

Defense industries have moved so far away from being viewed as "merchants of death," as many in the 1920s and 1930s saw them, and have become such a welcome and apparently necessary part of our life that the idea of regulating them—except in the most perfunctory *pro forma* fashion, as the FCC "regulates" radio and television—is no longer considered seriously. In fact, it is not considered at all.

Government procurement of all items, civilian and military, comes to \$50 billion a year; of that, defense alone accounts for \$43 billion (procurement does not include, of course, such items as payment to personnel, the cost of running the Pentagon, general administrative expenses, etc.). If the federal government were at all serious about controlling profiteering, obviously defense purchasing would be the place to begin.

To control profiteering, a uniform accounting standard would have to be set up. That is, all government auditors

would have to use the same system for measuring costs and profits. But as Admiral H. G. Rickover and some others have been stating publicly for at least five years, there are a dozen methods used by the government to measure the costs and profits of the same contracts, with the result that in some cases estimates of these costs and profits differ as much as 50 per cent.

This problem, then, can be used as a test of the government's sincerity in saying that it wants to block excessive profits.

Last spring the House Banking Committee inserted an amendment into the Defense Production Act requiring the Government Accounting Office to establish uniform accounting standards for all noncompetitive contracts of more than \$100,000, and to do so—not to think about it, but to do it—within one year. The amendment passed the House. But in the Senate Banking Committee it ran aground, and by the time the compromises had ended between the two houses, the GAO had only been ordered to do a feasibility study, within eighteen months, to see if uniform accounting standards could possibly be set up.

So far the GAO has hardly moved in its study, but that

is really of little consequence since no matter what it reports in a year and a half, the fight for accurate accounting from the defense industry will be exactly where it is today.

It is necessary to give that brief background by way of saying that the following rundown on the recent hearings of the Senate Subcommittee on Economy in Government of the Joint Economic Committee is like reporting a dress parade: you will see some flashing of swords, and you will hear some loud exclamations, and you may even become a bit disturbed or excited by one revelation or another. But bear in mind that nothing that happened in Sen. William Proxmire's subcommittee has any likeness to actual conflict between evenly matched forces. These were the highlights:

Between 1965 and 1967, Lockheed Aircraft's net income dropped 21 per cent (while income for other top Pentagon contractors went up: General Dynamics rose 22 per cent, General Electric 21 per cent, United Aircraft 56 per cent and Boeing 65 per cent), so to help Lockheed along, the company was allowed to pad its costs for building the monster freight airship, the C-5. The job of padding has been so accomplished that it now appears costs will run at least 100 per cent ahead of estimates—an extra \$2 billion. The argument for building the C-5 was that more cargo space is necessary, but this argument sagged at the Proxmire hearings when it was disclosed that a check of airplanes leaving Travis Air Force Base—the main hopping-off point for Vietnam—had unused space that could have accommodated about 60 million additional pounds of cargo. Annually, this wasted space would be valued at about \$45 million.

The government is being played for the wildest kind of sucker by the defense realtors. Defense industrialists who own their property can only charge the government for depreciation, but if they rent they can charge the government 100 per cent of the cost. Many of the arms merchants are building plants, selling them to friends, then leasing them back at princely rates—which is charged to the government and goes into the pockets of their pals (with kickbacks a possibility). It is believed that the government loses about \$1 billion a year in this way, as the difference in what it would pay for depreciation and what it pays for rent.

Many of the defense industrialists risk nothing; they use government money for their payrolls and they use federal plants and equipment for their work (sometimes at no cost, sometimes for 1 or 2 per cent of sales). Last year it was discovered that inventories of federal property were so haphazard that the government does not know who is using much of its equipment. It was also discovered that some of the government machinery was being used by private industries to do civilian commercial work. When these things were found out, the Pentagon said it was going to cut down on the amount of government equipment used by private industry. But in questioning Pentagon witnesses, Proxmire learned that since last year the amount of government equipment in private hands has actually increased by \$100 million.

In 1963 the Pentagon quit releasing information about how the prime contracts were being subcontracted. Asked why, John M. Malloy, deputy assistant secretary of defense

for procurement—in typical unconscious humor—explained that he had simply wanted to “eliminate a lot of excess reporting.”

There is a great deal of other reporting that the Pentagon considers excess. For instance, during fiscal 1968 firm-fixed-price contracts made up 53 per cent (about \$25 billion worth) of defense procurement—but on this type of contract the Pentagon does not obtain any profit information whatsoever.



ABU Tribune London

Furthermore, the Truth in Negotiations Act—which the Pentagon claims is such a splendid tool—does not permit defense officials to inspect company books on roughly 70 per cent of the work done.

Perhaps the phoniest front put up by the Pentagon is that pious organization, the Logistics Management Institute. It was the brain child of former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara—who, history will doubtless record, was as clean-faced a con man as ever hit Washington. LMI is supposed to be the Pentagon's profiteering policeman. It keeps the industrialists in line. That, at least, is the theory.

So far it has found that the defense industrialists are not profiteering at all; in fact, they are barely getting by. It would be indeed startling if LMI came to any other conclusion, seeing as how it is supported almost entirely by the defense establishment and that its officers and staff are alumni of such outfits as the Institute for Defense Analysis, Atlas Chemical, Boeing, Honeywell Inc., the U.S. Air Force, General Precision Inc., and Center for Naval Analyses.

A really objective crowd.

At one point Proxmire asked Malloy: “What I am trying to get is whether or not this is a group that has made recommendations that would reduce procurement costs. Can you cite any example of their making a recommendation of the kind that could be construed as adverse to the interests of contractors, in the sense of reducing their profits?”

MALLOY: "Well, I am unable to answer just quickly a question of that kind."

It is not uncommon to find defense contractors earning more than 40 per cent on investments, before taxes. Prof. Murray L. Weidenbaum of Washington University, St. Louis—probably the most relentless student of military spending—found that on the average, large defense companies make 17.5 per cent return on their net worth compared to 10.6 per cent for similar size nondefense companies. Another measuring stick was supplied by Admiral Rickover, who said that profits on defense contracts are, on the average, 25 per cent higher today than five years ago.

For the big items that account for most of the defense budget—aircraft engines, combat vehicles, airframes, missile and space systems—the concentration of the market is overwhelming. Eight companies knock down more than half of the market.

Only in such items as ammunition, services, textiles and clothing, and subsistence do the smaller companies really have a whack at the money—and these are the markets that will slump first with the halt in hostilities. The big markets are standard—war or no war.

Although it has been proved that advertising for competitive bids cuts prices by at least 12 per cent, the Pentagon buys competitively only 11.5 per cent of the time—the lowest amount in five years.

On the other hand, the Pentagon not only fails to encourage competition but actually refuses to consider more than one seller in 58 per cent of its purchases—the highest level in five years.

As for the purchases which the Pentagon makes on a supposedly competitive basis, Weidenbaum remarked, "It is a little difficult for me to keep a straight face when reporting that only since May, 1967, does there have to be

more than one bidder before an award is classified as competitive."

The Pentagon lout has been going to the same big companies for years. It takes so much money to gear up for the big contracts that only a few corporations can do it; and once established at the long-term contract level, it would take an inconceivable amount of bungling to be pushed out. So it is not surprising to find that eighteen of the companies which ranked among the top twenty-five defense earners last year were already in the top twenty-five a decade ago.

So much for the last round of fighting the Pentagon. Much of the evidence had been laid out in previous hearings in other years, without the slightest retarding effect on defense profiteering, and there is no reason to think that the results this time will be any different. There is not likely to be embarrassment even among officials of the Defense Department or the industry they so capably lobby for. Except for the disclosure that the C-5 transport may cost twice as much as it was supposed to cost, the press gave the hearings little coverage.

And yet, strangely enough, Defense officials showed in one episode that they are frightened by even the feeblest investigation. When Senator Proxmire wrote to A. E. Fitzgerald, Air Force Deputy for management systems, asking that he make an appearance and bring along a prepared statement, somebody at the Pentagon intercepted the letter and ordered Fitzgerald not to make a prepared statement. In fact, he would have been kept from appearing except that Proxmire got wind of what was happening and began to make threatening sounds. To prevent a fuss, Fitzgerald was permitted to show up. He was the one who told about the extra costs of the C-5, but his testimony was weakened by the fact that he had not been permitted to bring substantiating documents.

CHINA IN OUT OF THE COLD?

JOHN GITTINGS

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Hong Kong

When China's Foreign Minister Chen Yi was confronted by a crowd of Red Guards, demanding that he make a self-criticism, and chanting quotations from Chairman Mao, he held up his own little red book and called for silence. "Thank you for reminding me of the Thoughts of our great leader," said the Minister, "but I too have a quotation from the Chairman for you, and it reads as follows: 'Chen Yi is a good comrade.'"

Or so the story goes. Certainly Mao's words have been freely used during the cultural revolution, in or out of context, to bolster a variety of partisan arguments. The latest instance of this should give Chen Yi himself, and those within and outside China who hope for a return by Peking

to a more rational foreign policy, considerable grounds for satisfaction. In a nineteen-year-old speech by Mao Tse-tung, recently republished in the Chinese press with a fanfare of publicity, the following words may be found:

We should not refuse to enter into negotiations because we are afraid of trouble and want to avoid complications, nor should we enter into negotiations with our minds in a haze. We should be firm in principle; we should also have all the flexibility permissible and necessary for carrying out our principles.

Reissuing of this speech at the end of November has important domestic implications, since it contains Mao's endorsement of many aspects of internal economic policy for which Liu Shao-chi has been hauled over the coals in the cultural revolution. Some cynics even suggest that the speech might well have been ghost-written for Mao by Liu himself back in 1949. And it dovetails very neatly with the general drift toward greater moderation in China which has been evident since the summer of 1968. As far

as foreign policy is concerned, signs of a more flexible attitude have also become apparent, although most of them still need to be located with a Pekinological magnifying glass.

The most remarkable example of this tentative thaw has been China's invitation to the United States "to conclude an agreement on the five principles of peaceful co-existence" conveyed in an official foreign ministry statement of November 26 on the Sino-U.S. ambassadorial talks in Warsaw. These talks had been unproductive since the cultural revolution began, with several postponements by the Chinese side, who failed to turn up for the latest session scheduled for November. But the foreign ministry statement, while attempting to shift blame for the cancellation of this meeting onto American shoulders, also expressed a willingness to meet on February 20 of next year, thus continuing this Sino-U.S. dialogue, which has been maintained intermittently since it began in November, 1955.

The Chinese offer of a treaty of peaceful coexistence, contained in this statement, has been seized upon by Moscow as further proof of Peking's tacit "collusion" with Washington (the mirror image of the Chinese claim that the United States and the Soviet Union are "collaborating to divide up the world"). The Russians have cried wolf for too long to be taken seriously, but this time they might conceivably have a point.

Admittedly the Chinese proposal is linked to a demand that the United States should undertake to "immediately withdraw all its armed forces from China's territory Taiwan Province and the Taiwan Straits area and dismantle all its military installations in Taiwan Province," which is unlikely to cut much ice in Washington. But it does mean that the Chinese, after the interregnum of the cultural revolution, have once again adopted a coherent negotiating position for the ambassadorial talks. Even if it is far from being acceptable to the other side, it at least provides a basis for further discussion.

During the cultural revolution, we may ironically note, China's head of state Liu Shao-chi was criticized for advocating almost exactly the same principles which the foreign ministry statement now sets forth. Thus in the *People's Daily* of October 16, 1967, Liu was denounced for having uttered this "nonsensical" opinion: "Even in the case of the United States, we also hope to improve relations with it. . . . If the United States withdraws its troops from Taiwan, then the bone of contention will disappear and we may develop friendly relations with it." How dare he suggest, exclaimed the *People's Daily*, that Taiwan was the only stumbling block to better relations, or that one could ever be "friendly" with the imperialist robbers!

Yet Liu was merely restating what had been official policy in the ambassadorial talks since 1960, and which has now been substantially readopted (with the difference that, so far as one knows, China has never in the past explicitly proposed a formal agreement based on the Five Principles of Peaceful Coexistence). In the mid-1950s when the talks first began, it is worth recalling, Peking had adopted a much more flexible position, suggesting a variety of limited areas for negotiation, all of which were scornfully rejected by the American side. Those who speak

of Chinese foreign policy as if it has always been "inflexible" or "dogmatic" in its hostility toward the United States would do well to remember that there was a time when the boot was on the other foot.

Is there any hope, therefore, that the Chinese position will lead to any more fruitful negotiations than were possible before the cultural revolution if it is simply a return to the *status quo ante*? There would appear to be an insoluble conflict of principle involved, between China's insistence that the Taiwan problem must be settled, on its own terms, before progress can be made elsewhere, and the American refusal to regard the status of Taiwan as negotiable. But it is still arguable that both sides are now prepared to indulge in a greater freedom of maneuver behind their entrenched principles, as they were before the cultural revolution.

In the first place, the Chinese have previously made it clear (notably in an interview of Edgar Snow's with Premier Chou En-lai in August, 1960, that they require a *commitment in principle* from the United States to withdraw from Taiwan before other issues can be considered, but not a *physical withdrawal of support*. Once the United States has acknowledged that a viable settlement of Taiwan must involve its departure from the area, Peking implies, then the details can be negotiated. Conversely, there have been occasional hints from the American side that it might contemplate some limited gesture in this direction—the removal, for instance, of the Seventh Fleet from the Taiwan Straits has apparently been mooted in the past in administration circles.

Second, both sides must be well aware that a settlement in Vietnam will create a different pattern of power relations in the Asian theatre. Just as the end of the Korean War was linked, in 1954, to the first settlement of the Vietnamese question, so an end to the Vietnamese War today could conceivably involve the beginnings of a package deal on Taiwan. This may sound a fanciful idea, but it is one which is being actively discussed by some observers in Southeast Asia, and especially by those who are watching China.

One obvious stumbling block would be a refusal by China to honor a settlement on Vietnam for a start. Until recently, this was a distinct possibility, since Peking made little effort to conceal its hostility toward the Paris peace talks, which it described as a U.S.-Soviet "peace hoax to sell out the people of Vietnam." Mao and his colleagues frequently bestowed their gratuitous advice upon Hanoi, to the effect that "perseverance means victory," and that the Vietnamese should struggle to a bitter but glorious end.

But the bombing halt over North Vietnam, and the prospect of enlarged talks in which the National Liberation Front—which is after all the very embodiment of the Vietnamese people in Chinese eyes—would take part, seems to have prompted second thoughts in Peking (and perhaps it is fortunate that these developments have coincided with the resurgence of the "moderates" in China's domestic politics).

Since November 1, the Chinese press has rigorously excluded almost all unfavorable references to the "peace plot" from its columns, and for that matter virtually all

news about Vietnam. But in an unusual break with precedent, they have published, *in toto* and without comment, not only the major statements issued by Hanoi and the NLF but also President Johnson's address in which he announced the bombing halt—an unfamiliar and bizarre sight in the pages of the *People's Daily*. "We have suspended judgment on the peace talks," China seems to be saying: "We are prepared to wait and see whether our prophecies of doom are justified or not," thus opening up the possibility that China will, after all, concur in a settlement if one is reached. The Chinese foreign ministry's statement on the Sino-U.S. ambassadorial talks also implies a softer attitude toward the Paris talks, for if China can negotiate with the imperialists, why should the same right be denied to the Vietnamese?

A third reason for guarded optimism as to the future of the Peking-Washington dialogue lies in the new—and distinctly less attractive—look of Soviet foreign policy, which must be as evident to China as it is to the United States. Since the invasion of Czechoslovakia, senior Chinese leaders have more than once drawn attention to the "threat" posed against them by a Soviet military build-up in the Soviet Far East and Outer Mongolia. Western military sources have confirmed that significant deployments of Soviet troops and equipment have been made, including Soviet missiles which are said to be targeted upon Peking and other vital targets. The Chinese military leadership, in particular, is known to have been concerned for some time at the way in which the cultural revolution had depleted China's border defenses and weakened its defensive capabilities.

It is an axiom of the tripartite relationship among Moscow, Peking and Washington, that no one likes to be left out in the cold. In the early 1950s, American intervention in the Far East was largely based upon the assumed existence (which turned out to be illusory) of a state of mon-

olithic unity" between the two great Communist powers. Later on, the growing *rapprochement* between the United States and the Soviet Union was neatly matched by the growing discord between the latter and China, and it was Peking which stood on its own. Although this state of isolation was welcomed by the Maoists, it is clear that some influential leaders in the Chinese administration were pressing for a degree of realignment toward the Soviet side, especially after the Americans began to escalate the Vietnamese War. (Disagreement in 1965 over whether or not to embark upon "united action" with the Soviet Union in order to present a joint front in Vietnam was one of the background causes of the cultural revolution.)

Today, as more moderate voices are heard again in Peking, it is highly unlikely that they will urge a *rapprochement* with the Soviet Union, although they may well advocate a new attempt to win friends in Eastern Europe, among those nations of the Socialist bloc for whom Czechoslovakia has been a bitter blow. It would be foolish to leap to the opposite conclusion—that Peking may execute an about-turn in the direction of the United States—but for tactical reasons alone it might be tempted toward demonstrating slightly greater flexibility, if for no other reason than to keep the Russians on edge—and at bay.

Perhaps this is why Soviet anti-Chinese propaganda, in private as well as public, has lately acquired a note almost of desperation. "We want the Americans to stay in Asia," says the man from Moscow who takes you aside in London, Paris or Phnom Penh, adding almost as an afterthought "except of course in Vietnam." And the myth of the yellow peril, otherwise known in *Moscow News* as "Mao Tse-tung's great-power ambitions for Asian hegemony," finds its warmest adherents in the Soviet Union, at a time when it has been—one hopes—virtually abandoned in the West. The implications of this paradox are no doubt being given serious consideration in the State Department, just as we may surmise that they are in Peking.

SHALE OIL

THE DORMANT BOMB

CHRIS WELLES

Mr. Welles, business editor of The Saturday Evening Post, is currently at work on a book about oil shale.

On the morning of December 20, the Department of the Interior will open bids it has received for the leasing of three tracts of government land containing perhaps \$1 billion worth of oil shale. The event will probably receive little attention in the press, but it could have an incalculable effect on the disposition of the country's richest natural resource. In all, there are 16,000 acres of shale land in Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, 80 per cent of it federally owned. It is estimated to contain as many as 5 trillion barrels of oil—400 times the annual world consumption and worth \$10 trillion. Unless govern-

ment policy is changed soon, December 20 could be the start of handing over control of the federal shale land to the major oil companies. It would mean the loss of an opportunity to introduce strong domestic competition into one of the nation's most concentrated and monopolistic industries.

Historically, the Interior Department has tended to regard the shale deposits as a kind of dormant bomb which, if left undisturbed, might not go off and hurt somebody. Not only is the Department always sensitive to the charges of "giveaway" and "Teapot Dome" which invariably arise when anybody gets hold of a valuable piece of government property but it is also extremely reluctant to offend powerful oil interests which have never been in favor of shale development.

The overt reason for the industry's lack of interest is that, though many experts have estimated that oil could be produced from shale at a cost below that of domestic crude, no commercially viable process has actually been developed and tested. Even a small commercial plant, it is pointed out, would require millions of dollars in capital expenditures. Thus, through a nice bit of a priori reasoning, most oil companies have conducted only the most meager shale research programs.

However, the need to spend money does not usually stop the oil industry's pursuit of profit, and one may wonder why shale is so neglected at the very time when dollars are being showered with abandon upon the frigid, remote northern coast of Alaska.

The answer is that shale is potentially a very serious threat to the industry as now organized. Oil men in their nightmares see the following scenario: somebody—an oil company or a government research team—develops a production process that yields shale oil at costs far below those for conventional crude; the commercial attractiveness of the process is such that the government is compelled to sell or lease some of its shale land to private businesses, not necessarily friendly to the future welfare of the oil companies; large amounts of shale oil begin coming onto the market, undercutting the price of conventional crude which is carefully supported by state and federal legislation; the price of conventional crude is forced down, cutting gasoline and fuel oil prices; lowering U. S. dependence on foreign oil, assisting the balance of payments—but severely damaging the oil industry's profits and perhaps even its existence. A March, 1968, report of the National Economics Research Associates, while emphasizing the many obstacles to shale development, asserts that "it is well within the realm of the possible for the petroleum industry to find itself unintentionally the godfather of a fledgling shale oil industry, which once started could begin the function of supplanting its predecessor." One respected Washington energy analyst says a cheap method of shale oil production "could make Texas and Oklahoma look like another Appalachia."

To guard against such a calamity, however remote, the industry has bought up most of the privately owned shale land and has acted to deter such small-scale development work as has been conducted by private research teams. The Department of the Interior has cooperated by doing almost nothing to promote shale development and, at least in one case, has actually shut down a government research facility when its progress toward a commercial shale process began to worry oil men.

For several years after he became Secretary, Stewart Udall did little to alter this negative policy. Recently, however, Congressional pressure for development—especially from the Westerners who dominate the committees that must approve most Interior legislation—has increased. (Former Senator Paul Douglas raised many eyebrows when he estimated during Congressional hearings that royalties from shale development could pay off the national debt.) Udall therefore undertook to clear away some of the dense tangle of legal conflicts which obscure much of the shale land. Finally he announced a series of proposals which had the virtue at least of mollifying the



increasingly varied array of interested parties.

The initial proposals, involving leases with tight federal control over technological developments, were attractive enough to appease the development forces while restrictive enough to stave off those concerned about "give-aways." For their part, the oil men were happy because the provisions were so stiff that nobody could expect them to do anything but turn the proposals down. But the recent formal invitation to bid for test leases (published the day before Election Day) is, if not exactly irresistible, considerably more attractive than any of Udall's past efforts. It concerns three plots—ranging from 1,255 to 5,120 acres—of federal land in the Piceance Creek Basin of northwestern Colorado, the richest section of the shale land. The three sections are estimated to contain 450 million barrels of oil; in one of them, the shale is more than 1,000 feet thick.

Leases will be let under a "competitive bonus bidding" arrangement similar to that used by Interior in leasing offshore oil lands. Under this scheme, royalty rates on eventual production are set in advance, and the bidders compete by offering to pay one-time bonuses over and

above those continuing fees. In this case the royalties are intended to approximate the 12½ per cent rate charged by the government on other Western oil and gas lands. (The program's terms do not alter current law which provides that the federal government will get only a 10 per cent share of these royalties. A 37½ per cent share will go to the state in which the resource lies and 52½ per cent will go to the Reclamation Fund, a huge pork barrel organization that builds dams and other public works in seventeen Western states. "If shale really gets going," a Western legislator told me not long ago, "we'll be able to build a dam in every gulch in the West. The governor of Colorado will be able to declare quarterly dividends.")

While opening the program up to the highest bidders may seem fair, it almost guarantees that only the large oil companies will participate. The oil business in this country is a tight little family. Through an interlocking network, the industry controls all of its operations from drilling to pumping to refining to transportation through pipe lines to retail selling. Udall has often indicated his preference for a "broad participation" in shale development which would allow "smaller companies" to get into the development, but the provisions of the present bid will allow only the largest companies to participate. There are, of course, non-oil companies with substantial capital resources but they would probably be reluctant to become involved. For them suddenly to go into the oil business would be a little like Vladimir Horowitz trying to play guard for the Los Angeles Rams—the talent may be great but it is not relevant. There are many easier ways to make money than fighting the \$50 billion oil industry.

Interior has ignored perhaps the only way, under this competitive bidding system, to avoid monopoly oil domination. That would have been to encourage large mining and chemical companies—some like Kaiser Aluminum have already shown interest—to develop the vast amounts of aluminum and sodium minerals which are intermixed with much of the shale. Udall himself, at 1967 hearings before the Senate Interior committee, stated: "It is likely, as we all know, that the largest, by far the largest deposits of aluminum minerals in the nation, in a nation that is short of aluminum, is present in these oil shale deposits." Yet the Secretary's recent program barely mentions these other minerals.

It is difficult to predict what the response of the big oil companies will be on December 20. Executives from several large companies told me last year that they wouldn't participate in a federal development program even if they were handed a few thousand acres outright. Since then, however, the oil industry has become more sensitive to charges that it opposes shale development, and more aware that, with all the commotion about the need for development, it should perhaps take the initiative and make sure that things go its way. (One provision of Udall's program should prove alluring to even the most wary oil man: lessees will be allowed to sit on the land for seven years, without paying the first penny in either bonuses or royalties.)

The possibility that a cheap production method will be found still vexes the oil men. The policy of Interior as reflected in the leasing program is apparently to do little research of its own, but two private studies are under way. A firm called CER Geonuclear Corp. is working with Interior and the Atomic Energy Commission to investigate the possibility that an underground nuclear explosion might be used to crush the shale so that it could be heated in place, the oil thus being released to be pumped to the surface. After some delay, a test explosion is scheduled to be fired next fall. Allied with CER, however, is a private-industry consortium dominated by most of the large oil companies. A second research operation is being conducted by a small company called The Oil Shale Corporation (TOSCO), which despite repeated promises has yet to come up with a commercial method. Though TOSCO is backed by money apparently unrelated to the oil industry, it has reportedly been negotiating with a few oil companies—Atlantic Richfield is said to be one of them—to undertake some kind of cooperative arrangement.

Thus it seems unlikely that persons unconnected with the oil industry will challenge its apparent control of the situation. Even if the oil companies deem it in their interest to develop the shale (there is always the possibility that the United States will run short of crude, or that nuclear power will prove prohibitively expensive or dangerous, or that coal, a potential major source of hydrocarbons will prove unattractive), it is improbable that the consumer will enjoy cheaper gas or oil. Shale oil would simply be slowly and nondisruptively eased into the market while the price-support legislation was being appropriately modified.

A number of Congressmen, notably Michigan Sen. Philip A. Hart, feel that in shale oil the country has a rare opportunity to develop an economic force strong enough to challenge established oil concerns, whose profit rates, thanks to tax breaks and other preferential benefits, are the highest of any industry in the country. There are two main possibilities. One would be to restrict development of federal shale to non-oil companies, while making leasing provisions so enticing and potentially lucrative that the outsiders would be willing to battle the industry's giants. Another widely recommended proposal is creation of a government-owned TVA-type corporation to produce shale oil.

Either idea would be politically most difficult to realize, even under a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress. With Richard Nixon coming into the White House, the oil industry does not appear to be seriously concerned. *The Wall Street Journal* reported, after making a survey of executives attending a recent meeting of the American Petroleum Institute, that "Oil men are generally jubilant over Mr. Nixon's victory." It was pointed out, for example, that Nixon is actually on record as favoring the 27½ per cent depletion allowance. "The oil men," the story went on, "rate Mr. Nixon more favorably to their industry than even President Johnson, whose native Texas is the nation's No. 1 oil-producing state."

'THE QUALITY OF INEQUALITY'

THOMAS P. WILBUR

Since completing his doctoral work at Teachers College, Columbia, Mr. Wilbur has been serving on the research staff of the Michigan Dept. of Education, with special attention to the Detroit education suit.

As every ghetto parent knows, Dewey's dictum—"What the best and wisest parent wants for his own child, that must the community want for all its children"—has been studied and discussed in schools of education, but rarely obeyed by politicians. Quality public education, at least insofar as that elusive concept can be defined by relative expenditure levels, has traditionally been determined by community socio-economic levels and political power, rather than being determined by the educational needs of children.

Public schools are financed from two primary sources: local property taxes and state grants. Neither source has been egalitarian. The strength of a community's property-tax base is usually closely related to the socio-economic status of its citizenry; state aid appropriations (which are typically given according to so-called "equalization formulas") tend to locate money in politically powerful areas. Thus the amount spent on a child's education depends very much upon his place of residence. For example, the National Education Association estimated last year that Mississippi's school districts spent an average of \$346 per pupil while New York's spent \$982. Within-state differences, moreover, are approximately as great. New York's poorer districts spend less than \$600, while its wealthy areas spend upward of two and a half times as much.

Opposition to these inequities is now becoming more intense, largely because the educational position of the great cities has been declining steadily by comparison with that of the suburbs. There is a double reason for the relative decline. In the first place, education is more expensive in the cities because the urban clientele, drawn increasingly from the disadvantaged, is more difficult to educate. It is also more expensive, however, because the cities try to do more for handicapped children, because school sites and construction cost more in the cities, and because of the demands of powerful teachers' unions. Second, the cities have relatively less money to apply to their educational problems than do the wealthy suburbs. "Municipal overburden," which puts a proportionately greater amount of the cities' municipal budget into such non-school items as police and fire protection, welfare, transportation, etc., and a decline in taxable wealth (again relative to the suburbs) have prevented urban education from keeping pace with the needs of disadvantaged children. In addition, state legislatures have not been receptive to city needs. A recent study of thirty-five metropolitan areas by Alan K. Campbell of Syracuse University revealed that, in 1962, suburbs were spending, on the aver-

age, \$145 more per pupil than the cities—and receiving \$40 more per student than the cities in state aid appropriations.

Hence two cities, Detroit and Chicago, despairing of providing quality education within the present financial context, have attacked the problem in the courts by arguing that their children have been denied their rights under the equal protection clause of the Constitution's Fourteenth Amendment. Detroit's case may be considered the archetype. Plaintiffs are the Detroit Board of Education and "next friends" of several Detroit school children; defendant is Michigan's treasurer. In outline, the brief prepared for the plaintiffs reasons that: (1) "The State of Michigan has assumed and is charged with the responsibility of maintaining and supporting a system of free public elementary and secondary school for all the children of the State of Michigan"; (2) the state, having undertaken this responsibility, is required by the equal protection clause "to discharge this responsibility on an equal basis for all children of the State, without favoritism or discrimination"; (3) as a result of the method adopted by the state for the apportionment of funds, plaintiff children are "denied educational opportunities which are substantially equal to those enjoyed by children attending public schools in many other districts of the State"; and (4) therefore, the state's apportionment formula is considered to be repugnant to the fundamental law of the United States."

If the courts find the above reasoning persuasive, their decisions will have far-reaching influence on American education. Not only would state educational apportionment formulas have to be revised to favor the cities, they would also have to be revised to equalize educational opportunity in the many rural areas of most states that are often poor even in comparison with the cities. It is doubtful that the present school finance structure could accommodate such a change, and the states would probably have to levy some sort of state-wide school tax on property. In addition, it is likely that the states could mandate a considerable consolidation of small school districts, so that state funds could be allocated efficiently. In short, the Detroit case has potentially greater significance for the structure and administration of public education than any case in American educational history—including, probably, the historic 1954 *Brown vs. Board of Education* decision.

The Supreme Court will probably hear the Detroit case, or one very much like it, in the next few years. How it will decide is a matter of guesswork, but participants in a recent conference on "The Quality of Inequality: Urban and Suburban Public Schools," held at the University of Chicago, were generally hopeful of eventual success. The conference, however, was held while the country still had a Warren Supreme Court. What a "Nixon Court" might decide is another matter.

HARRY GOLDEN

North Carolina has the reputation of being a progressive Southern state. That reputation is somewhat accidental. There was no plantation or slave culture to speak of in North Carolina because the slavers could not dock any place along the Carolina coast. Cape Hatteras makes this part of the ocean the graveyard of the Atlantic. There were plantations and slaves in the counties down from Norfolk, Va., and some in those up from Charleston, but the rest of the state was populated by yeomen.

The state was also lucky in that it produced Governor Aycock around the turn of the century. Aycock was known as the "Education Governor" because he built the first widespread complex of public schools. It was lucky that after Aycock, Frank P. Graham became the president of the University of North Carolina and established a tradition of liberalism on which the state still trades. In 1960, Terry Sanford won election as governor and completely revamped the outmoded school system.

But that's about it for the state. With the exception of these three men and the historical fact that North Carolina almost declared for the Union, the state is not more liberal than Alabama or Mississippi. When the Supreme Court ordered an end to school segregation with all "deliberate speed," the Tar Heels concentrated on "deliberate" rather than "speed." It has never been their intention to accord full rights to the Negroes. Tar Heels figure there is some way to circumvent, delay or avoid every court

directive. "Interposition," invented by Virginia, was adopted by North Carolina in the late 1950s. School desegregation has been a technique of gradualism and tokenism. Given ten years to desegregate by its own devices, North Carolina has failed miserably.

Because of this sort of thing in North Carolina, and elsewhere in the South, Congress in the 1964 Civil Rights Act directed that no federal funds be appropriated to any school which discriminates on the basis of race. This law resulted in the desegregation guidelines established by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. State officials, however, place their faith in "freedom of choice" plans, which means only that the state fails again because the school districts fail.

Dr. Charles F. Carroll, North Carolina State Superintendent of Public Instruction, revealed recently that only 22 per cent of colored children attended school with whites last year. Chairman D. S. Coltrane of the North Carolina Good Neighbor Council criticized the "freedom of choice" plans. "They must be true freedom of choice plans without interference on the part of school boards, school officials, citizens of the community or extremist groups of either race."

A progressive state is one that can realize that the process of school integration cannot be reversed or arrested. Would that Aycock, Graham and Sanford were with us now!

LETTERS (Continued from page 674)

Thomas Eakins

New York, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: I am writing a book on the American painter, Thomas Eakins (1844-1916), which will include a catalogue *raisonné* of his works. I would appreciate it if anyone who owns work by Eakins, with whom I have not already been in communication, would be kind enough to write me at the following address: Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021. This would be of great help in completing the record of this leading American artist.

Lloyd Goodrich, Advisory Director

moral idiosyncrasy

Ephraim, Utah

DEAR SIR: In stating that "there is something morally wrong in breaking duly constituted laws" (December 2, 1968), Mr. Cohen mistakenly attempts to equate morality with legality. While it is true that men can, and often do,

substitute morality for legality, the two are not one and the same. Morality is individual and idiosyncratic, whereas legality is societal. Moral codes require the individual's agreement. The law, on the contrary, does not require one's agreement, but only his obedience. It does not ask whether one's moral sense is outraged by this or that statute. It simply says *obey*. This being true, it follows that there is something legally wrong (not morally) in breaking duly constituted laws. If this were not so, one could never break a law, however evil, except at the expense of morality. Whether the preservation of society depends more upon laws that are binding on all men than it does upon idiosyncratic moral codes is, of course, an open question now in the deciding. But so long as one man's moral sense is outraged by a single law, there can be no question that disobedience to that law is a legal issue to be decided on legal grounds. Hence, until legality and morality become one, it is not necessarily true that "there is something morally wrong in breaking duly constituted laws."

John Hendrickson

Division of Humanities, Snow College

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Illuminated Manuscripts

THE FLOWERING OF THE MIDDLE AGES. Edited by Joan Evans. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 360 pp. \$30.

THE HORIZON BOOK OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By Morris Bishop. Norman Korker, Editor in charge. American Heritage Publishing Co. Distributed by Houghton Mifflin. 416 pp. \$22.50 regular. \$25.50 de luxe.

MICHAEL B. FOLSON

Mr. Folson teaches literature at M.I.T. He is writing a popular study of Middle English literature, and editing the memoirs of Michael Gold.

Joan Evans, D Litt, D Lit, Hon VPSA, prefaces her conclusion of *The Flowering of the Middle Ages* with the opinion that "the invention of printing, more decisively than any other single event," marks the end of the medieval era and the beginning of the modern. As editor of a sumptuous and splendid example of the recent crop of intellectually pretentious, illustrated, popular gift books, she is concerned with the wider diffusion of knowledge among "ordinary" readers, and she is convinced that the latest flower of printing technology—the development of sophisticated and relatively inexpensive four-color photo-offset lithography—makes possible "a new kind of historical book," one in which "rich illustration" makes the social background "live." In effect, she argues that there is feedback from the new media of this "post-literate" society which makes the best that printing can do all the more appreciable: "Though education remains astonishingly bookish, our recreations have trained our eyes. . . . The cinema and the television set have trained us in visual nimbleness. . . ."

But exactly because the latest abilities of the printing press have so much to offer in the way of education and can be so splendid to the eye, the books under review are a disappointment. Opposite the beginning of Joan Evans' essay on "The End of the Middle Ages," is a full-page, full-color reproduction of the first kind of printed page, a leaf of a "block book" with a striking woodcut of St. Christopher, hand colored, and two lines of subscribed black-letter Latin in caption carved into the block. We have come full circle; that is about the same relation between picture and text to be found in these examples of the very most modern printing.

A book in which any static image may be reproduced with startling fidelity is virtually a new medium, but these books bear an old message. They do not diffuse knowledge so much as they entertain the eye. Gift books and received opinions. What we get from the most sophisticated engineers of the printing industry is a modern version of the pious purpose of medieval visual art: "literature for the illiterate." Joan Evans affirms it: "Since the [medieval] documents are difficult, the visible picture over-rides the documentation. . . ."

Yet there are, perhaps atavistically, a lot of words in these books. Although the obvious appeal is to the eye, the McGraw-Hill and Horizon productions remain overgrown, but not grown up, school texts in which, formally, the graphics are meant to illustrate the text, or window dress it for the laggards. There is no effective integration of image with narrative or analysis.

The first failure is that the writing is dull, tedious, simple-minded, stodgy or dry. When I took on this review, I planned to make a point by boasting that I was probably the only fellow around who had actually read these books from cover to cover. They defeated my presumptuousness. (The editors of *Horizon* attempted to prevent reviewers from suffering a bad conscience by sending along a synopsis of the text covering 5½ single-spaced, legal-size pages, which I also did not finish reading.) But such costly books are not marketed for their intellectual content. The gift-book business decks the parlor, not the mind.

The McGraw-Hill book, the more dazzling of the two in its visual appeal, is a terribly British affair. The eight gentlemen whom the editor chose to write about their medieval specialties enjoy the loftiest of connections with the most conservative institutions of the Anglo-Saxon cultural establishment. One is keeper of Western manuscripts at the Bodleian and fellow of Balliol; another is deputy keeper of textiles at the Victoria and Albert; and so forth. Among them they share twenty-one alphabetical distinctions: FSA, FRSL, Hon DCL, FBA, FR Hist S, etc. Joan Evans hopes that the extravaganza she edits is "a new kind of historical book that is more concerned with the social background than with political events. . . ." But, of

course, this kind of chatty, heavily researched, anecdotal, Protestant English, social historiography (specializing in the bawdy and pecculation of popish churchmen, but respectful of the awesome power of an established religion in the maintenance of social order) is about as new as Skeat and Coulton and that whole host of genial Victorian pedant medievalists.

The *Horizon* book is concocted by a peculiarly American version of the same institution. Morris Bishop, Kappa Alpha professor of Romance Literature Emeritus at Cornell University, gets credit for the text, but we are informed that *The Middle Ages* is "by the editors of *Horizon Magazine*," and Norman Kotker, "Editor in Charge," has equal and prior billing to "Author" on the title page. Thus authorized, the text has the homogenized quality of a *Time/Life* feature and the enthusiasm and profundity of Walt Disney in his "educational" moods.

On both sides of the Atlantic, it is agreed that, for instance, in the Dark Ages "the monks held the Western world together," that "the Middle Ages achieved an extraordinarily coherent and integrated civilization," that social stability was its chief virtue, that "the keyword to our conception of history is civilization." Civilization was, to be sure, what it is: Western and Christian. The Slavic, Islamic and Magyar peoples (among others) achieved nothing during "our" Middle Ages, except insofar as they impinged on the "Western" consciousness. Very old and ordinary stuff for the "ordinary reader."

The second disappointment is that the illustrative material, for all its glory, fails to illustrate. The pictures do not expand upon the understanding of the text partly because they are not properly exploited, and partly because they are inscrutable. Engaging, magnificent—and pretty, too—but, in large measure, inscrutable. Joan Evans is entirely too facile in her assumption that our new media have trained the modern eye to catch the meaning of a densely illustrated historical work. Our familiarity with the vitiated "realism" of mass-production movies and television has, if anything, rendered us less able to comprehend the formulaic, formalistic, symbolical, iconographic visual art of the Middle Ages—except as "quaint" and other.

Take the block-book illustration of St. Christopher already mentioned. Missing here is some basic information which neither text nor caption supplies. A good many literate post-Christians might like to know why the saint is represented with the baby Jesus on his shoulders wading through water and what that has to do with his name. We would appreciate a translation of the caption which, in black letter, is dark even to one who knows the rudiments of Latin. But this is not the point.

What we absolutely require is some help with learning *how to see*. To begin with, some suggestions about how the wood-block medium helped shape or limit the image. Then some commentary on the mixture of rudimentary "naturalistic" impulses with forms symbolic and formulaic. What is the modern eye to do with the characteristically medieval blunt, blank, perspectiveless background to a dramatically conceived landscape which seems struggling to represent depth? How can we respond to the assumption that the natural thing to do, if you wanted to identify the most important figure in the scene, was to make him four or five times as large as the others? And what have these observations to do with, say, Breughel who, 100 years later, was driving his vast landscapes into the distance and dwarfing even Jesus under awesome escarpments of nature?

Or take another of the most striking of the reproductions in these books, one of the many manuscript illuminations. If the modern eye is accustomed to anything in medieval art it is manuscript illumination, which we take for cute and decorative. But what are we to do with the first page of John in the 12th-century "Stephen Harding Bible" ("*In principio erat verbum*, . . ."): "In the beginning was the word. . .")? The massive initial *I* with its embellishments is worked elaborately into the body of the text. Complicatedly grotesque, the letter rests upon the back of a nondescript but fetching beast which looks sublime and silly as it swallows the head of a rather greasy-looking, featherless red and blue bird. But what is really going on in this serious *jeu d'esprit* of piety is John himself in Cistercian habit sitting toward the top, signifying the law of his letters. While he teaches from a stylized scroll, an eagle (John's emblem, also stylized, with no attempt at verisimilitude) rests one foot on his head and, as the caption indicates, "digs its talons into his eyes, nose, mouth and ears, symbolizing the word of God being imprinted upon his senses." Now, this way of conceiving the communication of meaning in a graphic mode must boggle the modern visual understanding, for what can only mean torture to us, who are trained to

WELSH CHRISTMAS

*It approaches, rustling like Birnam,
Moving ahead of the footprints*

*Blueblack in the snow.
A pilgrimage of trees.*

*The trail leads away from the pinewood
Where the amputations bleed.*

*In zero weather the axes
Rang sharp and clear,*

*The chips flew out like finches.
Merrily we confess the annual wounds*

*Nailing them crosswise to the floor
In the narrow firelit rooms.*

*Night comes early helped by clouds
Colored like the mouths of siege guns.*

*One by one the windows darken,
An owl hoots from the pinewood.*

*The village sleeps, postponing
Its proclamations of death and grief—*

*The beast-shape of the slag mountain
Softens under the falling snow.*

ERIC BARKER

accept an image as literal, was meant to signify ecstasy. We do not understand. Such exotic qualities of medieval art are greatly exaggerated by our ignorance. Some words of preparation and explanation are necessary.

Both the Horizon and McGraw-Hill books do include chapters on the art of the Middle Ages, but neither is much help in educating the understanding of its readers. Andrew Martindale, who is Joan Evans' expert on the subject, is interested in the sociology of the artist, and writes an essay on "The Changing Status of the Craftsman." He mainly characterizes and documents the development of the anonymous feudal court mechanic and decorator into the proto-Renaissance individual with an ego stake in the product of his genius. The essay is a work of that earnestly researched, substantial, meat-and-potatoes social historiography at which the English are so adept. It does have the virtue of ignoring another more pretentious indulgence of medieval art historians: the asocialization and mystification of art according to the metaphysics of Jung and Barfield and such. But Martindale doesn't even start to speculate about the effect of the changing status of the artist on the changing nature of the art, and has almost nothing at all to say about the visual imagination.

Morris Bishop's chapter on art (in

the Horizon book) at least talks about the subject; and Bishop or his editors begin to exploit their rather more flexible format actually to *illustrate* a point, in one case, by juxtaposing four statues of the Madonna and Child in order to talk about the "development of realism." (The McGraw-Hill book includes one of these same pieces in a display of art objects traded internationally, and notes only that it is Parisian, 14th century.) But most of what Professor Bishop has to say is elementary and emulates the character of his opening remark: "The pictorial art of the Middle Ages is the product of the creative impulse. . . ." Hardly more than Martindale does he try to educate our reactions and, for instance, help us understand what it means when we come upon one of the late medieval bourgeois "realistic" paintings reproduced grandly in these volumes and feel a distinct relaxation, a relief to be among familiar things again.

The basic problem is that pictorial art cannot be a subject in books of this kind. It must be, in a sense, *the* subject. It is the obvious focus of attention in the consideration of all the other subjects, and is the one thing before the eye which demands explication at the turn of every page. But the introduction into such a book of more and better visual education for the lay spectator is not really the point either. At stake is respect for and full exploitation of the uses of art.

It should be possible to create a kind of pictorial history in which the visual art (not to mention the literary art) of the past is not merely supporting material and sales appeal but properly the starting point of the telling of social as well as aesthetic history, a prime medium of communication, a definition of the meaning of history, with attendant words explicating the medium and analyzing the message, and supplying whatever the graphic material cannot accomplish. And there is much else to be supplied.

Words will not die. Among other things, serious, sustained, complex inquiry into the past requires them. (And the words of the past, the high literature of the Middle Ages, for instance, has as much to offer as the visual art, though it is perhaps more difficult to approach. The McGraw-Hill book ignores the literary imagination altogether, and the Horizon book pays it but perfunctory attention with a mini-anthology selected on perverse and doubtful principles.) In response to a qualitative advance in printing technique, the historian should discover a new relation between his words and the splendors he can marshal before the eye. And, it seems to me that the medieval historian might respond to the necessity of illuminating the significantly alien ways of medieval

art by conveying something new about the world so strangely replicated in that art.

The authors of these books, like others who write popularly about the European Middle Ages, complacently assume that we are all eager to know of this past because it is *our* past, *our* heritage, into which our roots sink and in which we have a born stake. But the pictures insist that this was a world starkly different even from that of the ethnocentric social and intellectual elite who identify the Western Christian tradition as the received culture of the race. Not only the institutions, mores, and styles of life were essentially different but also the very mind of man, to whom what we think bizarre might look commonplace and natural—what we consider reasonable, quite incredible.

Even more important, we have got to scotch the elitism of historiography which survives nowhere more comfortably than among the medievalists. Almost every other period of history has had its liberal and radical commentators to do battle with the crusty guardians of the dead, but not the Middle Ages. There have been a few Whiggish Protestants who have written about that period of British darkness before 1537 which was brightened only by Wyclif. A few English Marxists have dealt with aspects of the period or surveyed it briefly, A.L. Morton and Eric Hobsbawm mainly. There is a chapter or so of Arnold Hauser. But there is no body of sustained and scholarly argument.

The West is a much smaller bailiwick now. The racially alien and upstart peoples who have, in the last twenty years, wrested their independence from, and dismembered, piecemeal, the Western empires, have also called the culture of the West into question. The traditions of the men who ruled the West during the Middle Ages are only one cultural inheritance of man among many, and one which has been chiefly distinguished by the fact that it has been the culture of the oppressors of most of the rest of the world.

To be sure, the arts and accomplishments of oppressors are still the overwhelming portion of man's glory, his fittest inheritance—among the Slavs and Mongols, the Hindus and Mohammedans, and in black Africa, as well as here in the Christian West. We should be tough enough of mind to be able to enjoy the splendor of an age's art and, at the same time, detest the venality and brutishness of the men who ruled the age and bought the art. Art and the telling of history go well together. History tells us how different we once were and what we are now, and thus puts us in mind of what we might yet become.

\$35 Worth of Hubris

EKISTICS: An Introduction to the Science of Human Settlements. By Constantinos A. Doxiadis. Oxford University Press. 527 pp. Illus. \$35.

NATHAN SILVER

Mr. Silver is an American architect practicing in England. He is architectural critic of the New Statesman, author of *Lost New York* (Houghton Mifflin), and is at work on a new book with a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation.

When I was teaching at the Columbia School of Architecture I once tried to get Prof. Margaret Mead to attend a discussion on urban configurations, arranged as a class study. "I'm not sure whether or not I can make it," she explained obscurely, "it all depends on canoe schedules . . . but I'm most interested in the design of cities. I participated in the Doxiadis symposium at Delos last summer, you know."

That was the first I had heard of the Delos symposia though not of Doxiadis. The man had rather an odd reputation. He seemed quite famous in lay groups, in some glossy magazines, with some politicians; but among professional planners and architects he was mainly considered a lightweight, a publicist, even (as he played the familiar role of charismatic culture genius) a charlatan. Yet Doxiadis, a rich and well-connected Greek, had gone on from town and regional planning in his own country to work for the UN and do international consultation. He had founded his own periodical (*Ekistics*), and his own institute. Then, inviting famous scholars like Margaret Mead from all over the world on expense-paid visits to the beautiful Aegean, he presided over four symposia at Delos annually from 1963 to 1966.

As I reflect on it now, one of the most exasperating things about Doxiadis was his weakness for neologisms, naturally from the Greek. A city that works, to him, is *Entopia*; a changing city is *Dynapolis*, *Dynametropolis* or—coinage over coinage—*Dynamegalopolis*. He supports the establishment of a total science of man which he calls *Anthropics*. A future world-city will be *Ecumenopolis*. Then, of course, he refers to the practice of urban and regional planning as *Ekistics*, "the science of human settlements." From 1942 on Doxiadis has been discussing his own planning work through these Ekistic principles in various and variously titled lectures, articles and books. Now at last he takes us home to mama with *Ekistics* (\$35).

Ekistics is the mother lode; mother

science (as Doxiadis sees it) if perhaps not quite Mother of the Arts. Through much of its girth this fat book champions scientific process in studying and prescribing for human settlements. The argument—quarreling with nobody—goes on for so long, illustrated with scores of maps and charts, that one finally becomes critical rather than reinforced in one's prior convictions. It's symptomatic of another fundamental difficulty Doxiadis has with his critics: he so belabors the obvious, so claims credit for it, that even his siding with the angels at last seems sheer hubris.

But this question about science deserves further examination if only because Doxiadis wants it that way. Should urban and regional planning become Ekistics, the science, no less, of human settlements? First of all the professional's preparation for his job would

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be staggering. According to Doxiadis an Ekistician has to know plenty about nature, man, society, shells (structures) and networks (roads, water supply, electricity, etc.). Doxiadis decries specialists, praises scientific generalists; he quotes Bronowski, Vannevar Bush, Medawar, Huxley, Eiseley and others to show how the philosophy of science accommodates even prescriptive science. And so it does, to be sure. But (1), where are all these well-rounded, also scientifically oriented, also talented planners—sorry, Ekisticians—to be found? Nowhere. I can't think of one, certainly not Doxiadis (but that's getting ahead of the story). (2) Planning generalists are fine, and they belong in politics. (3) Perhaps "overspecialization" is what is required now to adapt scientists to multiple sockets in new, complicated systems of collaborative study (a mathematician concerned with probabilities can tell us about shipping, where people want to live, stylistic change in art; a mathematical topologist or morphologist is a useful man to have in research on material efficiency or land use). Certainly planners should work scientifically—though Sir Peter Medawar's description of the process of scientific investigation is far hairier than Doxiadis seems to realize—but, planning itself a science? It sounds like a gambit, as Jane Jacobs has long suspected of planners, designed to make unpopular policies respectable.

Doxiadis turns this suspicion into an apparent certainty when he finally begins to describe his method of Ekistic analysis. Of course a planning procedure must come to grips with an enormous quantity of information before

reaching even indeterminable conclusions. (Dealing with indeterminate situations is quite within the scope of scientific procedure, but that isn't the procedure outlined here.) Yet self-awareness about what he is doing seems wanting; amid all his quotation, notation and pontification on the loveliness of science, Doxiadis must be in a state of self-hypnosis when he gets out the meat cleaver for his "synthesis." Though you have to have a certain sympathy for the meat-cleaver approach to help find a design in the corpus of Ekistic facts.

When the Ekistician gets finished taking account of nature, man, society, shells, networks; how they interrelate and also correlate with residence, commerce, industry, administration, defense; how these are affected by money, labor, materials, land, and so on, it's no surprise that 49 million alternatives appeared in a Doxiadis study of the urban Detroit area. So Doxiadis hit upon his *I.D.E.A. method* (*Isolation of Dimensions and Elimination of Alternatives*—no procedural explanation) augmented by his *C.I.D. method*. Fifteen arbitrary whacks later he's down to one "alternative." Logic wins again, as that character in "Li'l Abner" says when he socks somebody on the nose.

A scientist in a laboratory is within his civil rights to play a wild hunch; but what about a planner who deals with thousands of lives over several generations? A few American planners are now beginning to see their work very differently. They believe that planners who pose as sheer scientists or pure professionals are simply disguising their prejudices, which at best are after all usually for the existing structure and

values. They think the only chance for improved living in human settlements will come from precisely the opposite of what Doxiadis suggests: that planners should abandon mock neutrality and become instead politicians, blatant advocates of particular policies. From the practical point of view this means the public doesn't have to expect or depend on their being omniscient geniuses. And as a matter of rational democratic government, it means that fundamental decisions which will affect the lives of all are argued in public. Planners contribute their best analyses and their designs, but they aren't "authorities," just advocates (and rival groups may hire contesting planners). This idea about planning contains its own I.D.E.A., but the result should be fair: planning is politics, not Ekistics.

If planning isn't Ekistics, is Ekistics at least a good study procedure? I have my doubts about this too, though such seems to be the purpose intended. This book—unlike others recently published from Le Corbusier, Victor Gruen, Edmund Bacon and Sybil Moholy-Nagy—is not strictly an apologia of work done or explication of a field of endeavor. I think *Ekistics* is really supposed to be a textbook, and it is indeed written in textbook language (though the author himself seems to have a funny prominence, and the work of what must be scores of people is always denoted by "I"). Many suggestions are made about design procedure, but let's take only the principal one, which should suffice for a demonstration of merit.

Doxiadis lays down fifty-four "Laws" representing his Ekistic theory, many of which are trivial or disputable. Law 34 however is certainly not trivial:

All communities, and therefore, all Ekistic units tend to be connected to each other in a hierarchical manner. Every community of a higher order serves a certain number of communities of a lower order, and the same is true of specific functions within Ekistic units.

Now "hierarchy" is one of the great totem principles of planning and architecture. It refers to the indisputable fact that, for example, you can read in your room but you need to go to a small library for some books, a regional library for more arcane ones; many other people will do the same so, in programmatic terms, the regional library is hierarchically different from the small library or the home bookcase.

But a striking difficulty emerges when a planner tries to design, or even program, a city along strict hierarchical lines. This was beautifully explained in a classic paper published by Christopher

I. Existence

D. Modal Existence

7. State

8. Circumstance

Alexander in 1965, titled "A City Is Not a Tree," in which Alexander showed that planners' cities are invariably hierarchical, based on a system of branching relationships (a tree), whereas the pattern of successful cities that have grown spontaneously is very different. The branches of neighborhoods and districts in the latter are not isolated from other branches, but short-circuit at many points where people seek amusements or markets or whatever, in adjacent districts, rather than in their own. These seemingly accidental "desire lines" enrich the urban fabric; there is a general overlap which represents exciting accidents of contact or situation. The alternative built into planned cities is dissociation and compartmentalization.

And paternalism. Doxiadis' plans, printed here, for Islamabad, Pakistan; Tema, Ghana; Khartoum and other cities, demonstrate not only hierarchical rigidity but authoritarianism that would be retrograde even among the most stringent controls granted planners

in the urban West. Like W.W. Rostow's book, *The Stages of Economic Growth*, Doxiadis' cities suggest that new nations plod through weary stages to meet free choice in a retreating future, instead of leaping ahead now . . . but the issue here is the total well-being of urban society, not just riches.

Law 34 is the most grotesque bit of didacticism; others are less harmful or are irrelevant. Doxiadis argues that cities will grow into a future world city (*Eumenopolis*) of some 35 billion; also that growth in cities should be uni-directional—these notions tend to cancel each other out. There is a section on abstract form studies that resembles the enthusiasms of a Beaux Arts studio. Doxiadis' frequent quotations from Aristotle remind me of Robert Moses' scholarly allusions. And come to think of it, the comparison is rather apt, opprobrious though it may sound. If Robert Moses were as well-meaning as Levitt and talked like Buckminster Fuller, he would be Doxiadis.

bravery; not only the marvel of their skill but the ultimate prospect of their downfall. The clowns and players of all descriptions (including those of the bullfight) will be fated and forgotten. Life will use them shabbily, waste them. They know this and yet they persevere. They struggle gallantly only to be defeated in the end; yet they are prepared to accept their fate. The game itself is its own justification and reward.

Picasso himself is a player. He courts peril: he achieves elegance. Like the vagrant mimmers who come to Elsinore he can eat everything: "tragedy, comedy, history . . . scene indivisible, or poem unlimited." His career is a constant prancing, he excels in movement; its rapidity is his pre-eminent trait. He is astonishing, especially in the combination of power and splendor. He is wholly modern and yet his work always gives evidence of his deep roots in tradition. Notes of a bygone grace are often struck.

Players "are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." Picasso has chronicled our time more vividly than almost any other artist. His chronicle begins with the hectic and sullied closing years of the 19th century, it moves to the scientific intuitions of the early 20th, goes on to the sardonically jazzy arabesques which followed the First World War, retreats for a moment in an attempted return to order to allay the holocaust which was to ensue. Soon he confronts the horror of fascism and the occupation, and finally returns to civilization's erratic and uncertain recovery.

Picasso is supremely fecund, and "superabundance," I. A. Richards once said, "is a common characteristic of great art. . . ." Picasso is incessantly productive; for this reason he has his flops. But what we remember in the main is his enormous vitality, his basic virility, his joy and his unfailing sense of drama.

The dancing madness of the twenties, its profusion of talent, its flushed autointoxication, its grinning defiance

Picasso Images

PICASSO THEATRE. By Douglas Cooper. Harry N. Abrams. \$60 pp. \$25.

HAROLD CLURMAN

I found this book beautifully exciting. But as I read it and stopped to look at its more than 447 plates (some of them in color) at the back of the volume, and also examined the numerous illustrations in the text, I began to wonder whether the excitement I was experiencing was not simply nostalgia. As a student I had lived in Paris and saw many of the ballets and shows for which a large number of the pictures in the book served as settings. They brought back memories.

What I recalled was the great theatrical and artistic occasions of the time. Were they as fascinating as I once thought? The answer is Yes, they were part of a wonderful epoch, and Douglas Cooper has made a first-rate record of an aspect of the period which concerns Picasso's ventures into the theatre.

As designer of the décors and of many of the costumes, Picasso collaborated with Serge de Diaghilev's Russian Ballet Company from 1917 to 1924. He also provided the setting for Cocteau's *Antigone* in 1924 and for Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* as produced in 1947, as well as designing curtains for a play by Romain Rolland in 1936, a curtain and a setting for a ballet by Serge Lifar as late as 1962.

These forays onto the stage constitute

not only one aspect of Picasso's genius but also offer a clue to the character of his entire work. They are emblems of the man.

He painted clowns, acrobats, circus personnel as early as 1900. His paintings of cafés, dance halls, actresses, singers, so reminiscent of Toulouse-Lautrec, all proclaim his essential theatricality, his appetite for the adventure, the danger, the grandeur and misery, the bravura and the distortions of the "entertainment" world. There is an element of play in everything Picasso has done. The play is bold, extravagant, forceful and, not infrequently, angry and tragic.

In his clowns and circus riders Picasso sees not only their glamour (even in poverty and near despair) but their

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and scorn, its flamboyant social pageantry, all leave their traces in Douglas Cooper's book. We note them even in the descriptions of Picasso's relations with Diaghilev, Cocteau, Gertrude Stein, Satie, Stravinsky and the surrealists.

Cooper writes simply and effectively. He perceives the lines of Picasso's development with a natural receptivity to the nuances of artistic creation. Thus, to cite a single example, he recognizes that Picasso's venture into classicism was "a reaction against the brutality

and destruction of the war, as well as against the violence and mockery of Dada . . . musicians and writers were all tending to substitute calm for violence, regular and generalized forms for the shattered forms which had prevailed for ten years or more."

This makes one reflect on the present moment and question the possibility of such an eventuality tomorrow. The very fact that the book arouses these immediate considerations, and offers reminders of past pleasures, indicates the measure of its value.

psychic fulfillment. One might argue that this "nonpartisan" politics merely transfers to psychology the hopes he once assigned to religion, but it is fortunate that he should develop such a politics and choose an election year to tell his readers to reread the Baudelaire. Read in the deliberate echoes and metaphors of psychology, and in the contexts of his interviews and *Near the Ocean*, the poems force upon one a more complex view of the contemporary social condition than the oversimplifications of politicians.

And in such a politics—since a reconciliation with the shadow figure is individually important for psychic growth and an integrated self—the continued opposition on a collective scale of rational self and sinister shadow leads Lowell to believe that the lack of definition and growth in American culture might have compensating social and aesthetic advantages. It forestalls a possible anomie resulting when a rapidly changing technology forces the imagination to outdistance more slowly moving, rigidly defined social institutions. New York City's lack of past produces a "sheer feeling of utter freedom," as opposed to more constrictive Boston which "is all history and recollections." In addition, it permits a poetry which, like the culture, has a built-in tension and energy of man's contradictory political stances. This last is particularly important for Lowell, for as he confessed to Stanley Kunitz in another interview: "One side of me . . . is a conventional liberal, concerned with causes, agitated about peace and justice and equality, as so many people are. My other side is deeply conservative, wanting to get at the root of things, wanting to slow down the whole modern process of mechanization and dehumanization, knowing that liberalism can be a form of death too." "In the writing of a poem," he goes on to say, "all our compulsions and biases should get in, so that finally we don't know what we mean."

But the ultimate impression of settling with these "advantages" of an unrecalled self individually and collectively is "fragmentation," for one basic function of an integrated self is the seeing of things wholly and simply and the lending to objects thereby a consistent pattern. This "fragmentation" characterizes Lowell's recent work, especially in the area of voice. His lines purposely skitter from slang to formal diction without transition or reason as the accompanying art work of Nolan skitters, too, from graffiti, comic strip, and *Saturday Evening Post* illustration to Picasso, Klee and Redon. One shocks, for example, at the diction in "To the Reader" pairing "defecate and fuck," or rhyming the euphemistic "counterfeits" (whores) with a not so subtle "tits." This "fragmentation" carries even to the fourteen poems which Lowell

image—but if you stared at the painting long enough, the image would eventually wait up." As it waits up, this image shares in the irrational, buried instinctual life of the viewer.

Nolan's statement is important. Since *For the Union Dead* and *The Old Glory*, Lowell has been trying in his poetry to approximate the same "total disappearance" of the image into environment and its eventual recovery. In fact, his reemergence as a "political" poet has involved precisely his moving more deeply into the recesses of the imagination so that the "camouflage" of Nolan's style could merge with both the "double" of Baudelaire's "Au Lecteur" and the shadow figures of depth psychology. For Lowell, these shadow figures which are metaphors of man's irrationality, the secularized Devil, and fragmented egos, account somehow for the violence and idealism which he finds in America. As he remarked in an interview shortly after the assassination of John F. Kennedy, "We have a thing for the Western movie: some sort of faith that the man who can draw most quickly is the real hero. He's proved himself."

The concern for these tendencies which began in the political jingoism of *Land of Unlikeness* was transformed in *Lord Weary's Castle* and *The Mills of the Kavanagh's* into dramatic structures where politics became part of the characters and surfaced only in their terms. Now, as psychological analogues, it manifests itself again more generally to explain the present political mood and to insist that American society must be so reconstructed as to permit individual

TIMING

*The year's run out
to the tip
blossom on the snapdragon
stalk*

A. R. AMMONS

The Poem in Large Type

THE VOYAGE: And Other Versions of Poems by Baudelaire. By Robert Lowell. Illustrations by Sidney Nolan. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 60 pp. \$15.

JEROME MAZZARO

Mr. Mazzaro is in the English Department at the State University at Buffalo. He is the author of a book of poems, *Changing the Windows* (Ohio University Press), and of *The Poetic Themes of Robert Lowell* (University of Michigan Press).

Robert Lowell has presented his readers with an expensive Christmas gift book in *The Voyage and Other Versions of Poems by Baudelaire*. The poems, all of which appeared in *Imitations*, are here placed in new surroundings provided by Sidney Nolan, who illustrated the American edition of *Near the Ocean*, and also the *Time* magazine puff for the Yale opening of Lowell's *Prometheus Bound* last year. For those who remember the cover with its three-quarter view of Lowell's face emerging from a light, grayish wash and crowned by the laurel of an unofficial laureateship, the eclecticism of Nolan's "no-painting" technique has not improved much with time, color and enlargement.

Like *Near the Ocean*, the new book is designed in children's-book format: heavily leaded, large, clear type; lots of white space; and captioned illustrations on almost every other page. But the illustrations are not as simple or representational as those which woo children into self-consciousness. Impastos, washes, mixtures of oil and water color alert the reader to a sophistication and psychological subtlety underneath. For Baudelaire, there are dark backgrounds, suggestive of the vague, obscure pasts out of which the French poet worked; but a statement Nolan made in 1962 after his journey to Africa equally obtains: "I feel there's a kind of painting to be done with animals and natural camouflage that would be, in a sense, a no-painting; there would be a total disappearance of the

chooses to make up the volume and high concern themselves with dual views of life. It is clear from their selection that Lowell means for America to resolve its unconscious double culture by coming to grips consciously with "the two great symbolic figures that stand behind American ambition and culture"—Milton's Lucifer and Melville's Captain Ahab. "These two sublime ambitions," according to Lowell, "are doomed and ready, for their idealism, to face any amount of violence."

That Lowell should use the vehicle of translation to free himself from the past is not strange. Translation has most consistently evinced his rejection of historicity. As Edmund Wilson remarked on the appearance of *Imitations*, the poems are not a legacy but "a volume of verse which consists of variations on themes provided by . . . other poets and which is really an original sequence by Robert Lowell of Boston." The book begins and ends with "mania," as if all history rose out of and descended into it, and what appears to have permanence in between decays and disappears. The model for such a presentation is Ezra Pound's "Homage to Sextus Propertius,"

which takes parts of the "Carmina" and reweaves them into a unified modern sequence.

The technique is not a device for negative capability: Lowell is not trying to get out of himself. He is consciously using other poets to widen the range and deepen the effects of his own poetic personality, and rather than finding a way out of extreme subjectivity through translation, he is, in fact, subjecting the originals to the same subjectivism of his own poetic materials. Thus when he takes a line like the devil-scientist "hissing" in "To the Reader" and makes it echo the devil-peddler's "groaning" in "After the Surprising Conversions" and the "ill-spirit sob" of "Skunk Hour," he does so because he can best understand and convey the meaning of the original by translating it into his own sphere. To compare the English versions atomistically to the original as if Lowell had nothing better to do than provide trots will only be confusing and unfair. The poems which form the book are deeply moving. They were greatly and rightly praised when *Imitations* appeared, but they are more Lowell than Baudelaire and more contemporary than past, and should be read in that context.

ALL DAY ALL NIGHT NEW YORK

1

*In the middle of a cultivated
lake I wake up
on the second floor
of the Museum of Modern Art
surrounded by water-light
flowing through flowers
strokes of light
blue green rose
they tremble against my eyes.*

2

*Gulls hang tight
in their own wings.
Over the rail cold
runs in my face like tears
where one girl poet rode
back and forth
all night on the ferry
past the great lady
with her green spiked hair.*

3

*The trees are bare.
They are serious and moral
like worn-out lovers.
There's a hospital with fake
Greek columns where we wait.
Classic as minor
temples. Light drains
off them. The bus
is late.*

*Look how
that iron branch
bends to the sky, springs
with small lights,
flies out to Brooklyn
between two spires!
And as we cross
the red sun
gives off sparks.*

5

*The skin of your throat
is paler than mine.
All night they breathe, those
frail blue flowers, promising
only what we reach for.
Handles of light,
our wrists through water.
Silk I step out of
green rose.*

SHIRLEY KAUFMAN

Looking Backward

THE INDIAN HERITAGE OF AMERICA. By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf. 398 pp. 60 photographs. 11 maps. \$10.

D'ARCY McNICKLE

Mr. McNickle is a member of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes of Montana. He is a professor of anthropology at the University of Saskatchewan, Regina campus.

It is a remarkable fact that, after having lived as physical neighbors for four and a half centuries, only within recent years have the European-derived peoples who settled in the New World begun to acquire even elementary knowledge and understanding of the Indians who settled here before them.

There are of course explanations for this. It is only within recent times that men have shed some of their parochialism and moved toward an accommodation with others than those of their own kind—a movement of glacial velocity. A more persuasive explanation perhaps can be ascribed to the numerous studies of Indian societies published by competent observers within the past half century, so that those who are interested can read. Earlier writings about Indians were often

no more than compilations extracted from the journals, reports, etc., of badly informed and even hostile sojourners in the Indian country.

From these modern studies have come, still more recently, serious attempts to reconstruct the history of the original settlement in the New World. One of the most creditable of these efforts is the present volume by Alvin Josephy. In scant 398 pages, he has compressed a possible 30,000 years of New World development encompassing both continents, up to and including a swift survey of conditions under which contemporary Indians live. The book is illustrated with an excellent selection of maps, drawings, paintings and modern photographs, and offers a good working bibliography. Even with these aids to visualization, the casual reader may find the book heavy going because of the massive detail which Mr. Josephy has felt compelled to include. This is of course an indication of the wealth of material now available in published form, much of it, regretably, sequestered in scholarly journals. For the reader who conscientiously desires to extend his knowledge of American history beyond his own mental backyard and cannot get to the scholarly publications, the Josephy volume is an

excellent introduction to the subject.

The writer working in a field as fluid and as subject to ongoing discoveries as New World prehistory, selects from among various possible sequences of events or interpretations of events in order to put together a logical and readable narrative. He must do that if he wants to avoid wandering all over the landscape and leaving the reader in a welter of confusion. But once he makes his choices, he can expect to be challenged or at least questioned by those who favor a different interpretation or who prefer to keep the option open. The Josephy book makes such inevitable choices, two of which might be examined briefly.

In organizing his material, Josephy has related it to culture areas as a convenient and, within limits, a logical arrangement. A culture area as usually defined is a geographic region (i.e., the Plains, the

Southwest), within which tribes more or less resemble one another in their style of life, and are markedly different from tribes of other culture areas. These differences arise essentially out of the kinds of adaptation called for by differing physical environments. The value of the culture area as a descriptive device is to emphasize the diversity which in fact existed in native America. There was no one Indian language, no one Indian culture. Beyond that, the concept heads into difficulty. Boundaries between such areas tend to be indeterminate. There may be groups within the area which do not fit the definition. But the most serious difficulty is that culture area is a static term; it allows for no dimension in time. It suggests to the unwary reader that the people inhabiting the open plains were always foot-loose hunters running buffalo to earth, or that the southwestern tribes were always village farmers. If the chronology of New World settlement could be sliced like a bologna at 1,000-year intervals beginning at, say, 10,000 B.C., it is probable that no two cross sections would match up. Environmental adaptation is an ongoing process, giving rise to variations in time as well as in space.

The other point to be mentioned involves a question for which there is no clear answer at present. It has to do with the climate that prevailed over western North America after the glaciers retreated from mid-continent about 12,000 years ago. Some students of the subject have insisted that the moist, cool climate which immediately followed the withdrawal of the northern ice fields

was succeeded by a dry, hot period that prevailed during 6000-5000 B.C., or thereabouts. Such a climate, presumably, was accompanied by prolonged droughts and the disappearance of much vegetation, which in turn brought about the extinction of most of the big-game animals which early man hunted—several species of elephant, an early horse, camels, a giant-size buffalo, a four-horned artelope, and many lesser species. Man himself, according to this view, withdrew from the High Plains and sought better watered grasslands toward the north and east.

The countering view accepts the evidence for higher temperatures than prevail today, but finds no relationship between the disappearance of the large mammals and the increased aridity of that 1,000-year period. These animals, it is contended, had already become extinct before the drought struck. No one has yet explained why this happened, though there is a suspicion that man, the efficient predator, was at least partly responsible.

In accepting the prior interpretation, Josephy has the support of the known archaeological record, which is lacking in dated occupation sites from approximately 7,000 to 4,500 years ago. But this, according to the countering view, means only that the sites have not been discovered, not that they do not exist. It is further contended that Western weather and Western plant life have not appreciably altered during the last 12,000 years. And there the matter stands.

When experts disagree, it is advisable to stand aside and offer to hold somebody's coat.

ALLEN GINSBERG PLANET NEWS

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The reconstruction and interpretation of the enigmatic Dossi will satisfy the author's peers, and the account of 16th-century court culture is vivid and absorbing. Recommended.

GREECE, GODS, AND ART. By Alexander Liberman. Introduction by Robert Graves. Text and captions by Iris C. Love. Viking Press. 121 illustrations, color and black and white. 64 pp. (text). Pre-Christmas \$19.95; thereafter \$22.50.

The problem of picture books is the verbal accompaniment. Categories like

"Great Earth Mother" and "Apollo" confer unneeded symbolic overtones on the groups of images. However, Liberman's photographs are ravishing; Childe Harold with color film.

THE GREAT AGE OF FRESCO: Giotto to Pontormo. Introduction by Ugo Procacci. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Color and black-and-white illustrations. 234 pp. \$4 paper.

The catalogue of the recent giant show at the Met, now touring Europe. Well illustrated, but especially interesting for technical and artistic information about the frescoes not available in English before.

GREAT MUSEUMS OF THE WORLD. Carlo Ludovico Ragghianti, editorial di-

rector of the series. *Newsweek*. Distributed by Simon & Schuster. \$10 each. "Louvre, Paris." Introduction by René Huyghe. 131 color illustrations.

"British Museum, London." Preface by S. Leigh-Browne. 134 color illustrations.

"Vatican Museums, Rome." Preface by Deoclécio Redig de Campos. 124 color illustrations.

"National Gallery, Washington." Introduction by John Walker. 131 color illustrations.

"Prado, Madrid." By F. J. Sánchez Cantón. 125 color illustrations.

Introductory essays on each collection, followed by deplorable art appreciation-type blurbs about the generally wretched color reproductions.

THE PARADE'S GONE BY . . . By Kevin Brownlow. Alfred A. Knopf. 300 black-and-white illustrations. 596 pp. \$13.95.

Discursive, detailed and illuminating information about the early movies, based on interviews. Ugly design, but otherwise recommended.

CINEMA WORLD. Penelope Houston, Tom Milne and Peter Wollen, editors of the series. Doubleday & Co. Black-and-white illustrations. \$4.95 each, \$2.95 paper.

"The New Wave." Edited by Peter Graham. 184 pp.

Scrappy and inconclusive choice of recent French film criticisms.

"Alain Resnais, or the Theme of Time." By John Ward. 168 pp.

"Howard Hawks." By Robin Wood. 200 pp.

In both studies, the techniques of literary criticism are applied to directors' themes, scrupulously in Ward's case, ineptly in Wood's.

JEAN-LUC GODARD. Edited by Toby Mussman. E. P. Dutton. Black-and-white

illustrations. 320 pp. \$2.95 paper.

Critical anthology of articles on, and statements by, Godard. Recommended.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: Early Comedies. By Isabel Quigly. E. P. Dutton. Black-and-white illustrations. 160 pp. \$1.95 paper.

Detailed survey of 1914-19. Enlightening.

HITCHCOCK. By François Truffaut. Helen G. Scott, collaborator. Simon & Schuster. 472 black-and-white illustrations. 256 pp. \$10.

Elaborate, and on the whole rewarding, interviews; but a dialogue is only as good as both participants, and Truffaut's expertise is often too conventional to trigger Hitchcock's conversation significantly. (Reviewed in *The Nation*, March 4.)

MATRIX OF MAN: An Illustrated History of the Urban Environment. By Sibyl Moholy-Nagy. Frederick A. Praeger. 300 black-and-white illustrations. 317 pp. \$15.

Useful survey of urbanism, but the subject is bruised by generalizations about cyclic culture and such.

PLANNING AND CITIES. George R. Collins, editor of the series. George Braziller. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 128 pp. \$5.95 each.

"Village Planning in the Primitive World." By Douglas Fraser.

"Urban Planning in Pre-Columbian America." By Jorge Harding.

"Cities and Planning in the Ancient Near East." By Paul Lampl.

"Medieval Cities." By Howard Saalman.

Admirable series, which gets away from the study of architecture as monuments and single buildings and considers building as systems of human use in time.

(See also *Art Booklist* in issue of December 16.)

BRAHMS: *Magelone Romances*. Ernst Häfliger, tenor; Paul Ulanowsky, piano. Epic BC 1371. \$5.79.

CARTER: Double Concerto. Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; Charles Rosen, piano; English Chamber Orchestra; Frederik Prausnitz, cond. Variations for Orchestra New Philharmonic Orchestra; Frederik Prausnitz, cond. Columbia MS 7191. \$5.79.

DEBUSSY: *La Mer*; *Jeux*; *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Pierre Boulez, cond. CBS 32 11 0056. \$5.79.

LISZT: Hungarian Rhapsodies 2, 3, 8, 13, 15, 17; *Csárdás obstiné*. Alfred Brendel, piano. Vanguard VCS 10035. \$3.50.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 6. New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M3S 776. \$17.37 (with Symphony No. 9).

SCHUMANN: *Etudes Symphoniques*; Fantasia in C. Alfred Brendel, piano. Vanguard VCS 10020. \$3.50.

II. LITERATURE OF SPECIAL INTEREST

BERG: *Lulu*. Evelyn Lear, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, et al.; Orchestra of the German Opera, Berlin; Karl Böhm, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 139 273/5. \$17.37.

BUSONI: Six Elegies. David Bean, piano. RCA Victorla VICS 1379. \$2.50.

Piano Concerto. John Ogdon; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Daniel Revenaugh, cond. Angel S-3719. \$11.58.

CARTER: Piano Concerto. Jacob Lateiner; Boston Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LSC 3001. \$5.79.

CRUMB: *Night Music I*. Louise Toth, soprano; Paul Parmelee, piano and celesta; David Burge, Thomas McCluskey, percussion; George Crumb, cond.; CRI S-218. \$5.95.

GERHARD: Symphony No. 1: Dances from *Don Quixote*. BBC Symphony Orchestra; Antal Dorati, cond. Seraphim. S-60071. \$2.49.

IVES: Complete piano works. Alan Mandel. Desto DST 6458/61. \$23.92.

MONTEVERDI: Madrigals and *Scherzi musicali*. Soloists; members of the English Chamber Orchestra; Raymond Leppard, cond. Oiseau-Lyre SOL 299. \$5.95.

Records 1968 / David Hamilton

In addition to the category "Records of the Year," this compilation includes sections devoted to "Repertory of Special Interest" (first recordings, or significantly better recordings than have been previously available), and "Performances of Special Interest" (unusual readings of more standard literature). A final section lists "Significant Reissues" of historical recordings. Except in this last category, all records listed are in stereo.

THE NATION/December 23, 1968

I. RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BACH: Cantata No. 198. Soloists, Hamburg Monteverdi Chorus; Concerto Amsterdam; Jürgen Jürgens, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9496. \$5.95.

BERG: Violin Concerto. Josef Suk; Czech Philharmonic Orchestra; Karel Ancerl, cond. Crossroads 22 16 0172. \$2.49.

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Von Heute auf Morgen; Choral Music. Various performers; Robert Craft, cond. Columbia M2S 780. \$11.58.

SESSIONS: Violin Concerto. Paul Zukofsky; RTF Orchestra; Gunther Schuller, cond. CRI S-220. \$5.95.

SZYMANOWSKI: Violin Concerto No. 1. Wanda Wilkomirska; Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra; Witold Rowicki, cond. Heliodor S-25087. \$2.49.

VERDI: Ernani. Soloists; RCA Italiana Chorus & Orchestra; Thomas Schippers, cond. RCA Victor LSC 6183. \$17.37.

WEBER: String Quartet. **SCHOENBERG: Ode to Napoleon.** **STRAVINSKY:** Three Pieces; Concertino. Claremont Quartet; Bernard Jacobson, speaker; Joanna Nickrenz, piano. Nonesuch H 71186. \$2.50.

WOLF: Spanisches Liederbuch. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Gerald Moore, Deutsche Grammophon 139 329/30. \$11.58.

WUORINEN: Chamber Concerto for Flute and Ten Players. Harvey Sollerberger; Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University; Charles Wuorinen, cond. **MARTINÓ:** Concerto for Wind Quintet. Contemporary Chamber Ensemble; Arthur Weisberg, cond. CRI S-230. \$5.95.

III. PERFORMANCES OF SPECIAL INTEREST

BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonata in C minor, Op. 111; Bagatelles, Op. 126. Jacob Lateiner. RCA Victor LSC 3016. \$5.79.

BERLIOZ: Symphonie Fantastique; Lelio. Soloists; London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Pierre Boulez, cond. CBS 32 B1 0010. \$7.79.

DEBUSSY: Chansons de Bilitis. Régine Crespin, soprano; John Wustman, piano. London OS 26043. \$5.79.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 8. Soloists;

Vienna State Opera Chorus, Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Dimitri Mitropoulos, cond. Everest 3189/2. \$9.96.

STRAVINSKY: Sacré du Printemps; Fireworks. Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Seiji Ozawa, cond. RCA Victor LSC 3026. \$5.79.

VERDI: Arias from early operas. Montserrat Caballé, soprano; RCA Italiana Chorus and Orchestra; Anton Guadagno, cond. RCA Victor LSC 2995. \$5.79.

IV. SIGNIFICANT REISSUES

BEETHOVEN: Quartets in C-sharp minor Op. 131, and A minor, Op. 132. Busch Quartet. Odeon E 80968/9. \$4.79 each.

DVORAK: Symphony No. 7. London Symphony Orchestra; Pierre Monteux, cond. RCA Victor LSC 1310 (stereo). \$2.50.

MAHLER: Das Lied von der Erde. Grace Hoffman, Helmut Melcher; SWDR Orchestra; Hans Rosbaud, cond. Turnabout TV 34420 (stereo). \$2.50.

SCHUBERT: Symphony No. 9. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Heliodor 25074. \$2.49.

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 4. **HAYDN:** Symphony No. 88. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Heliodor 25073. \$2.49.

VERDI: Operatic arias. Zinka Milanov, soprano. RCA Victor LSC 1336. \$2.50.

Te Deum. Robert Shaw Chorus; NBC Symphony Orchestra; Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Victor LSC 1331. \$2.50.

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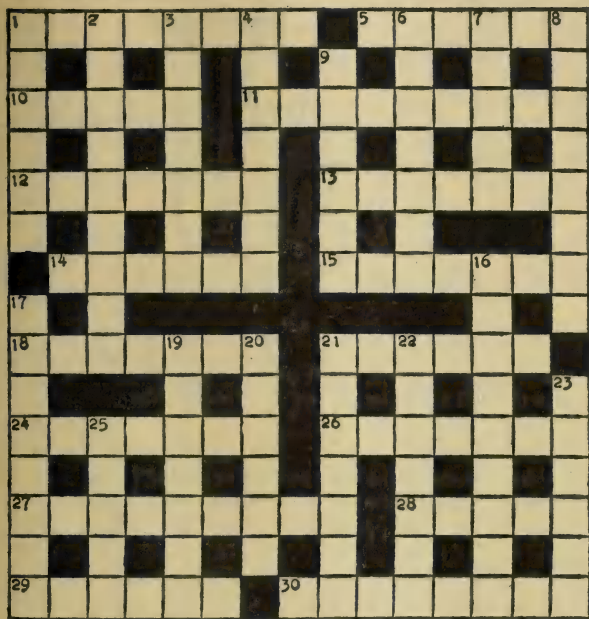
RECITAL: Songs of Brahms, Loewe, Wolf. Hans Hotter, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano. Seraphim 60065. \$2.49.

RECITAL: Songs and opera arias. Alexander Kipnis, bass. Seraphim 60076. \$2.49.

Operatic Arias; songs by Wolf. Tiana Lemnitz, soprano. Odeon E 73398. \$4.79.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1277

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 10 Abstruse drama? The coy ingenuite might! (4,4,2,3)
- 5 Steady and good man, fully qualified. (6)
- 10 See 1 across
- 11 and 25 down Does it imply one shouldn't be right on the edge of the paper? (6,3,5)
- 12 What's left of the seminar, anyway? (7)
- 13 Plant having a fish tail, sometimes used with salad. (7)
- 14 Implies how a girl might like to be seen, it sounds. (6)
- 15 Art must change its basic structure. (7)
- 16 Marked advance, perhaps the result of pumping. (7)
- 21 Is not up and around just to repudiate something! (6)
- 22 Union get-together. (7)
- 26 Each art has its difficulty with this passage. (7)
- 27 This famous fighter didn't get title consideration, despite his many victories. (9)
- 28 Where 2 are often 17. (5)
- 29 One employed to carry beer? (6)
- 30 If you insist, it's how a lover of Cucurbito Pepo kept his wife! (4,4)

DOWN

- 1 More than one gentleman referred to in 30 gets exhausted! (6)
- 2 Anger must change their appearance, but probably weakens their case. (9)

- 3 Reserved for emergencies when the lion gets loose? (3,4)
- 4 A forceful driver, but sees poorly for a king! (7)
- 6 More spare paint is mixed with it! (7)
- 7 Ask about the rising of a way to confuse things. (5)
- 8 One hears with them a murder's solved! (8)
- 9 Compulsions useful in golf and tennis. (6)
- 16 She won out, but had difficulty in finding a place to stay. (4,5)
- 17 Strangely enough, figures are only when one checks them, usually. (6,2)
- 19 Flatter sincerely, as they say. (7)
- 20 Non-U form of judging? (6)
- 21 Relaxing of tension. (7)
- 22 A visual problem about the most important description of some fattening foods. (7)
- 23 The color of some petals? (6)
- 25 See 11 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1276

ACROSS: 1 Consequence; 10 and 9 Brief case; 11 and 30 Up in arms; 12 Feature; 13 Ebb tide; 15 Corridor; 16 Escape; 18 Bessed; 21 and 19 down The crack of dawn; 24 Adjoints; 26 Estival; 28 Owed; 31 Protagonist. DOWN: 2 Overtures; 3 Sobered; 4 and 23 Quiltclaims; 5 Effable; 7 Gazebo; 8 Wind-up; 14 Truth; 17 Cardinals; 20 Dentist; 22 Eastern; 25, 29 and 6 Order in the court; 27 Stag.

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The Backwash of Prague

ALEXANDER WERTH

The Children of Rainbow

THRUST OF THE UNDERCULTURE

KINGSLEY WIDMER

Youngstown Shuts Its Schools GENE I. MAEROFF

REVIEWS D. J. ENRIGHT on SAUL BELLOW / HARRY
MAGDOFF on SERVAN-SCHREIBER / STUDS TERKEL on
JAMES CAMERON / GEORGE STADE on WALTER BENJAMIN /
JOHN GLIEDMAN on JOHN LE CARRE

LETTERS

Teamsters and the poor

New York City

DEAR SIR: The charges and insinuations made by Cloward-Piven are really too absurd to require refutation but just as dangerous to ignore.

First, they offer a great deal of employer propaganda, but no objective "evidence, to suggest that lower-paid workers are hurt when minimum wage levels are raised."

More seriously, Cloward-Piven dismiss as both inconsequential and hostile to unorganized workers the revolutionary demand for a \$5 per week children's allowance put forward by Teamsters Local 237 in the negotiations now going on with the New York City Housing Authority.

The first objection is that for workers at the \$1.60 per hour statutory minimum, \$260 per year per child will be far less than could be obtained by the same worker as a welfare supplement. But the entry wage in the Housing Authority today is not that statutory minimum of \$3,120 per year but \$4,500, and after January 1, it will be considerably more than that.

The second argument that the "main consequence" of the children's allowance breakthrough "would merely be to enlarge the difference between . . . unorganized and organized workers" can be used against each and every economic gain registered by unions.

Nicholas Kisburg, Legislative & Research Dir.
Teamsters Joint Council 16

the draft: a correction

Rochester, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: While I am pleased by your summary and approval of my address to the American Legion urging immediate and complete abolition of the draft ("Why Mercenaries?," editorial, *The Nation*, Dec. 9), I am distressed at one error. You say that my "attack on the draft system was therefore not on the ground that it is immoral in principle and inequitable in practice, but that its inefficiency menaces national security." What I actually said was: "My objections to the draft are of two kinds. First, it is immutably immoral in principle and inevitably inequitable in practice. Second, it is ineffective, inefficient, and detrimental to national security." I gave priority to the immorality and inequity, devoting eight paragraphs to that and only a single paragraph to its ineffectiveness.

A less central error: what I dismiss on the ground that everyone will be equally mistreated is universal national service, not "universal military service," as you say. . . .

W. Allen Wallis
President, University of Rochester

An error in transcription, which the editors very much regret, caused the misrepresentation of President Wallis' views as to the morality of the draft.

witness of Sinclair

Portland, Ore.

DEAR SIR: Upton Sinclair may not have had an analytical mind, but his factual revelations and indignation inspired many of us and set our sights realistically on the society in which we live. Not much has changed since the 1920s, except that the incongruities, social and economic, have increased, and the racketeering has become more sophisticated—on the political and economic level. Anthony Netboy

correction

The price of *Josef Albers* by Eugen Gomringer and others, published by George Wittenborn, was incorrectly listed in our issue of December 16. It should have read \$27.50.

EDITORIALS

The Wily Old Men

Despite the change in administrations, little will be new about the House of Representatives; in that continuity lies the possibility of real crisis. The standing committee chairmen, whose massive powers repeatedly blocked Executive requests during the 90th Congress, were overwhelmingly returned to "lead" in the 91st Congress.

The House assigns all proposed legislation to its twenty standing committees. No less than nineteen of the twenty chairmen in the 90th Congress stood for re-election and all nineteen won, most of them by crushing margins. In seven Southern districts, so disorganized and demoralized was the opposition that no challenger bothered to file. Included among the seven Representatives who thus had no need to conduct even a token campaign are the chairmen of the most important committees of the House: Appropriations, Rules, and Ways and Means.

Rep. George Mahon (D., Tex.) was, by Southern standards, sympathetic to the Great Society. Though chairman of Appropriations, his stature in the House was often inadequate to the task of stopping economy drives at the expense of the politically weak and powerless. Rep. Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.) used his formidable powers as head of Ways and Means to advance his conviction of the necessity for full examination of national priorities. What he had in mind became clearer in the anti-welfare amendments he pressed through. Rep. William Colmer (D., Miss.), of the Rules Committee, learned most of the tricks of obstruction from wily Judge Smith, with whom he was allied through the last three Presidencies.

L. Mendel Rivers (D., S.C.), the super-hawk chairman of Armed Services, also had no competition. Apparently the extensive military construction assigned to his Charleston, S.C., seigniority dissuaded both Wallaceites and Republicans from contending.

Even the twelve chairmen who were opposed needed for the most part to make but token campaigns; in only one case was there what might be called a serious challenge. Wayne Aspinall (D., Colo.), head of Interior and Insular Affairs, won by "only" 54.9 per cent of the popular vote. In every other election the chairman's vote exceeded 60 per cent and some reached pluralities above 80 per cent. Mayor Daley's machine could not muster enough votes to carry Illinois for his national ticket, but the Mayor's one standing committee chairman, William Dawson of Government Operations, won by near acclamation in his South Chicago district.

Winds of change and rebellion may have blown through Chicago, Miami and even Birmingham, but the quiet of Pascagoula, Miss., and College Station, Tex., were undisturbed by 1968.

As the country grows younger, the men whose voices are heaviest in Congress grow older. The remarkable fact is that more than a third of the new House chairmen were born in the 19th century. Two of the nineteen returning chairmen entered the House before Franklin Roosevelt entered the White House; ten more took the oath of office

while Roosevelt served as Chief Executive. Just two chairmen are younger than 60 years of age; the rest range up to 80 years.

The clash of Congressional elders with activist youth is only probable, not necessary. But such a clash does seem to be approaching on a wide range of issues. Communication between those who have held power for a generation or more and those who would inherit and redirect power has never been more strained. The lawmaker who cut his political teeth in fighting the makers of the New Deal is well experienced in the tools of standpatism. Declining competition in the districts back home has removed even the spur to action of hard-fought elections.

Many rank-and-file members of the House believe something more sensible than seniority should be used to determine the leadership of vital committees. But if there is no break with the seniority system, control over the events of the last third of the 20th century will in large measure be in the hands of men born in the last third of the 19th century. A fight to break seniority is likely in the Democratic caucus during the first week of January. The stakes at issue for representative government would seem substantial.

JOHN E. CROW

The Job for Rockefeller

In recent decades the state of New York has been fortunate in its governors. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Herbert H. Lehman, Alfred E. Smith come to mind, and Nelson Rockefeller, now the nation's senior governor in length of service (ten years) has every right to be included in that galaxy. It is good news for the state—and for the country as well—that he plans to seek a fourth term in 1970.

Had the Republican Party nominated Rockefeller for the Presidency, it is as certain as anything can be in politics that he would have defeated Hubert Humphrey, and the country would then have been governed on a more statesmanlike level than present prognostications would seem to indicate. Failing that, it is far better for Rockefeller to remain in the governorship than to serve in any capacity, however exalted, under President Nixon. As for the reports that Rockefeller had been sounded out for the post of U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, these, if true, border on the grotesque. There was a time when this job could have been worthy of a statesman of the highest capability, but it has been allowed to deteriorate to the level of a high-powered corporation lawyer using the standard tricks of the trade exclusively to further his client's interests.

If the problems of the cities cannot be solved in New York, it is doubtful that they can be solved anywhere; in that event the country will be headed for disruption on a scale that is terrifying to envision. While the difficulties in New York may be greater than elsewhere, the means to cope with them, if not yet adequate, at least approach adequacy, and can be supplemented with further appropriations from the federal government and the resources of the state itself. The Urban Development Corporation will have \$6 billion available for slum rebuilding. The

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NATION

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state has a \$1 billion program to combat water pollution, \$2 billion for the Housing Finance Agency, a \$2.5-billion transportation bond issue, a \$700-million hospital construction program, and other plans for welfare and modernization. "For me to leave these things with their full potential as yet unused could jeopardize the fulfillment of the programs," the Governor said in an interview with Sydney H. Schanberg of *The New York Times* (December 10). "The potentials are too exciting. And they might never be realized if I don't follow them through."

This is not vanity; it is a realistic view based on past experience. Money alone cannot heal America's ills. In addition the task calls for the gusto and buoyancy with which Mr. Rockefeller is amply endowed. And if he succeeds in New York, he will be setting an example that politicians, up to and including the President, will not be able to ignore.

Unjust and Unequal

This brief season of mercy is an appropriate time to call attention to the perennial problem of excessive sentences for criminal offenders. The outstanding spokesman against sentences which are both unjust and unequal is James V. Bennett who, until he retired in 1964, had been director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons for twenty-seven years. Mr. Bennett made a convert of Robert F. Kennedy when he became Attorney General, but even so the two men were unable to accomplish any reform in the present system. Now, with a new Attorney General coming in, Mr. Bennett will try again to talk sense and reason on his favorite subject to the Department of Justice and the Congress.

Here are a few choice items from Mr. Bennett's bountiful collection of horror stories (all, of course, federal cases). A former Army officer, a first offender, convicted of passing several bad checks, was sentenced to eighteen years. About the same time, a young man with a record of sex offenses, convicted of robbing a bank of \$5,000, was sentenced to ninety days.

These are not isolated cases. The average sentences for auto theft vary from eleven months in the western district of New York to forty-six months in Wyoming. Federal judges hand out terms for forgery that range from nine months in Maine to sixty-three months in Oklahoma and fifty-eight months in Arkansas. And the average time actually spent in federal prisons varies nearly as much as the sentences; in northern New York the average is eleven months, in Massachusetts twenty-five months, in Iowa fifty-two months. A lawyer with no criminal record, a war veteran, married and with a family, was convicted of conspiring to smuggle parrots into the country from Mexico and was sentenced to eleven years, for parrot smuggling. When his case finally came to Mr. Bennett's attention the man had already served three years; because of an excellent prison record, Bennett was able to get the sentence cut to five years.

Judge Simon E. Sobeloff of the Court of Appeals for the 4th Circuit is an ally of Mr. Bennett in the campaign to secure a measure of consistency and sense in the matter

of federal sentences. He cites two cases in Fort Worth. One man was convicted of fraudulently cashing a check for \$58.40. He had no prior record, he was out of work, his wife was ill, and he needed money for rent, food and medical bills. At about the same time, another defendant, who had been previously convicted of drunken driving and nonsupport, and who was also out of work and in desperate financial straits, fraudulently cashed a check for \$35.20. The first man was sentenced to fifteen years in prison, the second to thirty days.

In March, 1966, a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee held hearings on a proposed bill which would have made excessive sentences subject to appeal and review. The bill passed the Senate but the House failed to act. It has been endorsed by the American Bar Association and the Judicial Conference of the United States.

Judges should have a large discretion in sentencing, and no doubt a case can be made for some variation in circumstances from district to district (stealing a car in Wyoming may have more serious consequences than a similar theft in Boston). Still the federal courts are part of a single judicial system and the record overwhelmingly supports Mr. Bennett's case for reform. But it is the obvious social reforms that always seem the most difficult to achieve. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bennett's proposal may, in 1969, prove an exception to this perverse maxim.

The Representational Gap

A reading of two recent polls, one by Louis Harris, the other by George Gallup, measures the present extent of political disaffection. The Gallup poll indicates that 15 million Americans, who were registered, "sat out" the 1968 Presidential election, either from lack of interest in politics or from dissatisfaction with the three candidates. (A much larger number of those of voting age failed to register or did not vote because of illness, absence, change of residence, etc.). A majority of 54 per cent of voters in this latest post-election survey said that they had "split" their ticket and voted for candidates of different parties.

The Harris poll indicates that in a time of unprecedented material affluence, 28 per cent of the adult population—more than 33 million Americans—feel substantially alienated from the mainstream of society. Conspicuously represented among the alienated are the poor, the old, the blacks, and the people who never went to school beyond the eighth grade. Those who voted for George Wallace also express a high sense of isolation from "the American power structure."

Mr. Harris sums up his survey: "In adult America, blacks are now an estimated 12 per cent of the population, whites over 65 are 17 per cent, whites earning under \$3,000 a year are 10 per cent, whites with no more than a grade school education are 17 per cent and the Wallace supporters come to just over 13 per cent of the 1968 election. Taken together and eliminating overlap, these groups come close to 50 per cent of the adult population." With 15 million voters so disaffected that they sat out the Presidential election and with perhaps 50 per cent of the adult population alienated from the mainstream of Amer-

ican society, it is apparent that the representational gap has become dangerously extended. This is, perhaps, the "gap" that should concern Mr. Nixon more than the others that he and his associates have mentioned.

Cayuga's Waters

An important utility, the New York State Electric & Gas Corporation, owns and operates a coal-fueled electric generating station on the east shore of Cayuga Lake, about 16 miles north of Ithaca. With the demand for electric power in the United States doubling every six to ten years, the northeastern part of the country is no exception. Consequently NYSEG is planning to build an 830-megawatt nuclear-fueled station adjacent to the coal-fueled one; it would use the lake water for cooling purposes.

This plan has come under scrutiny by a group of specialists, all of them Cornell staff members but not acting on behalf of the university. One reason for their interest is the fact that nuclear-fueled plants require more cooling water per unit of output than plants burning coal, oil or gas. Another is that Cayuga, together with other Finger Lakes in west-central New York, is an unusual and precious natural resource, whose ecology may be upset by a rise in water temperature. The findings of these residents of the area are contained in a pamphlet, "Thermal Pollution of Cayuga Lake by a Proposed Power Plant."

The proposed NYSEG plant is a large one, both in electrical output and demand for cooling water. Every twenty-four hours, year round, some 100 million cubic feet of water drawn from the cool lower layer would be discharged into the upper layer at 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit. The production of algae and other plankton organisms would increase, while oxygen would be depleted at greater depths, to the disadvantage of fish species such as lake trout. In addition to this thermal pollution, chemical pollution might result from the flushing of pipes in the plant with compounds containing chlorine, hydrochloric acid, corrosion inhibitors, etc. Still other risks would be entailed.

These deleterious effects—some certain, some conjectural—are none of them technologically unavoidable. While the use of water from a lake or river for cooling is the least expensive method, a number of alternatives are available. One design would use evaporating towers for closed-circuit cooling, a technique similar to that of a display fountain which circulates the same water over and over again. In such a system, water losses can be made up by drawing from the lake, but without thermal pollution of the source.

The Cayuga Lake discussion may be one harbinger, among many, of the emergence of a more enlightened social attitude to replace the outworn Puritan-Protestant primacy-of-profit attitude, which has served as cover for so much spoliation and exploitation. Nowadays a utility, especially one going nuclear, cannot afford to antagonize the community or to take the compliance of the Atomic Energy Commission and other public bodies for granted. In any form, pollution is no longer a God-given right of corporations; with few exceptions corporate leaders know

it. The AEC does not concern itself with thermal effects on bodies of water, but the New York State Department of Health does have that responsibility. In the present case, the utility officers, no less than the conservationists, will probably come around to the realization that the purity of Cayuga Lake is more important than a slight decrease in the cost of generating power.

Tijerina Acquitted

After deliberating for four hours, a jury in Albuquerque, N. Mex., unanimously voted to acquit Reies Lopez Tijerina of three charges resulting from a celebrated courthouse raid that took place some eighteen months ago (see "Guerillas of Rio Arriba: The New Mexican Land War" by Clark Knowlton, *The Nation*, June 17). News of the verdict threw Tijerina's grass-roots followers into "joyful tears," but New Mexico officialdom was stunned.

The movement of social protest that Tijerina has been leading in the Rio Arriba section of northern New Mexico has its roots in the long and complicated history of what happened to Spanish land grants after the U.S. war with Mexico. It is an old story indeed and one with painful overtones. But the present protest is something new, stemming from the "land war" but much broader. What it reflects is a body of grievances which have been aggravated, and made more difficult of solution, by a century of neglect and inattention.

Officials in Santa Fe and Washington should read the meaning of the verdict with care; the new protest movement can be expected to intensify if the grievances on which it is based are permitted to fester. The recent hearings by the Civil Rights Commission in San Antonio should remind officials, state and federal, of the new ferment and unrest that is stirring among the country's approximately 6 million Spanish-speaking citizens, most of whom live in the states of the old Spanish borderlands.

Buried At Last

A three-judge panel of the U.S. Court of Appeals has just handed down a unanimous ruling that the ashes of Robert G. Thompson, a veteran of World War II, must be accepted for burial in Arlington National Cemetery. A member of the Communist Party, Thompson had been convicted of violating the Smith Act, but he held an honorable discharge from the Army and had been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism in action (see "Banned from Valhalla," *The Nation*, February 14, 1966). Now, three years after his death, the federal government has been formally instructed to honor its commitment to a dead soldier.

Nothing so demeaned the administration of the Department of Justice under Nicholas Katzenbach as his decision that Thompson could not be buried in Arlington Cemetery—the more so as he ruled in response to right-wing pressure. It is humiliating that a court order was needed to compel the federal authorities to act honorably in a matter of this sort, but the decision will, to some extent, erase the unpleasant memory of Katzenbach's vindictive ruling.

THE BACKWASH OF PRAGUE

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

On August 20, when the Soviet tanks rolled into Prague, it all seemed a horrible tragedy for Czechoslovakia. One foresaw concentration camps of the *Ivan Denisovich* type (or worse) being set up near Prague and Bratislava; one expected a censorship in Czechoslovakia as brutal as that of the Moscow *Glavlit*; one guessed that a new Soviet-type "Socialist legality" would be enforced in Prague—whereas the Soviet leadership (or rather, the Hawks of the Kremlin) had just violated every international undertaking of the Soviet Union since World War II, including the Resolution on the Definition of the Aggressor, adopted by the UN at the instigation of the Soviet Union itself, and all the sanctimonious assurances about noninterference in the affairs of foreign countries and foreign Communist parties, and the recognition of "polycentrism."

The fact of polycentrism was first established by Tito in 1948, and the word was coined by Palmiro Togliatti, that very remarkable man and thinker who, until his death in 1964, had for many years headed the Italian Communist Party. Under Togliatti's influence, not only the Italian CP but many others started an "Away from Moscow" movement. One of the slowest in the West to accept "polycentrism" was the French Communist Party which, under the leadership of Maurice Thorez, remained firmly subservient to the Kremlin. But Thorez died in 1964, and his successor, Waldeck-Rochet, has moved the French party (second in size only to the Italian in the countries of the capitalist West) more and more toward polycentrism. It may now be regarded not only as a French National Communist party, but as the only French party on the left of any consequence whatever. During "the events" of May-June, the Communists acted according to a realistic understanding of the situation, firmly refusing to approach the "revolutionary abyss" into which the crazier of the students tried to drag the French working class. In these same weeks, Mitterrand, Mendès-France and Guy Mollet of the "moderate" or old-time "social-democratic" Left, reeking of Fourth- and even Third-Republic mothballs, merely made themselves ludicrous. Mitterrand at the end of May declared, in effect, that in a few days he would be President of the Republic (in place of de Gaulle) and that Mendès-France would be Prime Minister (in place of Pompidou). The French Communist Party behaved with much greater political wisdom, becoming, as it were, "His Majesty's Loyal Opposition"—the French equivalent of the Labour Party—while the various brands of Gaullists (from near Fascists like Alexandre Sanguinetti to true liberals like the new Minister of Education, Edgar Faure) took on approximately the role of the British Tories.

The wreckage of the Third and Fourth Republics counts for less today (and is much more disreputable) than does even the small group of Liberals in the British House of Commons. De Gaulle may well live for another fifteen years. At 77, he not only showed last spring the most amazing cunning in solving an (in fact) artificial "crisis"

[See "Students, Workers and the General" by Alexander Werth, *The Nation*, June 24], but, more recently, abated if he did not solve the international monetary crisis by announcing that there would be no devaluation of the franc—and that barely twelve hours after *Le Monde* had intimated that a Cabinet meeting, with de Gaulle presiding, had decided on a "less than 10 per cent devaluation." De Gaulle has been hated by most of the foreign press, and by a large part of France (as the 1965 Presidential election showed) for all kinds of reasons, most of them wrong: for decolonizing the vast French possessions in Africa, for granting independence to Algeria and terminating the senseless war started there by Mendès-France, Guy Mollet and the other "Socialists" and "left wingers." The "Socialist" Robert Lacoste, Resident Minister of Algeria, personally authorized the torture of Algerian prisoners.

One of the great private satisfactions I derived from the Gaullist sweep of the general election last June was the defeat of "my" two "Left" deputies in the Dordogne department by two Gaullists, whose names I don't even remember. The important thing is that in the Dordogne we get rid of two phony leftists. One of them was the just mentioned Robert Lacoste; the other was the 80-year-old Georges Bonnet, the French Foreign Minister of the Munich days. We know now that when, two months after Munich, Bonnet received Hitler's Foreign Minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, he not only refused to invite the two Jewish ministers in the Daladier government to the official receptions (these were Georges Mandel and Jean Zey, both later to be murdered by the Vichy *Milice*), but he even expressed (as we have since learned from German archives of 1938-39) "enormous interest" in Hitler's way of dealing with the "Jewish problem." At that time, the super-extinction camps with gas chambers, on the scale of Auschwitz and Majdanek, had not been opened, but there were smaller camps like Dachau, most of whose inmates were Jews. Bonnet told Ribbentrop that there would be too much opposition in France even to a Dachau type of camp on French territory, but said he was determined to make a start on the "problem" as soon as possible by deporting, say, 10,000 Jews to the Saharan regions of French North Africa. In contrast to this kind of Third Republic "liberalism," de Gaulle has *never* been anti-Semitic, though his warning to the "hawks" of Israel was pointed to by some as an example of his racial prejudice. This interpretation was wholly wrong, as the Chief Rabbi of France realized after a long talk with the President during the 1968 New Year's reception at the Elysée Palace. The Chief Rabbi declared afterward that he had been "perfectly satisfied" by what de Gaulle said to him.

The May riots confirmed a prophecy made many years ago by André Malraux, that in the end only two forces in France would really matter: the French Communist Labor Party and the French Gaullist Tory Party. In short, France seems to be moving toward a two-party system, with a little wreckage from the Third and Fourth Republics floating about in the middle.



Illingworth, Punch

Mother Love

Even in the period of their greatest subservience to Moscow, the French Communists were not happy about Russian cultural and especially literary controls. I remember talking in 1948, at the height of the cold war, to Pierre Courtade, one of the finest Communist journalists in France (he died recently at the tragically early age of about 45). Courtade's position in those days was one of "unconditional obedience," but nevertheless he said to me of the 1946-48 Zhdanov purge in literature and the other arts: "These people are ridiculous. By and large, the Russians are right in both their domestic and foreign policies, but this persecution of writers in the land of Pushkin and Gogol, of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, is both odious and totally destructive." He added, "That is the way all we responsible French Communists feel, but we can't make a fuss at the height of the cold war, with its Truman Doctrine, Marshall Plan and 'Bomb Moscow Now' hysteria." It is logical, thus, that the first great official expression of the French party's emancipation should have come in 1966 with Louis Aragon's sharp condemnation of the Siniavsky-Daniel trial and the savage sentences that resulted.

A few months after that trial, and after long, embarrassing delays caused by a strong nonconformist opposition, the Soviet Writers' Union, that fortress of Socialist-realist conformism, finally convened its Fourth Writers' Congress in Moscow on May 22, 1967. For several weeks before, I had been receiving pressing telegrams inviting me to attend (not that they offered to pay my fare), and I almost went. Indeed, I got my bags as far as the scales at Le Bourget, and then suddenly I thought to myself: What am I to do

when I get there? What can I say? Nothing? But they will pester me until I do say something. And the choice is clear: either a lot of sweet nothings, which would be contemptible, or an all-out attack on their new system of sending writers to jails and camps. (It didn't exist under Khrushchev, or even under Stalin after about 1940—except for the Yiddish authors, and there the reasons, however bad, were political, not literary.) That would mean abandoning my plan to make a close two- or three-month study of the Soviet Union in the summer of 1967. So I quickly recovered my bags and called for a taxi. I then sent a cable saying I had suddenly fallen ill, but hoped to come "in a week," i.e., when the Writers' Congress would be over.

Lillian Hellman, C. P. Snow and other Western writers who attended the Congress were, indeed, pestered to speak and refused. The only Western writer to address the Congress was Armand Lanoux, a leading authority on de Maupassant, who spoke on behalf of the four-member French delegation—two Communists and two non-Communists. He advocated "cultural coexistence" (one of the worst crimes against ideology that a Soviet writer can commit), and then, referring to the Siniavsky-Daniel case, he declared: "There are certain measures you have taken in recent years that have filled your worst enemies with glee, and have caused nothing but grief and consternation to your best friends." Lanoux himself later told me:

Half the hall burst into frantic cheering, while the other half observed an icy silence. . . . And then, the answer to my speech came like a flash. Somebody had mounted the rostrum—somebody called Evgeni Surkov. I could scarcely believe my ears. He was doing me the honor of answering me immediately, of improvising his answer. This representative of the powers that be informed me very politely, but also very firmly, that he disagreed with me, and *that there could be no such thing as ideological coexistence with the West*. There was some vague little clapping here and there. The incident was closed. There was not a single allusion, right to the end of the Congress, to the other point I had raised.

The Soviet press gave a brief account of Lanoux's speech, but printed not a word of his plea for greater intellectual freedom, still less for Siniavsky and Daniel.*

There is not the slightest doubt that a fierce struggle is today in progress between the hawks and the doves of the Kremlin. It is impossible to tell who exactly on the Politburo voted for the invasion of Czechoslovakia and who opposed it, but the chief hawk is certainly Brezhnev. Ever since the fall of Khrushchev in October of 1964, Brezhnev (who assumed the title of General Secretary of the party, a title which only Stalin had used before him) has been reverting to Stalinism. Much to everybody's astonishment, he spoke of Stalin in the most laudatory terms as early as

* I quote this incident from the proofs of my new book, *Russia: Hopes and Fears*, to be published shortly by Penguin Books in Great Britain and by Simon & Schuster in the United States. The title is derived from a letter I received from a young Russian intellectual last September, a few weeks after the invasion of Czechoslovakia: "Since Prague, our last year's timid hopes of a liberalization of Russia have gone up in smoke, perhaps for a very, very long time, while our fears of a return to some particularly fiendish kind of Stalinism have grown immeasurably."

May, 1965, during the celebrations of the twentieth anniversary of the victory over Germany. Although nobody could prove it, everyone in Moscow assumed in 1966 and 1967 that it was Brezhnev who convinced a majority of the Politburo to approve the trial of Siniavsky and Daniel, and that the minority which opposed the trial was led by Kosygin. The 23rd Party Congress of 1966, besides re-establishing the Stalinist title of "General Secretary" for Brezhnev, also gave the Stalinist name of "Politburo" to what under Khrushchev was known as the "Presidium."

Khrushchev had been a complete opportunist, interested above all else in power for himself. In ideological and literary matters he blew hot and cold. At one time (1962), encouraging the "thaw," he even instructed *Pravda* to publish Yevushenko's famous poem, "The Heirs of Stalin," and *Novy Mir* (also in the fall of 1962) Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. At other times his discourses on art and literature were as vile as any made by Zhdanov, Stalin's art and literary dictator in 1946-48. But when he ranted, Khrushchev's bark was worse than his bite, and except for the scandalous Pasternak affair of 1958—for which Khrushchev was scarcely to blame, it having been engineered by some of the top bureaucrats of the Writers' Union in Moscow—the Khrushchev period of 1953 to 1964 was marked, on balance, by a slow liberalization in literature and the other arts.

When Brezhnev became head of the party in October, 1964, there began a gradual return to some of the worst features of Stalinism—and without even Stalin's excuses. The great purges of 1937-38 could be explained, though not justified, by the tense international situation, with Hitler threatening invasion at any moment—not without some encouragement from the "free hand in the East" enthusiasts in Britain, France and elsewhere. And the later Zhdanovism, nasty though it was, was obviously a by-product of the cold war. Absolute discipline, total subservience to the state, on the part of everything in Russia, including literature, art and even music, could, to some degree, be justified. Not only was Stalin's Russia on the defensive during those postwar years but even what it had gained as a result of the war was in danger—as, for example, Yugoslavia, which unexpectedly broke away from Stalin's new East European empire in 1948.

In 1965 Russia was not threatened by anybody or anything and yet Brezhnev restored some of the harshest Stalinist methods. Many writers lost their lives in the Stalin-Yezhov purges of the 1930s, but after 1941, with the exception of the Yiddish authors, who were pretty well exterminated around 1950, no writer was shot, imprisoned or deported during the last fourteen or fifteen years of Stalin's rule. Akhmatova and Zoshchenko were expelled from the Writers' Union, and other writers, artists and composers were abused and insulted, but no one was actually imprisoned, let alone shot.

Nor is there a single case on record of any artist, writer or musician having suffered any kind of persecution (apart from occasional abusive speeches by Khrushchev and people like his propaganda chief L. F. Ilyichev) between the death of Stalin in 1953 and the Brezhnev regime which began to show its full wickedness in 1966. The chief

examples of the "new spirit" of 1966 were the Siniavsky-Daniel trial, and certain particularly nasty speeches made at the 23rd Party Congress, notably by Mikhail Sholokhov—the self-appointed or Brezhnev-appointed Grand Inquisitor for literary matters—and by General Epichev, the head of the Political Department of the Armed Forces, who is now one of the best-hated men in Czechoslovakia. After the Siniavsky-Daniel trial came many more, often quasi-secret, trials of writers and poets.

I had a rather sinister experience earlier this year. I wrote an article for the Moscow *Literary Gazette* to show up the NTS, an American-subsidized, anti-Soviet propaganda organization in Munich, which pretended to its American backers that it had a powerful anti-Soviet underground inside Russia. But the *Literary Gazette* wrote to say that they could not publish my article, since it suggested that subversive activities were virtually nonexistent inside the Soviet Union, whereas, in reality, it was the duty of Soviet citizens to be extremely vigilant. That precisely was what happened in 1937-38 at the height of the Yezhov-Stalin purges, when anybody and everybody could be suspected and denounced as a German, British, American or Japanese spy.

It now begins to look as if some such "purging" has already begun in Russia. People there are already terribly scared to write to anybody living abroad. Except for one letter from a courageous young intellectual and another from an old wartime friend, very much a member of the Establishment but an intellectually honest man—who wrote that there was "something to be said" for the invasion of Czechoslovakia (he called the invasion euphemistically "the military operation"), but time alone would show whether he was right or I was right—the few letters I have received read like *Pravda* or *Izvestia* editorials. No personal friend has dared write anything to me since the Soviet tanks entered Prague.

On December 1, *Le Monde* published a remarkable editorial entitled simply "MVD"—initials identifying the Soviet Ministry of Internal Affairs, or what used to be called NKVD, the People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs, of unholy 1937-38 memory. *Le Monde* wrote:

While the Soviet leaders are trying to strengthen their military pressure against their allies, notably Romania, and seem, for the time being, satisfied with the "alignment," albeit very relative, of Prague, we are now witnessing a return to the "good old methods" of the Stalin days inside the Soviet Union itself. The Ministry of the Protection of Public Order, which Mr. Khrushchev had set up, has now been replaced by the MVD. On the face of it this change of name does not mean much, and should not, in principle, much affect the (already somewhat limited) individual freedoms enjoyed by Soviet citizens. The Soviet press stresses that the new ministry will "strictly observe Socialist legality," and that its jurisdiction will extend only to the municipal and communal police, and not to the state police, which will remain until further notice under the authority of the KGB, the Committee for State Security. . . . It should be remembered, however, that the new ministry, like its predecessor, will be in charge of prisons, labor camps and "forced residence areas," the population of all of which has obviously greatly increased lately. . . . All this, in

any case, suggests a strengthening of party control over the police. And the revival of the MVD, a federal body which had been dissolved by Khrushchev in 1960, implies something ominous.

Even if the reform amounts to no more than a change of name, the very return to the MVD, successor to the all too famous NKVD, points to a total disregard by the Kremlin rulers of the psychological effect such a change is bound to have. If not yet the substance, at any rate the symbols of Stalinism are being openly revived.

I have the strong impression that, as long as Brezhnev enjoys a majority on the Politburo, he will work to set up a particularly savage police regime, whose principal victims will be countless Russian intellectuals, engineers and technicians, those who showed greatest sympathy for the Czechs, and for Dubcek in particular. A typical story is that of an old man sprinkling with a watering can a bit of lawn behind the Lenin Mausoleum and near Stalin's grave. When asked what he was doing, he says: "Well, I planted a little acorn here, and hope it will grow quickly into a little oak (a *dubcek*)."

The invasion of Czechoslovakia violated practically all the Soviet Union's international undertakings and treaties, and so discredited the Soviet Union in the eyes of the world that Brezhnev and company do not dare, for the present, to commit any further outrages against Czechoslovakia; accordingly, the ruling team there is growing ever bolder and more independent. But Brezhnev is, instead, taking it out on countless Soviet citizens whose sympathies have been with the Czechs. Brezhnev cannot, however, do this with impunity. His opposition within the Politburo must be growing, as many of those who voted for the invasion come to realize that its effects have been disastrous for Russia. To take just one example, what face does Mr. Gromyko, that arch-defender of the sanctity of international treaty obligations, put on as he enters the

UN building in New York? And I can well imagine how Ambassador Valerian Zorin felt in Paris when hundreds of guests invited to the embassy reception "to celebrate the fifty-first anniversary of the Great October Revolution" answered as I did: "Thank you for your kind invitation, but my wife and I regret not to be able to attend the November 7 embassy reception *this year*."

Stalin's foreign policy may have been cynical, even wicked, but it was never *stupid*. He had the good sense to realize in 1948, for instance, that sending tanks into Belgrade would do infinitely more harm than good. Instead, he enforced an economic boycott on Yugoslavia, called "Tito and his clique" a bunch of "imperialist agents and traitors"—and left it at that. So it would not surprise me if, within three or four months, Brezhnev fell with a crash even greater than the toppling of Khrushchev. In that case, the public prosecutor would again be M. A. Suslov. He is far from being a liberal, but he has at heart the relative cohesion of the world Communist movement, and this has been killed, at least temporarily, by the invasion of Czechoslovakia. A. N. Kosygin, who as head of the government holds himself responsible for both home and foreign policy, and who realizes only too well what terrible harm the invasion has done the Soviet Union, would succeed Brezhnev; Soviet troops would be pulled out of Czechoslovakia, and Russia's international standing would be rehabilitated.

I rather think that the Czechs, too, will eventually see that they made some mistakes. They will not restore an *absolute* freedom of the press—for under such freedom there would be nothing, for instance, to prevent the CIA from flooding Czechoslovakia with anti-Russian and anti-Soviet literature. But as long as Brezhnev is boss, I am much more worried about the many thousands of pro-Czech Russians than I am about the Czechs themselves, who have played their hand with extraordinary skill.

NO TRUST AND NO MONEY

YOUNGSTOWN SHUTS ITS SCHOOLS

GENE I. MAEROFF

Mr. Maeroff is an editorial writer on the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Youngstown, Ohio

An indication of the fate that lay in store this fall for Youngstown's 12-mill school levy was the refusal of several of the art students at Chaney High School to draw promotion posters for the tax. "My parents told me you teachers have it made," some of the teen-agers told their art teacher. "They say you already make enough money." When the voters got a chance to express their feelings, the measure was defeated—the sixth straight time that a school levy has been turned down in Youngstown.

Today the 28,000 public school students in this city of 170,000 are in the midst of an extended winter vacation. The green and red heavy-duty tinsel is festooned above

Federal Street and shoppers hurry in and out of Strouss' and McKelvey's, but the doors of the city's forty-five schools have been closed since the day before Thanksgiving, November 27, and will not open again until January 2. Ohio law forbids deficit financing by school boards, and when he ran out of money, Superintendent Woodrow Wilson Zinser merely closed down.

Furthermore, the vacation that Youngstown's youngsters are now enjoying could be short compared to what may await them next fall. Unless the levy is passed in 1969, the money will run out very early in the school year and the next "holiday" could be the longest in the annals of American education.

Youngstown's plight arises from a combination of taxpayer resistance, deterioration of real estate values, shifting racial balance and union struggle. It may well be

setting a pattern that will be encountered elsewhere before long. As the younger and more affluent residents of Youngstown have flocked to suburban Boardman, Austintown and Liberty Township, they have left behind the Negroes, the elderly who live on fixed incomes, and other less affluent citizens. At the same time, vast highway programs, urban renewal and the expansion of Youngstown State University have removed \$9.6 million of real estate from the tax rolls in a single year. This represents a \$200,000 loss to the Youngstown schools. Meanwhile, teachers are dividing into union and nonunion camps and squabbling in the open. The public is developing serious doubts about pouring more money into this acrimonious scene.

Youngstown is a steel town, and James P. Griffin, the shrewd bargaining expert who heads District 26 of the United Steelworkers of America, wields the power of labor in the city. Griffin wears dark, conservative suits, occupies a sleek, paneled office and looks more a steel executive than a former steelworker turned union leader. But it takes little time to discover that his sympathies are very much pro-labor and that he believes the Youngstown Federation of Teachers (YFT), local affiliate of the AFL-CIO American Federation of Teachers (AFT), has been given a runaround by the school board.

"The school board has failed to resolve on a fair and equitable basis the question of sole and exclusive bargaining rights," Griffin says in explaining his opposition to the board's recognition of the Youngstown Education Association (YEA), affiliate of the National Education Association (NEA), as bargaining agent for all the teachers. "I don't relish my position of not being able to support the school board, but I can't support an organization that's anti-labor in a labor town."

Thus, when it came time to endorse the 12-mill levy, a few of the smaller unions, including some of the building trades and the public employees, lent their support; but the giant Steelworkers with 30,000 members in Mahoning County, and the Greater Youngstown Council of the AFL-CIO, remained silent. In such a contest, not endorsing was as effective as being against.

Youngstown's battle between the union teachers and the nonunion teachers could be duplicated in almost any city in the land. In Ohio, the NEA had lost Cleveland and Toledo to the AFT and is fighting not to drop Youngstown or any of the remaining large Ohio cities. In Youngstown, only 140 of the 1,100 teachers and administrators belong to the YFT and more than 900, including about seventy administrators, are members of the YEA. But behind the tiny YFT is the power of the city's labor movement, and what might otherwise be no contest has turned into a real struggle.

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The YFT was already organized when the first of the six levies was defeated in December, 1966. It had struck for three days the month before—the first teachers' strike in Ohio—in demand of a representation election. In 1966, the board had arbitrarily named the YEA as the bargaining agent. Another levy defeat followed in May, 1967, and the measure went on the ballot again in November, 1967. Superintendent Zinser, who was to maintain an admirable impartiality on the question of representation, became superintendent in August, 1967. He went to Griffin before the November election to try to get his support:

[Griffin] told me he wouldn't support the levy because the school board was not representative of labor, because the school people had not helped him the previous year in getting a bond issue passed to provide funds for the establishment of a community college and because we hadn't had free elections to choose a bargaining agent for the teachers.

In that November election, four of the seven seats on the school board changed hands, three of them being won by persons sympathetic to labor. This was a vital step toward breaking the communications barrier that had arisen in the community. But the levy—for 6.1 mills at this point—went down to defeat, getting 44 per cent of the votes when more than half was needed for passage.

After that defeat, the YFT began pushing even harder for a representation election. The wounds that had been opened by the strike were exacerbated by what the YFT viewed as an anti-labor majority on the school board. A good deal of bitterness developed then between the two factions of teachers and it has shown no sign of abating.

"I might be friendly with a union teacher, but I'm not going to compromise with him," says YEA president Roy C. Fisher, a nineteen-year veteran of the Youngstown system who teaches high school French and English. "I'm dead set against what they stand for. I wouldn't give up my principles for them. You can't be a teacher by a clock as the Union would like. When you're working with people it's different than when you're working with bricks or steel."

Extensive cutbacks were made during the 1967-68 school year. There was no kindergarten for the city's 2,100 5-year-olds and the school board won no friends among their mothers. Extracurricular activities were curtailed and driver's training classes were ended. But what evoked the loudest public outcry was suspension of pay to varsity coaches, though a modified athletic schedule was pursued with coaches volunteering their time.

The voters must have been unimpressed by their own voices because they rejected a levy once again last May—the fourth consecutive defeat. Meanwhile, the school board had relented on the representation issue and promised the YFT that an election would be held. Because Zinser feared that too many teachers might quit the system during the summer if the levy still was not approved, he came right back at the voters in June—a step he now admits was a mistake because he did not have time to mount a fresh campaign. The levy went down again.

Ohio law permits a school district to submit levies only three times in a calendar year, so Zinser had just one shot left in 1968. He used a new strategy for the November

election: months in advance he began announcing that the schools would close if the levy failed. Rather than cut back on the program and conserve money to finish the year, he ran a full program, restoring almost all the funds that had been withheld. He even yielded to the YEA in September when it threatened a strike unless salaries were improved. He granted teachers a \$450 raise, bringing starting pay to \$6,250. To some this "go for broke" policy was a kind of intimidation. Defeat number six came last month and now the schools are shut.

In Youngstown—and other cities may find the same thing happening—the public mistrusts the school board. Furthermore, the education upheaval, especially on the campuses, is making the public suspicious of teachers and the educational process in general. In Youngstown this fall, steelworkers were working four-day weeks because industry had built up large inventories. Workers who were taking home smaller checks than usual were not about to vote teachers—of all people—more money.

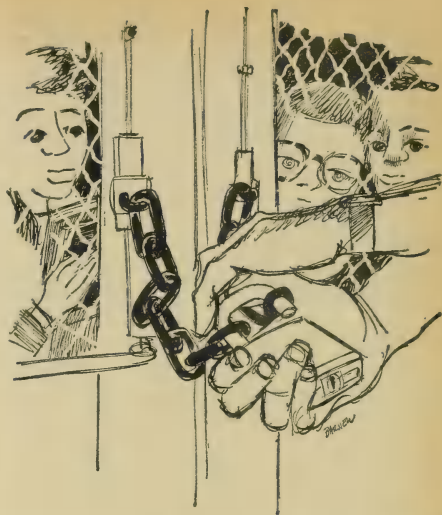
Evidence that the repeated failures of the levy reflect not only a general opposition to higher taxes but a specific dissatisfaction with the schools is the fact that the citizens of Youngstown were willing to vote an increase in their personal city income tax from 1 per cent to 1.5 per cent, which funds they knew were earmarked for raises to policemen and firemen.

And the prospects for an early improvement of the situation are not great. Union opposition to the school board stiffened before the election last month because of disputes over how a bargaining representative was to be chosen. Just before a special October election in which the teachers were to vote between the YEA and the YFT, the board granted that \$450 raise—to the glory of the YEA. As far as the YFT was concerned, that was bad enough, but then the board insisted that supervisory personnel be permitted to vote in the election and be represented in the bargaining. The YFT thereupon announced that it could not go through with the election and requested not to be on the ballot. In October, the election was held as scheduled, with only the YEA on the ballot.

Another group not hitherto mentioned is Youngstown's Catholics. Already burdened by the expenses of supporting their own 12,000-student system—including two high schools that each cost \$1 million a year to operate—they do not welcome higher taxes. Moreover, the pay of the lay teachers in the Catholic schools is maintained at 95 per cent of the going rate in the public schools.

Among the areas of the city where the tax levy was most soundly defeated were the fourth and seventh wards, both heavily Catholic. The Catholic hierarchy, however, endorsed the levy. Bishop James Malone even sent a pastoral letter in its support to parish priests to be read at masses.

And in the background is the seldom discussed racial issue. Youngstown's school enrollment is now almost 40 per cent Negro, although the Negro population is only 20 per cent. More and more whites are coming to the conclusion that the inner-city school system will eventually be predominantly Negro, and that taxes they impose on themselves now (once levied, a school tax is permanent in Ohio) will ultimately be used in behalf of the blacks.



All of Youngstown's Negro groups supported the levy, but thus far race has not figured prominently in attacks on the measure—perhaps because people have been able to find other persuasive grounds for opposition. But in Youngstown, as in every other city, the race question will become a larger issue in every future election.

Youngstown's experience is also proof that school financing needs to be renovated. Extensive reliance on property taxes may be an anachronism. This is not a situation where the wealthy landowners are throwing pittance to the peasants. In Youngstown, which has one of the highest percentages of home ownership in the nation, the peasants are the landowners. And they do not believe they should bear the onus for supporting the schools. One Ohio state legislator is considering the introduction of a bill calling for a 1 per cent personal income tax to support schools. He feels it would be more equitable, and he is winning support.

Furthermore, many school districts need a wider tax base than the district provides. Youngstown epitomizes this need. As the city's tax base has been shrinking, its educational needs have been growing. Youngstown's downtown (even the appellation is euphemistic) is sick. The newest high-rise structure was built decades ago. Store after store stands empty, and even the ornate, 2,800-seat Warner Theater, which played first-run films for thirty-seven years, is boarded up. Woolworth's, McCrory's and Lerner Shops went to the Ohio Supreme Court earlier this year in a futile effort to have their real estate taxes slashed. In a joint suit they pointed out that other downtown retailers had fled to the suburbs and that the impact upon their property values was "devastating." The city has become stagnant, and unlike some cities which have kept pace by expanding their boundaries and gobbling up sub-

urbs, Youngstown has remained the same size for years.

Zinser, who is living through it, says there has to be a reappraisal of the method in which public education is financed. He suggests taxes on wages and salaries instead of on property. He wants increased federal support to the point that the local, state and federal government would each contribute one-third of the budget. The state now puts

up 20 per cent of Youngstown's school budget, but if there are fewer than 180 days of classes during the school year the state will not contribute a penny.

Woodrow Wilson Zinser is up to his nose in one of the worst public education crises this side of Ocean Hill-Brownsville. And few of the taxpayers seem to appreciate just how dire the situation is.

THE CHILDREN OF RIMBAUD

THRUST OF THE UNDERCULTURE

KINGSLEY WIDMER

Mr. Widmer, professor of English at a California State College, is the author of The Literary Rebel (Southern Illinois University Press), and of books on D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller and Herman Melville.

Recently, a former student who had been last year's archetypal hippy again confronted me. Still bearded and rebellious but now minus Indian regalia, and apparently on parole from a long term "high," he had a new thing: politics. His latest costuming included Neomarxist headgear and a good many decorative political gestures "to liven the scene in the streets of America." "You see," he concluded with a disingenuous smile, "you could turn on to me as living out the distinction you used to make between, first, a rebel who goes after a different life style, and, then, a radical who wants to fundamentally change the life of the system." He recited the lesson mockingly well; but, as with many another teacher who puts an abstract definition up against a hairy reality, I had for some time doubted my own text. Cultural rebelliousness and political radicalism come together.

From the underculture (the "marginals," the "dissident subcultures," the "generation in revolt," the "bohemian-beat-hippy tradition") comes much of the impetus for change in social values. But many intelligent people still disdain the rebels as "not authentically radical" and "not genuinely creative." So let me make the counterargument. It seems that the "reasonable liberal" is quicker to put down the rebels than is the raging reactionary. He charges them with a lack of politics, a drugged mindlessness, a self-indulgent sensuality, messy ways, a lack of high art and, in sum, for not being reasonable liberals. This comfortably dismisses our major social revolt as mere titillation and delinquency. Yet the custodians of the ideology of affluence, who almost had us thought-rinsed into believing that everyone was well washed and well subdued, seem alarmed by the rise of the inner barbarians. A Chicago cop, a Texas politician, or a California real estate broker violently defending American Civilization against underground poets and pacifists makes good farce. But in their righteous simplicity they may also rightly perceive the way their society is going under.

Is the rebellious underculture the radical force of major social change? No, insists the usual educated response, and

snobbishly shrugs off the rebellious culture as offering nothing "new." True, but that should also suggest the relevant history. Take any of the major motifs of the rebellious, such as the ecstatic consciousness, the self-chosen alienation from the mainstream society, the syncretistic religiousness, the "action" arts, the polymorphous sexuality, the flamboyant costume, the utopian communalism, the tribal poetry-music, the "loving" anti-competitive personal code, and the outrageous life styles (including reversed "standards of living") as ways of protest. All repeatedly appear, with only secondary variations in manner, in the Beats of the 1950s, in their bohemian and utopian predecessors, and in a long tradition of rebellious modern culture. Any student of the more extreme literature of the last century, of Blake and Rimbaud, of Céline and Miller, of Nietzsche and Lawrence, knows where the ideas come from, though not all the young rebels do. What were once the solitary musings of the enraged poets and nihilistic critics now become the tangible style of the ten thousands who march up country from the mainline society. The small bohemian coteries of the past now become large ghettos of the dissident. The defiant styles of the outcast become the fancy uniforms of the fashionable in-class. In sum, the imaginative assault on middle-class life, a major effort of serious modern culture, becomes a literal social reality.

But are the effects of the rebellious culture really radical? Partly, of course, they get twisted by the exploitative society. Rebellion gets plagiarized for the amusement of the bored, commercialized for the solace of moral cripples, and neutralized into a mannered game for the protection of the powerful. I believe this process occurs less through a conspiracy by the custodians of our society than as an almost inevitable result of the emptiness of the mainline culture. Middle-class life produces many things, including commerce and efficiency and comfort, but it does not produce much significant art and thought, or new sensitivities and moral passions. Yet the society hungers for these, too, and the brokers of culture and manipulators of disguised ideology must come up with intriguing styles, both as protective coloration for their profit and power and as substitute gratifications for needed social changes.

From religion to footwear, from political revulsion to personal decoration, from erotic techniques to communal visions, the margins of the rebellious culture must be

plundered for the sustenance of a disoriented and voracious society. It obtains not only much of its culture but also its moral sensitivity and social awareness from the rebels—peace and blackness as well as beads and rock. The cannibalizing of the rebellious may have accelerated, out of desperation, but the process is not new. Earlier in this century, reform movements drew heavily on bohemianism, as in past centuries moral and political awareness was strongly nourished by radical religious sectarians. The civil rights movement of the late fifties cannot fully be separated from the preceding Beat Generation's ethnic responsiveness and revulsion from the society's moral apathy. And anyone active in the anti-war and campus protests of the last four years must grant that the legions of dissent cannot be visualized apart from the beatnik-hippy-Yippy styles. Middle-class America seems aesthetically and morally unthinkable without its revitalization from outside and underneath. Hence the tolerance by way of guilt by many solid citizens for deviant behavior. Our social order inherently destroys aesthetic and moral sensibility, and so must repeatedly disguise and humanize itself by consuming the art and rebellion of subcultures.

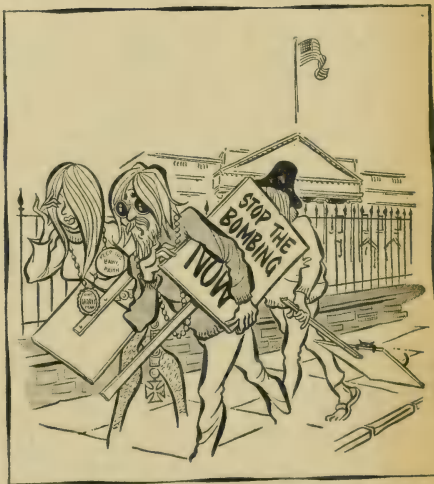
Commonplace sophistication holds that the generations of revolt are mostly symptoms of social failures. In fact, they equally serve as agents of social change. The point needs stressing because it is a "liberal" rationalization—that minority culture is but another topical problem, like juvenile delinquency or the unemployment of the semi-skilled, to be cured by dosages of money, education, organization and intellectual hygiene. But these often exacerbate white cultural rebellion as much as they inflame black racial revolt. The rebellious culture, like blackness, is for real. Genuinely different, and subversive, it cannot be so easily ameliorated away. Dissident culture, like primitive Christianity, can become a self-generating social force and unreasonably powerful. As political and cultural extremity accelerate, co-opting partly defeats itself. Millions of Americans, for example, cannot stomach the underground styles which the culture brokers would peddle to them, and so start raging against the diet of "anarchists." That produces counter-revolutions, followed by punitive reactions which result in politicalization of the rebellious culture.

When one tries to weigh the significance for radical change of what develops out of the underculture, it appears that the most exalted offerings merit the least consideration. Such are drugs. Many of the recent studies of the hippy scene can see little else, mistaking a ritual for the total reality. Political militants may correctly judge the psychedelics as counterrevolutionary, the opiates of the elite. More importantly, and in spite of the glad tidings of the hallucinogenic gurus, drugs are not news. We have been there before, with the romantic and symbolist poets who ended testifying that drugs fail to maintain an intensified and enlarged awareness. Drugs but short-circuit what requires a whole way of life. Exoticism and defiance and desperation led to the exaggerated poetry and politics of pot until a minor indulgence was sometimes taken to be a revolutionary metaphysic. Ecstatic devices, chemical or mystical, might sometimes vault one into a different awareness and response, but to live there requires the more

arduous creation of a different culture and society, which is what the drug scene finally demands.

Youth is another current opiate. Both Paul Goodman and J. Edgar Hoover indulge in this "generation hang-up," though from opposite sides. Any inherent correlation between age and radicalism seems dubious, though our Populist anti-intellectualism intentionally exaggerates the biology of discontent. Of course the young take major roles in the legions of the military. No doubt certain current conditions, including fatuous indoctrination disguised as education, totalitarian military conscription, and the exploitative meaninglessness of the corporate and public bureaucracies at whose gates they stand, fall especially heavy on the young and anger them. Then ideologues (such as those of the Peace and Freedom Party) borrow from an under-culture mystique and draft revolutionary programs for the exact date in the 1970s when 50 per cent, plus one, of the American population will be under 25. Charming, but the law of demographic radicalism doesn't seem to apply to a number of countries in the world more youthful than ours. Even if there were a political biology with a rule that the young join the legions of change, which legions and which changes would they be? Perhaps some demagogue can work up the youth religiosity into a nasty political reality. Until then, we should remain skeptical of the pathetic American cultism of adolescence. Generation gap ideology merely disguises a radical dissatisfaction in the whole of our society that is naturally more visible among the young.

To take up another charge against the rebellious: their marginal ways reveal no monopoly on messy lives and destructive ambivalences. The individual origins of rebellious choices may, of course, sometimes be located in psychic and social disorders, and certainly rebellious



Yardley Jones, Toronto Telegram (Canada)

"Bet You We Don't Even Get a 'Thank-You' Note"

styles can be ritualized into obsessional conformity. What can't? But the rebellious attempts at tribal life contain a relevant protest against a widely painful and perhaps finally unviably social form: the small, competitive suburban family. Though continuing with psychiatric crutches, and relieved by serial polygamy, the narrow and anxious nuclear family is socially regressive, and cruel to many. The awareness of this is a staple of our intellectual culture, and novels about domesticity, from Flaubert to Roth, have long provided devastating attacks on the tightly predatory family. And sexual experimentation and efforts toward broader families, now endemic in marginal groups, may often be poignant or messy, but they criticize a basic social form and attempt to restructure it. This search for new groupings, and not the post-Puritan permissiveness that is usually trumpeted, point the current direction of the continuing sexual revolution. The turn to trivial relatedness may forecast the crucial community sense of the future. New social values, and their politics, require a changed libidinal and communal order.

Similarly, the culture from down under and outside does not aim at the competitive connoisseurship of the high art of bourgeois society. The posters, the newspapers, the beads, the lyrics, the tribal decorations, the free-form psychodramas and the rest, also point to the communal. The underground arts mostly demand group rather than private responsiveness. Such communion criticizes what we may now recognize as the elitist and aggrandizing roles of much accepted modern art. Not the "artistic career" but the group art-action becomes the essential focus. The predecessors of today's underculture still yoked rebellion with the unique role of the artist; the current self-sanctification of the dissident and declassified by "creativity" operates quite outside the traditional roles of the poet and the painter. Masterpieces, or the attempt at drastically individualized art, are largely irrelevant to working on a communal style.

Besides, traditional high culture competes quite inadequately with the high decibel and hallucinatory pseudoculture of technology, which empties most art and thought. The current underground may have created the best popular arts since the technological media smashed folk culture. They, too, may go to pieces in the processing and peddling—the present experience of rock musicians, now no longer local and communal but major product lines, rather sadly confirms this. But the deep longing for a culture of communal involvement remains. The drive toward more directly engaging arts includes considerable rejection of the debased culture-of-the-word, which now less serves intellectual and individualizing motives than technological and bureaucratic rationalization. The limited hippy interest in literature tended to fantasy (Tolkien, Heinlein, the sutras, science fiction, etc.). Perhaps the major novelist linked to the underculture, Ken Kesey, long ago gave up that middle-class form for more direct arts and rebellious-communal living. No doubt standards other than those of "high" literature and art and criticism need to be applied to this new neolithic culture. Most basically, the arts of the underculture should be recognized both as protest against the dominant culture and as ritual for subcommunities which symbolically enact dreams of a different society.

Increasingly, the cultural rebellions go beyond mere consciousness, and the private practice of art, to dress and ritual and family and community. Since our bankrupt humanism (and "liberal arts" education) depends on a nurtured distinction between learned culture and social existence, we are shocked when the underculture does not make the same separation. (The same alarm is expressed when "minorities" attack "pure" and "objective" institutions and students revolt against "scholarly disinterest" and "impersonal" education.) Generally in our society, "sophisticated" and "cultivated"—and even "educated"—are terms used to praise the ability to lead a schizophrenic life, to separate culture and politics, consciousness and social function. Much of the rebellion is about that forced and painful disparity between awareness and daily activity. Social necessity once seemed to mandate that fragmentation, the opposing styles of dress and morality and ideas in public and private. No more schizophrenia, say the cultural rebels, who thus simultaneously became social radicals.

Is this a way to make a revolution? It may not be the way that the traditional Left, usually quasi-Marxist or at least Jacobin, would choose to force transformations of economic and political power. But we must take the forces of change where we find them rather than fantasize rising proletariats or progressive bureaucracies. Today's rebels may be partly characterized by their refusal to compete directly for economic and political power. Instead, they attempt to withdraw from or circumvent power by resistant and contrasting ways of behavior. In our technically overpowered systems, this may be practical as well as principled. Compare the terrible pathos of most contemporary political revolutionaries caught up in their easily corruptible, and destructive, fantasies of the usurpation of power. Those from the underculture no more choose parliamentarianism, manipulating interests and structural repression—politics as legitimacy—than they do the revolutionary variants of movement organizing, ideological polemicizing and the break into sustained violence. The contemporary rebels do not elect to man the barricades or the bureaucracies; they insist instead upon a different consciousness, resistance, and alternate life styles as the way toward true change.

From the underculture comes the politics of "anti-politics" as both protest and communal creation. Their dancing in the streets may be a more significant public action than voting in elections devoid of alternatives. Their dissident manners may have more effect than a library of pedantic position papers. And their love games may create more vitality than the political games which reinforce the deadening current structures of response. It may even be more socially effective to attempt a lively different life style than to organize a variant political ideology. Yet, strangely, many who take pleasure in what they call politics rather vehemently resent any politics of pleasure. Given our actual cities, we must suspect the political dogmatists and pragmatists who become contemptuous about aspirations to the city of love.

And given the power of modern institutions and states, the rebellious styles of undermining and resisting and

transforming just might lead to more effective as well as more humane ways of change than the expediency and bureaucratization of reform and the violence and authoritarianism of revolution. That, anyway, seems to be the inherent logic of the rebellious underculture and it seems to be widely, though not very clearly, adopted in increasing areas of society. Historically, these must be viewed as radical phenomena, proper offspring of the antinomian heretics and the enlightenment utopians and the modern literature of rage. Critically, the efforts toward new communities and life styles highlight our inadequacies. Morally, the sensuality, color and responsiveness, the anti-authoritarianism and almost violent pacifism, and the at-

tempts to break out of the usual institutional labors and faiths—these are sufficient in and of themselves. Without further art or ideology or politics, they make authentic and radical demands on our culture and society. We may, of course, deplore the ritual drugs, the protective cultishness about youth, the Populist anti-intellectualism, and all sorts of other deviations from middle-class and middle-aged good sense. But such changes in ways of feeling and living and being, not just changes in doctrines and institutions and powers, are what change the world. The resonance of the underculture may carry much further than usually reported, and a truly liberal or radical politics must now relate to it.

THE HEART MARKET

SOMEONE PLAYING GOD

DESMOND SMITH

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A few weeks ago, Maria Acosta, a 38-year-old Mexican woman suffering from a brain hemorrhage, was transferred from a sick bed in Yuma, Ariz., to St. Luke's Hospital in Houston. The arduous journey, involving a long ambulance ride from San Antonio to Houston, the patient's untimely end, the immediate transplant of her healthy heart, raise profound questions about the circumstances under which human beings may be used in scientific experiments. No one says that Mrs. Acosta was actually taken from her Yuma hospital to St. Luke's for the specific purpose of being a heart donor. But this is certain: there are at present more than thirty potential heart recipients in St. Luke's; and some have been waiting as long as three months for a donor. Was someone playing God with Mrs. Acosta's life?

What began a year ago in South Africa as a pioneering medical feat has turned into a shocking international heart transplant race. The United States has now taken the lead in this drastic and dramatic approach to cardiac therapy. But the spectacular publicity surrounding heart transplant surgery has distracted attention from the urgent need to take a sober look at the other side of the picture—the growing use of the near-dead, the allegedly moribund, as the source of human spare parts. It is a problem to be confronted most soberly by the medical profession, by Congress, by anyone who, in the future, will have a death in the family. At issue are the social and legal implications involved in research with human beings. This particular research field is still relatively small compared to its potential, but it is driving ahead because of the vast growth in government funds (most heart transplants in the United States are, in large measure, underwritten by the National Institutes of Health) as well as donations by private industry. The first Cape Town heart transplant carried the reputation of heart surgeons to heights never quite reached in the past, but to describe heart transplants as curative

cardiac therapy is like describing a cobalt bomb as a cure for cancer; the case can be argued, but sensible men don't do it. The first and most shattering point about human heart transplants today is that, whether the recipient is seven years old or seventy, the prognosis for long-term survival is nil. No responsible heart surgeon—including the optimistic Dr. Barnard—has, in fact, described heart transplanting as a therapeutic process. It is occasionally described as a "clinical trial," but even this term is a misnomer. More exactly it is experimentation with human guinea pigs.

To understand why this is so it is only necessary to recognize that the focus of interest of the heart transplanters is *not* on the actual surgical techniques of the operation (the area of the public's greatest interest), but rather on the human research subject's post-operative history. During the era of animal experimentation, the surgeons perfected the transplant techniques. They then discovered that the major problems arose in the post-operative phase. Most animals died in the first few months following a heart transplant. A main reason for this is that little-understood biological factors cause the body to reject tissue-to-tissue transplants. The longest reported survival in heart-transplant experiments with dogs is fifteen months.

To avoid this reaction, the research doctors dosed the animals with drugs which suppress the body's rejection mechanism. Unfortunately, this also leaves the animal defenseless against any passing infection. Nevertheless, and despite the angry protests of anti-vivisectionists (see *Reader's Digest*, April, 1966, "Lost Pets That Stray To The Labs"), animals provided researchers with many of the clues about the heart transplant's rejection mechanism.

By the mid 1960s, the American heart transplanters—most of whom had been working for nearly twenty years with dogs—were eager to shift to human subjects. "You have to start somewhere," says Dr. Jesse E. Edwards, president of the American Heart Association. "The day has to come when somebody is the first person to whom it is done." Yet fearful that public opinion might be hostile,

the transplanters hesitated. None of them wished to be compared to the Nazi doctors who experimented on human beings in the slave camps of the Third Reich. So it was an American-trained South African surgeon who took on world opinion. In an audacious five-hour operation, Dr. Christian Barnard cut away the diseased heart of Louis Washkansky and replaced it with the healthy heart of Denise Duvall, victim of a car accident.

More than any medical news since the discovery of the Salk vaccine, the Cape Town heart transplant stirred public imagination. In the surge of favorable publicity that engulfed Dr. Barnard, the death of his patient eighteen days later caused only a ripple of concern. On a triumphal tour of the United States, Dr. Barnard was feted like a second Pasteur; like Pasteur, he had greatly dared, not only risking his professional reputation, but to the extent that human heart transplant surgery was subject to public question, his moral reputation as well. He gambled successfully. The columnists and commentators extolled the vision and courage of his enterprise; a White House jet flew him to the LBJ Ranch, where he was the guest of an admiring President; and in a whirlwind tour of Europe he was lionized by crowned heads, everywhere besieged by crowds of eager autograph hunters.

There followed a heart transplant's field day. Medical centers around the world provided television, magazines and newspapers with a succession of heart transplant stories. There was also a succession of obituaries, but the parallel series of events did not get equal attention; all the stress over the twelve-month span has been on the spectacular success of the operations: here a retired fireman, Louis Block, whose steady news coverage is suddenly interrupted by his death eight hours after the operation; here a steelworker, Mike Kasperak, whose post-operative fight for life blossomed into a week of front-page stories as his doctors took "heroic measures" to keep him alive; here a cheery Arizona accountant, Everett Thomas, whose brief survival went unnoticed until his surgeon, Dr. Denton Cooley, recommended yet a second heart transplant—this event was worth a few columns of news space, but the patient's subsequent failure to survive a second

heart transplant rated only a three-line wire service item.

Understandably the response of the general public to this kind of reporting has been a widespread belief that (a) the heart transplanters know what they are doing, and (b) that heart surgeons have now provided a "miracle" cure for chronic heart disease. As a result, every medical center that has performed heart transplants has today a pathetic waiting list of hopeful cardiac cases. A few months ago, *Newsweek* reported that a small town in Oregon had started a fund to raise \$75,000 for a 7-year-old girl with an enlarged heart. The fund was for "Becky's new heart." The local Kiwanis sponsored an auction. "Local stores supplied cars, furniture and other merchandise; a rancher offered a steer that sold for \$1,700; a woman auctioned off a chair she had given her late husband sixty-six years ago, and a young girl, who had once had open-heart surgery, volunteered \$25 she planned to earn by baby-sitting."

Something is plainly wrong. There are some signs that the medical profession itself is taking a closer look at the free-wheeling heart transplanters. *The Annals of Thoracic Surgery* commented recently: "With 800,000 people dying annually in the United States of cardiac diseases, not one of the principals pointed out the limited therapeutic role that cardiac transplantation or mechanical hearts can ever play." In a letter to Sen. Walter F. Mondale, a physician observed caustically, "I would wager that . . . numerous intelligent lay individuals with chronic heart disease would submit to a heart transplant. But I doubt very much that a single doctor would have the operation. The medical profession knows the problem is a long way from solution—but fails to communicate this message to the public."

So far, most medical criticism has centered on the feasibility of heart transplants. But, for the longer term, a deeper question is what effect successful heart transplants—once the rejection process has been solved—may have on medical ethics. This question, and its looming legislative implications, is well understood by the heart transplanters. Senator Mondale raised some of the more pertinent issues in a letter distributed to some 200 doctors, deans of schools of medicine, theologians, and law school deans. He proposed to offer a resolution to establish a national commission to study these issues. In a reply, Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz, a New York surgeon, said he and his colleagues were not at present organized to deal with the legal and ethical questions involved. "Who would decide which of several dying heart patients should get the available organ and the chance to live?" Kantrowitz asked. In the absence of any kind of standards to deal with this troubling question, the blunt answer could very well be this: the patient who can afford the long and expensive surgery.

But the real heart transplant problem involves the forgotten half of the transplant equation—the donor. Contrary to the general impression, few doctors can predict the so-called "moment of death" with certainty. "Thousands of persons are pronounced dead," admits Dr. Kantrowitz, "even though many of their internal organs—often including the heart—remain viable." In the case of Maria Acosta, who decided that her brain damage was fatal? As her ambulance neared the open gates of Houston's St. Luke's Hospital, was she already marked "Heart donor,



Norris, Vancouver Sun (Canada)

do not resuscitate"? So far the majority of the ninety-four hearts that have been transplanted have come from brain damage victims. But the head-injury unit at England's Cambridge University counts 7,500 patients with post-traumatic amnesia every year. Four-fifths of the victims eventually survive and return to work. Moreover, of a group of 120 head-injury cases who were unconscious for more than a month, sixty-three survived. As the need for donors grows larger, the definition of death must be carefully redefined. When are you dead enough to be deprived of your heart? It's worth pointing out that the time of death is vital in heart transplants because the heart must be removed as soon as the doctor pronounces death; within the first half-hour is recommended.

STRIPPING KENTUCKY

THE 'SUBVERSIVE' POOR

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Eastern Kentucky is in the heartland of Appalachia and has all the attributes associated with that colonized poverty pocket. The state of Kentucky not only has 40 per cent of the nation's one-room schoolhouses but its children suffer the highest TB rate in the nation. Almost one-fourth of the east Kentucky population over 24 is illiterate.

During the Kennedy administration, numerous anti-poverty programs were pulled from the drawing tables. We all thought we had declared war on poverty and, to some extent, on the social system that perpetuates it. But aside from the fact that the national leadership gave the war in Vietnam priority over the war in Appalachia, other contradictions are inherent in any attempt by the federal government to destroy poverty.

In eastern Kentucky one of those contradictions is a reflection of the economic system. Coal is the basic industry, and the Tennessee Valley Authority is by far the single largest buyer. The poor people do not profit from the industry—they have been ruined by it. There is an estimated 35 billion tons of coal beneath the rocky, mountainous surface of eastern Kentucky, and only 2 billion tons of it have been mined in more than half a century. Yet ten of the twenty poorest counties in the nation are in eastern Kentucky. Pike County, the largest coal-producing county in this country, is among them. Last year, 18,267,200 tons of coal were mined in Pike County alone. Coal brings the mine owners from \$3 to \$15 per ton, depending on the grade. Even at the lowest rate, this one county produces \$50 million worth of coal in one year.

That wealth has done almost nothing for the people of the county. In the words of Harry Caulliff of Whitesburg, Ky., attorney and author, "Today welfare, not mining, provides most of the money spent by families in the nation's

Early in December the AMA recognized the problem to the extent of offering what it called guidelines. The death of a potential donor must be confirmed, it said, by at least two independent doctors (that is, not themselves contemplating a heart-transplant operation), and the "fact of death must be demonstrated by adequate, current and acceptable scientific evidence in the opinion of the physicians making the determination." A layman reading that carefully worded statement may wonder whether death is that subtle a determination. It is if you need to seize a heart at the first possible moment after its work is done. For some time thoughtful men have been increasingly troubled by the present attitude in the medical profession: "You're dead when your doctor says you are."

coal fields." To understand how such poverty can exist amid such wealth one must recognize the relationship between the owners of coal companies and the county power structure—they are virtually the same. Poverty in eastern Kentucky is a political problem. None of the federally funded anti-poverty programs officially recognize it as such, but some come closer than others.

Eighteen months ago the Appalachian Volunteers (AVs) hired as its training director Alan McSurely, a 30-year-old anti-poverty worker with an M.A. in psychology. He was fired three weeks later for his alleged manipulative and Leninist beliefs. McSurely had proposed various structural changes within the AV organization and had advocated direct political action as the only means to end poverty. He urged the staff to prepare itself for the day when federal money would be cut off if poor people in the mountains really began to get organized.

McSurely and his wife Margaret were then hired by the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), a Louisville-based civil rights and anti-poverty organization, and remained in the mountains to organize. The AV staff began its work that summer sharply split among militants, moderates and a few genuine conservatives. However, the first issue in which they all joined forces was not long in coming. By mid-June, 1967, they were all working to organize poor people against strip mining—the most brutal and destructive aspect of the economic system. [See "Strip-Mine Morality: The Landscaping of Hell" by Wendell Berry, *The Nation*, January 24, 1966.]

Forty million tons of coal were stripped from Kentucky's pock-marked mountains last year—and most of that was purchased by the TVA. James Curry, Reclamation Director for TVA, apparently finds this a satisfactory relationship. "Strip mining is part of the American way," he said. He quickly rephrased his comment to "Strip mining is an integral aspect of the American economy."

Strip mining is certainly not desired, however, by the poor people who live on and around the land that is

stripped. By a curious legal device known as the broad form deed, owners of the coal under the ground have rights superior to those who own the land above. In the early part of this century, the rights to this coal were purchased for a pittance from people who were completely ignorant of their potential value. The Kentucky Court of Appeals has upheld the rights of those who own the coal to destroy this land. A law setting limits on the degree of slope permissible for stripping, and providing for certain measures of land restoration, was passed during Democratic Gov. Edward Breathitt's administration three years ago. Strip miners declared that such regulations would destroy the industry—but the acreage under strip mining continues to grow.

Not everyone is content, however. Periodically, strip miners discover that their equipment has been dynamited in the fields. In the hot summer months of 1967, night raiders blew up a \$50,000 diesel-powered shovel of the Kentucky Oak Coal Company at its stripping site in Knott County. In August, 1968, \$800,000 worth of stripping equipment was blasted in Bell County. Across the line in Tennessee, several bulldozers, an auger and a railroad car were dynamited the first week of December, 1967. The total was more than \$1 million of "creative" destruction. Mine guards go armed, and random shooting from both sides is not uncommon.

Even more dramatic was the action of an owner of land about to be stripped in the summer months of 1967. Jink Ray, supported by neighbors, AVs and SCEF workers, decided to stand in front of the bulldozer as it was pulling onto his land. He did, and refused to budge; the dozer went away. After a series of legal battles in which the local courts issued injunctions against Ray to prevent his interference with the stripping of his own land, Governor Breathitt came to his aid. He had the strip mine permit of the Puritan Coal Company revoked. Joe Mulloy, an AV and one of Ray's neighbors, said that "the Jink Ray victory had tremendous implications for the poor and working class in Appalachia. This was perhaps the first time since the heyday of the United Mine Workers that the operators had been challenged and defeated by the people. Ray's victory could serve as an inspiration to people all over the mountains to demand and take back what is theirs, the coal. The coal operators knew this all too well."

Meanwhile, the AVs were receiving threatening phone calls in the middle of the night. Then, during the last week of July, 1967, the Pike County sheriff, a representative of the Small Business Administration, and Robert Holcomb, president of the Pikeville Chamber of Commerce, visited the homes of McSurely and Mulloy. They questioned Mulloy generally about what he was doing in Pike County, and specifically about strip mining. Their stay was short but long enough to suggest subtly that he'd better be careful. That evening Holcomb called for a federal investigation of the AVs in Pike County.

Then, on August 11, 1967, eight days after the revocation of the Puritan Coal Company's strip mine permit, the power of the coal companies was brought to bear. Alan McSurely's home was invaded by Commonwealth Attorney Thomas Ratliff (former president of ICOA) and fif-

teen armed deputies. They combed every piece of printed or written material in the home for two hours—especially the research library on the coal industry that the McSurelys had collected—and confiscated all of it. When they discovered that Margaret McSurely had worked for SNCC in 1964, they arrested her as well as her husband. By midnight they had reached Mulloy's home and put him under arrest.

The following morning, these three anti-poverty workers were taken from their jail cells and arraigned. Bond was set at \$5,000 for each of the two men. Margaret McSurely was six months pregnant; her bond was only \$2,000. Southern Bell Telephone immediately disconnected the phones in both homes. Mulloy's auto insurance with a local agent was canceled, and he was unable to get insurance for the next six months.

The word began to spread that those arrested were Communists. Holcomb told reporters: "We know that these people are Communists. There are no ifs, ands or buts about it. . . . They intend to take over the county." Ratliff then arrested Carl Braden and his wife Ann, Executive Directors of SCEF, for attempting to overthrow the government of Pike County. Mrs. Braden had never set foot in the county, and her husband's only appearance there was to get McSurely and Mulloy out on bond.

Under the leadership of William Kunstler of Rutgers' Law Center for Constitutional Rights, the anti-poverty workers eventually managed to get the 1920 state sedition statute, which they had been charged with violating, declared unconstitutional. However, the local power structure had by then made plenty of political hay out of the matter.

Heavy pressure was put on Governor Breathitt to rid the state of AVs. Opposing the coal industry in Kentucky is risky politics. Breathitt succumbed and recommended to OEO Director Shriver that funds for AVs be cut off. On August, 18, 1967, Shriver acted. He cut off all funds without a hearing and without notifying the AV director. Some funds were later reinstated, but the AVs have received no new funds from OEO.

A confidential OEO report laid the arrests principally to "obvious political interests." This corroborated an FBI report which stated that Ratliff's prime objective was "ridding Pike County of the anti-poverty workers." It added, "Ratliff's reasons for attacking the program are economic and political: (1) he has made a fortune out of the coal industry and still had coal interests; and (2) he is running for Lt. Governor on the Republican ticket and thinks it is a good issue." But despite an agreement with the three-judge federal court not to act until the court could reach a decision on the constitutionality of the state sedition law, Ratliff proceeded with a Pike County grand jury investigation of the McSurelys and Mulloy. The people of Pike County were thereby sufficiently informed of how these outsiders were disrupting "legitimate" community interests.

Having now the declaration of unconstitutionality, the poverty workers (who had been forced to expend virtually all their energies defending themselves against personal attacks) thought they could return to organizing. However

at that point the federal government decided to get involved. In October, 1967, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the Committee on Government Operations (the old Joe McCarthy committee), chaired by John McClellan, subpoenaed the McSurelys and the records Ratliff had seized on his midnight raid. The McClellan committee is at present charged with investigating the causes of urban riots, and McClellan has said that he has evidence that the SCEF workers were instrumental to the outbreak of riots in Nashville in April, 1967. (The SCEF staff had held its quarterly meeting there April 5 through 8. Stokely Carmichael had spoken at one of the sessions, probably providing the committee with the "evidence" it needed to link SCEF with the riots.)

The subpoenas were challenged in court as illegal, since they were the "fruit of a poison tree": the material had been taken illegally, under an unconstitutional law. The McClellan committee could not act until the material was returned to its rightful owners. (However, the committee's investigator had already made photostatic copies of all the material he wanted.)

After two trips had been made to the U.S. Supreme Court, the books and documents were finally returned last November. McClellan promptly served the McSurelys with new subpoenas, requiring that they appear in Washington with their material on January 14, 1969. The subpoena specifically requests any material pertaining to the Southern Students Organizing Committee (SSOC), the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), the National Conference for New Politics (NCNP), Vietnam Summer, the AVs, SCEF, and the United Planning Organization (UPO), an umbrella anti-poverty organization in Washington, D.C. The 1968 subpoena differed from the one issued in 1967 in only one respect: a request for materials relating to "all other Marxist-Leninist organizations" was deleted. It appears that the committee wishes to link in the public mind all of the very active civil rights and anti-poverty organizations with urban riots.

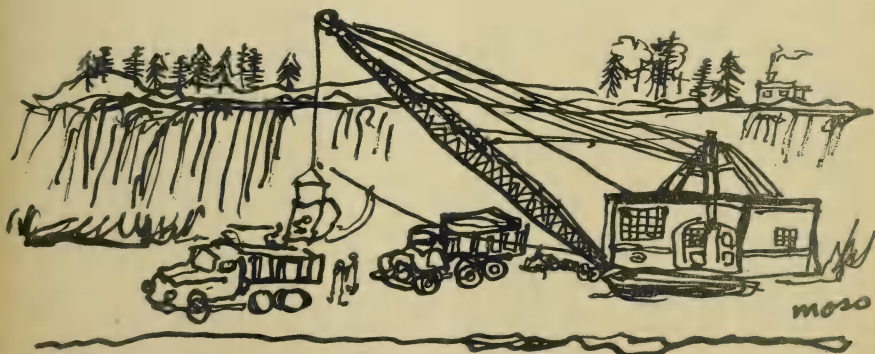
While the McSurelys were fighting the McClellan committee, Mulloy was fighting his draft board. (There was

little time left to fight poverty.) Mulloy had attempted to apply for C.O. status after his 2-A classification had been revoked in the spring of 1967. His draft board in Louisville refused to reopen his case. In discussions with his board, he was questioned about his activities in eastern Kentucky, and the board kept a file of clippings on him and the AVs. (Somehow Mulloy's anti-poverty, anti-strip mining efforts seemed to be relevant to his draft status.) By refusing to reopen the file, the board in effect denied Mulloy the right to appeal. When it became apparent that he would be drafted, Mulloy decided to refuse induction. In April, 1968, he was given the maximum sentence. He spent six weeks in the county jail trying to get his bond lowered from \$12,000. He is now free while his case is being appealed.

Between the time Mulloy informed the AVs of his decision to refuse induction and his trial, the AVs, by a vote of 20 to 19, decided to fire him. Mulloy had been told by other AVs that the draft and the war in Vietnam were not issues that concerned the poor, and that he had jeopardized their program by his actions. Mulloy and his wife Karen joined the McSurelys on the SCEF staff.

Despite this incredible series of redbaiting and riot-baiting tactics by the city, county and federal officials, the anti-poverty workers still hoped for success. They continued their efforts to organize the poor. And some of the AVs were beginning to sense just how political poverty is. Edith Easterling, a long-time local resident, an AV and director of the Marrowbone Folk School—a cinder-block center for organizing in Pike County—put it this way: "You should see the way some of those county officers treat the people in the hollers. A friend of mine went down to the high sheriff's office and wanted to make some complaints cause we hadn't been getting any law enforcement. One night a young guy got cut in a fight at a dance at the Folk School. My friend went to the high sheriff's office and asked for help. The deputy said she was just a Communist, and she works for the AVs; and as long as they were going to be Communist, then they couldn't have anybody from the sheriff's office coming out there."

As usual, the winter was difficult in the mountains of Kentucky. But, when the Kentucky legislature met in early



1968, things became still worse. Legislators swallowed what they were fed by the Pike County power structure. The Southern Conference Education Fund was surely a Communist front organization. So must be the AVs. The new Governor, Republican Louis B. Nunn, made a campaign promise to "run SCEF and organizations like it out of the state." He was to get ample help from Democratic and Republican state legislators. To implement his promise, a Kentucky Un-American Activities Committee (KUAC) was established. When a controversy arose as to the need and source of funds for this committee and its proposed staff of investigators, Nunn cleared the way. He generously provided \$5,000 a month for KUAC (pronounced "Quack" by its opponents) from his contingency fund. The sum is greater than that received by all other committees of the state legislature combined.

The first KUAC hearings were held this summer in Frankfort and concerned the riot which erupted in Louisville during the spring. Only so-called friendly witnesses testified. The consequence of selective testimony was to blame the riots not on poverty and the racist conditions that produced them but on certain outside agitators and on Carl Braden, the executive director of SCEF. KUAC next met in October, this time to investigate un-American activities in Pikeville. The investigation was formally requested by Robert Holcomb, two students at Pikeville College who thought the college administration had become too liberal, and two residents of Marrowbone Creek, the area of Pike County where anti-poverty workers had concentrated their efforts.

The AVs, SCEF workers, and a group of students from Pikeville College, who called themselves Kentucky Students Serving Kentucky (KSSK), were no longer working on strip mining. The central issue this fall has been a controversial proposed water district grant of \$1,800,000 and a \$270,000 loan—all from the federal government. Pure water is also a potent issue in Pike County for, according to a local grand jury report, 80 per cent of the wells are polluted. The AVs and the Pike County Citizens Association (PCCA), a group of poor people, contend that poor people cannot afford the \$25-per-household fee required to hook into the proposed water system. They have suggested a rate schedule based on income in which those below the \$3,000-a-year poverty line would not have to pay. The AVs and PCCA organized poor people to support their proposal. The result was that only sixteen of the required 700 signatures were obtained for the petition indicating that those signing were prepared to pay the fee for water service.

Pikeville Chamber of Commerce President Holcomb, proud of Pikeville's designation last year as an "All-American City," said KUAC's hearings prove that the AVs were trying to "sabotage" the water district money. He went on to say that the director of the Pike County AVs, Tom Ramsey, "wanted to control the money we would get from the government." Ramsey has a different view. He contends that the water district is not designed to benefit the poor—who suffer most from the polluted well water. "The basic underlying motive of the whole business" is to "turn Pike County into a tourist center"—which will hardly benefit those people isolated in the hollows.

Although no AVs testified at the Pikeville hearings on this matter, KUAC issued an interim report on November 29 on the evidence it had heard. It recommended in the strongest possible language that the Governor see to it that the AVs be permanently discontinued. It said that the AVs had been excessively funded and a "tremendous detriment to the deserving people of this region." The report concluded that the AVs "work apparently to create strife, rather than . . . to better conditions in the area itself." When questioned by a reporter, during the news conference announcing the report, as to whether or not KUAC discovered any un-American activities in Pike County, Chairman Scott Miller (R., Louisville) hedgingly concluded that "working against the health of the people was un-American." He said the question of communism will await future hearings.

The second series of hearings in Pikeville were held on December 3 and 4. One AV staff member, Mrs. Easterling, did testify this time. In a moment of tension and silence she opened her remarks to the committee with an apology. Bystanders in the packed courthouse room moved to the edge of their seats in anticipation of her exposing communism among the AVs. In strong and unequivocal language she apologized to the people of Pike County for having helped elect that "dirty courthouse bunch" headed by Ratliff.

Tension was further stirred when she complained to KUAC that her life had been threatened because of her work with the AVs. When one of the committee members asked what threats she had received, she replied that she had received threatening telephone calls and that windows of her home had been shot out. "I don't call that threats," scoffed Charles Upton, the KUAC member. Louisville's *Courier Journal* aptly replied in an editorial the next day that had Upton been in her position he would not likely confuse such gestures "with a visit from the Welcome Wagon." Approval by the Governor is needed for the AVs to continue to receive OEO funds. That decision must be made before the first of the year.

Redbaiting, riot-baiting, charges of sedition, the collusion of local, state and federal officials, TVA's support of strip mining—this is no war on poverty. In eastern Kentucky, it is a war on poverty workers, especially those who see poverty as basically a political matter. In the early morning of December 13, a bomb was thrown at the McCure house from a passing car; no one was hurt. The following Monday they made a formal request for investigation by the U.S. District Attorney, but Alan McCure says: "Nothing will come of it because the people who run this country don't give a damn about the poor people." The local power structure and the anti-poverty workers could hardly be further apart. Mrs. Easterling emphasized that "some of the people up in the mountains are so scared of the courthouse gang in Pikeville that they haven't been out of their hollows to go to town for twenty years. Most of them are disabled miners with the black lung and are afraid someone will take their checks." Holcomb views the overall picture quite differently: "There really aren't any big conflicts in Pike County. If you measure the people's actual physical needs, there isn't much poverty either."

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Bellow's Stories: Dehydrated Novels

MOSBY'S MEMOIRS and Other Stories.
By Saul Bellow. The Viking Press. 160 pp. \$5.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Mr. Enright is a writer and critic who teaches English at the University of Singapore. He is the author, most recently, of a book of poems, *Unlawful Assembly* (Wesleyan University Press).

These six stories all have to do with man's obstinacy, his will to survive, to carry on, whether in conditions of poverty, sickness, indignity or sheer ludicrousness. The implied thesis is an admirable one—I think an occasional appearance of cloddishness is a small price to pay for Saul Bellow's stance in the face of literary arrogance, defeatism and Wastelanditis—but here it shows a little too plainly and at times it enervates or even defeats itself. Thus poor Hattie, old and battered, at the end of "Leaving the Yellow House,"

thought that there was a beginning, and a middle. She shrank from the last term. She began once more—a beginning. After that, there was the early middle, then middle middle, late middle middle, quite late middle. In fact the middle is all I know. The rest is just a rumor.

By this time Harriet is drunk, so she needs the house she was about to bequeath, so she puts off the writing of her will until tomorrow. One sees what Mr. Bellow is after: a bedraggled, sleazy, irritable and irritating sort of courage, partly Dutch, with nothing fancy about it. But he has documented Hattie's miseries so fully that her courage, obstinacy or whatever it is, just seems rather unfortunate, misplaced, worse than useless. If you saw an animal suffering like this, you would cast around for something to kill it with, and we would really like Mr. Bellow to let Hattie quietly shuffle off during her drunken stupor, not to preserve her, cruelly, for another awful day tomorrow.

Something similar goes amiss, I think, in the title story, a clever account of a successful man seeking some humorous material with which to lighten his high-level memoirs, the record of his "mental wars," and recalling an utterly unsuccessful man called (with irony, and double irony) Hyman Lustgarten. Lustgarten is the kind of person who borrows his family's savings to invest in a Cadillac,

ships it to France in 1947 in the expectation of making a killing, finds that the French have slapped on a heavy import tax the very day the car arrives, is consequently unable to pay his hotel bill and must sleep in the Cadillac, and then, just as he has located a wealthy buyer for it, drives the car down a mountainside and destroys it. The intention is clear: Mosby is "a voice which for many years had informed people of their errors," while Lustgarten is one of those people who are continually engaged in the performance of errors. Mosby, "a fanatic about ideas," is essentially sterile, has come to a dead halt; Lustgarten is alive, he suffers, he "moves on." But while Mr. Bellow has succeeded in making Mosby and his "mandarin irony" distasteful enough, he has failed to make Lustgarten much more than merely ludicrous, and so the parable we have come to expect doesn't realize itself.

"Oh, these Jews—these Jews! Their feelings, their hearts!" In "The Old System," the "crude circus of feelings" arising out of mankind's realization that it is human because it feels, is measured against the cold eye cast on life, on death, and is judged to be not too unsatisfactory in the final count. "The living can only will to live," says a rabbi, who adds, "I am speaking of Jews. They wanted to annihilate us. To give our consent would have been to turn from God." Mr. Bellow finds the will to live most conveniently and most potently (though at times a shade pawkily) illustrated in Jewish contexts. But it is possible to have too much will, too much "character," too much Jewishness (oh dear—to cite the narrator of this story—what a fertility of Jewish metaphor, what specialization in the chemistry of heredity!), and so to end with what approaches a parody of Jewishness. "The Old System" reads like a potted guide to another *Augie March*.

"Looking for Mr. Green," the mild adventures of a distributor of relief checks, is a white man's tour of a "blighted" Negro section of Chicago.

In some places the beds were even used in shifts, watchmen or jitney drivers or short-order cooks in night joints turning out after a day's sleep and surrendering their beds to a sister, a nephew, or perhaps a stranger, just off the bus. . . .

This is well-written sociology, pointed up by Mr. Bellow's characteristic style of thinking. The man from the relief office

undergoes some moderately ridiculous experiences in his determination to find the elusive Mr. Green, and finally hands over the check to a naked, drunken woman who maybe is and maybe isn't Mrs. Green. The important thing, the thing that matters, is "that there was a real Mr. Green whom they could not keep him from reaching. . . ."

The theme is much the same in "The Gonzaga Manuscripts": men need a purpose, a belief, a quest, something which will evoke and employ their tenacity. Since one is going to live anyway, it is as well to have a reason for living. "Does it really matter?" was always the test question." And Clarence Feiler has found what matters to him: the poetry of Manuel Gonzaga and in particular the Manning love poems. Incidentally, "I'm not much on modern poetry in English," says Clarence:

Some of it is very fine, of course, but it doesn't express much wish to live. To live as a creature, that is. As if it were not good enough. But the first time I opened Gonzaga . . . I felt right away and in spite of this ironical turn that I was in touch with a poet who could show me how to go on, and what attitude to take toward life.

Spain defeats Clarence. After a lot of trouble and some petty humiliations he is offered mining shares instead of the poems, which appear to have been buried along with the countless to whom they were addressed. But still, Clarence is capable of turning up in the near future with an exhumation order, we feel, or a hired gang of resurrection men. For Gonzaga continues to matter.

Despite all the courageousness and pertinacity in evidence, there is a curious heaviness about these stories. Possibly this effect has its origin in technique: the stories have a density, a thickness, a detailedness about them which gives them the feel of concentrated novels, essence of novel, rather than of longish short stories. More accurately, they strike me as instant novels awaiting the addition of a large dose of action and incident. The density of documentation, whether of the travel-book variety as in "The Gonzaga Manuscripts" or of Jewish family life as in "The Old System," together with the close depiction of character or "character," and so much reflection and description—all this, in the absence of much activity, produces a

wholly unintended effect of spiritual torpor. A coarser word for it would be "constipation": these stories need more exercise, the characters or narrators need to get out and about, one feels, or at the very least the windows should be flung wide open.

The complaint is a left-handed one, for it suggests that, even so, what we have

here is great riches clattering up a little room. Intelligence, shrewdness, sensitivity, humor, and wisdom as well as book learning. That these stories try to say more than is effectively possible within their limits says something for Saul Bellow. Where many novels are truly short stories diluted and inflated, his short stories are truly dehydrated novels.

control the main levers of this advanced technology they will also be decisive in the economy as a whole. He projects the possible future rather dramatically, one might even say melodramatically.

With our growth rate, our investment priorities and the distribution of our national income determined by the United States, it is not even necessary to imagine secret meetings between Wall Street bankers and European cabinet ministers to understand that the areas that really count would lie outside the democratic process.

Europe must, therefore, elect one of three possible strategies: (1) Let things ride and become a full-fledged annex of the United States economy. (2) Try to play a complementary role, by specializing in industries where the several European nations still have a relative advantage and forgoing independence in the new industries. Such a path will reduce Europe to the status of a satellite. (3) Concentrate on the achievement of competence in advanced technology and thus become competitive with the United States. Servan-Schreiber, of course, advocates the third course and the main thrust of his book is an analysis and advocacy of what is involved in such a new departure.

The author argues that only by pooling the resources of the West European nations and thus mobilizing money, manpower, and education, will equality be achieved, if not superiority, in such crucial areas of modern science and technology as space, atomic energy and supersonic aviation. The soldiers in the battle should be the fifty to 100 largest industrial firms that are best able to strike back at United States competition. These firms have to be able to unite and grow so that they can have the financial and organizational means to meet United States giants on equal terms in the market place. A common market is not enough. There must be no boundary restrictions on the freedom to merge and consolidate production, marketing, and research on a continental rather than national basis. Moreover, if there is to be significant progress in the field of modern science, the European giants will have to obtain a great deal of government support in the form of direct government contracts, subsidies for research programs, and an educational system that will furnish an adequate supply of scientists and engineers. Thus, Big Business needs Big Government. It follows that the political precondition for independence is a federation of European nations that will give first priority to a unified scientific and industrial policy and an integration of government, university and big business.

Unity among nations by itself won't

One-Dimensional Analysis

THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE. By J.-J. Servan-Schreiber. With a Foreword by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Translated by Ronald Steel. Atheneum Publishers. 291 pp. \$6.95.

HARRY MAGDOFF

Mr. Magdoff is a lecturer in economics at the New School for Social Research. He is the author of *The Age of Imperialism*, to be published in the spring by Monthly Review Press.

Servan-Schreiber, publisher-editor of the influential French weekly news magazine *L'Express*, achieved a deserved measure of international fame for his bold and active opposition to the French colonial war in Algeria. These days he is using his fluent pen to campaign against a different colonial issue: the potential evolution of Western Europe into a satellite of the United States economy due to the extensive penetration by large United States corporations in Western European business affairs.

Combining elements of creed, political-economic analysis, and a call to action, *The American Challenge* is in effect a manifesto designed to mobilize public opinion in support of a political federation of Western Europe (including, of course, Great Britain): a United States of Europe, one which will maintain national and cultural differences but will nevertheless have enough unity and central direction to enable it to compete with the United States.

While the extent of U. S. control may seem relatively small—almost 10 per cent of the total capitalization of all European corporations (except for Belgium)—the gross figure taken by itself is deceptive. What is significant, according to Servan-Schreiber, is (a) the continuing rate of growth which suggests that the United States share will become increasingly larger, and (b) the fact that United States investments are concentrated in the most technologically advanced industries and those with the highest growth rates. Thus, by 1963, American firms in France "controlled 40 per cent of the petroleum market,

65 per cent of telecommunications equipment, and 45 per cent of synthetic rubber, among others."

Differences between the degree of concentration in the "newer" and "older" technologies are well illustrated in the strategic electronics industries. In the production of electronic consumer goods—such as radio, TV, and recording devices, only 15 per cent of European production is accounted for by United States firms. In the field of semi-conductors (devices which replace the older electronic tubes), the United States share jumps to 50 per cent. However, at the farthest reaches of the new technology, the control by United States corporations is indeed overwhelming: 80 per cent of the computers and 95 per cent of the integrated circuits (computer components) manufactured in Europe.

What seems to irritate most is that the invasion represents not so much a transfer of United States capital, but what appears to be a seizure of power. United States firms are using capital not only to create new undertakings but to buy up existing European enterprises. More than that, a good part of the money used for this investment comes from the European continent itself: either loans from Europeans, reinvestment of profits from United States plants in Europe, or subsidies from European governments. In other words, in addition to capital flowing from the United States, there are financial means and mechanisms overseas which United States firms can tap to finance further expansion and to become an ever larger force in European business affairs.

The major role of United States firms in the new technology along with the relative ease with which these firms can mobilize financial resources for use of this technology define the implicit threat to the future independence of European nations. As Servan-Schreiber sees it, the new technology will strongly influence, if not determine, the structure and operations of highly industrialized nations in the not too distant future. Hence, if foreign business interests can

Two Poems by David Ray

AN UNKNOWN WILDERNESS

This keeps night here,
and throws an unknown wilderness about me.

Beaumont & Fletcher

Time we are not together
is not time, it is the soup
of wildwood, it is the memory
of pogroms, it is eyes to the ground
looking for bread in the dust
it is looking to the skies
for terror, finding the past there
it is not being mothered, finding
no hand in the night

II.
Simply a man and a woman going
over the hill together
And I always know whether this bus
is going away from you
or briefly around the curve of sea
toward you. This bus and I will not
become an animal nosing
burrowing toward you
through mountains, over the sea
So I am an old man shivering
sitting in a bus seat weeping
because I see a man and a woman
going over the hill together
into their poverty, into their blessings

III.
The pale morning light has a way
of breaking itself up into stars
Through the planks of the roof
it did this, all alone
though I was without you and couldn't
make anything happen. They left me there
the skies and the cliffs of the world
left me standing there bemused
talking to myself, wondering where they had gone
and ahead of me there was nothing but an edge
a half-blossoming

IV.

Tables I looked at because they could have been *our*
Tables. O thou freshly gathered
Then fallen
In the dark, in a strange city
I go on talking to you
out loud, out loud

V.

Once you were like an archaic statue
And I found past time upon you
I was the child playing at the base, the robe
Of you, and you held me idly
And above me the slits of your eyes
Fascinated me, they were caves
Of an endless darkness
Your mind-wandered, I let it go
Encouraged it, then you came back
Broke into a smile
Came out of the white land
Of speechlessness, and adored me

VI.

I'll be like the sea behind you
happiness thrown away like a coin
the face becoming like anyone else's
your belly on a temple fading away

VII.

Now what shall we do with these moments
They are left over from our nights
And they lie upon our skins too heavily.
Feel them though! Something has already
Been done to them. They are small round circles
Of light that disappear
The pond itself disappears now
The light has lifted off a pair of brown eyes
The night has gone and left excruciating stars
Those moments are gone like coins in the hand
Those moments are simply my mouth
Disappearing off your breast

SCULPTURE

People can remove themselves like paintings
Or join one another as sculpture.
We are part of the same statue, together.
I can feel the basalt nature of our skin.
We have been chipped at together,
Made to cling, as one,
Bound ourselves inward, against the weather.
You were the first to look upon me
Without cynicism in your eyes.

And then you joined me in this stone.
Now we can go back to childhood,
Now I know you would rather sink
Into the ground with me than be free.
Nothing can wrench you away now,
As we crouch here upon the earth,
Our moments come home to us.
Don't be surprised that they are still
Cold from their old loneliness.

work, according to Servan-Schreiber's prescription. There must also be social unity among the classes within the federation. Obviously, if first priority will be given to government-supported big business and big science, a large part of the social product will have to be husbanded for these purposes. In addition, such a policy necessarily entails protection of the profits of big business, as well as the opportunity for even larger profits. Otherwise, why should business make the effort? Since undue pressure from the working classes for a greater share of the surplus will rock the boat, labor and the Left need to be in line for the success of the program.

The *quid pro quo* for labor cooperation is the inclusion of social justice on the planning agenda of the proposed supranational regime. On top of this, labor and the Left are offered the carrot of faster economic growth which is expected to result from the mutual stimulation of big government, big business, and big science. A faster growth rate, in turn, means that before long there will be a bigger pie to divide; each slice of the future pie can therefore be bigger.

What is proposed in essence is a corporate state—one that is programmed to generate enough strength for European economic war with the United States. The cohesive social force for this supranation is to be democracy and high liberal ideals. But persuasive as Servan-Schreiber is in advocating progressive social and political principles, he is equally insistent on a conflicting economic strategy which will create greater concentration of power in the hands of selected vested interest groups.

This contradiction underscores the superficiality of much of Servan-Schreiber's analysis. While the struggle for economic power is the main subject of the book, associated issues that involve power struggles are swept under the rug. Thus, the national and imperial rivalries which in the past led to World Wars are expected to dissolve in an aura of realism, sweet reason, and the ballot box. This ignores the dilemma that the proposed development program means not only a concentration of economic power in the hands of a limited number of industrial and financial firms but also a concentration of power in selected European regions and key capital and money market centers. If the aim is to amass greater competitive strength in a hurry then the most efficient way is to favor those industrial and financial centers that already have a leg up. With efficiency and speedy growth the goal, the more backward regions will serve best by remaining backward and concentrating on their role as feeders of supplies, food,

and manpower to the more advanced regions. A federation based on such a program will more than likely create new sources of tension and struggle.

Another aspect of this faith in the superiority of reason over the realities of power conflict is the optimism that eventually, when Western Europe is big enough and strong enough, the democratic process will smoothly shift gears and give more attention to social progress. Such an idealized conception of a neatly balanced social compromise overlooks not only the sort of tensions which last spring induced a 10-million-man strike in France but also the counter pressures of United States business as competition for world markets stiffens. At what point then will Europe be able to take a breather and indulge in the promised higher morality, if the economic war accelerates?

This tendency to disregard the hard reality of power conflict in prescribing for Europe's future is reflected in Servan-Schreiber's diagnosis as well. For in searching out the roots of United States advantage, he isolates the symptoms of strength from the more basic operating levers of United States growth. For example, he sees managerial structure and organizational technique as major causal factors in the growth of the corporation. It is of course true that important and valuable strides have been made in business management in this country. It is equally obvious that superior organizational technique is an important ingredient of today's successful multi-national giant. However, study of the modern transformations of managerial structures, such as that by Alfred D. Chandler, Jr., in his *Strategy and Structure*, indicates that the flexible and efficient administration of the giant firms are not the cause but the result of historic changes in competitive corporate strategy and allocation of resources.

Not only is management technique isolated as an independent factor of growth

but government support of industrial research is isolated from the military power drive of the United States. Servan-Schreiber recognizes the paramount influence of government-sponsored research on corporate strategy, but he does not face up to the fact that this is part and parcel of the United States role as a dominant world military power. The fact that almost 55 per cent of the funds spent in 1965 on research and development by United States industry was financed by the federal government can be explained only in terms of the priority given to our military policies; the civilian applications are extra dividends. In addition, a significant part of the research financed by industry itself is also related to the advance of military technology: such research is undertaken to pave the way for new government contracts which recognize research and development as legitimate costs to be included in the price of the final products sold to the government.

The military underpinning of United States industry goes a good deal beyond the sponsoring of research. To examine the key capital goods industries is to find that military demand is a major component of their profits and stability. Indeed, the Department of Commerce input-output tables for 1958 (long before the influence of the Vietnamese War) show that federal purchases account directly and indirectly for from 15 to 40 per cent of the output of eighteen important manufacturing industries. It is short-sighted to isolate this source of economic strength, as well as the lift given to United States corporate growth by its overseas investment, from the Pax Americana of the post-World War II world. But this is precisely what Servan-Schreiber attempts to do. And in doing this, he reaches a one-dimensional analysis which touches on some important problems but in the main deals more with appearances than with the underlying reality.

Walter Benjamin: A Special Case

ILLUMINATIONS: Essays and Reflections. By Walter Benjamin. Edited with an Introduction by Hannah Arendt. Translated by Harry Zohn. Harcourt, Brace & World. 280 pp. \$5.95.

GEORGE STADE

Mr. Stade teaches English at Columbia University.

"The goal I set for myself," wrote Walter Benjamin (1892-1940), "is to be re-

garded as the foremost critic of German literature." Yet he participated in the conspiracy of neglect that assured him he would only attain his goal posthumously. What Walter Benjamin wrote about Franz Kafka he might have confessed of himself: "once he was certain of eventual failure, everything worked for him *en route* as in a dream. There is nothing more memorable than the fervor with which Kafka emphasized his failure." The circumstances surrounding Benja-

min's suicide on the Spanish-French border, while he was engaged in an attempt to avoid deportation to Germany, seem enveloped in that eerie malice which in Kafka's fiction a secret volition projects onto events.

Kafka's initial failure was a function of his posthumous success, as was Benjamin's. "One of the foremost tasks of art has always been the creation of a demand which could be fully satisfied only later," said Benjamin, and the remark holds as well for his criticism as for Kafka's fiction. He helped create a demand for a kind of criticism that is now being attempted by structuralists, McLuhanites, phenomenologists, existentialists, anti-Communist para-Marxists, Marxists, Zionists, rabbis of Pop, and various diagnosticians of fashion and scrutinizers of trends—representatives of all which groups, in Germany, France and England, are at present claiming that he was what they are.

It's hard to blame them; Benjamin is not only very good, he is a legitimate ancestor of much that for the moment is most alive in criticism. But he accomplished all he did by refusing to be anything that pre-existed him. "To create a place in criticism for oneself means to re-create it as a genre." Similarly, "all great works of literature found a genre or dissolve one—they are in other words, special cases." It is true that his interest in Marxism, Zionism, German humanist criticism, academic *Sprachphilosophie* refined his analytic technique and lent urgency to his already acute historical sense; true, he had a number of compelling personal needs that he could have satisfied by joining the various cliques that kept watch over the ideological purity of these disciplines; true, further, these cliques could have presented him to an audience, assured him of an income, guaranteed him at least a small success; but he would not join: he had a terror of being used; he insisted on creating his own genre, on being a special case. He took what he needed where he could find it and made it his own.

In Zionism and through his friendship with Gershom Scholem, author of *Major Trends of Jewish Mysticism*, Benjamin found another version of the millennialism that had attracted him to Marxism, and found confirmation for a certain kind of hermeneutic bias: "I have never been able to inquire and think otherwise than, if I may so put it, in a theological sense—namely, in conformity with the Talmudic prescription regarding the forty-nine levels of meaning in every passage of the Torah."

From Marxism, from his friendships with Brecht, Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno, he learned to think of the relations between the cultural superstructure and the economic sub-

structure as texts in which he would read his forty-nine levels of meaning. "A historic materialist approaches a historical subject only where he encounters it as a monad." Benjamin approached his monads as realms of total correspondence, realms in which any item isolated for attention was defined precisely by its relations to all the other items. The gait of the *flâneur*, the unseeing eyes in Baudelaire, the invention of photography, the emergence of the urban mass, the decline of storytelling, the onset of "the inhospitable, blinding age of big-scale industrialism" mean what they mean, are what they are, precisely because of the positions they assume within the conceptual forms their attractions and repulsions shape in the mind of a *Kulturkritik*. "Where thinking suddenly stops in a configuration pregnant with tensions, it gives that configuration a shock, by which it crystallizes into a monad."

Humanist criticism lent poignancy to Benjamin's awareness of the "tremendous shattering of tradition" that defines the modern age, and it gave him a long perspective on "the cluster of symptoms called 'civilization.'" *Sprachphilosophie* intensified his sense of words as the main repository of human experience and as both the major symptoms of civilizations and the sole expositor of their hidden causes. The "representation of hidden significance through an embryonic attempt at making it visible is of so singular a nature that it is rarely met with in the sphere of non-linguistic life."

The unifying theme of *Illuminations*—ten essays on book collecting, on translating, on storytelling, on Kafka, Brecht, Baudelaire, Proust, on art in an age of mechanical reproduction, on the philosophy of history— the vicissitudes of those symptoms that Benjamin calls the "aura" or the "afterlife" of works of art. He designates as aura "the associations which, at home in the *mémoire involontaire*, tend to cluster around the object of a perception." The equivalent in the case of a utilitarian object is

"the experience which has left traces of the practised hand." These traces are symptoms of something both individual and cultural, for "where there is experience in the strict sense of the word, certain contents of the individual past combine with material of the collective past." The aura of a work of art is its authenticity, its "testimony to the history it has experienced." And when we locate aura we see where we stand: "To perceive the aura of an object we look for a means to invest it with the ability to look at us in return."

The "contemporary decay of the aura," of the historical personality of objects, a decay related to the "liquidation of the traditional value of the cultural heritage" and brought about largely by the "pervasion of reality by the apparatus," has meant that "experience has fallen in value," that wisdom ("truth in its haggadic consistency") has become incommunicable; has led to "a crisis in perception itself," a change in the very structure of memory, and has revealed "the true surrealist face of existence." Stripping objects of their aura reveals them spread out in mental space shining with hallucinatory clarity, but merely juxtaposed, rather than arranged in the medium of their traditional contexts.

None of this reads in Benjamin like the familiar laments over traditions, communities, crafts and values blasted away forever by the eruption of modernism. No man was ever less of a hand-wringer. Much of the unsettling quality of his prose comes from the austere reserve, the icy withholding of attitude, that characterizes it. And he was able to regard with a suppressed and ironic glee the literally "shocking," the "destructive, cathartic" effect of the new art. For all cultural treasures carry with them an origin that he "cannot contemplate without horror. They owe their existence not only to the great minds and talents who have created them, but also to the anonymous toil of their contemporaries. There is no document of civilization which is not at the same time a document of barbarism." Benjamin,

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like the new art, stripped the aura from cultural treasures to redeem them.

Benjamin's prose is the perfect medium for this message. It became increasingly an arrangement of quotations. The power of these is "not the strength to preserve but to cleanse, to tear out of context, to destroy." Quotations in his work, he wrote, "are like robbers by the roadside who make an armed attack and relieve an idler of his convictions." His ambition was to write a work consisting entirely of quotations. These word fragments, these artifacts shorn of their auras and bereft of commentary, would be like currents in a force field of signification generated by their mere juxtaposition.

He never got that far, but achieved something like it by so placing his dense

and oblique sentences that their meanings are only released by the silence that surrounds them: instead of a transition or a connective, one gets an interval, a rest, into which the preceding sentence flows as a delayed reaction and out of which the succeeding sentence gestures to a new movement of thought, a new dimension of relevance. These sentences, that is, are on all levels and at every angle to one another; the reader must concatenate them as he can. "Interruption," said Benjamin, "is one of the fundamental devices of all structuring," and, we might add, the phenomenological basis of the reality he was trying to make visible in words.

Illuminations is brilliantly introduced, faithfully translated, and tastefully produced, but someone is much to blame for having given us so skimpy a selection.

door slammed into the deepest hollows of the sea. Beside me a heavy wire stay unexpectedly quivered like a cello-string for a moment, then stopped. . . . Now standing up unsteadily from the sea was the famous Mushroom. . . . The only similes that came to my mind were banal: a sundae, red ink in a pot of distemper. From behind me I heard a frenetic ticking of typewriters; very soon I found I was fumbling with my own. The reportage had begun. Many of us will never live it down.

From the first, Cameron's life and work has made a mockery of the mythic credo: the "detached" journalist. Following the Bikini scenario, he participated in the Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament and the Aldermaston March. . . . this annual ritual naturally attracted the derision of the Press." Of course. How could—a serio comic case in point—Malcolm Muggeridge, charming master of irrelevancies, understand a man like Cameron? No more than the court fool could interpret the haunted spirit of the saga man. (In *What A Way To Run The Tribe*, there is a delightful, though devastating reply to poor Muggeridge. As usual, Cameron tried to be gentle. That "sense of mortal community" again.)

There was a fine irony in his being on the scene in Chicago during Convention Week. Here, it would seem, the ghost of "objective" journalism was once and forever laid. Cameron needed no billy club on his gray head to tell him this; though a good whiff of Lincoln Park tear gas did add an acrid note to his London dispatches.

Inevitably, his personal concern—can't the man mind his own business and tend to his trade?—has led to troubles, though he has never quite seen it that way. Take that 1945 brouhaha, for instance. Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* carried a scurrilous headline concerning John Strachey, Labour's newly appointed War Minister. Cameron was, at the time, the highest paid correspondent of The Beaver's other paper, *Daily Express*. Doing what comes naturally, he resigned, though he had never met Strachey. It was a *cause célèbre* along Fleet Street. Not to Cameron. It was simply a matter of standards.

Again it happened, while he was roving Korea for *Picture Post*, during that wretched war. In a startling coup, at least for the Western world, he revealed that noble little patriot, Syngman Rhee, to be an ignoble little brute. Firings and resignations followed. To the credit of British journalism, jobs found Cameron.

A remarkable chapter in the autobiography deals with his visit to Lambaréne, while another myth was still extant. In the rain forest, he discovered Dr.

Detachment De-Mythified

POINT OF DEPARTURE: An Attempt at Autobiography. By James Cameron. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 318 pp. \$5.95.

WHAT A WAY TO RUN THE TRIBE. By James Cameron. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 347 pp. \$6.95.

STUDS TERKEL

Mr. Terkel is the author of *Division Street* . . . *America* (Pantheon).

I cannot remember when these curious moments of suspense first began, when I would find myself unanchored and adrift in the dark, groping for clues as to where I was. These moments came, and still come, at the exact transition between sleep and awakening, lying on the edge of uncertainty: what is this bed, where is this room, what lies beyond it—Egypt, England, Berlin, Jerusalem, Moscow, Minneapolis, Peking; there have been so many places, and any of them could be the background of this vacuum.

From the beginning you are caught and held fast by this astonishing autobiography. In *Point Of Departure*, James Cameron truly reveals himself; as, indeed, he has done in all his remarkable dispatches.

What A Way To Run The Tribe is a collection of seventy such pieces. Whether it's the Six Day War, the Algerian Conflict, the volcanic boilings of Latin America; life in Verwoerd's South Africa, Franco's Spain, Ho's Hanoi; the guts of American hacks or the atonality of Downing Street's sweet singers; the death of Gandhi or the psyche of Nehru, whom Cameron, of all Western chroniclers, knew best—if it's passion-cum-in-

sight you're looking for, Cameron's your man. Like Kilroy, he's been there and left indelible marks on these walls.

James Cameron is one of our best living journalists, and one of the most self-deprecatory. Nor is it a sense of unseemly modesty that causes him such self-doubts. Rather it's a vision he has followed from his first days as a young newsman in the industrial bleakness of Dundee: the fragile possibility as against the brutal fact. From the late twenties on—in the depressed Scottish town and in more exotic places—Cameron has known where he stood; and how so often the ground beneath proved treacherous. Even now, he pursues the ideal: "a sense of mortal community."

With an elegance of style, he has recorded on the run, in the rain, or at some weekend refuge, his feelings as well as his observations. The double sense of his writings is evoked, while watching the A-bomb tests at Bikini:

It was not a bang, it was a rumble, not overloud, but it thudded into all the corners of the morning like a great

KNOWING

"Mon moi, Ils m'arrachent mon moi"

—Michelet

*I will be lonely at half past dead
Weep none one or many beside my bed.
At the dead center of all alone
I must unwillingly work at dying
I will be crying crying crying
Not I not I this flesh these bones*

ISABELLA GARDNER

Schweitzer to be somewhat less than saintly. . . . "the Hospital existed for him rather than he for it. It was deliberately archaic and primitive, deliberately part of the jungle around it, a background of his own creation which clearly meant a great deal more philosophically than it did medically." Bach, it seemed, was one thing; the blacks, another. Yet, it is the journalist's "Reverence For Life" that makes this sequence a deeply moving, perhaps because it is nonworshipful, study of Albert Schweitzer.

And Churchill. Some fifteen years after Cameron's tempestuous goodbye, he was invited by Beaverbrook to his Cap d'Ail home. The publisher had a project in mind. Cameron was his man; at least, so he thought. As *divertissement*, there was dinner for four: the host, the journalist, a senile Winston Churchill and a rugged Aristotle Onassis. Cameron, caught willy-nilly in this rare circle, observed.

What Cameron captured becomes a vivid study of the passing of power that is, at once, *Lear* in its tragic overtones

and hilarious in fact. While Churchill snored, the two infinitely lesser, semiliterate men, talked the arcane language of big money. Theirs was the power, if not the glory. As for Churchill:

After dinner somebody put a cigar in his mouth and lit it; it seemed a ritual gesture without dignity; the completion of an effigy. Already I had begun to find this a profoundly melancholy occasion. My own admiration for the old gentleman's vigorous and abrasive qualities had always been qualified by opposition to almost every one of his public attitudes; nevertheless . . . it was sad to see him, for the first and last time, diminished into a totem, part of the social image of a rich Greek patron.

So it has been, and fortunately still is, with Cameron: the heart of the innocent, the eye of the experienced and the style of a master. It's been said he has changed the whole character of English reportage by giving it an amazing model that transcends journalism. It is to be hoped that these two books may help do the same for ours.

himself and others miserable, largely because of an honesty which masquerades as bad manners.

Turner embarks upon a search which is as much for himself as it is for the missing diplomat: a search which, largely because of the happy conjunction of Mr. Le Carré's talents and the literary possibilities of the subject of Bonn, constantly slips from the objective world into a bureaucratic phantasmagoria in which all ordinary distinctions—day and night, right and wrong, love and hate, abstract and concrete, history as written record and as personal experience, past, present, and future, are alternately effaced and reversed. As for the private search, it appears to be not entirely unsuccessful.

What is most remarkable about Mr. Le Carré's book is that it isn't dull, or pretentious, or hopelessly clichéd. For all the elements of a bad book are present: a cast of upper class types from the old-fashioned English novel of manners whose problems are as drearily familiar as they are superficial, a collection of secondary characters from the lower classes who are much less successfully drawn, and a great deal of speculation and preaching about history and private morality, none of it terribly profound.

Two things save the book. Mr. Le Carré has always been a competent craftsman; but nothing in his earlier works can match the beauty of many of the descriptive passages in his new

Popular Art Into Good Art

A SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY. By John Le Carré. Coward-McCann. 383 pp. \$6.95.

JOHN GLIEDMAN

Mr. Gliedman is a graduate student in psychology at M.I.T. and is at present at work on a spy novel.

So much has been written about the stagnation of the novel, that some extremely interesting developments in science fiction and the spy story have passed somewhat unnoticed. In science fiction the novel of serious social satire has come into its own. Though hardly up to the standards of the classical anti-utopias (1984 and *Brave New World*)—the handling of character is far too shallow—Robert Sheckley's *Immortality, Inc.* and (to a lesser extent) *Mindswap*, are strikingly original commercial satires. And while the second half of Robert Heinlein's *Green Hills of Earth* decays into superficiality, the first half is an extraordinary *Bildungsroman*. Nor have "serious" writers left the genre untouched. Two of Kurt Vonnegut's novels are science fiction: *Cat's Cradle* and *The Sirens of Titan*. Anthony Burgess has written a first-rate anti-utopia (*The Wanting Seed*) and an all-time classic in the neo-Joycean meta-McLuhan manner, *The Clockwork Orange*. And if the eloquent Barth is more at home in the seventeenth century than in the future,

he has been there too in *Giles Goat-Boy*.

The spy novel, a kind of pornography, has been slower to yield serious literature. The most promising innovation of recent years has been the introduction of unhappiness into the world of the secret agent. The best of this kind is John Le Carré's *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*. Unfortunately, as Mr. Le Carré's later (*The Looking Glass War*) demonstrates, something more has been needed to open up the form to serious efforts. Even Anthony Burgess, who has dipped into this honey pot too, has not been able to go beyond Le Carré—producing in *Tremor of Intent* a souped-up, verbal variation on the theme of dirty spy/dirty life.

But Mr. Le Carré's latest book, *A Small Town in Germany*, is quite a bit more than a spy story with a clever twist; it is a political novel almost in the grand manner.

The book opens with the discovery by the British embassy in Bonn that one of their diplomats has disappeared, along with enough sensitive material to wreck England's chances of entering the Common Market. London sends an investigator, Alan Turner, to find the man. Turner is one of Mr. Le Carré's specialties—a more interesting Michael Caine, complete with red-brick university education, a volcanic hatred of the "better" class (his wife ran off with one of them) and an immense capacity for making

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book or the use of aural imagery (the sounds of the Rhine, the Bonn traffic, the figures of speech used by the main characters). Second, and of still greater importance, is his use of the spy story. It lends to the ideas, motives, and hypocrisies of the leading characters a special dramatic interest. Because he tells a first-rate yarn, Mr. Le Carré can deal with a number of serious topics without becoming offensive. (Something similar goes on in Antonioni's *Blow Up* which, because of the dullness of its subject matter, might be seen as a paradigm of this technique. The viewer's expectation of a murder—which never takes place—rescues one from the boredom of the pointless episodes in the life of a fashion photographer. When the film ends there is the realization that events have been invested with a false significance. But by then it is too late. The film has been enjoyed.)

Mr. Le Carré has long been a master of the essential machinery of the spy and detective novel. He has also shown himself to be a sensitive observer of character and manner, within the limits of his genre. But nothing which has come before quite prepares one for the literary distinction of this effort—the quality of its prose, the complexity of its construction, the cunning of some of its dialogue. But the book's great merit is

its originality. If this book endures, one senses that it will not be because it brings up to date an aspect of that chronic dissatisfaction with itself which seems to be a prerogative of the English upper class. Nor even because it tells us what we already know far too well, but rarely encounter in literature: that diplomacy is an especially vicious and cynical sham. But because it represents something of a breakthrough in the use of the spy genre for serious purposes, *A Small Town in Germany* is that rarest of all things in contemporary fiction—good art which is also popular art.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Given the average standard of local operatic production, Herbert von Karajan's presentation of Wagner's *Das Rheingold* is a rather special event, offering a combination of musical and dramatic values only rarely present at the Metropolitan Opera—and, indeed, only partially present in Karajan's *Walküre* of last season. Seeing the two operas in succession, the viewer (if not the listener) might be forgiven for assuming

them the work of two different directors. The Karajan who staged *Walküre* not only ran aground on such traditional shoals as dinner *chez Hunding* (none was ever served, although Martti Talvela, a 6 ft. 7 in. mountain of a man, certainly ordered it, and he didn't look like the kind of Hunding to overlook such a wifely oversight) but also ignored Wagner's musically specified lighting effects in Act II in order to build up a showy tableau for the battle scene.

Some aspects of this production, in fact, betrayed an utter lack of professionalism: the tight spotlighting which—given the overall gloom—caused Wotan's arms to vanish whenever he stretched them out in a characteristically Wotanish gesture; Siegmund's apostrophe to the sword, addressed to the brass section of the orchestra, its proper object being behind him and across the stage, some thirty feet away; and the stately pattern of movement imposed on the singers, which upset Wagner's carefully scored entrances and exits. Nor did the settings, vacillating between post-Pretorius semi-abstract and neo-Bayreuth symbolism, suggest that a consistent point of view was being applied. The continual transformations of the second-act set were particularly distracting because so unnecessary. A single set, meeting Wagner's specifications, would have been much simpler than what amounted to four different ones.

With *Rheingold*, all this changed; it is a straightforward, thoroughly professional staging, not distant in style from early Wieland Wagner, but free of the economically imposed amateurisms of early post-war Bayreuth. Lighting and movement were managed with great skill, and virtually all the special effects (swimming Rhinemaidens, Alberich's transformations, and the meteorological extravaganza culminating in the rainbow bridge) were splendidly realized. Only Erda's emergence, at a great distance, failed to impress (it would have been a total disaster with anything less than the voice of Lili Chookasian), and it was prepared by a singularly inept bit of blocking.

As already intimated, the musical characteristics of the two productions had a good deal in common (they will be broadcast on February 22 and March 1, and Karajan has recorded both operas, with the Berlin Philharmonic and substantially similar casts, for Deutsche Grammophon; see listing below). The first point to note is that Karajan got absolutely first-class playing from the Met orchestra—at least at the initial performances; I was disappointed to note a marked deterioration in this year's *Walküre* performance, especially among the brass. And the kind of orchestral sonority he is after—lean, smooth, light, relative-

STANFORD STREET POEM: ALBUQUERQUE

When living

even with people you love

boils you dry each day

what music shall

calm you Can the sky open that wide

to receive your cry

The gag of love

steals your tongue what you know

of soil and sea flowering and fall

As other bodies call to you

a woman's teeth a man's beard

you approach them cold leaves in your legs

leaning on an old moonbeam

the song:

a single crow on the naked bough

*snow on the Sandias now
creamy fields below Taos*

water in hose will freeze

nothing to reach for

you must

dance

with the trees

GENE FRUMIN

ly unaccented—remains consistent in the performances and recordings; it is not only quite different from the traditional Wagner sound but also from the sound he espoused in 1951 at Bayreuth (to judge from the recording of *Walküre* Act III made at those performances, on Odeon 90280/1). Some passages are played so lightly as to become almost pure texture, devoid of rhythm if not of meter, and throughout there is a tendency to neutralize rhythmic detail.

In *Rheingold*, this pushed the action forward, and the strikingly cohesive effect that the piece makes in Karajan's reading is primarily a result of the smoothness with which he propels it from beginning to end. Naturally, the extensive musical preparation of the entire ensemble also contributes to the effortless flow of the proceedings. A good deal is lost, however, in terms of textural variety and dynamic contrast: this scaled-down, streamlined Wagner is far less revelatory than Solti's occasionally erratic conception (London OSA-1309) or the extraordinary Furtwängler Rome performance of 1953 (once scheduled for release, this has been circulating privately for years, and should certainly be made commercially available).

The *Walküre* is a somewhat different story, for here Karajan seems less interested in imposing a consistent forward drive. My impression is that the performance has tightened up a good deal since the recording (which was made in late 1966, prior to any stage performances), but the insistence on a low dynamic framework for the first act remains firm.

Obviously, the conductor does realize that his *Rheingold* strategy won't work on the vastly more elaborate, more dimensioned fabric of *Walküre*, but his options are severely limited by the kind of orchestral sound he favors. As a result, some passages emerge impressively—the genuinely soft Winterstürme song, the breathless quiet at the start of the “Annunciation of Death” scene—but most of these are static effects; there is too little of the lively rhythmic articulation and anticipatory accenting that produces a shaped progression of musical phrases and sentences. Most of the motion here arises from lack of friction rather than from internal propulsion.

A splendid counter example is provided by Otto Klemperer's current recording of *Der fliegende Holländer*. Despite some tiresome sound effects (notably a nasty distortion effect that is supposed to make the Dutch crew sound “spooky”), some characteristically undisciplined orchestral attacks, and the silly pedantry of using Wagner's first version (why not allow a composer his second thoughts, when they are improve-

ments?), this is a fine example of the kind of orchestral presentation that makes the most of Wagner's scoring through a wide variety of articulation and an insistence on the significance of detail. Even when Klemperer's choice of tempo seems initially perverse, it usually justifies itself in practice by the strong musical profile with which nearly every passage is projected and by the firm grasp that is maintained on the overall structure. (Another counter example is Furtwängler's *Walküre*, available on a bargain label: Seraphim IE-6012.)

I have hardly mentioned the singing in these performances; little of it is memorable, save that of Martti Talvela in the *Ring* operas. In fact, the vocal high points of the recordings are Karajan's splendid ensembles of Rhinemaidens and Valkyries, rather than any single soloists. In general, the Met casts were slightly superior: Crespín makes a better Sieglinde than a Brünnhilde (in the recording, she is audibly reinforced by resonance at crucial points), and the Met offers Birgit Nilsson as Brünnhilde. Other desirable substitutions were Stewart as the *Rheingold* Wotan (greatly preferable to the dispiriting spectacle of Fischer-Dieskau tearing out his throat), Milnes as Donner (for the weak Kerns), and Chookasian as Erda (instead of the rhythmically insecure Dominguez). Klemperer's *Holländer* cast, too, offers little to interest those who think Wagnerian opera is about singing.

At this halfway point in Karajan's *Ring*, then, I'm not overly optimistic about what is to come, because the problems he has failed to solve in *Walküre* become ever more acute in the remaining operas. On the other hand, it is an unusual (and pleasurable) experience to confront operatic performances that demand consideration at such a serious and fundamental level; *Rheingold* is not an easy opera, and the current production is certainly the most distinguished that New York has seen for many years. That it takes a kind of international road show to achieve opera of this musical (as distinct from vocal) standard may tell us something about future patterns of operatic production.

WAGNER: *Das Rheingold*. Josephine Veasey, Oralia Dominguez, Gerhard Stolze, Donald Grobe, Erwin Wohlfahrt, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Zoltan Kelemen, Robert Kerns, Martti Talvela, Karl Ridderbusch, et al.; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 139 226/8, \$17.37.

Die Walküre. Régine Crespin, Gundula Janowitz, Josephine Veasey, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, Martti Talvela, et al.; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Her-

bert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 139 229/33, \$28.95.

Der fliegende Holländer. Anja Silja, Annelies Burmeister, Ernst Kozub, Gerhard Stolze, Theo Adam, Martti Talvela; BBC Chorus, New Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel SCL-3730, \$17.37.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

How do museum exhibitions get arranged?

For a partial answer, we might consider the background of the present show at the Museum of Modern Art, “The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age.” When the Museum was originally planning “The Responsive Eye,” the exhibition of 1965, it was conceived as one of a pair of related shows, the other to be devoted to kinetics and light art. Early in the sixties there had been discussions between the Modern and the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum to straighten out the problem presented by the fact that both institutions wanted to stage such exhibitions. The first solution was to divide the cake, with the Modern getting what came to be called “Op Art” and the Guggenheim getting kinetics. When Peter Selz left the Modern for Berkeley he put on his own West Coast hardware show, but the Guggenheim did not do anything about its “rights” on the Eastern Seaboard.

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The next move is recorded in the catalogue of the Machine show: in 1965, the Modern invited K. G. Pontus Hultén, director of the Moderna Museet, Stockholm, to do a kinetics show. Instead he proposed the present show, which derives from an entirely different set of ideas than the museum's original plan. Instead of being part of a comprehensive survey of movement in art, optically active paintings that seem to move and sculpture that literally does, it is something else, something very personal to Hultén.

The other piece of background information that may clarify aspects of the Machine show has to do with a little-remarked shift in postwar aesthetics. After World War II a generation of artists born in the 1920s became fascinated with connections between art and, let's call it, the urban-industrial complex. This emergent sensibility, pro-technology-

cal but nonconformist, is extensively registered by the Machine show. It may be appropriate to indicate the European character of Hultén's interest in machines by references to England, where I lived.

The postwar revival of interest in Futurism and Dada produced two relevant books, both given, incidentally, in the bibliography of the catalogue. One is Peter Reyner Banham's *Theory and Design in the First Machine Age*, the title of which parallels Hultén's for his exhibition (both derive, of course, from Norbert Wiener's distinction, 1948, between the first and second Industrial Revolutions). The other book was designed by Richard Hamilton, who figured out how to translate the facsimile, random notes of Marcel Duchamp for *The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors*. Even into typographical form for the first time. Both books were published in 1960 and represent the outcome of ideas formulated and research done in the previous decade. Hultén's show is strong on Dada and Constructivism and, analogously, pro-tech English art of the fifties was a tangle of pre- or early Pop Art and a Constructivist revival, dominated, but not truly summed up by, Victor Pasmore.

The sympathetic attitude of artists and art historians toward technology, as much a fact in their art interests as in their lives, had a salutary effect on the history of modern art which had become grossly one-sided. Expressionist-oriented writers saw modern art as the seismograph of psychic turmoil, caused by artists recoiling from the cities and the mob. This view was updated, but not really altered, by the sophisticated dramas of existentialist art criticism: Sartre's Giacometti and Tintoretto are up to their eyes in agony and paradox. There was still a strong case being made, in those days, for the unconscious sources of art (Freudian and/or Jungian): symbols that only artists could provide were expected to act as torches and talismans. Romantic criticism also took rustic forms, in which the birds and the bees, not to mention the rocks and the blue horses, silently reproached divisive mankind. Such an expressionist-existentialist-unconscious-romantic-pastoral complex was opposed by the shifted sensibility of the fifties: Pop Art and the accelerated development of kinetic art are proof of its success.

At the Museum, recent art movements are presented in such a way as to bring out latent urban-industrial content. Dada and Russian Constructivism are brilliantly handled with, among other things, a great selection of Picabia's machines and a reconstruction of Vladimir Tatlin's "Monument for the Third International,"

that much reproduced but destroyed tower of 1920. Hultén contributes to the removal of Constructivism from the idealist aesthetic generated by Gabo and Pevsner and restores it to the political and pro-industrial scene of Tatlin and El Lissitzky. The Futurist section is masterful, also, but completely familiar, unlike the Dada and Constructivist sections. It is clear that the Futurists, who were being revived through the fifties, are back and living safely among us. The polemic edge has gone from the act of reinterpretation and, as a result, most of Hultén's art looks perfectly in place, because the pro-technology sensibility has been generally absorbed. Indeed, we have reached a point at which many artists seem to want nothing better than to have an engineer for Christmas.

In the section of recent art the major figure is Jean Tinguely, long admired and passionately supported by Hultén. The earliest piece, 1953, is a delicate *stable*, half-way between a Duchamp perspective drawing and a builder's scaffold. The loose-jointed forms relate to contemporaneous work by Eduardo Paolozzi, influenced by Klee, and by the strut systems of early aircraft; in London, at this time, there was talk about the Blériot aesthetic. (Paolozzi, for some reason, has been suppressed by Hultén.) Tinguely's motorized machines, loquacious in form and sound, use brute mechanisms for parody. The humor of his work is part put-down of machines and part the celebration of rough values (like a preference for *vin ordinaire*). The best works that Hultén has selected from the fifties and sixties are designed to support Tinguely's ebullient, basically expressionist iron works. There are characteristic pieces by Edward Kienholz (Yes, "Back Seat Dodge" is there, if you haven't seen it yet, and with the door open). Robert Rauschenberg's "Oracle" (the five-piece sculpture of found objects wired for sound) and Claes Oldenburg (soft fan and soft auto engine). Hultén has also resurrected a big, banal piece by Richard Stankiewicz.

The exhibition gives a favorable view of the rough and rowdy, tough and funny, Junk Culture of the fifties and its extensions in the sixties. But there are no works by Andy Warhol (mass production, machine images), Billy Al Bengston (cult pictures of his own motor cycle), Tom Wesselman (full-size VW cutouts—and the exhibition makes a thing about cars), or Roy Lichtenstein (simulated mechanical reproduction of mass-distributed images). However, the show, apart from the expertise and good eye of its organizer, is itself a document of a formative moment in mid-20th century taste.

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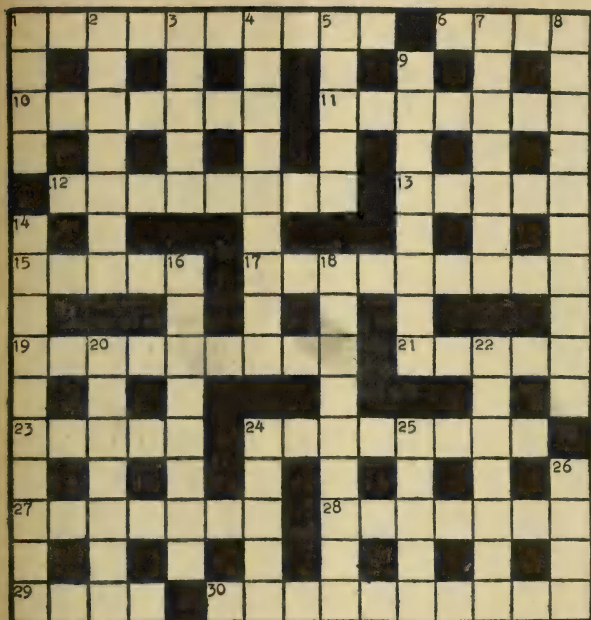
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FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Possibly how to travel more cheaply in the spirit of "here today, gone tomorrow." (3-2-5)
- 6 Many artists are able to do it in sketching. (4)
- 10 In a way, bound to be cleaned out of it. (7)
- 12 Cuts some fancy clothes out of it, possibly. (8)
- 13 What's in common with presidential candidates of 1928 and 1952, as they were known? (5)
- 15 An advantage, like going down at the table? (5)
- 17 Here's a how-de-do! (9)
- 19 Spread out and passed around, it is shown. (9)
- 21 Reputedly a deadly bite? (5)
- 23 Are licensed to hold a memorial? (5)
- 24 An actor of Spain, perhaps, after the leading part? (8)
- 27 A sailor loves trouble when free from the consequences. (7)
- 28 One of the things Ralph Straw could have been, perhaps. (7)
- 29 A call to the cutter? It might be a false alarm! (4)
- 30 A crooner and a bad actor, not back in town yet! (10)

DOWN

- 1 and 11 across Given away, like a shuttlecock? Certainly not fast, though! (4,2,1,4)

- 2 Chrome and cadmium, for example? (7)
- 3 Enterprise, if American? Endeavour, if British? One or the other! (5)
- 4 One might have it yet in mind as compensation for loss. (9)
- 5 Arranged as the race divisions might be. (7)
- 7 Petty four in the experiment? (7)
- 8 A less serious mix-up than 17. (10)
- 9 A record in animals, or records? (8)
- 14 Less hirsute, but with elan? Nonsense! (10)
- 16 Certainly doesn't involve free speech, at least for one party. (4,4)
- 18 A token to the band, but might prove a harassment. (9)
- 20 This isle is a riotous and divided region. (7)
- 22 Free-verse poet, as a self-proclaimed substance? (7)
- 24 One of Respighi's fountains. (5)
- 25 Square Gilbertian Duke—no bull! (5)
- 26 At another time, getting many Bartlett credits? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1277

ACROSS: 1 and 10 Play hard to get; 5 Stable; 11 and 25 Margin for error; 12 Remains; 13 Vinegar; 14 Inners; 15 Stratum; 18 Upswing; 21 Disown; 24 Meeting; 26 Trachea; 27 D'Artagnan; 28 Court; 29 Porter; 30 Very well. DOWN: 1 Peters; 2 Arguments; 3 Hot line; 4 Rameses; 6 Thinner; 7 Befog; 8 Eardrums; 9 Drives; 16 Town house; 17 Summed up; 19 Imitate; 20 Gaging; 21 Detente; 22 Starchy; 23 Pastel.

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